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Harper's

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WASHINGTON WIFE:

*The Uninhibited Diaries of
Ellen Maury Slayden*

JEAN ACHESON says:

My wife and I both read Mrs. Slayden's memoir with delight. This is memoir writing at its very best...observant, witty, sharp. One lives with her again the opening decades of this century. As her diary has been a Cavalcade of Washington.

THE FIRST REAL CHANCE FOR DISARMAMENT / P.M.S. Blackett

THE MAN TO SEE IN CALIFORNIA / Helen Fuller

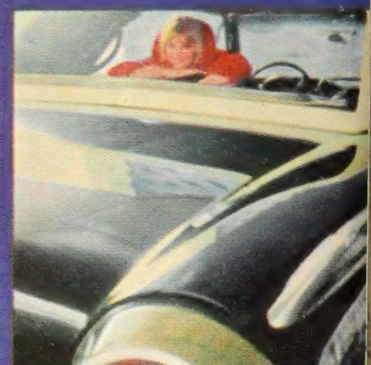
ANNAPOLIS: TEACHING YOUNG SEA DOGS OLD TRICKS / David Boroff



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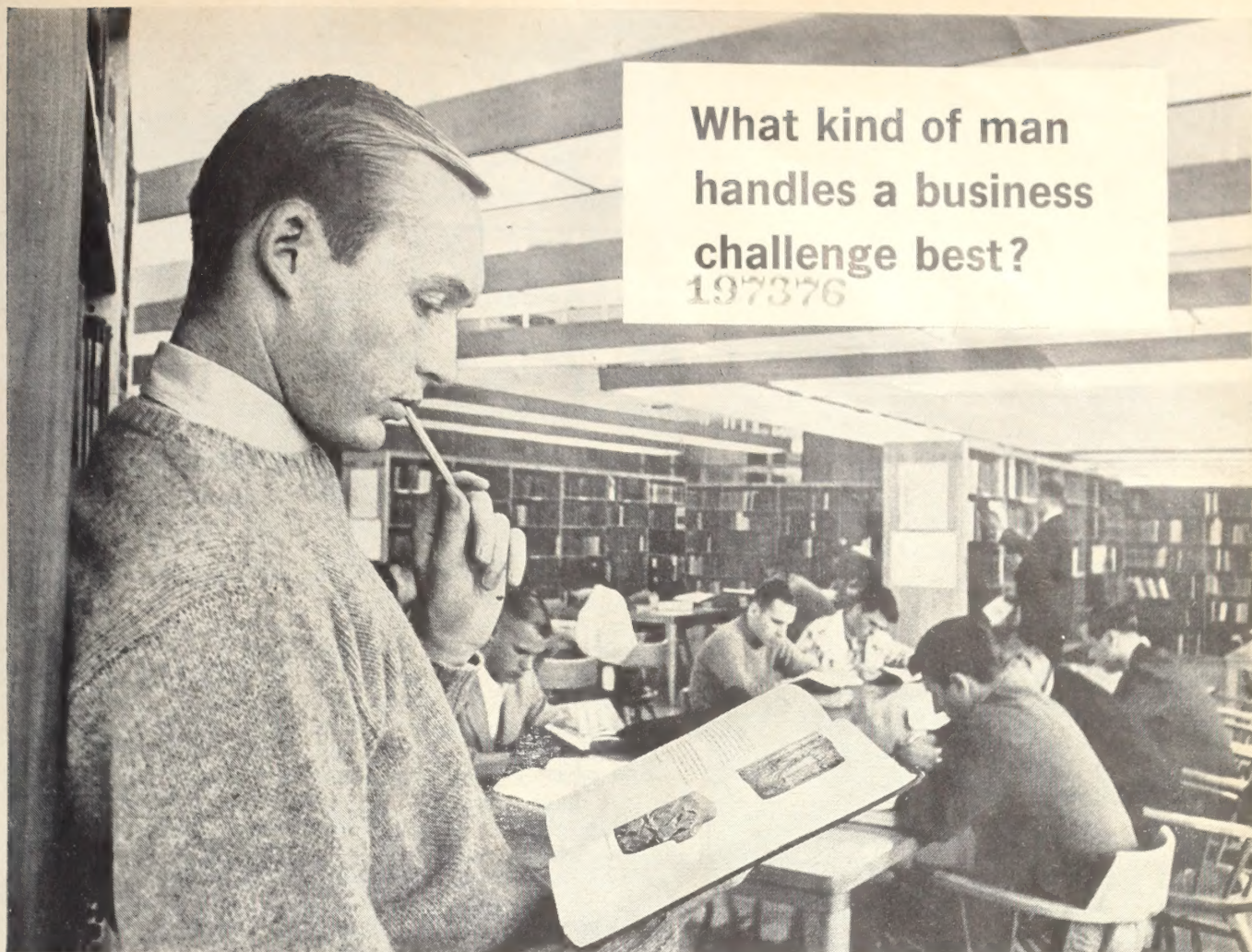
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MOTOR COMPANY



What kind of man
handles a business
challenge best?

197376

A board chairman talks about tomorrow's executives...

The Bell System has always sought men who could keep telephone service constantly improving. Men with exceptional engineering talent, men with equally outstanding managerial potential. Such men are widely sought on college campuses across the United States. And with the communications unfolding so rapidly, the search has intensified.

But here is the old question to be answered, "What kind of man handles a business challenge best?" A college audience recently heard these comments from AT&T Board Chairman, Frederick R. Kappel:

"...We have the records of 17,000 college men in the business and fairly be compared with each other, and, examining their records, sought the answer to the question: 'To what extent does success in college predict success in the business?'"

"...The results...

"...The single most reliable predictive indicator of a college graduate's success in the Bell System is his rank in his graduating class.

ities...While a relationship does exist between college quality and salary, rank in class is more significant...

"...What about extracurricular achievement?...Men who were campus leaders reached our top salary third in slightly greater proportion than those who were not. But it is only real campus *achievement* that seems to have any significance. Mere participation in extracurricular goings-on does not..."

"...What we have here, as I said before, are some hints—rather strong hints—about where to spend the most time looking for the men we do want, the men with intelligence *plus* those other attributes that give you the feel, the sense, the reasonable confidence that they will make things move and move well...They want to excel and they are determined to work at it..."

"...Business should aspire to greatness, and search diligently for men who will make and keep it great..."

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, *Chairman of the Board*
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

"A far greater proportion of high-ranking than low-ranking students have qualified for the large responsibilities...



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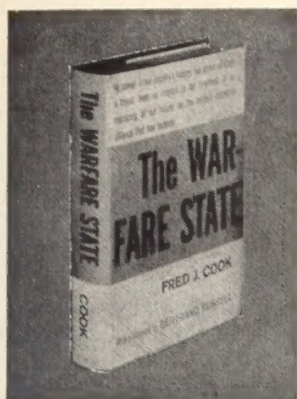
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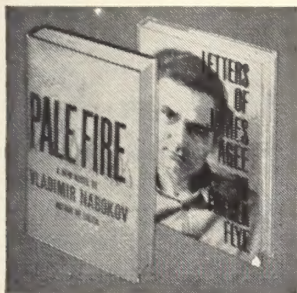
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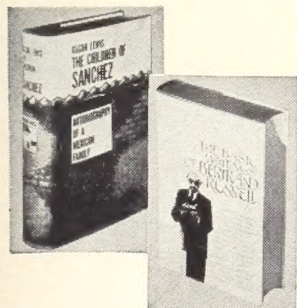


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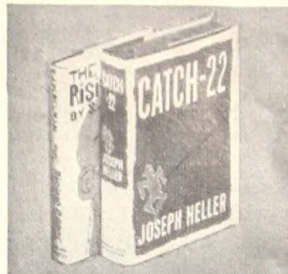
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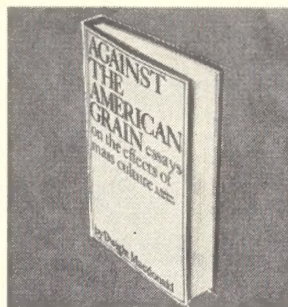
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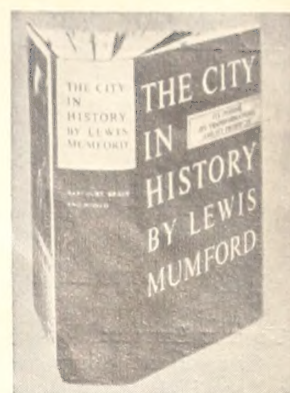
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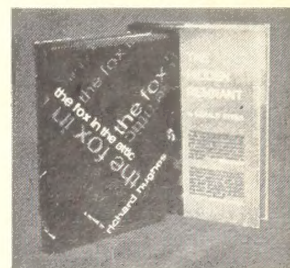
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LETTERS

Embattled Ivy Walls

TO THE EDITORS:

One of the things wrong with our colleges is that social scientists like Paul Goodman, because of the nature of their field, give us a grossly distorted picture of what colleges are and of what they ought to be ["For a Reactionary Experiment in Education," November]... These social scientists seem to imagine that a university is a sort of psychiatric institute, complete with transference and counter-transference. . . . Higher education is not psychotherapy. The suggestion that "the function of a college is to help its pupils formulate the problems they face" seems to me to be just false. . . . Most of what Goodman says about administration, researchmanship, and empire-building is true. But . . . he does not understand the function of a university (which is to turn out people who *know* something, preferably something of importance). In a subtle way he is pandering to the students' already considerable sense of their own importance—the Student-Centered College. . . .

I can think of at least two respects in which this sort of stuff does positive harm. Students generally don't know what they want out of a university and it is a great comfort to them to be told on the highest scientific-sociological authority that whatever it is, they are not getting it. And so they slump more deeply into their seats and resist more firmly taking what we have to give. . . . I don't mind casting pearls before swine, but I don't like it when the swine complain about the quality of my pearls. . . .

And second . . . the love of knowledge is the weakest of human passions. Sometimes the acquisition of knowledge is exciting, but more often it is just boring, tedious hard work. By glossing over this unpleasant fact these sociologists lead students to imagine that there is some wonderfully thrilling intellectual experience that their universities are somehow cheating them out of, to imagine that a college ought to be a sort of Open End at Fort Lauderdale. This is a dirty trick on the students and on their colleges. . . .

N. L. WILSON
Dept. of Philosophy
Duke University
Durham, N. C.

Paul Goodman's article is an excellent constructive criticism. . . . I am a

senior at Stanford University and frankly I can hardly stand the "huge boondoggle" any more. I have both tried hard and been successful in school, but actually I feel like just "turning my back on the whole process." At one time, I became so negative about my spoon-fed education of watered-down textbooks and uninterested, uninteresting teachers who are too busy doing research anyway, that I just became bitter and quit trying—and left for a wonderful, fulfilling year. What a relief!

The better I do at Stanford, the more distasteful it becomes. This memorizing of texts and regurgitation of dead facts back on exams, and producing half-thought-out papers as fast as one can go, is both repugnant and intellectually stultifying. . . . But I am realistic enough to know when to keep quiet, stop thinking, and conform, and so I will continue to be successful at Stanford.

I emphatically agree with Mr. Goodman that the answer lies directly in more personal association between students and faculty. However, I think the vast majority of college (and high-school) students are to blame at least as much as the administrators. Allow me to offer an example:

Presently I am taking a political-theory course with over 250 students in the class. We had a midterm examination last week. Before the test, the professor (who incidentally is a magnificent lecturer) announced twice in class that he would be in a seminar room all Saturday morning to discuss any ideas with all comers in preparation for the test. One student showed up—myself. He and I discussed the political dimensions of Greek philosophy for over three hours, and I received an "A" on that test. But of immeasurably greater significance is that by talking to him, . . . I feel that I have a good, solid grasp of these important ideas. This is not an isolated example. . . . As horrible as the organizational maze of many schools is, professors *are* available and they *are* concerned about the students' problems. But no one ever comes in. I know of several cases in which professors have actually canceled their office hours . . . because no students came to see them. . . .

When we assess blame, the coin becomes two-sided. Although our educational program on the whole has many chronic features, there is such an incredible amount of almost unlimited opportunity to be realized in and through it, that any student who remains complaisant and who does not

take advantage of these opportunities has absolutely no excuse and no one to blame but himself.

BILL BRADFORD
Menlo Park, Calif.

It is fashionable to ascribe the failures of the American college and university system to the selfish behavior of the professor who engages in research. . . . The purpose of this letter is to argue that the man who is concerned with research is able to teach as well as, if not better than, his colleague who devotes his non-lecturing time to a chess game with a student in a local coffee shop or the writing of a report for a national magazine. . . .

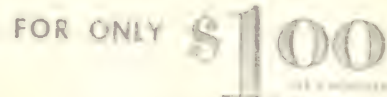
I believe that a student deserves to understand the contemporary techniques of a given field of inquiry. . . . The student learns that knowledge is not something found in a textbook and true because the writer found it in another textbook, but because he sees his teacher searching for such knowledge himself. . . . I have a laboratory; I do research in it. But I am rarely alone; there are usually students with me, for students want to know how knowledge is acquired, and they are willing to scrub floors, run errands, wash cages, and clean equipment to find out. One girl is recording recent studies in our field on punch-card equipment. . . . Two boys assist in the animal room . . . learning how to feed, water, mate, and maintain the animals. Other students, who have passed through these elementary stages, run experiments. Some will be published, some will furnish the basic information for further work. . . .

It is no doubt true that the laboratory is the hiding place for many who are in the pay of colleges and universities. Yet there are as many teachers without laboratories because they have neither the ability nor the courage to develop them as instruments for teaching the young as well as instruments for adding to knowledge. . . .

DOUGLAS K. CANDLAND
Asst. Prof. of Psychology
Bucknell University
Lewisburg, Pa.

. . . Anarchical Paul Goodman would destroy the institutionalism of our educational systems. . . . We can go along with his sniping at such dangers as overadministration, overcommercialism of research to the sacrifice of teaching craft, and other malformations on the academic tree. But then he tears down the whole tree, replaces the full professors and associates with successful practitioners to bring the freshness of realism into the stuffy classroom. Who is more narrow, bigoted, and less able to adjust to the student mind than the proven successful practitioner . . . who brings into the classroom . . . his expensive dispatch case full of unchallengeable doctrine? Wise teachers display

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LETTERS

these great figures from the real world but briefly (as guest lecturers and visiting critics) and then jerk them away before they are either imitated or seen through. Great men produce near-images: great teachers greater men.

ASSOC. PROF. GEORGE F. FARTLE
La Fayette, N. Y.

Paul Goodman's proposal comes remarkably close to describing the honors program at the University of New Mexico, now in its fifth year. Our honors students constitute just that kind of independent college Goodman describes, but attached to the larger university. It has slightly over one hundred students. . . . Freshmen meet in groups of fifteen with two teachers, drawn from different disciplines, to discuss a wide range of books, most of them not within the specialty of the instructors; sophomores . . . juniors and seniors take courses similarly unrelated to conventional ones.

Honors professors, [who] teach in their regular departments [as well as] in honors, are not only among the outstanding men in their departments, but they are also noted for their broader interests.

We have many of the advantages Goodman describes: we get to know the students very well indeed. . . . Nonconforming students join the program for as long as they wish and for as long as they will participate in the work; we often waive grade requirements. The administration of the program . . . is kept minimal; the director is the only official. . . .

The advantages of being formally attached to a university seem to me many and significant. Students get formal degrees. The program has been able to hire the "veterans" Goodman speaks about to teach on a regular basis. . . . We de-emphasize grades and try to encourage originality. . . . Honors programs can easily degenerate into boondoggles and the danger, as it was with Black Mountain College, is that these enterprises can detach themselves all too thoroughly and easily from that tradition, that history which Goodman describes; thus they will not long maintain genuine respect for true learning.

MORRIS FREEDMAN
University of New Mexico
Albuquerque, N. M.

Chorister's Dirge?

TO THE EDITORS:

Joseph Roddy's slightly devastating piece, "Memoirs of a Chorus-crasher" [November] . . . takes me back to college days when as a member of the Harvard Glee Club I tried to crash the *B Minor Mass* at the Bethlehem Bach



Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Fleisch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

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LETTERS

Festival. We lost our nerve at the last moment and asked permission—after all, we had just sung the work under the great Koussevitsky in Boston. Permission indignantly refused.

I feel it my duty, however, to bring the article to the attention of the Board of Directors of the Desoff Choirs, Inc. of New York, of which I am a member. For Mr. Roddy's info, in case he tries to crash our *St. John Passion* performance on February seventh, we are not only very well regimented via our Section Reps. who know every singer in their particular division, but we have a nasty little device called a Robe Tax, 50¢ payable at the stage door and checked off against each singer's name. . . . We'll catch old Capone Roddy yet.

EDWARD TAINALL CANBY
New York, N. Y.

Rare Palate

TO THE EDITORS:

I was delighted by James A. Beard's "Life at Its Best" [November]. Obviously Mr. Beard is not frightened by high cholesterol, for he mentions butter twenty-one times.

MRS. MOLLY GOLDBERG
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please spare us any further recipes that involve throwing "live trout," "guttled," "while it is still jumping" into hot bouillon. Honestly!

MARY W. STACY
Denver, Colo.

Christians Divided

TO THE EDITORS:

My congratulations to Daniel Callahan for his incisive look at the Christian Church today ["A Catholic Looks at Protestantism," November]. . . . It is time Catholic and Protestant "rise above their old selves" to face "together their common task in the world." We cannot, today, afford to bathe ourselves in . . . the security which derives from false or unknowing accusations thrown at one another. We must realize, as the author points out, that as Christians we serve one God and as citizens, one nation. Further, we must realize that as Christians in a world growing smaller, we serve all mankind. In this, we can have no bigotry.

ROBERT E. HUNTER
Methodist University Chaplain
Colorado State University
Fort Collins, Colo.

Daniel Callahan's generally perceptive comments are a contribution to that broader Christian dialogue which the author supports. The article is marred,



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LETTERS

however, by . . . the assumption that "Protestant" is a definitive term for a group of Christians with whom, and about whom, one can speak creatively. In the religious parlance of America, "Protestant" includes anyone who is not Roman Catholic, Jewish, or an avowed atheist.

Mr. Callahan criticizes the diversity, bordering on chaos, in "Protestantism." This is somewhat like writing an article entitled "An American Looks at the World" and coming to the remarkable conclusion that America is a more homogeneous political and cultural entity than is the "world." . . . The proper entity to compare with the Roman Catholic Church is another jurisdiction (or denomination) within the Church. "A (Roman) Catholic Looks at Methodism" for example, is not as sweeping or as salable to popular communications media, but it could be relevant. When Mr. Callahan and others discuss almost everybody (Protestant), they are really discussing nobody. . . .

THE REV RICHARD J. NEUHAUS
Assoc. Editor, *Una Sancta*
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"A Catholic Looks at Protestantism" . . . presents a paradox—how an educated man, Catholic, Protestant, or any other sect, can build his creed on sand. The fundamental tenets of both Catholics and Protestants are, first, that the Bible is the written word of God and thus sacred; second, the Immaculate Conception, which makes Jesus the actual son of God; and third, the Easter story, that Jesus rolled the stone back from his tomb and after an interim rose bodily into the sky. The Dead Sea Scrolls should prove to the most faithful Fundamentalist that the Bible is a record, a very human and wonderful record of a strong and lusty people, written by various members of the group. The Immaculate Conception is a ruse used many times by the ancients to save their daughters from the cruelty of their fellowmen. The Greeks had innumerable stories of Zeus, in various forms, visiting virgins, from which visit a child would be born after a length of time. And the Easter story is of course impossible to take literally in our new space age. . . .

I believe Christians . . . should get together to create a more realistic religion based on the teachings of Jesus which we have not yet accepted and also the teachings of our many truly wise people whose written words we have inherited. Such a religion could offer real help to the confused and groping masses of today who have left childhood and can no longer accept fairy tales, however beautiful they may be. . . .

MRS. GRACE MOSER
Norfolk, Va.

Rebels with a Cause

TO THE EDITORS:

Arthur Miller refers to boredom as the "problem underneath" delinquency ["The Bored and the Violent," November]. On the contrary, it is more likely only the momentary or immediate cause of specific acts of delinquency. . . . I can write with some familiarity concerning one case to which Mr. Miller refers (Salvatore Agron, called "Cape Man" by the press), since I initiated the organization of the citizens' committee that intervened to save Agron from execution. Slender support might be found in that case to show that this boy killed "for kicks." But like most delinquency, much stronger evidence indicates a deeper, far-reaching cause—the bitterness and anger of a boy deprived of the right to give and receive affection from those adults upon whom his claim was greatest—his parents. It was a far from bored boy who expressed, as Agron did after his apprehension, a desire to have his mother "watch me burn" when he referred to the possibility of being executed for his crime. . . .

JEROME COUNT
New Lebanon, N. Y.

Soprano vs. Mezzo


TO THE EDITORS:

In "Spinning Through Europe" by Discus [Music in the Round, November] I must take exception to the author's statement that the Catalonian composer Montsalvatge is "unknown to these shores except for this one song" (*Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito*) and that Victoria de los Angeles is "the only one who has it in her repertoire." May I point out that *two* songs by Montsalvatge, from his group "Canciones Negras," were first recorded for Angel in 1954 by the internationally renowned American mezzo, Nan Merriman (Angel 35208). On this record, entitled "Spanish Songs," Miss Merriman sings, accompanied by Gerald Moore, not only *Canción de Cuna* . . . but a second Montsalvatge song, *Canto Negro*. The record notes by Walter Starkie state that "the success in the United States and Canada of Montsalvatge's *Canciones Negras*, when sung by Miss Merriman, established Montsalvatge's reputation as a composer." . . . With all due respect to the artistry of Miss de los Angeles, there are many of us who consider Miss Merriman "the most refined vocal artist in existence today."

ELIZABETH BLINN
Order Librarian
City College of San Francisco
San Francisco, Calif.

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A "Scientific" Formula for Disarmament?

By John Fischer

THE article by Dr. P. M. S. Blackett on page 25 deserves serious attention, for two reasons:

1. In the wake of the Cuban showdown, there may now be a chance—a faint one—that the Russians are willing for the first time to bargain seriously about disarmament. If so, disarmament will soon become a live issue in this country. In spite of a vast amount of work on the subject by scholars and government specialists, the public at large has never yet bothered its head much about the questions Dr. Blackett raises: What kind of deal are we willing to make? What would it cost us? So far, even that minority active in "the peace movement" has done a good deal more emoting than thinking. But before long all of us may have to make up our minds on such questions; for until we do, the politicians who work for us cannot know what direction they ought to move in, or how far.

2. Dr. Blackett is an Englishman and a scientist. Yet he seems free of certain mental habits which are unfortunately common among many Englishmen and scientists of whatever nationality—habits which tend to make a lot of Americans skeptical of ideas offered by either group about matters of disarmament and international affairs. While some of his suggestions may be open to further refinement, for reasons to be noted in a moment, they have to be taken much more seriously than the notions of, say, a Bertrand Russell or a Leo Szilard. For Dr. Blackett is, like Winston Churchill, a Former Naval Person; he fought at Jutland in World War I. A pioneer in the development of radar and anti-submarine warfare in World War II, he has since written widely on the problems of modern weaponry. He holds a high award from the United States government. In British scientific, intellectual, and

governmental circles, he speaks with considerable influence.

BEFORE examining his arguments, however, it may be useful to note in passing why the views of many Englishmen, and of some scientists, carry so little weight in this country.

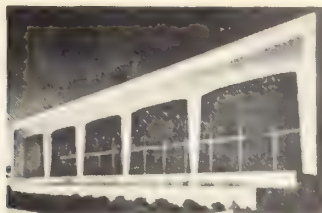
A substantial number of the British have four peculiarities which handicap them in dealing with the world beyond their island. (Or so it at least seems to me, on the basis of a number of years spent living and working among them.)

First of all, they are Decent Chaps—maybe too decent. They are reasonable; they believe in fair play; they have developed compromise into an art form. For all their rudeness, they are kindly folk; when they get an opponent down, they don't kick his brains out—they help him to his feet and mutter, "Well played, old boy." They have no ideology, only their cherished instinct for Muddling Through; and if they did have, they would never dream of forcing it on other people. (Manners are something else. They simply can't understand why other peoples don't adopt British manners and customs—from tea to the committee system—since they are obviously Right.)

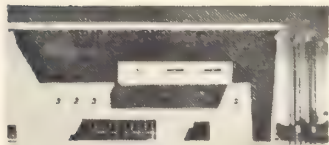
Second, in dealing with foreigners they are singularly lacking in imagination. Consequently they find it hard to comprehend that some nations *do not* believe in fair play and honest compromise. When confronted with an ideologue—a Nazi, a Communist, or a Mohammedan Mahdi—who is religiously dedicated to kicking *their* brains out, the British are blankly incredulous. Blessedly free of fanaticism themselves, they can hardly credit it in others. Thus, in the face of a six-year accumulation of overwhelming evidence, many intelligent Englishmen persisted until the

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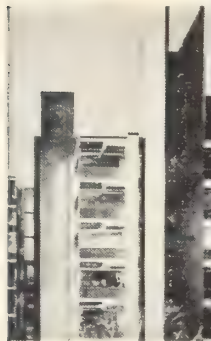
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last moment in their conviction that Hitler was really a decent chap who could be internationally housebroken by gentle handling, patient negotiation, and sweet reasonableness.*

Another British affliction is their romantic infatuation with certain natives of warmer climes, especially Arabs, Greeks, and Latins. It has been attested by generations of adventurers and travel writers—Byron, Doughty, Lawrence, Glubb Pasha, Patrick Leigh Fermor, Freya Stark, and countless others. It is compounded, apparently, of genuine affection, condescension, and a suppressed envy of the primitive, the passionate, and the unbuttoned. Quite possibly it explains much of the British illusion about Castro. To their eyes, he seemed a kind of Garibaldi, a Robin Hood of the palm trees, leading his picturesque peasants on a barefoot march to glory. A charming fellow, but not of course to be taken too seriously. When it finally dawned on them that he was actually playing with nuclear weapons, they were as shocked as if Figaro had strolled on stage tossing hand grenades.

Finally, most Englishmen hold a sort of Lamarckian view of diplomacy. They assume, implicitly, that statecraft is an acquired characteristic which has been inherited (through some mysterious genetic process) by their present generation from such old masters as Burghley and Castlereagh. It follows that younger nations—notably the United States—must be mere babes at diplomacy. Furthermore (since the reporting of American news in the British press is woefully inadequate and often downright misleading), they suspect that Americans are excitable, obsessively concerned with communism, and prone to hysteria in moments of crisis. Among the British Left it is also an article of faith that the Pentagon is full of bloody-minded generals, panting to bomb somebody; that they are not fully responsive to civilian control; and that, indeed, they probably are the real authors of American foreign policy.

As a result, the first impulse of many Englishmen when a crisis blows up is to implore their prime minister to rush to Washington, to hold the President's hand and make sure he does nothing rash. During the Cuban affair, for instance, the British press reported—on no basis whatever—that Kennedy was about to swat Castro with atomic bombs; the rumor was even repeated in Parliament by such a presumably responsible figure as Jo Grimond, head of the Liberal party. And the leader of the Labor party refused to be-

* Among them were two prime ministers, the then-editor of the *London Times*, leading scholars of All Souls' College, and a considerable segment of fashionable society centering on the so-called Cliveden Set. But by 1938 the anti-Nazis, including Churchill, Eden, and a large section of the Labor party—had begun to swing public opinion to a more realistic view of the situation.

lieve that Russia actually was planting missiles in Cuba until he saw the photographs.

THE mental set of the scientists is of a different order—professional rather than national in character.

It shows up whenever a certain type of scientist lifts his eyes from his test tubes and notices that something is wrong with the world. He concludes that the politicians, the bumbling fools, have made a mess of it again, and that he will have to take time off from the laboratory to straighten them out. The way to do it, obviously, is to apply the scientific method, which scientists alone are capable of understanding.

This attitude was nicely expressed by a Nobel Prize winner, Dr. Albert Szent-Györgyi of the Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory, in an article in the October 20, 1962, issue of the *Saturday Review*. He concluded that "The only way out is to apply to political questions the same humble, honest, objective approach that has characterized the development of science. Yet there is not at present one scientist in Congress. Scientists are consulted, but only on technical questions, not on basic issues of policy. Unfortunately, the electorate will not vote for scientific-minded people until it can think scientifically itself, and in this it has a very long way to go."

Less politely, it was expressed by Fred Hoyle, the noted British astronomer, in his recent novel, *The Black Cloud*. His hero (a scientist, naturally) points out that the trouble with the world is "Politicians at the top, then the military, and the real brains at the bottom. . . . We're living in a society that contains a monstrous contradiction, modern in its technology but archaic in its social organization . . . the real clash lies between the literary mind and the mathematical mind."

A similar impatience with history, with the humanities, and with the painfully learned arts of government is implicit in much of the political discussion by scientists. (Look at any issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*.) Nor do they ever leave much doubt about who has "the real brains."

Moreover, when a scientist does apply his brains to political problems he is all too likely to come up with a "scientific" solution—that is, one which is mechanistic, tidy, and oblivious to human passions, prejudices, greeds, fears, traditions, and political realities. For example, when another Nobel prize winner—Dr. Frederick Soddy—got concerned with economics during the Great Depression, he promptly produced a formula for ending poverty forever: Social Credit, a complex politico-fiscal nostrum which has remained incomprehensible to everyone except a little band of disciples in Western Canada. Again, Dr. Leo Szilard, a brilliant and charming man who was one of the pioneers in atomic research, has been

bombarding Washington for the last ten years with Peace Plans—all remarkably ingenious, and all equally remote from the actual world where statesmen have to work. Other scientists (mercifully few) have turned to communism, because it purports to offer a "scientific" explanation of history and an infallible cure for all man's ills. And Bertrand Russell—once a serious contributor to mathematical logic—has been pathetically susceptible nearly all his life to neat but harebrained schemes for reforming everything from education to matrimony to international affairs. (Not long ago he wanted to threaten Russia with atomic bombs, to force it to accept his then-current peace scheme; now he is equally hot for unilateral disarmament of the West.) In this country two scientists at opposite ends of the political spectrum—Dr. Linus Pauling and Dr. Edward Teller—are equally fond of issuing oracular (and highly debatable) pronouncements on international affairs. Neither is abashed by the fact that his qualifications in this field are no greater than those of, say, Dean Rusk in biochemistry or nuclear physics.

Fortunately, a number of scientists have now had enough firsthand experience in government to develop a more sophisticated approach—men such as Bush, Wiesner, Seaborg, Glennan, Bethe, and Blackett himself. Their views, therefore, are worth respectful attention.

WHAT are the chances, then, that Dr. Blackett's proposals on disarmament will get serious consideration in Washington?

For his main points, it seems to me, the chances are reasonably good. He has tried hard to be fair to both sides . . . to spot the weaknesses in the present positions of both Russian and American negotiators . . . and to find a formula which each country, in its own self-interest, might be willing to accept.

Yet there are some implications in his argument which responsible people in Washington will almost surely question. Some are not very important—such as his suggestion that the Kennedy Administration does not yet control its military men firmly enough to force them to agree to a reduction in arms. But one premise,



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Erwin O. Schel, Vice President & General Manager

implicit throughout his article, is more troubling.

This is Dr. Blackett's assumption that the United States and the Soviet Union are essentially alike: two inexperienced Giants, stumbling along toward atomic disaster under the pressure of much the same motives and fears.

To most Americans, it seems transparently clear that the Soviet motives are entirely different from our own. Their leaders are, after all, indoctrinated from early childhood in a messianic religion, Marxism-Leninism. It charges them with the historic mission of communizing the earth. It teaches that deception and betrayal of "the class enemy," by any means, is a meritorious act; that agreements are to be kept only so long as they are advantageous to their side; that "peace" is only a continuation of war by other means. They really believe these dogmas—a fact hard for a Westerner to grasp until he has had some personal dealings with communist functionaries. Their faith is not going to be shaken in the slightest by the reasonable arguments and fair compromises advanced by Decent Chaps. (What the ordinary Russian may believe is a different matter; but it is irrelevant since his influence on the Kremlin is negligible.) Consequently the Cold War is not due to any misunderstanding. It is the result of a deliberate, carefully calculated plan for communist expansion, followed with unrelenting consistency for the last thirty years.

This is not a matter of opinion, or a delusion arising out of any supposed American obsession with communism. It is a hard fact, amply verified by the historical record. The first phase of the Soviet scheme was set forth quite bluntly by Molotov in his negotiations for the Nazi-Soviet pact in 1939: he then listed specifically the five areas* Russia expected to seize (and did) as its price for the deal. Later chapters have unfolded year by year, as the Communists have pushed into Finland, all of Eastern Europe, Persia, Greece, Malaya, Korea, Laos, Vietnam, and Cuba—to mention only their more flagrantly open efforts at aggression.

The United States, in contrast, has

never once attempted to push into communist territory—either Russia's or its satellites—even when we had a monopoly of nuclear weapons, and could have done so unscathed.

All this adds up to a basic fact to which Dr. Blackett gives little emphasis: the Soviet Union is an aggressive power, while America is a defensive one.*

Another factor is omitted from his equation: America is an open society, Russia a closed one. Consequently it is easy for them to find out the state of our armaments (right down to the location of our missile bases) but theirs are shielded in an all-but-impenetrable secrecy. Our government, moreover, is restrained by a relatively well-informed and vocal public opinion, while the Kremlin is not.

Because he does not take these commonplaces into account, Dr. Blackett finds American behavior hard to understand. For example, in the latter part of his article he speculates on our reasons for the current build-up in our missile strength, offering five possible explanations. Yet he does not mention the reason why the last three Administrations in Washington have all felt it essential to keep our nuclear strength superior to the Soviet's—i.e., that if war does come, we expect the Russians to strike first. That blow, we think, would presumably knock out a substantial part of our missile strength. Unless we have a force so big, so dispersed, and so well-protected that some missiles would surely survive, then the Kremlin

* A surprising number of Americans—especially the more masochistic liberals—also ignore this record. Some of them simply don't know much history. Others feel that it sounds pietistic and self-righteous to point out that America has at times behaved rather better than some other countries. Noting that we, too, have our faults, they go on to argue that we must be at least equally responsible for the Cold War. Thus they equate a missile base in Turkey with one in Cuba—forgetting that Turkey sought our help only after the Russians had tried to grab control of the Dardanelles; and forgetting, too, that we have never used our missiles to bully another country—while the Russians have formally issued some 130 threats of nuclear destruction to smaller nations they were trying to bend to their will (the State Department's figure).

* Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, East Poland, and Bessarabia.



SKYLARKING. These Oxford students are whooping it up at the Fifts Week races. In May, young men's fancies turn to boating and skylarking. Spring temperatures are ideal for both.

Have fun in Britain in the sparkling Spring

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FESTIVALS GALORE. The Shakespeare season at Stratford-upon-Avon begins early in April. The drama festival at Pitlochry in Scotland on April 13. London is a festival all year round.



ART AND PANCAKES. Spring is a heady time in Britain. Even the Royal Academy can't wait to unveil its *Summer Exhibition*. Opening day is May 4. In Olney, housewives run a *pancake race*!



FLOWERS. Primroses pop in sunny Devon in January. By April, flowers bloom in every garden. They're preening themselves for their annual convention—London's Chelsea Flower Show.



ROYAL SPECTACLES. Our photo shows the Life Guards' musical ride at the Royal Windsor Horse Show in May. Backcloth is the Queen's castle. Go to London for the Changing of the Guard.



FOLK DANCING. Villagers of Thaxted greet the Spring with Morris dancing (above). Cornishmen dance a Flora Dance. Vicars, dukes and blacksmiths play cricket on village greens.



TREASURE TROVE. Browse around the antique shops in Britain's pretty villages. You can find marvelous bargains there. Highlight of Spring for collectors is the Chelsea Antiques Fair.



FRIENDLY INNS. There are 60,000 of them, and many reduce their bed and breakfast rates for the season. Make your trip by March 31st and you can save up to \$136 on transatlantic fares.

For free illustrated booklet, "Britain's Pageant of Spring," see your travel agent or write Box 443, British Travel Association, Inc., In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. La Salle St.; In Canada—11 Bloor St. West, Toronto.



Sam Woodham and family. He is the man in the center. The woman is his wife, and the children are his sons. Photo by Tom Hollyman.

Winter sport—for International Paper's man in Puerto Rico

OUR photograph could have been taken in June or in Christmas. The larger of the two fishermen runs a plant for the International Paper Company in Puerto Rico. His name is Sam Woodham. He enjoys Puerto Rico's sun and sea 12 months a year.

Sam manages a plant in Arecibo where 300 people make 600 miles of paper every day. His firm's second plant on the island makes this paper into boxes. Demand is so heavy both

plants are now working 11 hours a day. These plants are a part of Puerto Rico's *Plan for Economic Development*. You can probably read about this self-help program. In 10 years it has attracted over 770 U.S. factories to Puerto Rico, providing over 100,000 jobs. Today, two new U.S. plants are opening in Puerto Rico every week.

You should know something else about this Commonwealth. It is itself a billion-dollar market. And it is get-

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Look around when you visit there. You'll see all of the material signs of prosperity. New houses, schools, factories, supermarkets.

But go to the theatres, ballets, museums, operas, and concerts—and you will see something more. You will see prosperity put to work to serve man's spirit. For information, write to the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 3-A, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19.

could strike without fear of reprisal—and so might be tempted to start a war. The balance of mutual deterrence can work, therefore, only if the defensive power has a clear nuclear superiority over the aggressive one; or, alternatively, if both sides reduce their arms to the same low level, with a system of inspection so airtight that surprise attack is impossible.

The present build-up of American missile strength was started at a time when Washington believed that Russia was about to gain a big lead in ICBMs. That so-called "missile gap" did not in fact come about—partly because Soviet rocket production did not rise as sharply as expected, partly because we got our Polaris and Minuteman weapons into service in a hurry. Consequently, we may now have more nuclear weapons, on hand or on order, than we really need; at least Dr. Ralph E. Lapp, a veteran atomic scientist, so suggests in his recent book, *Kill and Overkill*. But our motives for the build-up are certainly not so mysterious as Dr. Blackett seems to find them.

Again, Dr. Blackett offers a formula for disarmament that leaves out one major ingredient. He suggests that each nation should "publish a complete inventory" of its arms, and then destroy an agreed proportion of them. Only afterwards would there be an inspection to see whether the "published inventory" was in fact correct. In other words, he is inviting us to trust the Kremlin's word that it has, say, only one hundred ICBMs—taking a chance that we might discover all too late that it had hidden away a couple of hundred never mentioned in the inventory.

Is it reasonable to expect any American government to indulge in such naïve trustfulness? After all, only a few weeks ago the Kremlin gave us the most solemn assurances that it had no missiles in Cuba. In the face of that lie, can Dr. Blackett really expect us to accept a Soviet assurance that no missiles are concealed in Siberia?

Perhaps he doesn't, really. At one point he does admit that the success of disarmament negotiations "would depend critically on Soviet action in relation to such points of conflict as Berlin and Cuba." This is his only

reference—a curiously oblique one—to the Soviet's established policy of aggression and deception. And this, it seems to me, is the real key to the whole problem of disarmament.

For no formula, however "scientific and ingenious" is likely to hold until the Soviet Union abandons that policy. Any kind of disarmament must depend, in the end, on some degree of mutual trust—which is impossible until the Soviets demonstrate that they are trustworthy. Such a demonstration would not be easy. It would mean a true policy of conciliation, pursued not just for a few months but for years. It would mean an opening up of the Russian society. It would, in fact, mean nothing less than a tacit abandonment of much of the Leninist doctrine.

Not easy—but not altogether inconceivable, either. Since Stalin's death some of the harsher tenets of the dogma have become a little blurred, the Russian people a trifle less hermetically sealed-off. In comparison with the Chinese, Khrushchev's interpretation of Marxist writ has become perceptibly less belligerent. It is at least possible to hope that in the years ahead the Russian variety of communism will continue to evolve toward a society less implacably hostile. Indeed, there is a bare possibility that Western firmness over Cuba and Berlin may persuade the Kremlin that its traditional aggressive policy has at last become too dangerous, that it will yield no more cheap victories—and that a shift toward genuine conciliation might be worth a try.

If so, we should be quick to meet such a shift more than halfway, and to explore every possibility of encouraging further evolution toward a normal society in Russia. Eventually, then, serious negotiations about disarmament—and many other points of friction—might become a real possibility.

In the meantime, it is important for us to begin to think hard—critically but with an open mind—about such questions as Dr. Blackett raises. For the main contribution that ordinary citizens can make to peace may well be a consensus on what we really want when the day for negotiation comes: What degree of disarmament . . . what sort of inspection . . . what balance between security and risk?

Where strangers are honored guests

India's legends and true-life stories are rich with anecdotes of hospitality—wholeheartedly given and gracefully accepted. When a stranger stood at the threshold, he became an honored guest of the house. The tradition of centuries is even stronger today. The people of India wish to welcome visitors from other lands, and to share with them, even if briefly, the Indian way of life. To make it easier for you to meet them a special program has been developed.

The idea is simple and gracious—and, of course, costs nothing. Let's say you are a businessman, a teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or just a person who wishes to meet Indians with interests similar to your own. Before you leave for India, call upon the Government of India Tourist Office at 19 East 49th Street in New York City; 685 Market Street in San Francisco; 177 King Street W. in Toronto. Or after you arrive in India, upon the Government of India Tourist Offices in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta or Madras. Tell them your likes, your hobbies, your special interest in India. They will be happy to help you choose your Indian friends from a list of persons who will be looking forward to welcoming you in their homes, and to making your visit as full and as rewarding as they can.

Once in India, meet with your new friends, accept their invitation to tea or a meal with them in their home. There you will meet other members of their family, exchange ideas and glimpse their particular brand of humor. You may enjoy seeing the local sights with your new friends, or playing a round of golf at an elegant country club. Perhaps a day at a sunny beach or a cricket match, the cinema or a dance recital. Simple delights which heighten in pleasure when you enjoy them in the company of your Indian friends.

The people of India are very much like you, proud of their country and their traditions. They have a lively interest in knowing more about your country, how you feel about today's world and everything in it. Come in December this year, maybe the next—your Indian friends will wait for you.

AFTER HOURS



THE INSIDE OF THE PINBALL GAME

By Bernard Asbell

Mr. Asbell, president of the Society of Magazine Writers, is the author of "When F.D.R. Died." He teaches at the University of Bridgeport.

IN pianos the name is Steinway and in pinball games the name is Gottlieb, the aristocrat of instruments, preferred by all discriminating players. The Gottlieb—to be sure—is a democratic kind of aristocrat; you can find one almost anywhere. An inscription on every Gottlieb rings of wholesome sportsmanship: "Amusement Pinballs—as American as Baseball and Hot Dogs."

Recently in Chicago I visited the low-slung, yellow-brick factory of its maker, D. Gottlieb and Co., and said I would like to see Mr. Gottlieb.

"Which one?" the lady at the window asked. "Alvin? Nathan?"

"Isn't D. Gottlieb in?" I inquired.

"Oh, you mean *Mister* Gottlieb. I better get you Alvin."

Alvin, smiling, thin, and thirtyish, appeared almost immediately, explaining that he was the son of David and that he could tell me all.

"Dad spends 90 per cent of his time today working on his hospital," Alvin said. He handed me an imposing four-color brochure about Gott-

lieb Memorial Hospital, to which his father has contributed \$750,000.

Alvin volunteered to show me the first Gottlieb pinball game. It was a dreary, dark-green, legless box marked "Baffle Ball—7 Balls 1¢." The balls rolled with leaden reluctance until they fell into traps scoring from 100 to 500. The first model made its debut in 1932.

"It was a natural for a depression," Alvin said. "How else could a fellow with all day on his hands get so much amusement for a penny? Nobody expected the craze to last. Dad started this company by making grip testers you put in a penny and squeeze. Then in 1929 some company in Ohio attached a coin slot to the old game of bagatelle and it was such a big hit, Dad got in it too."

Alvin suggested that we go next to look at the shop which houses about 250 workers. On one side, punch presses hammered steel sheets into perforated boards; on the other, workers pored over the bared ganglia of pinball innards, making lights light and bells ring as they checked connections. Wires are insulated in a hundred different color combinations to differentiate circuits.

"We've been told," Alvin said,

"that digital and analogue computers are nothing but high-class pinball machines."

During the war the Gottlieb company forsook pinballs for war work. Its chief pinball designer, Harry Mabs, went to San Antonio and became an operator, placing pinball games in servicemen's amusement centers. One day a machine of Mabs' own design broke down. He opened it and went at its guts with pliers and soldering iron. A USO hostess peered inside and exclaimed:

"My land, that must have been invented by a maniac!"

It was Mabs' proudest hour.

Alvin introduced me to Mabs' successor as designer, Wayne Neyens, who immediately dispelled a long-cherished misapprehension of mine—that pinballs all have the same insides. Neyens in fact is constantly inventing new arrangements of pinball obstacles and goals which require engineers to rewire a whole new apparatus.

"Action," said Neyens, "is the main thing. A good game needs color, lights, bells, gongs, and knockers, all to assure the player he is making progress toward a final conclusion. Each game needs a theme—maybe filling out a full house in a poker hand or an auto race or spelling out names. We had one recently where you had to light all the letters in the word 'Paradise.' Every time you scored, the machine went tick-tick-tick and the feathers of a bird spread out."

Each pilot model of a new game is placed in the middle of the factory floor to obstruct traffic. This is to encourage company-time play by an eight-man hierarchy, David, Nathan, and Alvin Gottlieb; the chief designer; and four engineers. Sometimes, one of these experts plays it once and exclaims, "Terrific!" Other times he'll play, shake his head, walk around, play again. That game is likely to be consigned to the boiler-room. The worst flop the Gottliebs had was a game called "Plus and Minus" introduced in 1935. When a ball plunked in one hole the score was reduced.

"Nobody would play it," Alvin said. "They want the score to keep building, building."

In fact, it must soar. While the first game, Baffle Ball, built scores in units of 100, today's unit is 10,000,

and the machine has a potential of 7,000,000. "Anything higher than that," said Alvin, "would get to look inflationary."

There were three kinds of players on early machines—the "pusher" who coaxed the ball by nudging the machine, the "banger" who slapped the machine's side to shock the ball, and the "body weaver" who tried to govern the ball by pure psychology. In 1947, Harry Mabs divined that all of them yearned to prolong the life of the ball. Always one to keep the players happy, Mabs experimented with a kicker near the bottom. When struck, it would trigger a switch kicking the ball upward into new life. Later Mabs installed buttons to operate a pair of do-it-yourself flippers, thus ushering in a new day in pinball culture.

In Venice on vacation a few years ago, Alvin and his wife spied a gondola delivering a Gottlieb machine. Where, he asked the gondolier, could he find other pinballs? The word "pinball" failed to crack the language barrier. "You know," pleaded Alvin, flapping his hands like a seal. "Flippers."

"Ah, si signor," said the gondolier, aglow with sudden understanding. "Fleopers."

He steered the craft to a small restaurant. There, amidst a crowd of noisy, arm-flailing Venetians, six Gottlieb games jingled and flashed.

The foreign trade in Gottliebs is largely the result of fickle American taste. Pinballs are built for years of trouble-free service, but an American players happy, Mabs experimented quickly. So Gottlieb puts out a new model every six weeks and shuttles the old ones around to other locations. Machines that have made the whole round are eventually sold to foreign distributors. The export trade has been reinvigorated by the advent of flippers.

They are providing unexpected benefits at home too. Recently in California a judge ruled that—because their operation required skill—flippers *per se* identified a pinball machine as an amusement rather than a gambling device.

Why, I asked Alvin, are pinball games banned by law in Chicago, home of D. Gottlieb and Co., as well as in New York, Los Angeles, Cleveland, and Detroit? Why has the stigma of gambling been attached to

HORIZON

A MAGAZINE WHOSE FIELD IS THE WHOLE OF CULTURE—PAST AND PRESENT



Three Subjects, One Object

Xerxes (left), Claudia Cardinale (top), and Blaise Pascal (below) all fit comfortably inside the hard book covers of the latest issue of HORIZON. (It's that kind of a magazine, and there simply aren't any others like it.)

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AFTER HOURS

these gay objects that offer no more reward than an occasional free game?

Alvin winced. "Maybe we better go talk to my Dad," he said.

I was ushered into a wood-paneled, carpeted office toward a gentleman with silver hair and a pencil-thin mustache, wearing a luxuriant silk shirt with big gold cuff links.

"In ancient Rome," Mr. Gottlieb began, "games like ours were played. Today, pinball games keep our soldiers from getting too homesick. In Veterans' hospitals our flippers are a therapeutic aid in restoring manual dexterity. We get orders for replacement parts from everywhere, Libya, Thailand, Lapland. In some countries, the native coins won't fit our slot, so we have to manufacture slugs for them."

Does Mr. Gottlieb feel uncomfortable, I asked, because his machines are often associated with racketeering? He said he wondered whether I ought to get into that, then turned to Alvin.

"Did you tell him all about my hospital?"

Alvin told him he had.

"I don't worry about it," Mr. Gottlieb said. He looked concerned.

Undesirable elements, he said, were attracted to his industry after games were introduced that look like good, wholesome Gottliebs but are really for gambling. Such a machine has a meter for earned replays and a "knock-off button" which cancels replays after a cash payoff. Racketeers have been especially interested in the gambling devices, Gottlieb hinted. But his distributors are, for the most part, gentlemen.

Last October Congress passed a bill dear to the hearts of D. Gottlieb and one R. Kennedy. It outlaws the "replay" games that are suited for gambling, aiming to restore the true pinball to its rightful, virtuous place in the world of entertainment. Now, Gottlieb privately hopes, pinball will be made as legal as baseball and hot dogs in cities that have banned it.

"People who want to gamble don't need my games to do it. The government provides them with millions and millions of gambling devices—pennies. Every penny has a head and a tail. When Alaska elected its first two Senators, how did they decide which one was senior? They flipped a coin.

AFTER HOURS

"Our games," he said with the true wholesome Gottlieb ring, "are designed to give the player a fair return in amusement. If we didn't make them that way, people wouldn't keep playing them."

TO HIS COY VERSES

By Ormonde de Kay, Jr.

Come on,
Poem,
bust
outta that
CA
GE:
march
down the
page
in a

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g
RAGE!

Wake 'em up,
shake 'em up,
make them

SEE---
or they'll
leave you

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o
p
i
n
g
from the
Po
e
try
Tree.

And who'll be
to blame?
You'll be
to blame.
But THEY'LL
put the blame
on
ME.

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THE FIRST REAL CHANCE FOR DISARMAMENT

Is disarmament a hopeless cause? As one menacing world crisis succeeds another, many skeptics dismiss any plan to end the arms race as a foolish dream. In this article, the British physicist and Nobel Prize winner, P. M. S. Blackett, argues that disarmament has now become an urgent and practical possibility, although it would require a major reconsideration of military policies by the West.

By P. M. S. BLACKETT

IT IS surprising what human beings can get used to! For instance, most people today seem to have got used to the fact that the two Giant Powers, the U. S. A. and the Soviet Union, between them appear to have stockpiled nuclear weapons with a total explosive power of some fifty thousand million tons of an ordinary explosive such as TNT. This amounts to over ten tons of TNT for every inhabitant of this globe. So far, all attempts to halt this fantastic arms race have failed, in spite of months or years of disarmament negotiations. President Kennedy warned the world of the acute danger in which it finds itself in the memorable words spoken to the United Nations:

Today, every inhabitant of this planet must contemplate the day when it may no longer be habitable. Every man, woman, and child lives

under a nuclear sword of Damocles, hanging by the slenderest of threads, capable of being cut at any moment by accident, miscalculation, or madness. The weapons of war must be abolished before they abolish us. . . .

For fourteen years this organization has urged the reduction and destruction of arms. Now that goal is no longer a dream—it is a practical matter of life or death. The risks inherent in disarmament pale in comparison to the risks inherent in an unlimited arms race.

Both the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R., and indeed all the hundred or so members of the United Nations have committed themselves to working toward general and complete disarmament, leaving only lightly armed security forces and some kind of UN force to keep order. This goal has been the basis of all disarmament proposals since 1959. Though both Giants accept

Professor Blackett is one of England's most distinguished scientists and military strategists. During World War II he was instrumental in defeating the German submarine campaign, and in 1946 he received the U.S. government's Medal of Merit, our highest civilian award. His most recent book, "Studies of War," was published here last fall by Hill and Wang. He is on the staff of the Imperial College of Science and Technology at London University.

overtly the same goal, they differ widely as to the method of reaching it. On the whole, the Western proposals have been for small steps spread over a long period up to, say, ten or more years, and with inspection and control playing a major part at the early stages. On the other hand, the Soviet proposals have been for big steps of disarmament taken quickly, so that complete disarmament should be achieved in under five years, with general inspection coming later in the process.

To make progress to this great goal, the disarmament proposals of the two Giant Powers must satisfy two obvious conditions:

The first is that the military policy of a power must be consistent with its disarmament plans, in the sense that the military policy of the country must not frustrate its disarmament policy. For instance, if a country's disarmament plans are accepted by the other side, it must not then be found that the military consequences of the plan are not acceptable to the military. This has happened in the past, and must be avoided in the future.

The second is that a disarmament proposal must be such that it is to the self-interest of the opposite party to accept it. Many of the proposals from both sides in the last ten years have not satisfied these conditions, and so partook more of propaganda than of negotiation.

An important step toward meeting these conditions was the signing in September 1961, by Mr. McCloy on behalf of the U. S. A. and by Mr. Zorin on behalf of the U. S. S. R., of an agreed set of principles which should govern future disarmament negotiations. The all-important clause of this statement reads:

All measures of general and complete disarmament should be balanced so that at no stage of the implementation of the treaty could any state or group of states gain military advantage, and so that security is ensured equally for all.

In the spring of 1962, both the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. submitted draft disarmament treaties to the United Nations Disarmament Conference at Geneva. I want to start by saying

frankly that I think both the Soviet and the American draft treaties conflict with the essential requirement of balance in certain important respects.

For instance, the Soviet requires the elimination of all foreign troops and bases in the first stage of disarmament. But this would weaken the present Western defense position in Europe more than that of the Soviet bloc. Europe consists of many independent nations with the Atlantic between them and their major ally, the United States. On the other hand, the Soviet bloc is much more a unity, both geographically and politically. If the Soviet proposals were carried out, the American forces would have to withdraw across the Atlantic, whereas the Russian forces would only have to withdraw a few hundred miles eastward.

We must not forget the terrible losses—some twenty million dead and untold destruction of wealth—suffered by the Russian people in the invasion of their country by Germany in 1941, losses far greater than those of all Russia's Western allies taken together. Little imagination is needed to gauge the depth of the traumatic experience induced in the Russian people by finding themselves, soon after this devastating war, ringed round by nuclear bases. Their cities were thus exposed to nuclear attack, to which for many years they had no power to reply. Given all this, I still do not think that the demand by the Soviet Union to liquidate *all troops and bases on foreign soil* in the first stage of disarmament is a plausible first step. Perhaps some progress in reconciling the Eastern and Western views on this matter might arise by distinguishing between the two extreme forms of bases: On the one hand, there are bases for conventionally armed troops. These might be phased out along with the reduction of conventional forces in general. On the other hand, there are bases for strategic nuclear weapons, and these could be phased out along with all other strategic nuclear weapons.

THE BALANCE OF TERROR

IF THE Russian position on foreign bases does not seem reasonable, the Giant Powers are closer to agreement on limiting the size of their armed forces. One very satisfactory aspect of all recent disarmament negotiations is that both America and the Soviet Union accept the principle of reducing the total armed manpower to an equal fixed number for both countries. Since the present Soviet armed manpower appears to be about 3.8 million compared with the

present American figure of 2.4 million, the Soviet proposal to reduce to 1.7 million implies that America would reduce her armed strength by 30 per cent and the Soviet Union by 55 per cent. So the Soviet has in fact proposed in her treaty to abolish her present superiority in total strength over America. It is to be noted that a recent estimate shows that the total armed strength of the Western bloc is bigger than that of the Soviet bloc—the figures are 8.1 and 7.3 million respectively.

In contrast to the case of total manpower, the American draft treaty lays down that the nuclear delivery systems of both major powers should be reduced by a given percentage—in fact 30 per cent in the first stage, which would last three years. The proposal to make a percentage reduction would be quite sensible if the present nuclear hitting power of the two powers were nearly equal. However, official statements from Washington last autumn estimated that overall American nuclear strength was several times that of the Soviet Union.

At present the best available estimates suggest that America has 226 ICBMs and the Soviet Union 75, giving a ratio of three to one. In long-range bombers, the ratio is nearly the same, 630 American to 190 Soviet. Furthermore, the large numbers of medium and short-range bombers based in Europe and elsewhere can reach the Soviet Union, whereas the Soviet Union has no bases near enough to the U. S. A. to allow similar types to reach America. Neglecting one-way "suicide" flights—militarily a very unreliable type of operation—the ratio of the number of Western nuclear vehicles which can reach Russia as compared with the number of Soviet vehicles which can reach America thus becomes still larger.

We see, then, that a great disparity exists between the nuclear strengths of the two powers. For this reason, a reduction by the same percentage of the nuclear strength would clearly not be acceptable to the weaker power. For instance, the Soviet Union, if it accepted America's proposals, would remain much weaker than the U. S. in nuclear weapons throughout the nine or more years that the complete American disarmament plan would last. An even more serious objection to the American proposal to reduce nuclear missiles and bombers by a fixed percentage a year (actually 10 per cent) is that it could increase the danger of nuclear war by decreasing the stability of the "balance of terror." This stability at present depends on two facts: (1) the capability of each power to destroy the other's cities and (2) the incapability of each to destroy all the

nuclear missiles and bombers of the other side. So, if either side attacked the other, it would inevitably lose its principal cities.

To maintain this type of stability, it is necessary that neither side falls much below the minimum deterrent level—*i.e.*, a level capable of destroying enemy cities—while, at the same time, the other side is well above it. This quite obviously might make it possible for the stronger side to make a successful attack on the enemy's nuclear bases, disarming them before they could retaliate. If the American disarmament plan were followed, this possibility might occur because, at some time during the disarmament process, the Soviet nuclear strength would fall below a minimum deterrent level while that of the U. S. remained well above it. If this occurred, then the Soviet Union would have nothing to rely on but America's statement of her peaceful intentions. Now the whole basis of the attitude of both sides, but particularly the Western, to the disarmament problems is that reliance on good intentions alone is not enough.

One must conclude from this analysis that the first stages of both the Russian and the American draft treaties seriously conflict with the requirement of the McCloy-Zorin agreement to maintain the balance during the process of disarmament.

IS PARITY ACCEPTABLE?

FROM a purely military point of view, the most rational first step would seem to be for both sides to reduce their strategic nuclear forces rapidly to the *same* equal and low level, as a plausible *temporary* goal on the way to complete nuclear disarmament. One or two dozen ICBMs in invulnerable sites or a suitable number in submarines for both sides should be quite adequate for each side to deter the other. If some such goal were set, then America, because of her much bigger nuclear force, would have to destroy more nuclear delivery vehicles than the Soviet Union. But the Soviet Union would have, and indeed has agreed, to reduce her total manpower more than America because of her greater present strength. I have heard this situation neatly expressed by stating that Russia would have to pay a disarmament surtax on her greater manpower and America on her greater nuclear strength.

It may well be argued that such reasoning may be quite valid in theory, but that it may not be very relevant in practice at the present time because of the possibility that the American peo-

ple would not accept now such a drastic step of disarmament as the loss of their nuclear superiority over the Soviet Union. For eighteen years this nuclear superiority has been built up in the public mind as the main guarantee of the survival of the American way of life. Only a year or so ago, the American people were being told that the Soviet Union was about to acquire a nuclear superiority over the United States and that it would then be expected to launch an all-out nuclear attack on America. After so many years of the prevalence of such views, one wonders whether it would be possible for President Kennedy quickly to get Congress to approve at the present time such a drastic step of disarmament as the acceptance of approximate nuclear parity with the Soviet Union. For this, I feel convinced, is what any major disarmament agreement must mean.

Another reason why it may be difficult for the American government to adopt at the present time a policy of nuclear parity with the Soviet Union, as they have for total manpower, is the uncertainty as to the social and economic effects of such a policy—a question which is especially worrying at a time when there is talk of the possibility of a world recession. This is not because of a lack of economic knowledge sufficient to avoid serious harm to a country's economy during a rapid process of disarmament. On the contrary, all those who have studied the subject agree that, in broad terms, our economic understanding is equal to the task.

The real problem of a big disarmament step in a Western country is largely political rather than economic: Will in fact the political situation allow the requisite remedial actions to be taken—and taken in time? This doubt could lead to the climate of opinion becoming antagonistic to disarmament as such. For example, some Western experts and officials have been attracted to various proposals for “arms control” which would assume a high level of armaments by the giant powers. They see such “control” as an alternative to drastic disarmament. Perhaps this attraction may sometimes have had less to do with military arguments than with a concealed fear of the economic and social consequences of disarmament. Of particular importance are the effects of such fears on senior military personnel and on the employees of the armament industries. The same motivations may encourage the elaboration of control systems into vast organizations equipped with every possible technological device. I have heard it said in America that “it is necessary to convince the electorate that

we can spend as much on disarmament as we do now on armaments.”

We may conclude that, to reduce the opposition to disarmament, it is necessary to bring out into the open its social and economic consequences and to plan the necessary economic and political measures to deal with them. It seems to me vital that all Western governments formulate detailed economic and social plans to be put into effect when the first steps of disarmament are taken, and that they make these plans public. This is not something to be left till after a disarmament treaty has been signed; it must be done now.

WHAT SPURS THE RACE

WE HAVE now touched on some reasons why the American Administration may be reluctant to agree to so drastic a goal as accepting nuclear parity with the Soviet Union at an early stage of disarmament, even though purely military considerations make this of great importance. I do not think it fanciful to suppose that the much longer time-scale of the American disarmament program compared with the Soviet plan (up to about ten years compared with four years) may be related not so much to military or technical considerations, as perhaps to realistic estimates of the time it might take to make drastic disarmament politically palatable to the American electorate. The time this might take would depend critically on Soviet action in relation to such points of conflict as Berlin and Cuba.

There is still another factor in the relationship between disarmament and economics which must be borne in mind. Since America is wealthier than the Soviet Union, an arms race between them imposes a greater economic burden on the Soviet Union than on America; at the present time a big arms budget spent within the country itself is probably, on balance, an economic advantage to the U. S. So an arms race between these two countries, by the harm it can do to the growth of the Soviet economy, may appear to some in the West as an important weapon in the Cold War. This factor again may strengthen opposition to disarmament itself. For the disarmament policy advocated by Mr. Kennedy would, if adopted, ease the economic burden on the Soviet Union and so allow her living standards to be raised more rapidly. This would increase her influence in the world, especially among the unaligned and underdeveloped countries.

Russia's reaction to a feeling that some part

BOOKS ON DISARMAMENT

The following list of books on the disarmament question has been prepared by D. G. Brennan, President of the Hudson Institute.

Hedley Bull, **The Control of the Arms Race** (Frederick A. Praeger, 1961). A cautious but perceptive and balanced survey, widely regarded as the best volume by a single author.

Glenn H. Snyder, **Deterrence and Defense** (Princeton University Press, 1961). Useful introduction to military policy.

D. G. Brennan, editor, **Arms Control, Disarmament, and National Security** (George Braziller, 1961). A widely known symposium designed to penetrate several aspects of the subject to some depth while displaying a wide range of views.

Herman Kahn, **On Thermonuclear War** (Princeton University Press, 1960). A large volume on military policy, chiefly oriented toward large-scale nuclear war. Though highly controversial, this book has been especially influential.

Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn, **World Peace Through World Law** (Harvard University Press, 2nd Ed., 1960). Detailed blueprint for a revised charter of the United Nations.

Benjamin V. Cohen, **The United Nations** (Harvard University Press, 1961). Readable introduction.

T. C. Schelling and M. H. Halperin, **Strategy and Arms Control** (The Twentieth Century Fund, 1961). A clearly presented view of arms control as an aspect of military policy.

Bernhard G. Bechhoefer, **Postwar Negotiations for Arms Control** (The Brookings Institution, 1961). A historical analysis of the international negotiations for arms control, with major emphasis on the decade of the 1950s.

of Western defense policy may be motivated more by considerations of gaining successes in the Cold War than by normal military considerations is likely to spur her to maintain her military security at the lowest economic cost. As regards strategic nuclear weapons, her most suitable policy would seem to be to rely on a minimum deterrent—that is, on a relatively few very efficient ICBMs with large warheads in geographically secret sites, supplemented by some medium-range missiles carried by submarines, with both kinds of missiles aimed at American cities. But if geographical secrecy of her sites were lost, she would be faced with a very expensive program. She would have to increase production of her missiles, and both disperse their sites and “harden” them—i.e., plant them in underground launching stations that were highly invulnerable.

Probably such a rearmament program is already under way and is, in fact, imposing a severe strain on the Soviet economy.

I have gone into these various social and economic points in some detail in order to emphasize my view that serious discussions of the progress of the present armament talks cannot be usefully carried on only at the overt level of purely military considerations, but that attention must also be paid to the complex nonmilitary motivations lying sometimes even below the surface of individual consciousness.

A danger arises here. Just in so far as the strategic balance of nuclear terror becomes recognized as rather stable against rational acts of sane nations, so there may arise a tendency in the West to discount the danger of nuclear war and so to feel more free to indulge in an arms race, not so much to deter a fighting war as to wage an economic one. Such a policy would inevitably lead to the proliferation and spread of nuclear weapons, increase the danger of nuclear war by accident or irresponsibility, and make very difficult any type of arms agreement.

HOW IT MIGHT WORK

LET us now suppose that such difficulties can be overcome and that it be agreed at Geneva that a state of near nuclear parity at an agreed low level be reached at an early stage of disarmament. Then comes the problem of devising a mutually acceptable plan for the phasing of the actual destruction of armaments and for the growth of the necessary inspection system. In the simplest terms a possible scheme might be as follows.

On conclusion of the treaty, all states would publish a complete inventory of all their armaments. Here we will only consider the case of nuclear delivery systems. The destruction of an agreed number of missiles and aircraft would begin under strict supervision by the United Nations. As soon as the calculated remaining stocks (that is the original number in the inventory, less the number witnessed as destroyed) reached the agreed target figure, then inspection would start with the object of verifying the *actual* number of remaining stocks, so as to compare with the *calculated* number. The inspection and verification system would clearly have to have initially a sampling character; i.e., the inspectors would select specific areas of the military establishment for surveillance, rather than attempt to cover the whole. But the inspection system would be gradually built up so as to be-

come essentially complete by the time that complete disarmament was achieved.

At the end of the first stage of such a disarmament plan, both the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. would reach parity in total armed manpower at somewhere round the two million level, and approximate parity of strategic nuclear striking force at a low minimum deterrent level of one or two dozen invulnerable missiles.

Until recently the Soviet Union has insisted that *all* nuclear delivery vehicles should be destroyed at the end of the first stage, which in their plan was to last only a year and a half. They had rejected the plea from the West that this would be dangerous in view of the possibility of one side concealing some illicit weapons. Quite recently, Gromyko, in a speech to the General Assembly of the United Nations, made an important concession. Though not holding the Western arguments as weighty, the U. S. S. R., he said, in order to make progress in the negotiations, has agreed that at the end of the first stage there shall be retained by the U. S. and U. S. S. R. only a strictly limited and agreed number of ICBMs, anti-missile missiles, and anti-aircraft ground-to-air missiles. And he said that the Soviet Union is amending its draft treaty accordingly.

This move by Russia could be of major importance, provided the West takes full cognizance of it and follows it up. It may fairly be claimed that the numerous and frank discussions at recent Pugwash conferences between Soviet and Western scientists, economists, historians, and military experts may have played a part in leading to this welcome gesture from the Soviet Union.

I want to make it clear that I think any negotiable multilateral disarmament agreement must be comprehensive, must involve very big steps of disarmament, and must include approximate parity in both nuclear and conventional forces. With the exception of the Test Ban, I doubt if the toil and frustrations of attempting to formulate in legal phraseology the details of some minor measure of multilateral disarmament are worthwhile. On the other hand, every measure of unilateral disarmament and conciliation carried out independently by any nation is of great value, so long as it is consistent with national security.

Clearly the task of working out possible independent actions to reduce tension must be tackled mainly by the nationals of the different countries, though of course mutual discussions between the different countries may be necessary

to elucidate the international implications of possible unilateral actions. I would like to see more effort by individuals to persuade their countries to adopt national policies on armaments, which would produce a more favorable atmosphere for these all-important multilateral negotiations. A basic assumption of all such efforts is that both East and West must share the blame for the present impasse. In order to study possible ways in which each country might alter its military posture so as to facilitate a multilateral agreement, it is necessary for individuals to subject their own government's defense and disarmament policies to a critical examination.

I now want to mention one possible step which I would like to see Britain carrying out.

In his recent speech, Secretary McNamara said that "... limited nuclear capabilities, operating independently, are dangerous, expensive, prone to obsolescence, and lacking in credibility."

I believe this to be true and very important; also that the British nuclear forces must be included in this criticism. I therefore consider that Britain should take the necessary actions to remove any degree of independence which our nuclear forces now have. Expert knowledge would be needed to specify these steps in detail, but they would presumably include the placing of all British nuclear forces immediately under a joint British-American safety control. I would go further and hope that the British government would plan a gradual phase-out of the British strategic nuclear forces, and not seek to prolong their operational effectiveness for a few years by the adoption of the Skybolt missile or other analogous devices.

Such a change in British policy would tend toward a bipolar world with the Soviet Union and the United States of America being the only strong nuclear powers—personally I would like to see them the only nuclear powers. This, I believe, is the most realistic step on the way to a disarmed world (although the problem of France would remain). There has always been much force in the argument that perhaps the most hopeful stage on the road to disarmament might be a period of Pax Russo-Americana and that any diffusion of nuclear weapons might make its attainment more difficult.

QUESTIONS FOR KENNEDY

ONE aspect of American defense policy which raises difficult problems for the disarmament negotiations is the following statement of Secretary McNamara:

The U. S. has come to the conclusion that, to the extent feasible, basic military strategy in a possible general nuclear war should be approached in much the same way that more conventional military operations have been regarded in the past. That is to say, principal military objectives, in the event of a nuclear war stemming from a major attack on the Alliance, should be the destruction of the enemy's military forces, not of his civilian population.

All will applaud the humane intention in this new policy. Moreover, the political intention is important; it can perhaps be put in the following way: the American Administration is rightly alarmed by the dangers arising from the growth of independent national nuclear forces. It knows that a major motivation for the growth of such independent forces is the doubt that America would in fact use her strategic nuclear weapons against Russian cities in a European conflict because of the destruction of American cities which could result from a Soviet retaliatory blow. In order, therefore, to reassure her European allies that America would launch her strategic nuclear forces, it was necessary to have a plan to use them in such a way as not to provoke a counterattack on American cities. This was achieved by the statement that the Strategic Air Command would not attack Soviet cities but only military objectives.

However, this military policy poses a profound dilemma for disarmament. We have seen that only a purely retaliatory nuclear capacity—one capable of destroying some of the opponent's cities, but clearly incapable of destroying his nuclear forces—is consistent with serious disarmament negotiations. Such a purely retaliatory capacity needs to be quite small and can be equal on both sides. If both sides could accept it, they would have to limit the size of their nuclear forces; but they could nevertheless effectively deter an attack on their countries, and they would open the way to further disarmament.

Now Mr. McNamara's statement seems to exclude such a minimum deterrent force as a possible and acceptable temporary stage on the way to the full disarmament to which both Giants are pledged. For any nuclear force designed to destroy effectively the enemy's nuclear system—and not his cities—must be overwhelmingly superior: it must be able to demolish the enemy's dispersed and protected bases. Such a strategy—it is called a "counterforce strategy"—would therefore be clearly incompatible with moving toward approximate nuclear parity and can only stand in the way of real progress toward disarmament.

It seems to me that an urgent task, and one

that can only be fully carried out by Americans themselves, is the clarification of the reasons for the present defense policy of the United States. What are the military and political reasons for the rapid increase of U. S. nuclear striking power indicated by the following figures? By 1965, the U. S. intends to have 800 Minutemen, 200 Atlas and Titan missiles, 950 intercontinental bombers, and 650 missiles on Polaris submarines. In addition there will be 1,300 planes able to deliver nuclear bombs from overseas bases and carriers. There seem to me four plausible causes for this vast nuclear rearmament:

The first possible cause is the obvious military one—that it is an attempt to gain such a nuclear superiority that a successful surprise attack on the U. S. S. R. would be possible. A successful attack would be one that would reduce the Soviet retaliatory blow to negligible proportions. Since I do not believe that such a blow is possible, and since I believe that President Kennedy does not believe it, I do not think that the present rearmament program is a deliberate attempt to achieve a decisive counterforce capability.

The second possibility is that the rearmament program is not designed for any defined military role, but is based on the view that a great number of nuclear weapons and their delivery systems are good things to have about, partly for their general deterrent effect and partly just "in case" some military use could be found for them. I am reluctant to believe that such an able and sophisticated military and scientific staff as Mr. Kennedy certainly has would justify such a big increase of the already great nuclear overhitting capacity by such vague arguments.

The third possibility is that the aim of the rearmament is not essentially a military one, but is intended to force the U. S. S. R. to spend more on armaments and so damage her economically and also politically. To some extent this result may already have been achieved. This policy may avoid serious military danger but will certainly exacerbate the Cold War, and make disarmament unlikely.

The fourth possibility is that the nuclear rearmament program represents simply the result of all the political, military, and economic pressures which are exerted on the decision-makers in Washington.

Paradoxically, this last possibility provides the greatest hope. We know that Mr. McNamara has been taking necessary and successful action to bring the U. S. military more firmly under civilian control. May it not be that, in doing this, he has found it tactically necessary to concede

a high level of armaments to the armed services and their supporters? The hope arises from the possibility that the Administration will in the future be strong enough at some stage—one hopes soon—to stop the present rapid rearmament and begin the reduction toward a low enough level to give the maximum chance of successful disarmament negotiations. Whether the Administration will soon acquire the power to make this change will ultimately depend on the support for such a policy that it gets from the American Congress and electorate.

Most probably, similar discussions of policy are in progress in the U. S. S. R., and no doubt

the pressures of groups are not absent. However, it is nearly certain that Soviet armament and disarmament policies are more closely integrated than they are in the West. So fewer difficulties in disarmament negotiations are likely to arise from contradictions within Soviet policy than from contradictions within Western policy. Anyway, we individuals in the West cannot do much to help directly to solve such contradictions as do exist in the U. S. S. R., but we can do a lot to help solve our own Western contradictions. Perhaps the next decisive battle in the campaign for disarmament will be won or lost in the mind and heart of the American people.

HOW TO MAKE PRUNING HOOKS OUT OF SPEARS

*Minutes of the Meeting of the Hebrew Committee
on Relations with Other Nations, January 6, 800 B.C.*

Chairman: Our principal business today is consideration of a draft statement on war and peace by Mr. Isaiah. Since the statement was delivered to you by runners in advance of this meeting, let us assume that all of us have read it. If there is no objection, we will first have comments on the statement as a whole. Are there general comments?

Mr. Benjamin: The statement is too long. The olive growers in our synagogue won't even look at a statement as long as this.

Mr. Judah: In the first paragraph, where it says: "They shall beat their spears into pruning hooks and their swords into plowshares," what about sling shots? Shouldn't they be included?

Chairman: How would you word the addition?

Mr. Judah: Well, the sling shots could be made into children's toys.

Chairman: Will the secretary read what he has down on that?

Secretary: "They shall beat their spears into pruning hooks and their swords into plowshares and the sling shots shall be given to children to play with."

Mr. Jonathan: Third paragraph, line two: "Nation shall not, etc." Are we in a position to make such a positive statement? . . .

Mr. Jehu: I suggest the following reading: "In our opinion, nation should not lift up sword against nation or study war any more."

Mr. Samuel: Before we vote on that, I feel the lack in this statement of any motivation. Who are we? And why are we saying anything at all

on this subject? I don't know quite how to word it but there ought to be something about our basic Hebrew motives and objectives.

Chairman: I see Mr. Judah has been busy writing. Do you have a wording for this addition?

Mr. Judah: How about this? "As Hebrews and guardians of the law given at Sinai, it is our opinion, etc."

Mr. Jonathan: That sounds presumptuous. We are not the only Hebrews and guardians of the law. We have no right to speak for everybody.

Mr. Judah: You are probably right. How about this? "As the Committee on Relations with Other Nations, and as one thousandth of one per cent of the guardians of the law, and speaking only for ourselves, we are of the opinion, etc."

Mr. Benjamin: I'm not quite satisfied with the reference to pruning hooks. Let's be realistic. If all the spears in the country were turned into pruning hooks, we'd have more pruning hooks than we'd know what to do with.

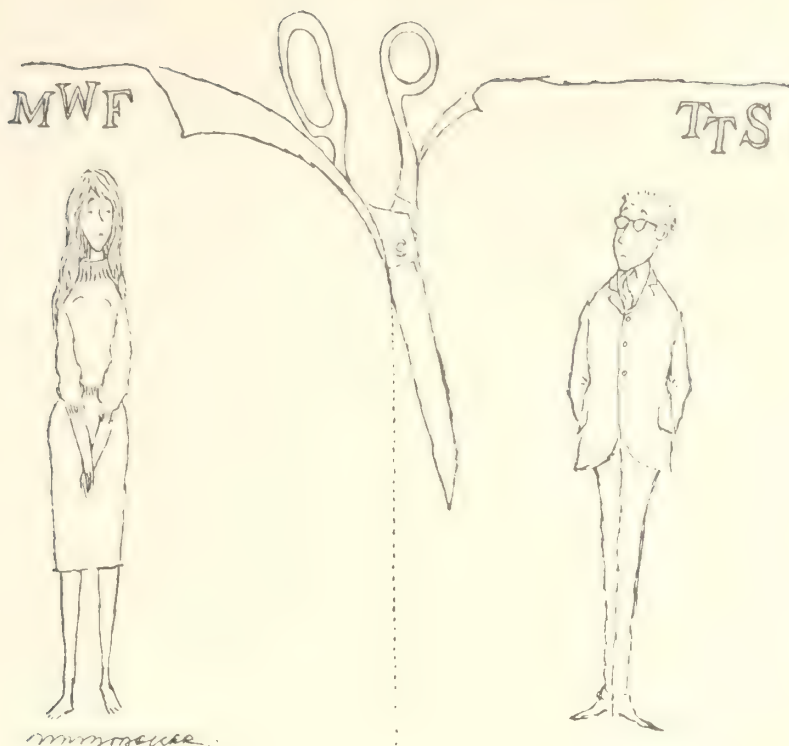
Mr. Jehu: Mr. Chairman, I move that a subcommittee be appointed to re-draft Mr. Isaiah's statement, taking into account the suggestions made here, and that we meet again after the new moon to consider the revision.

Mr. Eliphaz: I hope the subcommittee will take into consideration that the comma in the third line from the top ought to be a semicolon.

Chairman: Thank you very much, gentlemen. I think we all want to thank Mr. Isaiah for his very fine statement. At our next meeting I hope we can come up with something really good.

—Herman F. Reissig (In *Christianity and Crisis*, May 11, 1959)

Harper's Magazine, January 1963



The Alternate - People Plan

ARNOLD M. AUERBACH

How New York City solved its traffic mess, the population explosion, and the apathy of housewives—in one easy-to-apply Civic Action.

WHEN the Mayor of New York City first proposed the Alternate-People Plan, (APP) there were cries of “police state” and threats of open rebellion.

Even its adherents conceded APP's distressing overtones. The city's entire population was to be divided into two groups: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday people (MWFs); and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday people (TTSs). Nobody would be allowed to leave home for work, or any other purpose, except on his three allotted days. Thus, when MWFs went out, TTSs would have to stay home, and vice versa. To maintain routine, MWFs were to be issued a red badge, TTSs a blue. Everyone would have to wear his badge conspicuously.

Anyone caught OWOL (out without leave)

would be arrested and placed on exhibit in a public “pound.” On-duty citizens were urged to visit the pounds and jeer at violators. (The Administration had even pondered the use of stocks and ducking stools.) In public discussions, the Mayor was careful to stress APP's mitigating features: exemptions would be granted in case of illness or emergency; Adjustment Boards would readily transfer any citizen from one group to another, provided that a corresponding swap was available; on Sundays and holidays, all would be free to come and go as they pleased.

APP was intended, of course, as a cure for the city's intolerable overcrowding. Everywhere people were jostling or waiting in line to jostle. It took fifteen minutes to get through the average revolving door. Under APP, its advocates believed, half the present population at a time, relatively unconfined and unbattered, might function twice as pleasantly, accomplish twice as much.

Needless to say, the plan met with violent opposition. Civic groups and merchants' protectives were outraged. The Fifth Avenue Association threatened to move Fifth Avenue to New Jersey. But the Mayor stood firm; and, grudging-

ingly, after bitter debate, the city consented to give APP a try. After the ordeal of the past five years, it was acknowledged, *any* change might help.

During those years, seven Traffic Commissioners had come and gone. Each had taken office, confident and smiling, with an impressive record of accomplishment in other cities. Each had chatted amiably with reporters, beamed into TV cameras, announced his innovations, and put them into effect. Each had gradually grown short-tempered and ulcerous; each had finally handed in a resigned resignation. One was now said to be a bird watcher in Nova Scotia. Another was a lighthouse keeper, somewhere off Cape Hatteras. The others had dropped from view. All had developed a nervous twitch at the sound of an auto horn.

Among them, they had built expressways, cloverleaves, and underpasses. They had tried banning passenger cars, delivery trucks, and even—for one mad week—pedestrians. One had declared the first Monday of every month an enforced holiday, called "Disentanglement Day," during which all business was suspended, while the city did nothing but unravel accumulated traffic jams. This brief experiment ended violently at about 6:00 P.M. when a group of motorists who had been stalled for three days on the West Side Highway stoned the Commissioner's helicopter.

"URBAN RE-DEBILITATION"

A PART from automobiles, of course, there were just too many people. The city suffered from what someone called "the fall-out from the population explosion." The public had got used to the eternal waiting in line; but, unhappily, lines had begun to overlap, causing nerve-shattering mix-ups.

Thus, on St. Patrick's Day, the file outside Radio City Music Hall stretched so far toward Fifth Avenue that a sizable chunk of its rear-guard was swept into the parade, and force-marched clear up to 96th Street before it could be extricated.

People waiting to see the Shakespeare performances in Central Park often inadvertently wound up dancing at Huntington Hartford's new Jaz-zolarium at Columbus Circle. Alert to the trend, a popular magazine began spelling its name "Queue." Bribery and gouging appeared in unexpected places. Patients had to obtain doctors' appointments through speculators. The *Post* revealed that the management of the Central



Park carousel was reserving places for the children of favored customers. ("House horses," was the insiders' term.)

As conditions deteriorated, the Mayor blamed the Governor. The Governor, in the classic *pas de deux*, blamed the Mayor. Recriminations flew through the air like satellites. Above the turmoil, ageless, Jovian, Robert Moses exhaled thunderclaps, and shook his fist at the firmament.

An earnest group of sociologists, after prolonged study, announced that overcrowding had been worsened by the boom in low-income housing. They recommended the razing of all apartment developments and the restoration of slums. But the "Urban Re-debilitation Movement," as it was called, gained little popular support, except among the former Goldwater-for-President crowd.

A promising solution briefly appeared to be "Operation Ill Will," a municipal campaign to drive away people by publicizing the city's intolerable features. Schoolchildren were given prizes for the best essays on "Why I Hate Living Here"; copies of the winning themes were distributed free at subway newsstands and the UN. A new legend was added to the traffic lights at busy intersections. In addition to WALK and DON'T WALK, they now blinked LEAVE TOWN.

As "Operation Ill Will" gathered momentum, the Mayor helped it along by raising the 45-cent

Arnold M. Auerbach worked for Fred Allen's famous radio show and went on, after serving in the Army, to write the GI revue, "Call Me Mister." His comedy sketches have appeared in other Broadway revues and on TV, and last July one appeared in "Harper's": "The Day Rembrandt Went Public."

fare. Then, adroitly waiting for zero weather, he ordered Mike Quill to call a bus strike. But perversely, the union leader refused, thereby dealing the drive a fatal blow. "The unconscionably dictatorial act of an arrogant man," proclaimed the *Times* editorially.

That week, on "Meet the Press," the desperate Mayor threatened to secede and turn the city into a fifty-first state. Surprisingly, the idea took hold, even gaining some national support, especially below the Mason-Dixon line. But it died abruptly when the Governor disclosed that a cousin of one of the five Borough Presidents was a vice-president of Old Glorious Bunting & Draperies, Inc., the largest manufacturers of American flags in the East. The implications were perfectly obvious: a fifty-first state; new flags; payola to all. The Mayor bellowed his innocence and fired the hapless politician—but the damage had been done.

"THE TWO-PLATOON TOWN"

SOON afterward, the harried and sleepless executive was pacing Gracie Mansion at 5:00 A.M. From his study window, he blearily watched a lone Department of Sanitation truck make a U-turn on East End Avenue. As the truck caromed off a parked Chevy (MD plates) and pleated the fenders of a Chrysler (DPL), the idea for APP struck the Mayor in a single searing flash.

Within hours, after feverish preparation, he presented a draft to his advisers. Despite their misgivings, they helped him to outmaneuver the opposition on the City Council and jam the bill through. Thus, APP became law.

Its first weeks were full of confusion and stress. A great many forged badges appeared, and the pounds were jammed with "Scoff-Apps," as they were termed. But as enforcement tightened, order emerged, and the scheme began to prove practicable. Subways and buses, less crowded, bore happier passengers to work. Jobholders, in roomier surroundings, functioned more efficiently. Professions flourished. In the legal world, trials speeded up, justice was reached more swiftly, possibly because there were fewer lawyers. Labor's output remained high, privately, some union leaders began thinking of a two-day week.

At home, off-duty housewives busied themselves. Long-drab apartments were suddenly spruced up, long-untried recipes sizzled and simmered. Schoolchildren sat up alertly in spacious classrooms; on off-days, home play and study groups were organized.

Sex, not surprisingly, survived. True, many MWF boys found themselves abruptly parted from their TTS sweethearts; but if enforced separation broke up a few love affairs, it probably saved as many marriages. Besides, thousands of boys and girls, who had been rushing around, elbowing each other out of the way, suddenly had room to notice each other and fall in love.

Morale among off-duty workers was admittedly a problem. The Mayor therefore decreed a saturation TV-radio campaign, encouraging friendly MWF-TTS competition. Each group of stay-at-homes was urged to work, study, and improve itself, so as to out-accomplish the other. The response was amazingly successful. Not only were people determined to make the best of the situation, but occasionally, the competitive spirit reached remarkable lengths. "MWFs are great, they make Phi Bete," said a slogan chalked on campus sidewalks. "Get Sick on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. TTS Doctors Care," read an overzealous pamphlet, until the AMA stepped in.

Thus, "the two-platoon town," as it now called itself, came to accept its new way of life. After a few months, Chicago flew in a team of observers to take notes. A little later, Los Angeles announced plans for a bigger and better, six-shift APP:

8:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. MWF
4:00 P.M. to midnight MWF
Midnight to 8:00 A.M. MWF
Ditto for TTS

Dogs were allowed out every day and were contemptuous of the whole business.

The Mayor, vindicated, was re-elected by a landslide. To the end of his days, he remained grateful for his inspiration. "An angel kissed me that night," he often said.



WASHINGTON WIFE

The Uninhibited Diaries of Ellen Maury Slayden

EDITED BY WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

The wives of politicians have a unique backstage view of history in the making. But to the regret of historians and those of us who like gossip, most of these ladies are painfully cautious in their utterances and writings. One exception was Ellen Maury Slayden. In her hitherto unpublished diaries, the Washington scene in the springtime of the century was recorded with candor, wit, and genteel malice.

Introduction

Ellen Maury married James Luther Slayden in 1883. Thirteen years later Slayden was elected to Congress from their San Antonio, Texas, district. He and Ellen, who was then thirty-seven years old, went to Washington in March 1897, and they returned each session for the following twenty-one years. Their experience in Washington was begun on the eve of the Spanish-American War and ended just at the close of World War I.

History will not record that James L. Slayden was a distinguished Congressman. His career was honorable and his action intelligent, but no major legislation bears his name.

If he escapes the oblivion that shrouds most Congressmen, it will be because of the diminutive Ellen—less than five feet tall—who had been his companion throughout his long service in Washington. As a Maury she had membership in one of the distinguished American families, a family that has spread the name Maury over the country. The Maurys were related to the Lewises, of Lewis and Clark fame. The Langhorne sisters—the Gibson girls—were cousins, and that includes Lady Astor.

Since the Slaydens had no children, Ellen was free to write for newspapers and magazines, to serve as secretary to her husband, and to exercise her sophisticated charms on Washington

society. We have her word for it that she never attended a real school a day in her life, but that she was highly literate from wide reading and good remembering none could doubt. Her early notebooks were studded with quotations from the best writers. She contributed to *Century*, to the New York papers, and was the first society editor of the San Antonio *Express*.

Never until she went to Washington had she had a real outlet for her born talent, that of a reporter with social grace, a keen hard intelligence, and apparently a complete awareness of the drama going on around her. Her background was perfect for the role she was to play in a great triangle from the Maury homestead in Virginia to the Maverick clan in Texas to the Capitol in Washington. She was enough of a democrat to be acceptable in Texas, enough of an aristocrat to please the Virginians, and a combination of charm, wit, and design made her much sought after in Washington. What she had above all else—and she was fully conscious that she had it—was social acceptance. She quickly mastered the Washington protocol, and it is doubtful that she was ever caught in a social error.

It must be remembered that, when Ellen went to Washington, women were supposed to be seen more than heard. She played this role as best she could. She never intruded herself in front of J. (as she called her husband) but she built a background for him that would make any politician proud. The men—and perhaps the women too—

had to go by him to get to her, and they did.

Ellen Maury Slayden was all feminine, and she wanted other women to be feminine too. As a social arbiter, she was uncompromising. One niece recalls a trip on the San Antonio trolley. A young lady sitting beside Ellen began to make her toilet—in public. She combed her hair, touched up her lips, and powdered her face. Aunt Ellen looked at her appraisingly. “Young lady,” she said coolly, “you forgot something.”

“What did I forget?” asked the puzzled girl.

“You haven’t brushed your teeth.”

What the public did not know about this little woman is that she was a combination of James Boswell and Samuel Pepys. For twenty-two years she kept cases on Washington official society. While she was being gracious to a Senator or Congressman, a diplomat or scholar, she was appraising him with feminine realism. When she

went home from some reception or dinner, she wrote down in her notebook what went on there. The notebooks grew to formidable proportions by the time she left Washington in 1919, but she seems to have had no idea of writing a book, until she returned to San Antonio at the age of fifty-nine.

Her book* is among the best contemporaneous records of the period between the Spanish-American War and World War I. Ellen Slayden not only recorded the social life of Washington, Texas, and Virginia, but she took note of every historical event of importance in the nation. *Washington Wife* is the only view of national and world affairs that gives the feminine point of view, the only one that deals to any extent with the feminine contingent in the national capital.

WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

Washington, March 28, 1897

J. came up before the 15th for the Democratic caucus. I spent a few days in Virginia and arrived here late on a cold, rainy night. I have rarely felt so profound a sense of homesickness and depression as when we came splashing up the gleaming avenue in a sprawling old hack to the Oxford Hotel where J. has found a place for us to live. We have left a pleasant way of life for a future full of turmoil and uncertainty, and sometimes my heart sinks, but I never let J. know it. We have four rooms on the first floor at the corner of Fourteenth and H. They are a little apart from the rest of the hotel, fortunately, but woefully ugly and ill arranged. However, they are large and airy, with big gilt mirrors and marble mantels in the grand old-Washington manner, and since I have banished the folding beds and marble washstands from the front room, and put out my own belongings—table covers, books, and flowers (so expensive here compared to Texas)—it is quite presentable. The house was once the home of a Kentucky Senator of philandering memory, and from the look of some fair ones in the dining-room I think a few of his light o’ loves must hang round it still, but on the whole it is dull and respectable.

Our first caller was a blond, curly-haired young man, “Governor” Osborne of Wyoming, newly

elected to the House. He talked politics all the time. Art, literature, religion, and weather were unconsidered trifles to him. We are inundated with cards of people we never heard of, and who, I strongly suspect, never heard of us until they saw our names in the Congressional Directory.

It is a distinct advantage to have known Washington before. An invitation came from a “Baroness” something, and instinct prompted me not even to send a card of acknowledgement. I have heard since that she took the title from the given name of a departed husband who made a fortune keeping a bar, and that new Congressmen’s wives are her favorite prey. . . .

The Texas delegation is splendid. Thirteen of the fifteen men sworn in were over six feet. J.’s six feet, two inches, and white hair (it grieves him no little, but I admire it), his strong, firm lines, a very Anak rejoicing in his strength, filled me with content. He has the chance now to do justice to himself and be a credit to his state.

January 12, 1899

Society has made several false starts, being turned back each time by the illness or death of some high official person. During the holidays we were entertained with a rare assortment of funerals. Grippe prevails to the confusion of everything from the Police and Fire Departments to the Cabinet and Diplomatic corps. But [President McKinley’s] first reception came off successfully this week, and society hopes now to keep its gait.

During Cleveland’s Administration the evening receptions became just free-for-all jams. Mc-

* *Washington Wife: The Journal of Ellen Maury Slayden, from 1897-1919*, with an Introduction by Walter Prescott Webb, will be published in February by Harper & Row. Dr. Webb, past president of the American Historical Association, is the author of *The Great Frontier* and other distinguished books.

Kinley has wisely adopted a rigid censorship of the invitation list and, what is more important, a closer inspection of people who come to the door. But even with these changes you take your life in your hands to go to the White House on a cold evening. It is strange that in all these years no way has been devised to prevent a blast of north wind coming in with every guest.

As the crowd increased Tuesday night it became impossible to close the door at all, so the gale, with a spray of fine snow, was continuous. The front hall with rows of coat racks and a flock of women with bare arms and shoulders looked like a municipal bathhouse. The time spent getting wraps checked and ourselves into the double line moving almost imperceptibly to the right seemed interminable, but it was a good-tempered crowd, full of apologies for the crush which no one could have prevented except by staying at home. . . . In the Red Parlor, a quiet but compelling voice said, "Single file, please," and before I knew it I had shaken hands with the President, bent down a moment to hear Mrs. McKinley, who was seated and spoke very softly, the Cabinet ladies had smiled at

us across their barricade of blue velvet sofas, and it was all over. In the East Room, for the first time in a trifle more than an hour, we thawed out and began to enjoy ourselves. . . .

There were a great many foreigners and an unblushing chase after them by the young girls—and their mothers who joined in the view halloo. Mrs. Colgate, heiress of all the scented soaps, has just married the Earl of Strafford, and it seemed at the White House as if our young women were in full cry after anything in foreign uniform, no matter how insignificant. A tiny Chinaman was surrounded by pretty girls fairly



Ellen Maury Slayden in a gown purchased from Worth's in London.

hanging on to his words, and Turks, Hawaiians, and even the dark-brown Minister from Haiti had more attention than his charms called for. Only one group baffled them, the Koreans. As we say in Texas, there was quite a "bunch" of them. They were fat and oily and each one seemed to have been rolled in cotton batting and stuffed carelessly into a blue satin bathrobe. . . .

Getting away from the reception was worse than getting in. The wraps were hopelessly confused, pulled and hauled about by hurrying, freezing people, not always polite or considerate, and the sleety gale had increased till it cut us like knives. It does seem as if something might be done to make the place more comfortable. J. vows in unseemly language that he will never go there again till the Fourth of July.

January 1903

If [Theodore] Roosevelt had never done anything else, the metamorphosis of the White House from a gilded barn to a comfortable residence . . . would entitle him to his country's gratitude. Still, there is a howl of outraged sentiment from many quarters. One would

think that every battered bracket and whatnot had been the cherished possession of Martha Washington and must be kept forever sacred.

Some Western temperance women presented a "handmade" sideboard to Mrs. Hayes in token of their approval of her firm (and provincial) stand on serving wine in the White House. It was a "hijjus" thing . . . the worst of a bad period, all jigsaw rosettes and vari-colored woods, but selling it . . . was thought such a desecration that the matter was brought up in the House, where Uncle Joe Cannon,* who keeps alive the

* Joseph Gurney Cannon, Speaker 1903-11.

torch of American humor, laughed it out of court. Ridiculing the idea that everything in the White House must stay there forever, he said, "When Adams was President, the family washing was hung to dry in the East Room." Then, raising his hands to heaven, he exclaimed, "My God! Where *are* those clothespins?" . . .

The last reception was tiresome as usual, the slow-moving procession about as inspiring as the grand march at a drummers' banquet. . . . In that deadly period when you stand on your own and other people's feet indefinitely before going through the line, I felt something like marbles on the floor, and several people spoke of it. Once when there was room enough to see, we found they were camphor balls. Senator Blackburn, who was jammed in with us, began to laugh and whisper to his wife, and finally confessed that he had found his pockets full of them and rather than carry them around with him all the evening, had been surreptitiously dropping them ever since he came in. His wife, a comparative recent venture, is bright, handsome, and a Roman Catholic. He is a dyed-in-the-wool Presbyterian, but says he had tried "Rum and Rebellion" and had to add Romanism to prove his democracy.

My gown . . . was a new one from New York, a trailing white satin with cream lace overdress sweeping down from my shoulders, and a garniture around the bust of exquisite little pink chiffon roses with quantities of "baby" ribbon streamers with more roses at the end. With the rope of pearls . . . from Paris I was more gloriously appareled than ever before in my life.

At a smaller tea at the White House Mrs. Roosevelt was receiving alone and stopped me to talk a while. I can only think of inanities at such times, so we just commended the changes in the White House—maybe the three hundredth person who had done so that afternoon—but she seemed pleased and said she was planning to change the garden too into something like that at Mount Vernon. She is such a sweet "gentlewoman." There are a few people that only that fine old word describes.

*February 1904**

White House receptions are always badly managed, but this was the worst. Perhaps it is impossible to make fifteen hundred to three thousand people comfortable in a house meant for five hundred, but Secretary Cortelyou and Colonel Bingham, the military major-domo, had

been there so long that they had almost accomplished the impossible. Their successors, Secretary Loeb and Colonel Symons, were trying their 'prentice hands, and everyone hopes they will do better next time.

The corridor is a far cry from the Blue Room. It was jammed to suffocation, and all we could do was to hold on to our clothes and our tempers, either of which might have been lost by the pressure of the crowd. There was no order to walk two abreast and keep in line as there used to be, so we were at the mercy of the least considerate. I still bear the mark of General ———'s epaulette upon my damaged cheek. We would stand in one spot for ten or fifteen minutes, then be carried forward for as many steps and wait as long again. One had to have easy shoes and the calm mind of a Christian Scientist to enjoy that part of it. . . .

Texans were on every side. The President must have felt complimented instead of rebuked—that is, if he noticed that we were there. We got in so late that the receiving hours were soon over and we were still in the East Room when the Presidential party left the line and marched upstairs to supper—a performance that always makes me mad and hungry. We had a good view of the whole Roosevelt family. The President has innumerable relatives, and some of them are so tacky that it really makes me like him better to see how frankly he parades them on occasions. Alice Roosevelt is getting to be almost pretty, but she has not quite arrived and still has bumptious, awkward manners.

There was no supper in sight for us, so we hurried away, and at the corner of the Treasury Mr. Gregg bought bags of hot popcorn from the little wagon that stands there. We ate it as we went home on the streetcar in the same inexpensive way that we had gone down.

January 19, 1909

The Vice-President's reception to Congress was even brighter than usual this year. Mr. Fairbanks* seems an icicle, and Mrs. F. is not especially prepossessing, but the atmosphere of their house is hospitable—more than can be said of some of our "great houses," as our Anglicized fashionables are beginning to call them. We had an amusing glimpse of "Alice" . . . who looked very handsome, her clear white face, with irregular but pleasing features, rising from a low-cut dress of chiffon the color of blue tobacco smoke. She and Mrs. Bryce [the British Ambassador's wife] were evidently conferring about the ball

* This entry is from a letter to Mrs. Slayden's sister, which was picked up by many Texas newspapers.

* Charles Warren Fairbanks, Vice-President 1905-09.

for Ethel Roosevelt the next night at the Embassy, and Alice enquired, "You mean after supper?" To Mrs. B.'s quiet "Yes," she called back as she passed down the stairs, "Oh! all right. That'll be *bully*." Mrs. Bryce's stony British stare made it funnier than if she had looked surprised or shocked.

They are not a polished family. Mr. Harrison told me of seeing the President keep Ashbrook of Ohio waiting at the Executive Office for ten minutes while he talked, in full view of them, to John L. Sullivan, the pugilist. As John L. said good-by, the President slapped him on the back and said, "Well, good-by, old fellow! You are certainly the finest that ever wore the mitts."

April 20, 1913

This Jeffersonian simplicity and intellectuality [of the Wilson era] will drive me to drink or into the smart set. I sat by Secretary ——— at dinner last night, with only grape juice to stimulate our wits, and listened to a disquisition on the standardization of tin cups and the difficulty of estimating the amount of phosphorus in waste. I turned for relief to the Senator on my left, and he was describing in a sepulchral voice the horrors of the Dayton flood, little babes torn from their mothers' arms, perishing in the turbid torrent, etc. It was the devil or the deep sea for me.

Also the "refining influences" and "social uplift" strongly hinted at by the Wilsons appear to be, like the tariff, a local issue. Mrs. W. gave notice informally that there was to be no turkey trotting at the White House, but Mary* tells me that at the Barracks hop the Misses W. were trotting nimbly and even doing the tango in an extreme style. The young ladies appear almost to forget themselves in social delights. I asked for an appointment for Mary to call on them, and when we arrived we met twenty or thirty young girls who had, of course, come by appointment. We were received kindly by Mrs. W., but a diligent search of the room failed to discover a single Miss Wilson. Finally I asked Miss Hagner where they were, and she explained apologetically that one was upstairs with a bad headache, one had gone to Baltimore, and another, at the last minute, had been persuaded by a lieutenant to go to the horse show. Mary enjoys my bewilderment. She says I told her she was here to learn good manners, and I think she is getting a few helpful hints—but by the Spartan method.

* Mrs. Slayden's niece, Mary Maverick, who was visiting from Texas.

May 16, 1913

This very interesting week might make a longer, brighter story if I had not mistaken camphor for eyedrops an hour before I was due at Calumet Place to help Mrs. Bryan* with her first reception. Feeling the Democrats socially on trial, it behooved us all (be we never so humble) to endure the occasion with what grace we might. . . .

My nerves were a pulp, and I longed for coffee, but there was only chocolate and freezing grape juice in a battered yellow marble bowl that Mrs. Bryan said was from Monticello. It was a heavy, ugly thing, like a deep jardiniere, and certainly the breath of Mr. Jefferson's honest rum punch didn't hang round it still. . . . In spite of the lawn in the glory of spring, and the Marine Band tooting ragtime with an occasional blessed lapse into a Strauss waltz, it was like rolling a stone up hill to get things started. Mrs. B. had asked such an odd lot of women to assist (myself among them) and almost no men had come. The House was fighting hard over the Tariff Bill, and an army of new members' wives came without any husbands, and stood around dumbly waiting, wondering, perhaps, at the worst-dressed company ever seen even in Washington. Not the least evil result of the Balkan War is the outbreak of "Bulgarian atrocities" in dress. Shapeless blouses have intrigued the fancy of the country dressmakers, and their development in Near Eastern mustard, yellows, grass green, and Turkey red adds to the grotesquerie. . . .

November 25, 1913

The "Cabinet Crisis" . . . began last spring, a couple of months after the inauguration of "The Foreordained." I first heard of it from Mrs. David Houston [wife of the Secretary of Agriculture], who told me the Cabinet women had agreed not to call on the wives of members of the House. . . . I mildly remonstrated, suggesting that it was bad politics, but she defended the plan so warmly that I said no more except to myself—declaring that I was then and there making my last call on that Cabinet. She did not see my fine irony when I said the members' wives would probably not notice [the Cabinet women's] failure to call, but might resent their publishing the fact that they did not intend to do so.

A few days later an article appeared in the *Post*, with large headlines and evidently inspired

* Wife of William Jennings Bryan, unsuccessful Presidential candidate in 1896, 1900, and 1908, and Secretary of State under Wilson, 1913-15.

by the Cabinet women, saying that in future they would limit their calling to "the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, and the Senate." The last was the fatal clause, a delicate distinction between House and Senate. It attracted little attention at first; the House is a new one, and only a few of us older women, and some politically observant citizens saw what it led to. A newspaperwoman interviewed me, but I refused to say anything except that I feared the Cabinet ladies lacked a sense of humor, were a bit hem-minded, in fact.

But when we got home from Europe the fight was on. During the long, tiresome session of Congress, the House ladies had nursed their wrath to keep it warm. They were awake to the slight directed at their husbands, and discussed what "action" they should take. Some wanted to call a meeting of the Congressional Club; others, Mrs. Gregg and I especially, counseled playing the part of Brer Fox, "layin' low and sayin' nothin'," but letting the Cabinet ladies alone. But the Cabinet men had been hearing things, and some sort of adjustment was becoming unavoidable. . . .

It is too bad that this Administration, from which we poor Democrats hoped so much, with a President of Southern birth if not blood, should be made absurd by snobbery, for that is the whole secret. Most of the women of the official family are woefully provincial and consequently inflated with their high position. . . .

[Several members' wives] are indignant over a newspaper article telling how the overburdened Cabinet women, though they could not call, intended to give "a series of intimate little dinners" where "the wives of members of the House are to be specially featured." I had to tell Mrs. Lane [wife of the Secretary of the Interior] that there was "nothing doing." We might submit to rudeness, but could not be patronized. It is public apology now, or nothing.

December 1913

There is a recrudescence of that silly Cabinet squabble. A second accidental interview between Mrs. Lane and me made the situation acute. I had to tell her that the members' wives were more obdurate than ever because of the sweet little piece about little dinners in precise rotation, especially favoring us, and that, as the matter stood, they would accept nothing less than a public apology, explanation, or denial of the article of May 25. It really is a harsh ultimatum, and she said it was "impossible," but once more the impossible has happened.

Mrs. L. said the *Post* belonged to Hearst (Californians would attribute an earthquake or eclipse of the sun to him) and that he had inspired the article just to embarrass the Administration. I told her the dignity of the House of Representatives had to be maintained whether Hearst was pleased or not and, besides, if he had inspired the article it would be all the easier for them to publish a simple denial of it. She told me confidentially that she and the Secretary had sent a denial—"Even her colleagues did not know of it"—to the Associated Press, but it had not been published.

That night the *Post* telephoned to ask if I knew who sent it, and what effect I thought it would have on our side. Of course, I refused to tell who sent it but said that our side could not be placated by vague denials from anonymous Cabinet women, and that appeared the next morning with much elaboration along with the Associated Press notice. . . .

Saturday about noon, after the women's Cabinet meeting, an innovation of this Administration, Mrs. Bryan came to see me. . . . She looked jaded; a plain black suit and black hat set down on her head like a cup were very trying. She held a sheet of paper in her hand* and said the Cabinet ladies had told her to do what she thought best; she wanted me to see what she had written and to say if it was satisfactory.

I never admired her so much. She was not sustained as I was by the humor of the situation; she was doing what she thought was *right* and gave evidence of having gotten the consent of her colleagues none too easily. . . . We went carefully over the note. . . . I asked that she sign it "Mrs. W. J. Bryan" so there could be no mistake, and this is the way it appeared [in the *Post*] the next morning [with] flaring headlines and more than a column of humorous comment. . . .

I wonder if the Cabinet women realize that they surrendered to a toy gun. If they had called my bluff, I had no authority back of me. A majority of the members' wives felt as I did, I know, but we never had a meeting, and never appointed a spokesman. Obviously it was the Cabinet's fear of political consequences that brought them to terms. We understand that the men took an active interest and that even the Foreordained took part in the discussion. He wants the Cabinet admitted to the floor of the House in the English fashion, and this did not further the project.

* A formal apology to run in the newspaper.

March 17, 1914

Announcement of Miss Eleanor Wilson's engagement to Secretary [of the Treasury] McAdoo was received with a sigh of weariness. Government officials are wondering if they have to "put up" for another bridal present, and I dread the damnable iteration in the papers of "Historical weddings at the White House" and pictures of scenes there under Grant, Cleveland, etc. Mr. McAdoo's picture doesn't exactly present a subject for love's young dream.

Are we getting to be a less gracious and kindly society or just sophisticated and indifferent? It used not to be good form to criticize the powers that be in a company mixed politically, but today at a beautiful luncheon for Mrs. Benjamin Harrison we broke all precedents. Democratic women laughed with the rest at the melancholy society of the White House; the way some of the Cabinet couples address one another as "momma" and "poppa," and the V.P.'s latest witticism in agreeing to make an address somewhere if they would just let him stand up on his hind legs and talk.

Texas, August 1, 1914

While I was resting this afternoon, J. answered the telephone and gave an exclamation of such horror and grief that I was alarmed. Hurrying to listen in, I heard Mr. Clarkson telling him that Germany, the Kaiser, who has built up such a vast war machine "to keep peace in Europe," has declared war on Russia!

January 20, 1915

As I lay snugly in bed one morning skimming the *Post* for my shivering, shaving husband, I read to him about the arrival of the Sayre baby, the President's first grandchild, and J.'s reaction to the news was an expression of almost profane indifference. It looks as if he had unconsciously voiced the feeling of the community. I never knew a similar event connected with the White House to awaken so little interest. The Cleveland babies were first-page news all over the country, and "Baby McKee" in Harrison's Administration was a political issue when "Private" John Allen in Congress recited his original verse ending,

Baby rules the White House
And, damn it, there you are!

Good Friday, 1916

Facing a war with Germany! An unnecessary war many people say who know infinitely more about it than I do who merely agree with them.

There is a great ebullition of patriotism, a sensitiveness to American honor and dignity on the part of the J. P. Morgans, Dodges, and other millionaires. Their millions are invested in bonds of the Entente Allies who are not marching to victory as fast as we wish them to. Who was it said, "Scratch a war scare and you find a capitalist"? Then a President has to be elected this year, and the old shibboleth about not swapping horses in the midstream might do yeoman service again.

March 1, 1917

The debate in the House on the President's being permitted to arm merchant ships, conduct a war by himself, and have a blank check for his expenses was very lively. The galleries were full, but compared to 1898 there was *no* excitement. A few speakers tried some warlike flights, but they gradually petered out, and asked to extend their remarks in the Record. The repository serves Congress as Hyde Park Corner serves the people of England—a place where they can ease their minds without boring others. Nearly every short speech began, "We do not want war."

April 2, 1917

Miss [Jeannette] Rankin [the first woman to sit in Congress] took her seat very prettily, but all other interests were obscured tonight when the President declared before the House and Senate that a state of war existed between us and Germany! I am such a foolish optimist; I never believe such hideous things can happen until I am stunned by the blow. . . .

J. took me to the mass meeting for peace in that awful old barn Convention Hall. It was fine to hear men speak who were inspired by a great moral purpose and with no material or political gain in view. Dr. [David Starr] Jordan spoke without a suggestion of bitterness, and made no reference to the mob that broke up his meeting in Baltimore the night before, led, shameful to say, by professors of Johns Hopkins and students of that and other Baltimore educational institutions. . . .

The "state of war" message was brought in and read from the platform to a depressing accompaniment of high wind shrieking through the ventilators and rattling the tin roof. When we came out the place was surrounded by soldiers to prevent a repetition of the disgraceful scenes in Baltimore.

When poor old Chaplain Couden began his prayer at the opening of Congress yesterday,



BROWN BROTHERS

Woodrow Wilson marching in a Preparedness Parade. "There is a great ebullition of patriotism, a sensitiveness to American honor and dignity. . . ."

we all felt serious and listened reverently until he dropped into politics. When he said, "O Lord, diplomacy has failed us," I said *sotto voce* to Mrs. Clark that I didn't remember the Lord's ever advising us to put our trust in it.

April 15, 1917

As usual when there is the most to tell there is the least time in which to tell it, so my notes on the war vote must be very sketchy. . . . I knew J. was going to vote in the affirmative. I had not asked him not to; perhaps I should have done it to ease my own conscience, but it would have been a departure from our usual custom, and it would have pained him to refuse me. He said for some time that voting for or against the war was unimportant; the war was an accomplished fact, the President had plunged us into it long ago, and the only thing we could do now was to work to finish it as decently and promptly as possible. Voting against it was a fine gesture but left a member helpless to do any good afterwards. But my antiwar sisters gave me some evil moments during the next few days. A few of the unmarried ones held me personally responsible for J.'s vote, not knowing, dear things, that hus-

bands sometimes have opinions of their own with which a wise wife intermeddled not.

July 27, 1917

The step from the sublime to the ridiculous is an every day occurrence. The latest instance is the \$6-billion war fund and Mr. Hoover's suggestions of economies to offset it.

When the President summoned Mr. Hoover to come and save his country as food dictator,* he came as the conqueror comes. We all stood on tiptoe waiting for Congress to give him authority to announce his system of food conservation which was to revolutionize our housekeeping and make a helpful patriot of every housewife in America—Congress was reviled, because by the law's delay we were going on in wasteful ignorance. At last Mr. Hoover's sense of duty overcame him. He would not wait for authority; he would divulge his system at once, and lo! the mountain brought forth a mouse. We were solemnly admonished to eat more fruit and vegetables and less meat, to use stale bread for toast and sour milk for cooking, and "not to take the fourth

* Herbert Hoover was U. S. Food Administrator 1917-19.

meal"—as if any American west or south of the afternoon tea belt ever did take a fourth meal! There was much of "meatless and wheatless days," of not buttering your potatoes in the kitchen, and cutting your bread at the table. For pledging ourselves on cards, to do all these, we can, by sending ten cents, get a card with the American shield in a wreath of wheat to hang in our windows and show the neighbors that we are patriots; five cents will get a button for our lapels, and eighty-five cents an entire costume to wear while we conserve. I am going to spend my dollar on food and go on wearing my blue apron.

The papers are indulging in such ribald wit as "Use quill pens and save steel for the Allies," "Save your combings to make mattresses for the Serbians," and "Use old envelopes for sanitary drinking cups."

September 7, 1917

Yesterday Congress voted eleven billions to carry on the war, to kill the bravest and best young men of the race, while scientists say that one billion wisely expended would eradicate tuberculosis from the earth.

San Antonio, November 24, 1917

We have been keeping democracy alive the last few days by entertaining Miss Margaret Wilson with more pomp and circumstance than is usually shown to a princess of blood royal in countries still sitting in the darkness of monarchy. Miss Wilson is on a concert tour for the War Relief Fund, and I think more money was spent entertaining her than was taken in at the crowded concert. Five rooms were reserved for her at the St. Anthony. The merchants were asked to decorate the streets, and the school children were to be paraded for her inspection.

The Ladies' Luncheon Club had to limit its guests to 300. Gen. Ruckman was to have a huge reception for her at the Post and the chairman of the entertainment committee a dinner at the Country Club—all agreed to in writing beforehand by Miss W.'s secretary.

But who can count upon the caprices of a prima donna who is also a President's daughter? There were tears and bitter recriminations when Miss Wilson repudiated the whole program and spent the day visiting curio stores, and riding about in *Republican* automobiles. . . .

July 3, 1918

J. is down in Texas fighting for his political life. His opponent, a young man well within

the draft age, is running on a platform of patriotism accusing J. of "disloyalty" and "pacifism." He reiterates, "Mr. Slayden voted *reluctantly* for the war"—as if any sane man would vote for a war any other way. With the military spirit more rampant than ever in San Antonio, an almost new district, and women voting in the primaries, the issue is extremely doubtful. . . .

No doubt I am subconsciously nervous over it—we are very well placed here, and have no desire to disturb the *status quo*—but so far I have lost no sleep. Thank God for "the years that bring the philosophic mind." I should have been much more perturbed when I was younger.

July 11, 1918

I confess to a superstition about the new moon. . . . Last night I looked out of the window and saw just one half of the red crescent showing above a black roof. . . . It was almost an ugly thing like a piece of shiny stage property stuck on a box, but it has haunted me all day. J.'s letter today was rather anxious.

July 25, 1918

The impish little half-moon stuck on the roof portended a political crisis for us as grotesque as it was unexpected. This morning my letter from J. was longer than usual. He said the campaign was "hard, dirty, and expensive," but his main opponent's character and methods were beginning to disgust people, and the support for the third candidate was negligible. I came in from market serene of mind. As I took off my hat I saw the yellow edge of a telegram with my other mail, opened it quickly and read, "In view of Woody's telegram withdrawal seems advisable." . . .

The *Evening Star* has the President's telegram in full: "Your letter received. The Administration as between candidates equally loyal never takes part. But in the light of Mr. Slayden's record, no one can claim that he has given support to the Administration." There also is a part of J.'s brief answer: "No matter how false the statement made to the President that procured this telegram, my continued candidacy for Congress in view of it will appear to put me in opposition to those charged with the prosecution of the war. I therefore announce my withdrawal from the race for Congress."

Of course I am sorry J. is out, but I am proud of the way he took the President's insult—picking up his glove and throwing it back in his face. It was a *man's* gesture, not that of a mere politician or one who wanted the job at any cost.

We know who did the living, but why clutter up my notebook with his name? My business now is to look bravely down the vista of our new life, think how to travel it with the least regret for the many pleasures here, and make J. feel the least anger and resentment for the dirty trick played on him by a Democratic President, for whose election he worked, spending more money than we could afford, though he had committed the unpardonable sin of not wanting him nominated.

Members Gallery, December 2, 1918

We are waiting to hear the President address the joint Houses before he sails away on his amazing trip to Europe,* preparations for which exceed in grandeur those for the . . . Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon.

It is perhaps my last opportunity to be here for a great occasion while J. is still a member, so there is a bit of sentiment in it as well as the intrinsic interest. . . . The criticism of Wilson for going at all, for not informing or consulting the Senate, for his insolent silence in general has been tremendous, but I feel sure that he will coin a phrase to catch the public taste and fool some more of the people some more of the time.

December 8, 1918

The last few days have been full of gossip about the sailing of the *George Washington*, and who was to go. . . .

And it is a real relief for the ship to be gone; one gets so tired of public men and measures. . . . I remember when the name of Roosevelt in all its forms—Teddy, T.R., etc.—beat on my ears with the irritation of a child's tick-tack. I hope Wilson will succeed in his professed wish to devise a lasting peace, but I am afraid he is not being "followed by the prayers of a united people." The Senate is contemptuous and the papers are excoriating him. I am tired too of hearing people talk as if Wilson had invented the League of Nations. It is referred to so often in the *Iliad*; Joshua even had one in working order, and the good old American Peace Society has had the idea nailed to its masthead for fifty years.

Democracy will have to be kept alive by artificial respiration if something isn't done to offset the class distinctions prevailing on the *George Washington*. The company of about 1,300 "hand picked" assistants that Wilson is taking over with

him are divided into three distinct classes. He and Mrs. Wilson are quite cut off from the vulgar herd by having a separate dining-room and promenade deck; Mr. and Mrs. House, their daughters and sons-in-law, and select few others have still another dining-room; while "the masses," college professors, every variety of expert and professional man that the occasion is thought to require, are herded together quite apart from "the classes" in just a common ship's dining saloon. Still, all alike have the benefit of chefs, musicians, and entertainment specialists from big New York hotels taken over with large salaries to keep up the morale of the peace makers.

February 26, 1919

I expected to be sad and sentimental over leaving Washington, but I am too tired to have any emotions left. Our friends are making the most of our time. . . .

Tuesday I had a luncheon at the Cosmos Club with good talk. "Oh, the dalliance and the wit!" How I shall miss them when we are settled in some small place with small talk and a fixed horizon. . . .

How fortunate that the Federal Arts Commission got into running order before our fiery untamed patriots begin to vent their feelings in statuary and soldiers' monuments. If J. had done nothing else in Congress he would deserve his country's gratitude for getting the Lincoln Memorial in its present form instead of a highway to Gettysburg, and for firmly establishing the Arts Commission. No one . . . would believe the horrors that are proposed for the government to build every day, and the Commission represents the angel with the flaming sword to scare them off. These two achievements of his committee and his long and at last successful fight for the American Academy of Arts and Letters give him a comfortable sense of something accomplished, something done, even if his career has not satisfied the element in San Antonio that neither knows nor can understand a Representative's interest in anything outside of his own district. . . .

March 3, 1919, 3:30 P.M.

Twenty-two years of service here are finished, and we are in a Pullman section on the Pennsylvania Railroad train on our way to Texas. We have gone through these motions of getting away so many times when it meant only the end of a session or the beginning of a pleasant journey that I cannot realize that this is the end of an epoch for us.

* Wilson's objective was to attend the peace conference in Paris and win the Allies' approval for the establishment of a League of Nations.

ANNAPOLIS:

teaching young sea dogs old tricks

Why the Naval Academy is, in some ways, well ahead of the other service schools, and why it still needs "upgrading" . . . even if that means the scuttling of some cherished traditions.

AT first glance, the United States Naval Academy bristles less aggressively than West Point. The campus is cramped, only 309 acres; the buildings, in their massive, non-descript nineteenth-century style, are less given to battlements and sally-ports. In fact, except for the antique cannon and anchors, which everywhere remind the midshipmen of their heritage, the Academy is not unlike a conventional college. The midshipmen—4,000 strong—are less flamboyantly Spartan than their West Point counterparts. The saluting is not as impassioned, and officers have been known to refer to the young men as "boys" or "lads." (At West Point, they are unalterably "men.") Somehow, too, the Academy blends into the atmosphere of Annapolis, an unusually charming and tranquil Maryland town—a stroller's paradise. The town, in fact, is a kind of naval province where retired officers often settle. West Point, on the other hand, has only Highland Falls, a bleak village which does little to break down the isolation of the cadets.

The contrast is not lost on occasional visitors from West Point. A group on hand for an inter-academy junket recoiled in Puritanic horror at what they considered shocking laxity—rifles not cleaned regularly, private drawers off-limits to officers, rooms not subject to continual inspection. "It seems to me," a cadet remarked smugly, "it's easier to live at West Point because life is more ordered there. It frees my mind for more important things."

Analyzing the differences between the two academies is a major industry in military circles. And interacademy ferocity in sports, unleashed in battle, would sweep any enemy off the field. Actually, the differences between them are marginal. They are both in the business of training officers who will devote themselves to careers in the service. The differences that do exist derive from their history and mission. The relative lack of starchiness at Annapolis is attributed to the fact that officers and men have to live in close quarters on board ship; too much formality would be a nuisance. But there may well be a class factor at work. The Navy has traditionally recruited its officers from among the socially advantaged. There is a natural *politesse* among naval officers that makes rigid manners unnecessary. They can afford to relax.

But if they do relax at Annapolis it is only a little. The course of study is actually a five-year program squeezed into four. Though one can see the names of "drags" inscribed on desks in Mahan Hall (Barbara, Sharon, Prudence), plebes have a work week that comes to 91 hours (aside from "mandatory sleep"); "Tecumseh" (known locally as the god of 2.5, the passing grade) still glowers in front of Bancroft Hall; and over the urinals are signal cards of flag hoists ("Do you know these?") so that time spent there is not wholly wasted. The air is reverberant with slogans; and offices, innocent of equipment more warlike than typewriters, display signs with John Paul Jones's boldest pronouncements.

Like West Point, Annapolis has been making efforts to catch up with changing academia. The old standard curriculum is merely a base on which a superstructure of electives and advanced courses has been built. Midshipmen may validate (be exempt from) courses which they previously took elsewhere or mastered on their own; 362

Fourth Classmen (freshmen) validated 766 courses in 1961-62. Able students may take an overload of elective courses: 25 per cent of the three upper classes took such courses last year. ("You can count our overload by the circles under our eyes," a youth said wryly.) Unlike West Pointers, midshipmen can take a full-fledged major in such areas as mathematics, marine engineering, physics, social science, and literature. No longer content to worship the golden calf of the low teacher-student ratio, the Academy is experimenting with battalion-size lectures and classes of 25 to 28 midshipmen.

Of the three service academies, Annapolis has a curriculum which is most heavily vocational. One factor is that until recently the mission of the Academy was to train junior officers. (Now it is to provide "graduates dedicated to a career of Naval Service.") Moreover, there is unswerving emphasis on training line officers. Unlike West Point, the Naval Academy is fussy about twenty-twenty vision. ("Why dilute the product?" an officer said.) Only those graduates who are physically disqualified to be line officers may enter the Supply Corps, and although a career as an engineering officer is respectable, it doesn't have nearly the status of a command assignment. Finally, there is the firm conviction that the only training that makes sense is one that makes the naval officer omniscient on board ship. Thus the curriculum is vocational, though there is increasing emphasis on basic principles—on the mathematical and analytical basis of weapons systems, instead of the specific uses of hardware.

This is all well and good except that of the 765 graduates of the last class, only 375—less than half—actually went into Navy line assignments. Of the rest, 200 went into Naval Aviation, 58 entered the Marine Corps, 80 chose the Air Force, and the balance went into Supply, Naval Engineering, and the Army. (The bugbear of line naval duty is the long time away from home and hearth.) One is justified in wondering, therefore, whether the curriculum is in sound alignment with vocational realities.

Even among those who choose Navy line assignments, many will find themselves, like their counterparts in West Point, in diplomatic or technological assignments or even attending graduate school. In time, they may be assigned to a

foreign-aid mission, to liaison with NATO officers, or to a planning group in Washington dealing with a complex array of political and social factors. All of this suggests that the proportion of curricular time allocated to the humanities and social sciences doesn't quite make sense. The distribution is as follows: one-half of instruction time is devoted to physical and engineering sciences, one-quarter to the social sciences and humanities, and the remaining quarter to naval science.

In one respect, Annapolis has been ahead of the other academies: she has not hesitated to use civilian professors in academic departments on about a fifty-fifty basis. The rationale of the mixed faculty is that it enables the Academy to have it both ways: some classes are manned by civilians who presumably beef up the departments academically, and at the same time there is a complement of officers in each department—on a two- or three-year tour—on the theory that midshipmen have better rapport with them. "The officers show the midshipmen," an official pointed out, "that it's possible to be a naval officer *and* a scholar."

THIS SPLIT-LEVEL HOUSE OF INTELLECT

THE officers on the faculty have been criticized in much the same way as West Point's officer-teachers—as untrained, transient amateurs. Only 15 per cent of the 269 officer-instructors have advanced degrees (the master's or doctor's). The civilian professors have also been given poor marks by some observers. Their teaching load is too heavy (twelve to sixteen hours a week); their research productivity, with some striking exceptions, is meager; and they do not invite comparison with the faculty of a first-rate college. Moreover, though they are promoted in the usual academic fashion, they have the status of second-class citizens in the Academy's hierarchy. Unrepresented on the Academic Board, they participate instead on the less powerful Academic Council. Nor do they run any of the departments, all of which have naval officer heads assisted usually by civilian professors.

During interviews, the civilian professors exuded an air of peace and harmony. However, a former civilian professor offered a dour portrait of resentment and discord in this split-level house of intellect. A naval officer comes in as department head every three years, often uninformed and sometimes unmanageable ("He has the option of listening to the civilians, but then again

David Boroff's widely read series of first-hand reports on American colleges in "Harper's" later became the center of his book, "Campus USA." He is associate professor of English at New York University and editor of "Arts & Sciences."

he has the option of *not* listening"). Some civilian professors resent high-ranking officer-instructors who may be earning more than they, without knowing much about the subject or caring about it. (Civilian professors' salaries range from \$5,500 to as much as \$16,000 with the average \$10,500 for ten months.) As for the civilians themselves, this informant observed, "At the same time that you're basking in the sunshine of security, you're shriveling up professionally."

The control of Academy education by relatively unqualified naval officers has generated this hyperbolic analogy reported by Masland and Radway in *Soldiers and Scholars*: "Imagine a destroyer flotilla headed by a college president who rotated every three years. Imagine further that each destroyer in the flotilla is commanded by a dean who rotates every three years. Imagine, finally, that many of the executives within each destroyer are professors who rotate. . . . There you have, in reverse, the USNA."

Last spring, the Navy Department, to its credit, ordered some sweeping changes. Secretary of the Navy Fred Korth directed that, in all departments but the Division of Naval Science, officer-instructors should be replaced in a gradual way by civilians. And higher status for the civilian faculty will be assured by the appointment of a civilian educator "of national rank" as Dean of Academics who will report only to the Superintendent. (These recommendations have been vehemently advanced by Admiral Rickover who has been something of an *éminence grise* in some of these changes. In the official documents, he is alluded to somewhat distantly as the Manager, Naval Reactors Branch, AEC.) To be sure, the new proposals include the disclaimer that the changes are not designed "to reduce in any way the present emphasis on basic naval indoctrination, discipline, leadership, and motivation to command at sea." As matters stand, the new policy means only about five additional hours weekly of exposure to civilians.

There is reason to believe that change will be slow in coming. For one thing, Secretary Korth's directive states that he does not intend that the assignment of officers now under orders be canceled, nor does the policy preclude the assignment in the future of qualified officers. This academic merit system sounds fine, but given the power structure of the Navy—reinforced by rugged opposition to change by Academy alumni—one wonders how much change will ensue. A great deal depends on how prestigious and scrappy the new civilian dean—yet to be appointed—turns out to be.

A perceptive naval officer at the Academy reported that among the civilian professors there was "subdued elation" over Secretary Korth's directive. But there was little dismay among the officer-instructors, most of whom believe that officer-instructors will be around for a long time. "What will probably happen," my informant stated, "is that the Navy will make some adjustments and send officers assigned to teaching billets to graduate school first so that they can arrive at the Academy with an MA or MS."

Secretary Korth does not envision a revolution in Academy education. "We haven't come to the point," he said recently, "where we will have a wet Navy and a dry Navy. You can have a genius from MIT who doesn't have the ability to lead. However, some change is necessary. The present graduates are excellent—well-educated and highly motivated—but I intend to have the education improved by additional high-quality instruction to meet the ever-increasing demands made upon naval officers."

LEARNING WHAT TO RESIST

HOW good is the education of the midshipmen? There is a persistent academic provincialism that should long have disappeared. The English, History, and Government Department (a misalliance at best) is called patronizingly the "Bull Department." The study of foreign languages is called "Dago." (Although overt discrimination is a thing of the past, members of minority groups are often called opprobrious names by other midshipmen in a spirit of good clean fun to see if they can take it!)

The academic leadership of the departments is mixed. Some of the officer-chairmen behaved like uneasy fugitives when I interviewed them. Others seemed first-rate, like Captain Charles T. Cooper, head of the Foreign Languages Department, who is himself a zealous linguist, forever learning new languages, and a tireless evangelist for language study. He told me about students in a submarine school which he attended along with officers of the Royal Hellenic Navy. "Hell," Captain Cooper said indignantly, "some of my classmates wouldn't even bother to learn their names, much less speak their language. It's *The Ugly American* all over again."

The language program at Annapolis looks good. Captain Cooper is less interested in the fetish of the Ph.D. than in having instructors with two master's degrees in different languages. There are also native speakers on the staff—foreign officers on duty here. More to the point,

since midshipmen cruise overseas during their training, studying foreign languages is a realistic enterprise to them. A weakness of the program, however, is the distribution of courses. Two-thirds of the midshipmen are studying French and Spanish. Only 9 per cent are taking Russian.

Perhaps because of the mixed faculty, classes at Annapolis seemed to have more vitality than at West Point. The civilian-officer dichotomy creates a kind of built-in dialectic lacking at West Point. I attended a modern drama seminar which was suggestive of a graduate school. Some midshipmen sat smoking, a look of brooding intellectualism on their faces. There were two civilian professors holding forth, an able old-timer and a young man with a Hamlet haircut and an intense *Kenyon Review* manner. Occasionally, a blunt, heavy midshipman's voice would interpose, "I'm afraid I have to disagree."

I was struck by the reading list of the modern drama seminar, which included such downbeat figures as Beckett, Ionesco, Albee, and Kopit. (One midshipman, in immaculate uniform and gleaming crew cut, confessed that he identified with all the weakness, vice, and desolation mirrored by these writers.) But I was struck even more by the rationale of the course. The authors they were studying were, in effect, *The Enemy*. "I assume that the midshipmen are strong enough to resist their influence," a professor stated. "Few things are more important to the naval officer than to know what he is fighting for and what he is fighting against." The midshipmen echoed this view. "These are my contemporaries, and we have to be able to deal with them," a midshipman said. Another observed: "If I have to push the button that will kill 100,000 people—well, you need values in a situation like that!"

But they are hardly bloodthirsty types. Most of the young men in the seminar are opposed to atmospheric nuclear testing. The prevailing sentiment is that military service is a burden—"but somebody has to do it." One boy remarked: "Some people join SANE to prevent war; I joined the Navy."

How good are the midshipmen? Like the young men in the other Academies, they are bright boys but not quite the highest scorers. In the Class of 1966, the mean scores on the College Boards are 594 in the verbal and 661 in mathematics. These are respectable but fall far short of comparable figures at Harvard, which are 677 and 700 respectively. Their schedule is such—intramural sports, lights out at eleven, and a heavy burden of courses—that they can't really pursue special academic interests. A recent inno-

vation gives midshipmen an hour more of study in the branch library in Bancroft Hall ("the largest dormitory in the world"). In a startling twist of informality, they may even go there in pajamas and bathrobes.

When I asked some midshipmen if there was "a literary culture" at Annapolis, a few pointed to the senior essays. I spent a few hours reading these essays in the library. What I found was disconcerting. The essays—the climax of their scholarly efforts—were devoted mainly to trivial subjects, such as "A History of Varsity Cross Country at the USNA" ("The team's hopes for a perfect season were shattered in a rainy day at the W. Va. Institute"), or narrow military topics ("Automatic Rifles with the Marines in World War I"), or vaguely humorous subjects like gambling at the USNA ("Their gambling habits reveal them not as conquistadors rushing to place a bet . . . but as men well-rounded and familiar with the social customs of a small but integral segment of our modern society").

THE "BROTHER RAT" MIND

THE fact is there is a kind of "Brother Rat" mentality at the Naval Academy. The prevailing tone is rambunctiously adolescent—from the football rallies to the dances, and even in the mess hall where rock 'n' roll music blares while the plebes (freshmen) brace. This is clearly reflected in the midshipmen's magazine, *The Log*. Most of the issues are devoted to sports ("Navy's Mighty Mites are off to a good start in the 1961 season"), schoolboy humor, and sentimental fables about stalwart officers or old admirals who return to Annapolis and watch misty-eyed the splendid antics of the young. About the world outside, about the grave issues in which they will some day play a part, hardly a word!

This monolithic adolescent culture is designed to initiate the midshipmen into naval life. Unlike other colleges, Annapolis has no subcultures, and midshipmen have little opportunity to try out other styles, to adventure afar before settling down. To be sure, they do beat the game a little—there is talk about midshipmen "going over the wall" after hours—but that is within the framework of the institution, to ease the tension of their adjustment. What they almost never confront is whether the game is worthwhile in the first place. The standard rebuttal is that they are not college students but trainees for a rigorous profession. But this doesn't hold. For one thing, Academy brainwashing only delays the moment of truth. The resignations from the service after

graduation suggest that it might have been more efficient if midshipmen had more incitement to think things over earlier. Moreover, the times require a different kind of officer—someone sophisticated and intellectually nimble to deal with today's complexities.

A striking example of the cultural steam roller at Annapolis is compulsory chapel. Though some of the cadets are nonbelievers, there is no protest. Truth to tell, there is no way to protest. Some day, this may be challenged in the courts, but until that time comes, the midshipmen—the devout and the profane—go dutifully to pray.

The midshipmen's way of life militates against spontaneity and naturalness. In their last year, they have sessions in after-dinner speaking. In a genteel, candle-lit setting, the young men expressed predictable sentiments, using canned devices and stiff gestures ("I not only regard Bertrand Russell's opinions as bad but as dangerous. . . . The workers at Cape Canaveral are slowing up progress and costing us millions of dollars").

Social activity, too, is part of training for the higher nautical life. A midshipman recalled that, during his plebe year, a Marine captain explained, under the guise of fatherly advice, that midshipmen ought always "to see the best people, go to the best places."

An ex-midshipman recollected with some asperity that social life was formal, and a flashy-looking girl incurred disapproval ("Somebody would take you aside and warn you about her"). Midshipmen and their girls may not hold hands in public. And many boys complained about the rule which required them to be back in Bancroft Hall forty minutes after the end of the Saturday night hop. This means escorting the girl back to the "drag-house," a hasty embrace, and a panicky sprint to get back on time. (Amorous Machiavellis at St. John's College across the street occasionally late-date the midshipmen's "drags.")

The girls who are fed into the Academy's social mill are selected on a rigorously inbred basis. There are about two thousand on the "active" list, most of them sponsored by college deans, ministers, and officers. In springtime, girls swarm all over the campus—thousands of them—and letters pour in pleading for pen-pals or blind dates. A California girl implored the Superintendent: "It's hard to write a person as important as you, but if I'm to conquer the force within me, I must not give up the ship!"

The plebes, as part of their training, are required to attend dances, called "tea-fights" because of the scramble for pretty girls. The tea-fight is a masterpiece of logistics—possibly the

biggest assembly line for blind dates in the world. The plebes line up at one end of the gym and inch forward two at a time, while hundreds of girls, all wearing gloves, are fed to them from the opposite end of the huge hall. They are paired off in a formal introduction (a hasty shift is made if the girl is taller), and off they go to the receiving line, consisting of officers' wives, for basic training in that inescapable ritual. Then, on with the dance. The music is Guy Lombardo dreamy, the dancing is decorous (twisting *verboten*), and cutting in is encouraged so that no one is stuck with "a brick." There was one forlorn exception to this romantic roulette wheel: a handsome Negro midshipman stood on the sidelines until his date—a Negro girl—came up to be presented to him.

Predictably, not all plebes are happy about the tea-fights. Some prefer to sleep on Sunday afternoon after the week's rat race; others hiss at the choice of girls; and some express their protest by coming with magazines tucked up their sleeves and then retire to the "head" to read. But the majority of the plebes enjoy the dance—after a slow start—and behave like college kids anywhere.

There is a cult of beauty at Annapolis which is at once amusing and brutal. Good-looking "drags" are *de rigueur*, and if a midshipman is imprudent enough to date a homely one, he will find a brick placed under his pillow—thus the term "brick" to describe a plain girl. There is also a kind of dandyism about the midshipmen themselves. A regulation disqualifies candidates for admission who do not meet minimum standards of appearance. "It's a mistake," an officer remarked, "to think that beauty is only feminine." A concomitant of the midshipmen's sturdy manliness may be a wooden quality, described tartly by one girl who visited Annapolis: "I feel that when I'm looking at one, I'm looking at three thousand. And if one of them kissed me, I would feel as if it's in the manual." On the other hand, a girl at Mary Baldwin College in Virginia said breathlessly, "An Annapolis weekend is a big status thing here."

A BLOOD-STREAKED EMBRACE

THESE is an interesting contrast with St. John's College. The St. Johnnies, as they are called, are regarded as vaguely beatnik and excessively cerebral. ("What would they say at St. John's?" a civilian professor asked when no one in his class could identify *Summa Theologica*.) Certainly, the midshipmen look more

imposing and can no doubt beat their neighbors at football or soccer. But the St. John's boys have something the midshipmen lack—an élan that goes with the unregimented life of the mind. Occasionally, midshipmen are attracted to the uncompromisingly highbrow lectures at St. John's. One sees them looking on—silent, polite, a little wistful.

Annapolis has the same passion for sports as West Point, and midshipmen proudly display the bathrobes they won from cadets as a result of the football triumph in 1961. Intramural sports are zealously pursued on acres and acres of ball fields and tennis courts and in countless gymnasiums. On fine spring days, the dinghies go out in the bay. At a boxing competition I attended, the midshipmen battered each other mercilessly, could hardly lift their arms to strike a blow by the end of the third round, then shared a blood-streaked embrace when it was all over.

The plebe system is caught in a familiar two-way pull. On the one hand, there is an enormous emotional investment in it, especially on the part of old Annapolis hands who stoutly resist change. (Past discomforts often provide present pleasures.) "We're testing the plebe's reflexes, his ability to take pressure," a proponent of the rugged life asserted. On the other hand, some Academy officials recognize that much of the system is a sentimental extravagance, and that things are in transition. "I hesitate to use the word relaxation," a high-ranking officer said. "I would say modification. There's nothing more valuable than time, and I question that we have the right to take the plebe's time with some of these routines."

The midshipmen have a gloomy respect for the rigors of their existence. "You must remember," a young man said solemnly, "that the Academy doesn't exist for *my* convenience but to train naval officers." When penalties are announced in the mess hall, the midshipmen often cheer ("He had it coming to him"). Described as "the world's busiest people," midshipmen may not have a radio in their rooms during plebe year or ride in cars until they are First Classmen. (A mild contretemps once developed between a general, who picked up his midshipman son in defiance of regulations, and the Executive Department.) Fourth Classmen may not "drag" during their first year, except for June Week, but may dine in town on Saturday and Sunday. Third Classmen (sophomores) have the run of Annapolis on weekends. Second Classmen (juniors) have one weekend of liberty a semester in addition to freedom in town on Wednesday and on week-

ends. First Classmen (seniors) are free to stroll in Annapolis every day and have three weekends off each semester. Midshipmen are constantly "ranked" by their elders in higher classes, and they are under the unrelenting surveillance of the officers in the Executive Department, called with grim irony "den mothers." At all times, they are subject to the Honor Concept, presumably less rigid than West Point's Honor Code but exigent enough by any standards.

It is a curious life—at once insulated yet rich in opportunity, constricted yet luxurious. Midshipmen complain about their \$111.15 a month salary—"the insult"—but they are served by hundreds of messmen in the dining-room, and recreationally the Academy surpasses any country club. And they travel. In their Third Classman (Youngster) summer, they go to sea. In their Second Classman summer, they sojourn at a naval air station and undergo marine training elsewhere. In their First Classman summer, they go on an overseas cruise. It might be in the Mediterranean on a cruiser, in the Arctic on a submarine—the U. S. Navy gets around. In addition, midshipmen visit the other service academies and often participate in ceremonial functions.

The Youngster Cruise is crucial for many midshipmen. It gives them an opportunity to match their vision of the naval career against the realities, while they live and work with enlisted men. (During their First Classman's cruise, on the other hand, they have command functions.) Unhappily, the Youngsters live in a twilight world. They are not *really* enlisted men; neither are they officers. They are expected to share the experiences of the enlisted men, but they are enjoined against getting too familiar with them. On their side, the enlisted men often resent these short-term shipmates. Because of these tensions, whatever friendships do develop tend to be cautious.

"THAT KIND OF THING"

A NEW Superintendent, Rear Admiral Charles C. Kirkpatrick, has recently taken over as head of the Academy. Admiral Kirkpatrick (Annapolis '31) was an outstanding submarine officer during World War II and has had a rich variety of line and staff assignments since that time. His term is the usual two years.

One of the problems he has inherited is an unlooked-for battle with the town of Annapolis which all hands are trying to contain. The Moreell Commission last year recommended the physical expansion of the Academy through the

acquisition of three-and-a-half blocks of private property. Although the Academy has promised to preserve the historic buildings in this area, many local citizens feel that a projected steel and glass science building would hardly complement the proud old homes to be annexed by the land-hungry Academy. They are also uneasy about further encroachments. Other citizens feel that the Academy—the town's biggest business which shielded it effectively from the Depression of the 'thirties—should have anything it wants. The issue is still in the talking stage, and some of the talk is heated.

President Kennedy, a former naval officer himself, implied criteria for evaluating the Academy in his graduation address at Annapolis in 1961. "In the years to come," he told the new ensigns, "some of you will serve, as your Commandant did last year, as an adviser to foreign governments. Some will negotiate, as Admiral Burke did in Korea, with other governments on behalf of the United States. Some will go to the far reaches of space, and some will go to the bottom of the ocean. . . . You must understand not only this country but other countries. You must know something about strategy, tactics, and logistics but also economics, politics, diplomacy, and history. You must know everything you can know about military power, and you must also understand the limits of military power. . . . You must be more than the servants of national policy. You must be prepared to play a constructive role in the development of national policy."

This implies a bold, ambitious program for the Naval Academy. In effect, President Kennedy is calling for officer-statesmen to help maintain the uneasy peace of our time. There is a certain thorny contradiction about this double role. Obviously, we still need combat leaders. The calm courage exhibited by the Navy in the Cuban crisis was impressive. But the qualities of a good combat leader don't always sit well with the contemplative, analytic role of the statesman. Perhaps you can't increase the intellectualism of the Academy without running the risk of impairing the military ardor of the midshipmen. There isn't time and energy for everything, and one kind of emphasis may defeat another. It is also true that training in some of the more sophisticated areas—economics, diplomacy, national strategy—will be provided for the abler officers later on in advanced schools.

But even if Annapolis can't—or shouldn't—turn out officer-statesmen, this much is certain: the four intense years at the Academy set the tone of the midshipmen's naval career. If the

atmosphere at the Academy is puerile and is not conducive to the greatest intellectual growth, then later training may fail to develop the officer-statesmen the country needs so badly. As long as midshipmen dismiss the humanities as "Bull" and foreign languages by the unspeakable term "Dago," the Academy is not fulfilling its mission. As long as midshipmen cruises are what they are—junkets to foreign lands in which the midshipmen go around in all-American groups insulated against the indigenous culture—Annapolis is not doing all it should.

To be sure, the public must assume some of the blame. Annapolis gets good boys but not the very best, and this is the fault of the many principals, guidance counselors, and parents who do not see life in the service as sufficiently rewarding. I recently asked the superintendent of a swank suburban school system if any boys from his community went to the service academies. "Some do," he said, "those who are interested in *that kind of thing*." Unhappily we live in a world in which *that kind of thing*, and the men attracted to it, play a supremely important part. And we can ill afford anything but the best. It is true that civilians become indifferent to things military in times of peace (remember how much prestige officers had during World War II?), but since when can today's curious interregnum be described as peace? Military service must be dramatically upgraded both in terms of prestige and pay. It should have serious importance of the kind that service in the State Department or in a high government agency currently enjoys.

It's a vicious circle. The Naval Academy won't attract the best boys until the public attitude changes. And the public attitude won't change until the Academy attracts the brightest boys. Annapolis must break the circle. And it can do so by a rigorous academic upgrading even if this means scuttling some of its most cherished traditions. The Brother Rat stuff should go. The naval training should be cut down—and saved for later—to provide time and energy for a solid academic base. And the academic departments should exhibit greater vitality and have a higher status in the Academy.

The recent decision of the Navy Department to introduce significant changes in the academic side of the Academy is a heartening step. But there is still a long way to go.

Next month the third and concluding article in this series will deal with the youngest of the service academies—the Air Force school at Colorado Springs.



(the view from Tokyo)

LUCKY AMERICAN WOMEN

MAYA PINES

Madam Butterfly has acquired an electric rice cooker and toreador pants. . . . But Japan is still a paradise for the pampered male.

ON EVERY floor of Tokyo's crowded department stores, near every escalator, a graceful Japanese girl in a crisp, white-collared uniform stands and bows to customers as they ride up. Hour by hour she bows and murmurs polite greetings—several thousand times a day.

The Japanese take such girls' jobs for granted. They represent the established order of things: a tradition of service—especially by women—unequaled anywhere in the world. American visitors, if they are men, accept all this with surprise and delight. But I am dismayed. My reaction to nearly everything I've seen about Japanese women is an unexpected feminism.

Of course I'm somewhat prejudiced by my own, unsatisfactory position in the local hierarchy. Though exceptions are made in favor of a foreigner, my being an American cannot compensate for my being a woman, and therefore totally insignificant.

My husband is an economist. When he was

invited here for a three-month lecture tour, I was overjoyed at the prospect of visiting the Orient. In Tokyo, at a gleaming, modern hotel, Western-style rooms awaited us. Though I had heard much of Japanese politeness, I was overwhelmed by the courtesy of the staff the day we arrived. Doors swung open long before we reached them; everybody bowed and smiled, from the diminutive elevator girls in bright kimonos to the bilingual desk clerks and the uniformed "Boy-Sans." It was exhilarating.

The shock came the first time I went down to the lobby alone. To my surprise, the staff hardly glanced up and nobody rushed to help me do anything. I nearly collided with a man who tried to get into the elevator ahead of me. I had, it appeared, become almost invisible. However, that night when my husband and I went downstairs for dinner the climate changed. Once again we were engulfed in smiles and graciousness. It dawned on me then that all these attentions were aimed solely at my husband—not at me.

My lowly status became even clearer the first time we dined at a teahouse. (Naturally, I was the only woman in our party—most Japanese men wouldn't dream of going out with their wives. I was included only because our host is very Westernized.) We walked through an enchanting rock-and-bamboo garden illuminated by a stone lantern. At the entrance, kneeling on

the *tatami* floor, three kimono-clad ladies bowed low, their foreheads touching the floor repeatedly. We took off our shoes and were led (gentlemen first) to our private room along a narrow corridor with dark, glossy stones inlaid asymmetrically in the fine-grained wood. As guest of honor, my husband was placed on the pillow nearest the *tokonoma*, the alcove with scroll and flower arrangement. I sat next to him before the long, low table, doing it Japanese style (you kneel and sit back) until numbness set in, then trying to tuck my legs sideways without kicking my neighbors. Dinner conversation was stiff and uncomfortable. Without geishas and sake, Japanese formality is gloomy anyway. But according to my husband, who has attended similar all-male functions, the presence of a female guest made this one particularly awkward. Nobody knew whether to talk to me or not, and what subjects would be suitable. I did my best to chat and to prevent the excellent *sukiyaki* from slipping through my chopsticks. It was a relief when our host called for plain rice, which meant that dinner was almost over. Our waitresses presently bowed to the ground, thanking us for the privilege of serving us.

At the door we found our shoes neatly laid out. As I balanced on one high heel, trying to step into the other shoe, I noticed a flurry of activity all around me. Armed with a gigantic shoehorn, a waitress was kneeling at my husband's feet, helping him get into his left shoe. She had gripped his calf, pressed her head between his legs, and seemed to be stroking him. Kneeling beside her, another girl was tying his right shoelaces. A third waitress was carrying his briefcase, which she later handed to him in the car. Nobody paid the least attention to me, except my husband, who glanced in my direction to make sure I was taking it all in. "I love Japan," he whispered happily as we left.

In this stratified land, everybody seems to serve somebody else. When women's service to the public ends, their service to the men in their own families begins. No matter how low a man's status, he can still look down on his wife and daughter. And although the nation's standard of living is rising rapidly, women's wages have not caught up with the rest. For the time being, womanpower is still dirt cheap. As a result, while

food and materials are hoarded in a way a Scot would find miserly, women workers are squandered with unbelievable extravagance.

Any self-respecting business office, for instance, must have a battery of girls whose main duty is to prepare and serve green tea. A personal maid is provided for every guest at Japanese inns. On every train and excursion bus young women with caressing voices offer a running commentary; others announce forthcoming stops on buses and streetcars. Pretty hostesses by the thousands stand in the doorways of Tokyo's innumerable bars and coffee shops.

The number of women who hold responsible positions, however—or merely act independently—remains infinitesimal. As a result Japanese men have had no practice in communicating with women of my sort. A great many Japanese speak English nowadays (or at least "Japlish," as the American colony calls it), and their words are usually understandable. Their attitude, though, is not.

A SHOCKING AMOUNT TO EAT

BECAUSE my husband was busy with his work I naturally took on the job of house hunting by using the classified ads in the English-language *Japan Times*. The real-estate agents I called invariably addressed me as "Sir." I never found out whether this mistake was due to ignorance—for the Japanese suffix "San" is used regardless of sex—or to inability to show respect to women. At any rate, the agents were all suspicious of me.

"Are you married?" was the first question one asked. I said I was. "Ah, so! Well, Sir, where can we reach your husband?"

Though the *Times* ran several columns of classified ads every day, the only houses I succeeded in turning up were much too small, ridiculously overpriced, or inaccessible. Then a Japanese friend, Mr. Watanabe, suggested a rental agency, regarded as the most efficient in Tokyo. I called there only to hear, once again, "I'm sorry, Sir, it is very difficult; we have nothing available."

Later that day, Mr. Watanabe took pity on us and called that agency himself. Why, they had just the place for us, he reported. Furnished, with a little garden, in a pleasant neighborhood, and not too expensive. We went to see it and it was all true. Since our seven-month-old baby was becoming restive in the hotel, I swallowed my pride and took the house gratefully.

Maya Pines spent some months in Japan, where her husband was lecturing and consulting for a U.S. technical-assistance mission. She is the author of "Retarded Children Can Be helped."

We had no trouble, however, finding an excellent nurse for the baby. Middle-aged, with long experience in the foreign colony here, Harako-San is responsible, and her English is quite adequate. She calls our little Michael "Baby-San." I am not too fond of the names she chose for us: Joe is "Master"; I am simply "Oku-San"—"The Wife."

With her help we moved into the house on a cold, blustery day. Gusts of wind blew in above, below, and between the sliding glass panels which formed most of the outer walls. If I tried to close one of them, others immediately slid wide open. An antiquated oil stove near the baby's room kept him quite warm but the rest of the house was bitterly cold and clammy, especially the "Western-style" bathroom. Its tile floor, eternally wet, served as a giant washbowl which simply drained off in a corner.

The whole place seemed designed for midgets. We scraped our knuckles against the ceiling when we dressed. Sinks, tables, and the purple plush armchairs were much too low. Mirrors reflected our chests. Worst of all, from Joe's point of view, were the low lintels. He seriously considered wearing a crash helmet around the house.

Since my husband planned to do a lot of traveling and did not want me to stay alone, we also hired a young housemaid to live in. Round-faced and thick-legged, a timid Yoshimi-San arrived bearing her own *futon*, or quilt to sleep on, plus a tiny bundle of clothes.

In a sense Yoshimi-San replaces the diaper service and the dishwasher I have at home. Her main jobs are washing, drying, and folding all the diapers by hand and doing the dishes. She also cleans up a bit and takes care of some chores totally new to me. For instance, all garbage must be sorted into two piles, "wet" and "dry," to be picked up by two different collectors on two different days. (When you hear the garbageman ring his bell, you dash out to empty the "wet" pail into his large wicker basket.) Also, every morning the heavy wooden shutters—standard on all Japanese houses—must be pushed aside, panel by panel, and each one lifted up to slip into its box behind a window; every afternoon, just before dusk, the house must be boarded up again.

Our most shocking quality, Yoshimi-San seems to think, is the amount of food we eat. Since she knows only Japanese cooking, I prepare our meals. After everything is ready, however, I usually ask her to serve it. Although she knows only a few words of English, her feelings are clear. "All?" she invariably asks in tones of utter disbelief. Once, as I was slicing a beautiful, rare

roast beef, she looked at it with distaste and grunted, "Ugh!" Somehow she survives on a bowl of rice with pickles and a few shivers of vegetables, plus an occasional scrap of dried fish.

POLITENESS IN THE WAY

WITH Harako-San as interpreter, Yoshimi-San and I find communication possible but not easy. For one thing, I never know whether Harako-San has really understood me. This morning, for instance, I glanced at the baby and remarked casually, "Michael looks sleepy." "Ah, so!" exclaimed Harako-San, her voice a crescendo of amazement, as if hearing a revelation of the gods. Despite repeated experience, I was moved to wonder what extraordinary thing I had said. Then I remembered that this outburst was merely a polite acknowledgment that she had heard me, an important person, utter something.

Japanese politeness is like that. After a few weeks in Tokyo, I ran out of some syrup I needed for the baby, and called the American pharmacy. The man who answered spoke only Japanese, so I asked Harako-San to talk to him, explaining to her exactly what I wanted. She talked and talked for a good twenty-five minutes; then she reported: "They no have this product." A few minutes later she added, as an afterthought, "Was a motor shop." The Japanese will go to considerable lengths to save people embarrassment.

With Yoshimi-San, any confusion is always multiplied. One evening I came home to find the baby crying. I rushed in and picked him up. "Where is Harako-San?" I asked Yoshimi-San, who was working in the kitchen. "Harako-San come back," she replied. "Come back?" I repeated, and began searching the house. There was no trace of her. "Harako-San not here," I complained, baffled. "Yes, yes. Not here," said Yoshimi-San. "Come back." Later I learned that in Japan, where people always know their place, going home is referred to as "coming back."

Both Yoshimi-San and Harako-San spoil our baby, despite my repeated instructions. The Japanese fondness for children is well known (although once they reach school age all coddling comes to a sudden halt). Michael always draws an audience who pinch his cheeks, chuck him under the chin, proffer dolls, and make clucking noises. Neither his nurse nor Yoshimi-San will leave him alone one minute as long as he is awake. He has come to demand constant attention since, at the first sign of a whimper, one of them rushes to amuse him. "Banzai!" cries

Yoshimi-San, throwing her arms way above her head, "Banzai!" Michael giggles contentedly. Turning to me, Yoshimi-San notes, "He love Banzai."

By Japanese standards, we pay these women outrageously well. Yoshimi-San gets \$24 a month and Harako-San, \$42—plus meals and fares and one day off each week! Many Japanese complain that foreigners spoil their maids by this sort of treatment. Once a maid has worked for foreigners, therefore, Japanese employers will not touch her. They want someone who will be happy to get a day off a month, and meanwhile work long and hard for about sixty cents a day.

With Japan's rising standard of living comes the beginning of a servant problem. Only a few years ago, penniless girls had no choice but to become maids, so they would have no rent to pay. Now they can take less grueling jobs in factories, department stores, hotels, and offices. Factory owners compete for their work, offering free and attractive housing in a company dormitory, free lessons in such basic feminine accomplishments as flower arrangement, and virtual guarantees that they will be married within a couple of years.

Upper-class families are resigned now to reducing their still considerable servant staffs. But more changes are coming.

Every afternoon, all over Tokyo, *tofu* vendors on bicycles blow their high-pitched brass horns, announcing fresh bean curd for sale. It is a cheerful sound, and rightly so for *tofu* is in a

sense the salvation of Japan. For just a few cents a day these little squares of bean curd, very tasty if well prepared, provide all the protein one needs. Other vendors with special calls of their own bring soya beans, fish, Chinese noodles, baked yams, or long bamboo poles right up to the door.

But now, quite suddenly, *tofu* manufacturers cannot find any new recruits. And small shopkeepers who want their goods delivered to customers' homes are having the same problem. Compared with factory jobs, such work simply does not pay enough.

Fortunately, the Japanese housewife is beginning to shop away from home. As long as she used charcoal stoves exclusively, she was completely housebound, if only for fear of fires. But now an electric rice-cooker has become the symbol of new affluence in many households and the first step in her emancipation. Semi-automatic washing machines have found their way into 70 per cent of Tokyo's homes; radios and television sets are spreading rapidly, bringing new ideas and a growing demand for goods.

FEWER BABIES, BUT EVERYWHERE

BEHIND all these changes is a dramatically decreasing birth rate. While industrial production soars, the birth rate has been cut in half. It is now considerably less than the American, and on a par with the French. Legalized



abortions here made this possible. Originally a defense against postwar poverty in a time of desperate housing shortages, they have grown more popular as conditions improved. The people's appetite for consumer goods and women's desire for less work led to an estimated two million abortions every year, though the health risks involved are often serious.

Tokyo, however, remains a sprawling, bustling, throbbing city; with over ten million inhabitants, it is the largest in the world—a fascinating mixture of Japanese and Western clothes and customs. A middle-aged man in gray kimono and wooden clogs strides ahead with his small son, while his respectful wife trots along several paces behind them. A teen-age girl in slim, hip-hugging pants and big mohair sweater walks arm-in-arm with her boyfriend. As a group of men who lunched together leave a restaurant, they start endless rounds of bowing, their heads bobbing up and down as if in a disorderly water ballet. Dressed in a poncho and Mexican hat, a man bearing a garish movie poster turns, revealing his white gauze face-mask, still a great favorite in Japan. And always, at all hours, there are women with babies snugly attached to their backs; sound asleep, their heads tilted back and their thick black hair hanging straight behind them, red-cheeked Japanese babies go everywhere with their mothers.

Though Tokyo has some lovely avenues lined with weeping willows and cherry trees, most streets seem piled on top of one another and have no sidewalks at all. There is a staggering profusion of restaurants and bars and shops, of neon signs in every conceivable shape and color (all blinking furiously), of advertisements and street decorations and streamers hanging from balloons. At night Tokyo seems to encompass all the world's Broadways; at least five separate sections boast centers that would put Times Square to shame.

Yet by day this huge, cosmopolitan city still seems part village. Most people live in private houses, no matter how crowded, and every house has its garden, no matter how mean. A vague scent of incense competes—after the first warm day—with the pungent smell of open sewers. Colorful laundry is slung through bamboo poles to dry, while *futons*, in gay designs, hang out of windows to air. One hears the characteristic dry “clack-clack” of wooden *getas*, or clogs. Bent double under the weight of a huge wooden basket strapped to her back, a woman slowly makes her way up a winding road lined with gray fences. Children in dark school uniforms

skip along and giggle. Women squat on a street corner, waiting for a bus.

Finding anything here is all but impossible, for most Tokyo streets are anonymous. Only the major arteries and neighborhoods have names. And although houses may have numbers, these are both invisible and meaningless; one number can be shared by as many as twenty-four houses scattered over a wide area if the dwellings once belonged to the same feudal estate. Foreigners go about following little maps to the homes of their friends; people who deal with foreigners usually mimeograph maps of their own.

The situation is complicated further when you cannot read whatever Japanese road signs exist. I realized for the first time, in Japan, what it means to be illiterate. Even the names of buildings or stores are gibberish. If, as invariably happens, you get lost, you must somehow direct your cab driver to stop near a public telephone, call up your host, and have him give the driver instructions in Japanese. It takes about half an hour, punctuated by frequent “Ah, So!”s, and usually boils down to something like this:

“Go to the Meiji Shrine and turn right. When you see a dry cleaner's on the second floor, turn left. Follow streetcar Number Four until the second street light, then make a sharp right. Go past the gas station to the cigar shop and turn left. When you reach Yamamoto-San's dress-making shop, take the next alley to the right, go past the noodle shop, and it's the brown house with the white door. You can't miss it.”

A few large, weather-beaten signs—“D Avenue,” “Annex,” “15th Street”—which were put up by MacArthur's administration—still stand, but no Japanese seems to acknowledge their existence. Many have already collapsed with age, not to be replaced. Like other vestiges of the Occupation, those which still stand are rapidly fading away.

HOW TO MEET A MATE

IN OTHER parts of Japan, Tokyo has a reputation for unsurpassed freedom. Tokyo girls are considered ill-bred at the University of Kyoto, for instance, because they dare to speak up in class. Yet even in Tokyo, the capital, marriages are largely arranged affairs, and young people have few opportunities to meet on their own.

A young assistant TV producer we met on a train spoke excellent English. He explained that television was one of the newest and therefore least tradition-bound fields in Japan. His travel-

ing companions—half a dozen colleagues, including an attractive girl announcer—all cracked jokes and behaved with most un-Japanese levity. As soon as the topic of spare time arose, however, the young man grew glum. He worked very long hours and hardly had any time to go out, he said. When he did, he simply went to the movies—alone. He had been to a university in another city, and did not know many people in Tokyo.

"How did you two meet?" he asked us suddenly.

"At a party," I replied.

"Oh," the young man said, his eyes lighting up, "how often do you have parties in America?" With mounting and envious interest he pressed for details about parties and the dating system.

Reaching across the aisle, the young lady announcer, who did not speak English, offered us some seaweed crackers, as if to join the conversation.

"Ask her whether she has ever been out on a date," my husband joked. The young producer flushed crimson. His poise evaporated and he giggled nervously, hiding his mouth with his hand.

"No, no, I can't," he said, shaking his head, "I cannot ask such a question."

The girl wanted to know what he was laughing about. When he finally translated some form of the question she, too, dissolved into embarrassed giggles, and there was a strained silence.

Away from their parents (to whom they owe primary allegiance) and former classmates, the Japanese seem almost as isolated as foreigners in their own country. In this rigid society, no two persons past childhood ever feel truly equal, and nobody is free to strike up a real friendship. Everyone knows his place and treats those he recognizes as his superiors with marked politeness. It's a good idea to do favors for powerful people, so that they will be obligated to return them. At the same time, one must guard against favors from inferiors, which pile on responsibilities. There are about five levels of politeness in the Japanese language to make such distinctions very clear.

Marriage in this culture merges not just two lives, but two clans, and a misalliance spells economic as well as social disaster. Thus, many of the most emancipated young Japanese couples still depend on a *miai* (a formal meeting of two likely partners and their families, usually arranged by a go-between).

The whole concept of individuality is, as a highly articulate and Westernized young woman explained to us recently, foreign to the Orient.

Our friend had spent two years studying in the U. S. and now boasts that, unlike the majority of Japanese, she thinks for herself. She goes out with many young men of various nationalities. She has a job and reads deeply in American as well as Japanese philosophy and literature. Yet she has turned down two suitors primarily because her parents did not approve of them. Although she is twenty-three, she must be home by eleven every night. "Well, it may seem strange to you," she confesses, "but I'll be married within the year to somebody I don't even know. I've seen his picture—the go-between showed it to me—and a *miai* is now being arranged." Her main concern now is finding out the character of her future mother-in-law, whom she will have to live with, and obey, since her fiancé is the oldest son.

As long as Japanese girls remain single, they may have some outward independence nowadays. The moment they marry, however, they become as subservient as the generations before them. Japanese wives still bow to the ground when their husbands come home, and they still act as valets—helping their husbands dress and tying their shoelaces for them.

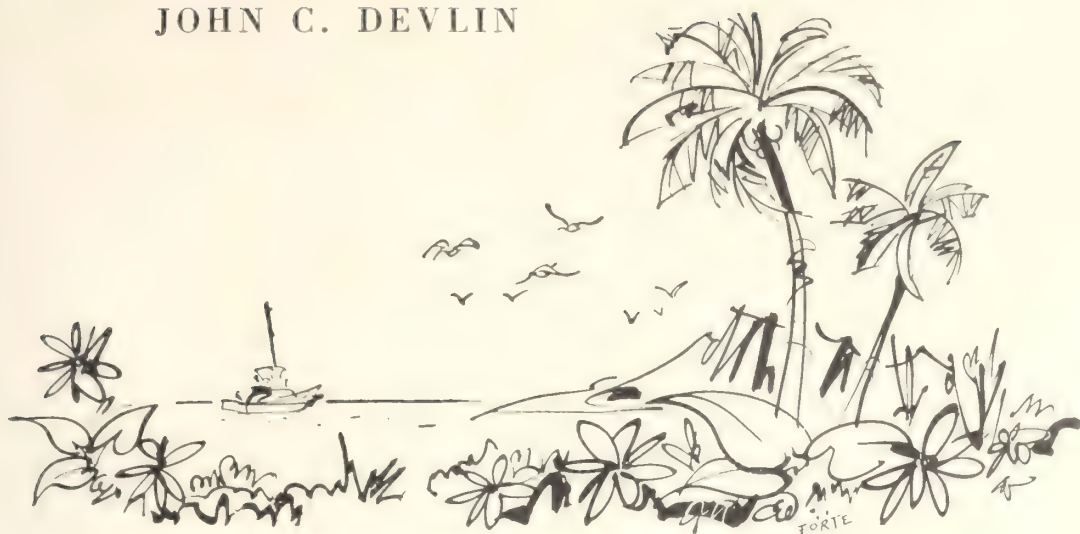
"HARO" TO THE NEW ORDER

THE situation has changed subtly since the war. Middle-aged men stride ahead of their wives but young men and women now walk side by side. When honeymooners depart, the husband now carries the heavier suitcase, although his wife still tries to take it away from him and giggles. Fathers are no longer so feared by the rest of the family, and even a *miai* is not final any more—the young people involved now have the right to say no, try again. Coffee "saloons" abound with decorous young couples trying to get acquainted after a *miai* in order to make up their own minds.

These are only small breaks with prewar custom. The real inheritors of change will be the diminishing millions of Japanese schoolchildren: the boys in their high-buttoned black uniforms, and girls in their dark middy dresses who stare at foreigners, giggle, and shout, "*Haro!*"

With the rising standard of living and the sharply reduced birth rate, these children will grow up to opportunities unheard of in Japan. Pressure from them may someday rip Japanese society wide open. But so far, there are still very few cracks in the established order. And in my opinion, until the old order changeth, Japan is no place for a woman.

JOHN C. DEVLIN



The First Underwater Park

Long after Columbus, another New World is opened in the Bahamas—Exuma Cays Land and Sea Park—for tourists, boatsmen, beachcombers, fishermen, treasure hunters, skin divers, scientists, and conservationists.

THE telephone rang in my hotel in Nassau in the Bahama Islands. It was Art Crimmins, skipper of the sailing yacht, *Traveler II*.

"We sail at 10:30 in the morning," he said in his crisp, pleasant voice. "You'll need head protection from the tropic sun, a long-sleeved shirt, and long trousers. I have plenty of snorkels and flippers for skin diving. We don't need any air tanks."

My goal was Exuma Cays Land and Sea Park, the first national underwater park in this hemisphere. The Exuma Cays (a cay—pronounced *key*—is a small island) are only two hundred miles from the Florida coast and fifty miles southeast of Nassau. The spectacular 176-square-mile sanctuary, which extends from Wax Cay Cut to Conch Cut, was created to protect the coral reefs, the exotic sea gardens, and the tropical fish from souvenir collectors and the spear fishermen, and to save the natural beauty of the area from the real-estate developers. The Park is sponsored by the Bahamas National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty, a government conservation organization patterned after the Na-

tional Trust of Great Britain for the preservation of historical sites and landmarks. Leading conservationists in the United States as well as in the Bahamas back the project.

Aboard the *Traveler II*, Captain Crimmins took up the conservation story as we slanted out under sail over the fantastic turquoise, sapphire, and amethyst waters of the Caribbean.

"I anchored for the night at that cay over there a couple of years ago," he said, pointing to a tiny, uninhabited island. "Suddenly I noticed smoke ashore. It was a brush fire, started by the captain of a rented power cruiser out of Miami on orders of his client, a big hefty guy with a cigar and a movie camera. He had ordered the cay burned so he could sit on his yacht with a telephoto camera and take movies of the birds and iguanas, those rare Bahamian lizards, fleeing ahead of the flames to the beach. It was sickening. I don't know how many dead iguanas I saw. When I protested, this guy asked me if it were my island, and when I said it was not, he told me to mind my own business."

Captain Crimmins went on to recall the group of fifteen skin divers who had arrived on the reefs from Miami with spear guns and a lust to kill. "They called themselves sportsmen, but for ten days they shot at just about everything in sight. The kill must have been four hundred pounds a day. There were so many dead fish floating around that even the native fishermen couldn't make use of them."

Commercial exploiters at Key Largo, Florida, for instance, had descended on the reefs with dynamite, blowing sections of it to bits. Divers followed, armed with crowbars. The loot, in enormous demand at souvenir stands, was so great that barges equipped with hoists were required to carry it back to the mainland. Lesser exploiters, who supply interior decorators as well as the souvenir trade, were also out in full cry. The coral is used for table displays or mounted under glass. Landscapers use chunks of it to line walks or driveways, and tourists buy it to decorate their whatnot shelves, along with the conch shells which little children like to put to their ears to "listen to the sea."

Now that the Florida queen conch supply is virtually depleted, collectors are turning to the Bahamas, where the conch is a staple in the native food diet. Outside every village one sees the shells stacked high, but these are of no use to the raider who wants only the live conch which has the delicate pink shell, for a souvenir.

Destruction of the reefs, which have taken thousands of years to build up from the skeletal remains of coral and other tiny sea animals, sets up a chain reaction in the balance of nature. When the reefs go, the reef fishes go, too, for they live on the vegetation and plankton that gather around a reef. And feeding on the smaller fishes are the bigger fishes sought by native and other fishermen as a source of livelihood and sustenance—and pleasure, also, for the deep-sea fishing tourist. As Captain Crimmins said, "A lot of tourists are not happy with a little souvenir or two of coral. They want to carry off the whole darn reef."

To reach our marine mecca in the Bahamas, it was necessary to cross the "banks" or shoals, through seas the color of mint sherbet. As the water became shallower, it changed to a white-green and then an almost colorless green over the sand and marl, a powdery calcium carbonate deposit. The water here is said by experts to be the clearest in the world. No rivers empty into these waters, and the currents from the adjacent Gulf Stream constantly rinse the reefs and bottom clean. Rocks and coral heads stick up below the surface like thumbs. Those that are a russet-brown or a pale mauve near the surface are dangerous to navigation.

John C. Devlin, who is a nature writer for the "New York Times," reports on conservation and covers the city's four zoos and its aquarium. He and his wife spend their summers sailing a racing sloop, "Dolphin," on Long Island Sound.

A flying fish broke the surface, gliding over the sea on its long, stiff, wing-like fins. And thirty feet below in the crystal-clear water, we were fascinated by a succession of huge, red-looking starfish almost symmetrically arranged on the desert-like sea bottom. Then over the horizon loomed what appeared to be a distant mountain range. It wasn't, of course; it was a string of low cays only five miles away—Wax Cay, Shroud, Hawksbill, Cistern—at the northern end of the Park.

And at last we glimpsed our destination for the night, Warderick Wells. The cay is uninhabited and local legend insists it is haunted. Natives shun it and tell stories of strange spectral singing parties seen and heard at night on its exquisite little beaches. Then there is the spooky booming, sighing, and moaning sound of the sea surging up through blow-holes or "banana holes" on the windward eastern side of the island. The weird, mysterious sound is almost enough to frighten away the superstitious even without the presence of the haunted creatures. For this, like Andros—the Bahamas' biggest island, the land of the Chickcharnee—is said to have many of the tiny three-fingered dwarfs who cast no shadows when they walk, who leave no footprints in the sand as they pass by, who live in nests in trees and cast evil spells.

The water became calmer and calmer as we went in past the shoals and coral heads. Sargassum weed, yellow-brown, drifted past. The bottom of the sea twenty-one feet below was brilliantly clear, and we could see more of the great, thick starfish and some patches of coral. The water ahead was unbelievably green-white, caught magnificently by Winslow Homer in his paintings of the subtropics. The skipper told of another painter, a visiting Italian, who burned his canvases before he left because, "Back home, no one would believe it."

Slowly the yacht glided into a lovely lagoon rimmed with beaches. The air suddenly filled with the songs of birds. The water was so calm and clear we might have been sitting on a sheet of glass. Above, the gulls swept by, and the white clouds reflected the green of the sea. The port anchor went down on one side of the channel, then the starboard on the other to hold us in midstream. The engine reversed to drag the two anchors in, the propeller spewing forward a swirl of green-white wash. Then it was "switch off."

We all momentarily sat quietly like children looking at a Christmas tree. Then, with a rush, we wanted to open the packages—to explore the underwater park we had come so far to see. Over

the side went the dinghy and the outboard engine. Into the boat with us went spare oars, drinking water, a glass-bottom bucket, diving masks, flippers, cameras, sunburn lotion. Slowly we drifted along while the glass-bottom bucket, like a strange, magic eye, telescoped us into a new world, an incredible, underwater Baghdad, a scene filled with coral minarets, coral domes like the Taj Mahal, with rippled, swaying sea fans colored like peacocks' tails, reef fishes that blazed with brilliance.

MARINE VACUUM SWEEPER

I DIVED over the side, forgetting my flippers and snorkel in my excitement. Quickly I put on my mask, and buried my head in the warm water. Although I have used a mask before, I have never ceased to marvel at the astonishing clarity one provides under water. Below me in a world that is thousands of years old, I thought I was seeing what a blind man might see if he were suddenly given vision in a lovely garden. At the sight of my form drifting over them in the swift current, the reef fishes darted back into the safety of craggy mounds of coral—white, pink, yellow, mauve, and green. I turned, swimming hard against the current, and suddenly realized my lungs were ready to burst. Surfacing, I exhaled, begrudging the need for air and wishing I had a tank so that I could stay down or could breathe underwater like the fishes.

The skipper threw me a line. "Here, take this," he called. "I'll tow you with the outboard."

Then, suddenly, I was virtually surfboarding under water, in a fog of bubbles as the motor speeded up to take the strain of towing me and bucking the tide. Twisting my body sideways out of the propeller's wake, I dived into a ravine in the cut, sweeping past purple and yellow sea fans that could have graced a Queen's coronation, great boulders of brain coral, staghorn coral, fishes as blue as bluebirds and as yellow as canaries and as red as cardinals. The water fifty feet ahead was a dreamy blue twilight which kept retreating as the outboard towed me on, and when I looked behind me I saw a curtain of the same blue twilight drifting after me at the same speed as the boat.

The boat's course took me up along the face of a wall of coral where the pocked and caved limestone had been eroded by the sea, leaving a shelf of overhanging rock. A big crawfish—a rock lobster—scooted back into a crevice as I swept past. A huge grouper—a harmless species of fish good for eating—backed into a hole. And then I

was over very shallow water with a bottom of white sand. I saw conch shells and made a mental note to remember to pronounce them as if spelled "conk"; and then, running out of air again, I saw what looked like a boy's beleaguered kite. As I surfaced the skipper pointed at it and called, "Keep away! Stingray!" The stingray, skimming along the sandy bottom, trailing its long, whiplike tail, ignored both the boat and me. Then, as the dinghy started back to the *Traveler II*, we passed a three-foot barracuda and, on the bottom, our first underwater park litter—a punctured beer can and a whiskey bottle.

Later in the afternoon we crossed to the windward side of the islands. This time I took both fins and snorkel.

"The coral is best sometimes on the windward side, to the east," the Skipper said. "It thrives best in running seas. The currents bring nourishment and oxygen."

Here, once more, were the delicate and lacy seafans, floral, ivy, and finger coral, spheres of brain coral, the surfaces lined and wrinkled, staghorn coral like antlers, graceful-limbed gorgonia sea whips. The reef fishes here were particularly beautiful. Striped grunts, all gold and blue and silver and warily watching with enormous eyes, slipped past in schools. There were the angel fish of black, blue, and silvery gold, the black-and-yellow striped sergeant major that must have been named by some army veteran, parrot fishes gay with green, bright blue, and deep purple, and yellow surgeon fish. There were sponges, too, and queen conchs and the timid, clawless spiny lobsters.

Some barracuda trailed along, consumed with curiosity, but even the natives who fear them admit they have never heard of anyone being attacked. I saw no sharks on the reefs, but I was warned not to swim at night when they come in over the shoals to feed on the barracuda and the Spanish mackerel, both of which we had caught by trolling long lines with lures over the stern of the *Traveler II*. I saw more giant stingrays, dark brown against the white bottom, but they wanted no part of anyone or anything except to sweep along looking for food like some strange kind of marine vacuum sweeper.

In a way, when you have seen one coral reef, perhaps you have seen them all, but this is true only in the sense that if you have seen



one garden, you have seen all gardens. The reefs go on and on in the Park area all around Wax Cay Cut, Shroud, Hawksbill, Cistern, Halls Pond, and Bell Cays, plus innumerable lesser, unnamed cays.

For nearly a week I visited these cays, finding a continuation of the underwater nature treasure. And at Shroud Cay, part of the land area of the Park, we crossed the entire island in the dinghy, following a wild, Congo-like creek bordered by multi-legged mangrove trees, their water-borne roots like a tangle of snarled, bleached garden hose. On the other side stretches a great beach of blindingly white sand, and the warm surf tumbled in perpetual assault against the land.

On this uninhabited island a fresh-water well is hidden in scrub growth above the rocky shore. We climbed up to see it, up stones worn smooth by barefooted native fishermen from neighboring islands. And though there was virtually no sign of life except an occasional tiny lizard, we saw a Haitian sloop sailing away after filling its water tanks. It was a long way from home.

The eight-square-mile Cay is one major reason for calling the national park a *land-and-sea* park. The shores are ever-changing shores. "One day land, shoals, and dunes, the next all sea"—is part of Shroud Cay's special beauty. It is a botanical gem. The lyrical names of the plants ripple over the tongue like a romance—buccaneer palm, silver thatch, love vine, gumbo-limbo, old-man's strength, sea grape, wild dilly and imported dilly, the familiar colorful hibiscus, oleander, and bougainvillea. The special protector of these plants—from the builder and tourist—is O. S. Russell, Director of Agriculture of the Bahamas.

The area is also rich in history. Columbus discovered the New World in the Bahamas. Here Ponce de Leon sought the fountain of youth, and here throve the swashbuckling pirates in the days of the Spanish Main at the turn of the seventeenth century; the blockade runners for the Confederacy during the American Civil War; and in the 1920s the rumrunners of the Bootleg Era, hauling their illicit cargoes to the United States.

WORRIED ABOUT TURTLES

THE new Park, representing a calmer and more scholarly era, has been dedicated to three basic objectives: conservation; scientific study; and recreation. Soon a warden will be patrolling the entire area with watchful eye, but he will be eager to provide advice for tourists and underwater photographers, rod-and-reel off-

shore fishermen, yachtsmen, and beachcombers, treasure hunters seeking sunken galleons, scientists and students of oceanography, skin divers whose ranks increase unbelievably each year. There are nearly eight million underwater enthusiasts in the United States today, ranging from amateur snorkelers to hard-core spear fishermen. Spectators are as ardent as fireside ski fans at a mountain resort. No wonder a whole new kind of sight-seeing business has sprung up all over the Caribbean, both on and under water.

Much of the credit for saving the Park area is due Colonel Ilia Tolstoy, grandson of the great Russian novelist.

"When I first visited the Bahamas in 1931," says Colonel Tolstoy, who went there to develop an underwater motion-picture camera, "the reefs were untouched. You could go for days without seeing anyone, except perhaps a fisherman in a native sloop. The reef fishes were so tame they would eat out of your hand. I was shocked when I came back again after World War II. Both reef fishes and the conchs had been so exploited that it appeared they would be depleted to the point where they could not support the native population.

"And, on the land, the mass morning and evening flights of white-crowned pigeons were thinned out in ranks by open season and no bag limit. I saw ghosts of passenger pigeons in the air. There were fewer live iguanas—and many dead ones with .22 bullet holes in them." Colonel Tolstoy was concerned, too, about the future of the flamingos, the national bird of the Bahamas.

Other Bahamians interested in conservation stepped to the fore with Colonel Tolstoy—Arthur Vernay, Suydam Cutting, Godfrey Higgs, Colonel F. A. Wanklyn, the Honorable Herbert McKinney, and others. Meanwhile, quite independently, Dr. Carleton Ray, Assistant to the Director of the New York Aquarium of the New York Zoological Society, had become aware during his scientific trips to the Bahamas of the need for conservation measures.

"Just as songbirds are protected in sanctuaries by such organizations as the National Audubon Societies," said Dr. Ray, "so should underwater species be protected in the sea. The beauty of the reefs is gone without these, as a forest seems dead without birds. Destroying these reefs is like blowing up the Metropolitan Museum of Art so that fragments could be sold at public souvenir stands." Dr. Ray was worried also about the huge sea turtles and the conch, and the native trees and plants. Because of the real-estate boom in the Bahamas, bulldozers were ripping out the

white-torch tree, the sergeant palm, and the dildo cactus.

When he discovered his conservation efforts were paralleling the work of Colonel Tolstov, the men joined forces. Dr. Fairfield Osborn, President of the New York Zoological Society, Dr. F. G. Walton-Smith, Director of Marine Science at the University of Miami, Robert P. Allen of the National Audubon Society, Daniel B. Beard, Superintendent of the Everglades National Park, Florida, and other conservationists became active sponsors of the Bahamas National Trust, as did the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The Park was established in 1959 and was given perpetuity in 1961.

Because the land was obtained free from the English Crown, from private donors and the government of the Bahamas, there were no regular acquisition costs and there are at this time no entry fees of any kind. But to provide funds for docks and for a warden and his house and boat, as well as for routine administrative expenses, the Bahamas National Trust has opened its membership to the public in the manner of most museums in the United States. There are various classes of membership open to anyone around the world. Since 1959 the Society for the Protection of the Flamingo in the Bahamas was added to the Trust.

The Bahamas are not the only area aware of the danger of having its reefs annihilated. In 1960 conservationists in Florida established an underwater state sanctuary, the first of its kind in the U. S., at Key Largo, an hour's drive from Miami. The sanctuary, twenty-one miles long and four miles wide, is called the Pennekamp Coral Reef Preserve after one of its sponsors, John Pennekamp, an associate editor of the *Miami Herald*.

Other United States-owned underwater preserves have recently been established in St. John Island in the Virgin Islands, at Point Lobos in Monterey, California, and the Fort Jefferson Monument at the Dry Tortugas islands off Florida, at sea off Key West, and the Florida Bay section of the Everglades National Park. Much of the Australian Great Barrier Reef is

now a preserve. The most recent United States underwater park is the Buck Island Reef National Monument in the Virgin Islands. This tiny island, one and a half miles off the northeast coast of St. Croix, has several species of cacti and of pelicans and man-of-war birds. President Kennedy signed the proclamation in December 1961.

THE DIVER CHAPERONE

THE Exuma Land and Sea Park has very little to offer yet in tourist accommodations or services. At the present time, boats take the place of hotels. Transportation can be arranged through the Charter Boat Association at Nassau. A yacht like the *Traveler II* can be chartered for a week by several persons sharing the cost, approximately \$30 a day, roughly what a person would pay in a resort hotel, but with meals and extras included. Some travelers prefer to go the cruise way on a specially designed skin-diving and treasure-hunting vessel such as Bruce Parker's diesel-powered *Red Witch*, where entertainment from cocktail party to beachcombing is provided in a package plan costing from \$260 a week to \$375 for the deluxe stateroom. Gear for SCUBA (Self-Contained-Underwater-Breathing-Apparatus) is available. Spearfishing rules prevent the use of SCUBA equipment for catching lobster or fish, but air-pressure guns may be used to obtain them for food aboard. Lessons in both water skiing and underwater diving are available. Underwater sight-seeing has caught on all over the Caribbean and special shallow-water helmet diving is being advertised for anyone from five to eighty, including nonswimmers if they are properly chaperoned by trained divers.

Other travelers prefer to fly to one of the other Outer Islands, Andros or Abaco, which have good accommodations and small but beautiful reefs. Or George Town, where the charming pink inn, the Peace and Plenty, offers just *that*. Here, in April, yachtsmen come from all over, especially from the United States, to see the Out Island Regatta, when only native fishermen from the various Out Islands compete in their native sloops. From George Town, boat transportation can be arranged to the Exuma Cays Land and Sea Park.

But for the most part, the appeal of the underwater park is for the true lover of nature, who wishes to see wildlife unspoiled in its natural habitat. The average visitor, as he does in the Everglades, should be willing to spend \$25 to \$50 a day for the experience of discovering a new world.



HELEN FULLER

THE MAN TO SEE IN CALIFORNIA

*The newest—and probably the most powerful
—of America's political bosses is Jesse Unruh
... a converted Texan who is still relatively
unknown even to his fellow Californians.*

WHO beat Nixon? On election night, the victor, Governor Pat Brown, modestly shared the glory with President Kennedy and the "new leadership" of his party in California. National Democratic strategists, however, are more specific. They give the credit mainly to Jesse Unruh, a name little known east of the Sierras. Even in California most citizens consider Peter Lawford more influential in Kennedy circles than the speaker of their state Assembly.

But Jesse Unruh is a potent name to drop in Washington. He was the President's field general in the campaign against Nixon. And he will lead the President's force in California in 1964, when the new "first state" will be regarded as first prize by both parties.

Thanks to a two-thirds increase in population in twelve years, California will have 40 votes in the Electoral College, second only to New York's 43. To win the Presidency in 1964, the candidate must carry one of these two states. In the hairbreadth 1960 election, Kennedy won New York; Nixon won California—by 35,623 votes out of 6.5 million. If New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller runs for President in 1964, California will be crucial for Kennedy. And in this looming battle, Jesse Unruh is the man Kennedy has chosen to bear his flag.

This new general in the political army is a young, old-style politician who is bent on transforming the California Democratic party from an amateur movement into a centrally controlled professional operation. He intends to swing the state for Kennedy in this fashion and—in due course—boost himself into the Governor's chair, to succeed Brown.

Judging by past performance, Unruh stands a good chance of succeeding if—and this is a considerable "if"—he survives the next two years in the lion's den of California Democratic politics, where the lions frequently fight each other more fiercely than the Republican foe. Lion Unruh—to be sure—is well armed. He has the prestige of the White House to protect him.

Since 1960, whenever the White House has had a problem about California politics, the phone has rung for Jesse Unruh, not for the state's top Democratic official, Governor Brown, nor for the California Congressmen. Last autumn, when Nixon was gaining in his race for Governor, it was Unruh, not Brown's official manager, whom the White House called to Washington to discuss emergency strategy.

Unruh presented a plan which he said could produce a 100,000 Democratic margin in Los Angeles County, at an estimated cost of \$250,000. The President, his brother Robert, and political aides Lawrence O'Brien and Kenneth O'Donnell bought it. The next day Unruh went home to recruit and train 13,000 workers to man 4,000 hand-picked precincts on election day.

Unruh was slightly stunned by the Kennedys' confidence in him when he explained his plan to me at breakfast the morning after his White House session. In the three weeks remaining before election day he would have to find 13,000 men and women who—at \$10 each for expenses—would attend several training sessions on how to "work" a precinct, and then do so on November sixth. Meanwhile Unruh and his party associates would produce get-out-the-vote literature, blanket Los Angeles County with it, and raise as much of the needed money as they could. The White House, everyone understood, would see that someone picked up the check for whatever deficit remained.

"I think we can put this over," Unruh told me that October morning in Washington. Then with an ironic smile he added: "I learned how to organize this kind of operation, with crew chiefs, area co-ordinators, and all that, when I helped conduct the 1950 Census in Los Angeles as a patronage appointee of Helen Gahagan Douglas."

In fact, however, his political experience runs a good deal broader and deeper than this modest start.

LEFT AND CENTER

JESSE MARVIN UNRUH looks like the stock backroom politician in a Grade C movie—six feet, 260 pounds (after months of dieting), ham-sized hands, paunch, slack face, small bright eyes, slightly droopy clothes. He encourages one's first impression of an easygoing fat man. "I am forever putting things off," he admits sweetly. "I never plan things—usually they just happen!" In politics, he says, he tries to follow the baseball rule: "Stay loose so you can swing at anything that comes along"—what the White House would call the pragmatic approach.

But when the conversation warms up, Unruh drops the pose. His mind clicks quickly and precisely. The man who succeeds in politics, he explains with conviction, is a self-starter who follows through on whatever he begins: "To have one of those qualities is good—with both you are sure to be a comer."

Jesse Unruh clearly is a "comer," perhaps already the most powerful Democrat in his state. In forty years he has come a long way. And he is not reticent about his humble origin, an asset in a land where so many voters were Okies and Arkies in the 'thirties, or their children.

His German Mennonite forefathers (Unruh in German means "unrest") fled Prussia to avoid military service, reached Russia to find the Tsar conscripting for the Crimean War, and arrived in the United States as the Civil War was about to begin. One part of the family fled to Canada. Another pushed west, out of the way of the war.

After Jesse was born in Newton, Kansas, in 1922, his parents drifted down into the Texas panhandle, on sharecropping jobs. They were poor—too poor to buy BVDs for the boys. He says that he discovered people bathed every Saturday only after he left home for his first job.

The son of an illiterate father, Jesse was the only child in the large family who went beyond the first few grades in school to become valedictorian of his Swenson, Texas, high-school class. He was a freshman at Wayland Baptist College in Plainview when a salesman for a trade school arrived with tales of Golden California and its lucrative new defense plants. Jesse signed up for a riveting course, and got a job at Douglas Aircraft in Los Angeles. Then he met and married a schoolteacher turned lady riveter. And two weeks later the Navy shipped him out to the

Aleutians. In the next two years Unruh found that he had plenty of time to read and write—stories and essays, as well as letters. For a while he saw himself as a literary man. He memorized *Thirty Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary*. (His command of the language today is an impressive testimonial to Funk & Wagnalls.) "I learned the definition of 'liberal' and 'radical' in that book," he says. Dos Passos' *USA* stirred him deeply. So did the pattern of Navy life in the Aleutians, particularly the double standard for officers and enlisted men and for Negroes and whites. Men who got equally drunk on those lonely islands, where drinking was a major recreation, were not equally penalized.

After the war, the Unruhs settled in Los Angeles. On his wife's urging, Jesse enrolled at UCLA under the GI Bill, and she went to work. He majored in journalism as a practical alternative to the literary life. Campus politics were lively at UCLA in 1945, and the Communist party was active. When Jesse took an interest in politics, the Communists took an interest in him.

After the Aleutians, "the Party parties were fun," he recalls—they sang "Joe Hill" and "We Shall Not Be Moved" and discussed the state of the world. When the invitation came to sign a Party card, Unruh was willing, he recalls. But when he asked to attend one meeting before signing up and was refused, "being naturally dilatory, I stalled," he says. Nevertheless, Unruh admits with surprising candor that he continued as a "fellow traveler" until 1948.

In that election Communists received orders to oppose any candidate for Congress who had supported the Marshall Plan. Unruh's personal heroes were Los Angeles Representatives Helen Gahagan Douglas and Chet Holifield. Mrs. Douglas had been one of the principal sponsors of the Marshall Plan in the House and Mr. Holifield had voted for it. At that point Unruh said good-bye to the Communists and went to work for President Truman and Mrs. Douglas. His Communist friends backed Henry Wallace and listed Unruh as an enemy.

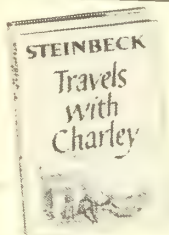
Two Unruh children were born before Jesse graduated, but Mrs. Unruh continued with her job. After college, he worked for a railway freight company for three years and ran twice,

Helen Fuller, who was until recently managing editor of "The New Republic," is the author of "Year of Trial: Kennedy's Crucial Decisions." She was formerly with the Department of Justice and the National Youth Administration, and is on the Board of Medico, Inc.

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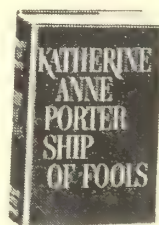
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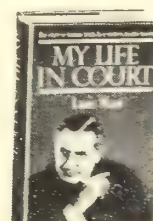
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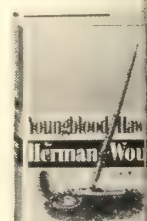
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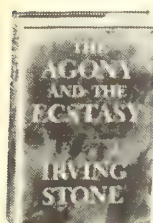
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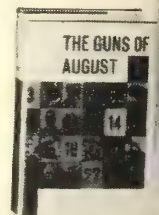
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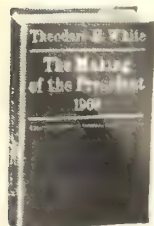
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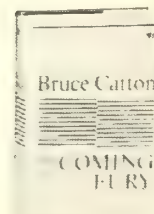
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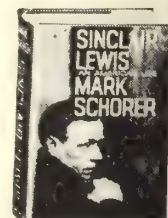
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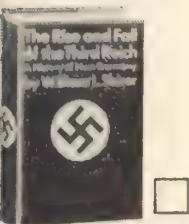
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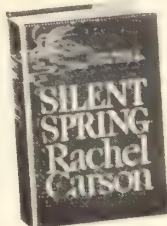
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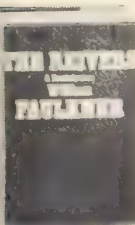
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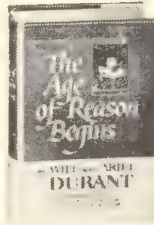
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unsuccessfully, for the state legislature. The third time, in 1954, he made it.

Unruh's progress was precocious but not unusual enough to attract much attention in a politically unconventional state where young "self-starters" often rise in politics at speeds impossible in the East. Applying a few rules learned in his UCLA campus politics, Unruh went far even as a freshman Assemblyman. History was on his side. In 1954 Democratic strength in California was reviving after twenty years of Republican rule. And the power of the so-called "Third House"—the special-interest lobbies that had long ruled Sacramento—was waning.

From 1932 to 1952 the king lobbyist, Artie Samish, had administered a mammoth slush fund put up chiefly by the beer, whiskey, and racetrack interests to elect friends in the legislature and keep them friendly. But in 1952 Samish was sent up for tax evasion and the Third House was rocked. It was still shaking when Assemblyman Unruh went to Sacramento for his first term in 1954. After dealing with a Republican legislature for twenty years, the now leaderless lobbies were groping for an avenue to the resurgent Democrats.

As Unruh went up the ladder in the Assembly, he began to receive more and more generous offers of campaign contributions. "The more important you become, the easier it is to raise money," he explained with typical candor. By the time he was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, with its power over the purse, he was being offered more money than he needed in his own campaigns. "Why not give some of this to so-and-so?" he would say, steering a donor to a hard-pressed Assemblyman. Soon there were many members of the grateful-to-Jesse-for-mentioning-me-to-the-men-with-money club. And Unruh had a sizable bloc of votes with which to wheel and deal.

Contributors had got the habit of coming to Unruh for advice on good campaign investments. "I don't handle lobbyist money as such," he told me. "I will advise them when candidates are likely winners if they ask me." Soon he was developing dependable—if less well-heeled—money sources of his own. "There are lots of people who will put up one to three thousand dollars for an Assembly campaign," he says, "people who may have no direct interest now but who think that some day they may have trouble in the legislature." Over the years Unruh has developed a list of 150 to 200 individuals or firms he can depend on for \$200 to \$2,000 contributions to the campaigns of candidates he recom-

mends. Unruh takes it upon himself to divide up the combined fund "to each according to his need" as he sees it. Sacramento cynics began to call him "Big Daddy" and the nickname stuck.

In the main, Unruh encouraged his Assembly followers to vote for liberal measures—welfare programs, housing, resource planning, civil rights. "I have introduced more progressive legislation than anyone here in the last forty years," he says when he is called a political boss. His methods of persuasion have been part parliamentary, part strong-arm. But his power base rests solidly on economic determinism. "Money is the mother's milk of politics," he says simply.

"Mother's milk" helped increase Democratic strength in the 1956 elections, as did the mighty effort of Adlai Stevenson's volunteer supporters in the Club Movement that sprang up after 1952. But Unruh's performance and his subsequent power in the Assembly impressed the men around then Attorney General Brown. When Brown ran for Governor in 1958, he hired Unruh to manage his campaign. Brown's million-vote victory produced a Democratic majority in the Assembly for the first time since 1944. One result was the repeal of the unique cross-filing law—which permitted Californians to vote for any candidate in a primary, irrespective of party affiliation.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STYLE

UNRUH was now ready to try out for the big leagues. Early in 1960 he went to Washington for the traditional \$100 dinner opening the Congressional campaigns. To represent the Kennedy camp, Lawrence O'Brien had flown in from Wisconsin where his candidate was trading lumps with Hubert Humphrey in the fierce Presidential primary. That night Unruh gave O'Brien his pledge to work for Kennedy's nomination. And he thus became one of the For-Kennedy-Before-West-Virginia elite.

No doubt this prejudiced the inner Kennedy group in his favor. But the more they got to know other California politicians, the better they came to like Jesse.

For by tradition and training Kennedy's political team could not cope with the California brand of politics. They had learned early in 1960, when they made the rounds lining up delegates, that, politically, California is as remote from Massachusetts as the moon. The Kennedy men are masters of politics based on strong ward and precinct organizations and on strict control over patronage and political advancement. Cali-

fornians, they found, regarded the Massachusetts Method as illegal, immoral, or immaterial.

Legally, California forbids political parties to endorse candidates in primaries—one of the reforms Hiram Johnson instituted in the early 1960s. Thus the party cannot crack the whip by controlling nominations. Furthermore, most Californians believe it is immoral to use patronage as an instrument of party power. In California, city and county elections are nonpartisan—which would put many Democratic organizations out of business in the East. All but a handful of state jobs are civil service. Pat Brown had only 600 patronage posts to dispense when he became Governor; Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania has an estimated 80,000.

Thus handicapped, by Eastern political standards, California Democrats invented a way of their own. Lacking a state party organization to co-ordinate and finance campaigns, every candidate was on his own. And if elected, each officeholder built his own personal organization, competed with other Democrats at campaign time for funds, workers, and publicity, and relied on public relations rather than precinct work to win re-election. When the national party platform conflicted with local interests, California Democrats individually did not support the national ticket.

To offset these local cults of personality and support the national party, another movement took form. Instead of going home when Stevenson lost, volunteer workers formed the California Democratic Council. Their first goal was to have a major voice in the nomination of Democratic candidates and so become the center of party power. The clubs of the CDC soon proved they could raise money and make their endorsements stick. They worked energetically and effectively to increase Democratic registrations and get out the vote in elections. They sent numerous Democrats to the legislature and played a powerful part in the election of Pat Brown as Governor in 1958.

For all these reasons, officeholders were—at first—polite to the self-appointed new leaders. Their chief champion was Democratic National Committeeman Paul Ziffren; Governor Pat Brown also helped fend off repeated efforts to label the CDC "Communist-dominated." But state officials and Congressmen grew restive under CDC's strict ideological demands; organized labor was irked by having to deal with another

power bloc, and state legislators, with their narrow focus of interests, considered CDC a pain in the neck. To Jesse Unruh, the clubs were competitors in Sacramento and an impediment to his vision of a strong, new Democratic state organization which he would control.

In 1960 the CDC was hostile to Kennedy and stuck with Stevenson all the way. There was no CDC rush to Kennedy's colors even after the Los Angeles convention. But these were not the people Kennedy would have chosen to manage his campaign in California anyway. Neither was Governor Brown. In his first two years he had proved a good Governor but a poor politician, ineffectual in running the party as a team.

Jesse Unruh was the one California Democrat the Kennedy men recognized as a legitimate political type—one familiar figure in an alien culture. Like the Kennedy men, he operated



Jesse Unruh

under the Jim Farley rules for keeping political order by blarney, bludgeon, and boodle. He shared their impatience with untidy amateurs. Of all the Californians, Unruh seemed the only one willing and able to bring a semblance of Eastern order to the state Democratic party.

So, after nomination, Kennedy named Jesse Unruh his campaign manager for Southern California in 1960, ignoring the howls of the clubs and of liberal leaders like Paul Ziffren. Presumably, the White House forgave the less than brilliant results of the campaign Unruh directed. After the election he became unofficially "The President's Man in California."

Democratic Congressmen—as usual—had gone their separate ways in the 1960 campaign. Most of them were frank to say they expected Kennedy to lose, and left the Democratic votes in their districts unmined for Kennedy. Thus, Representative Cecil King carried the 17th District by 108,000 votes; Kennedy carried it by 12,500. Representative Chet Holifield carried the 19th District by 105,000 votes; Kennedy won by 60,000. Representative Clyde Doyle won his 23rd District by 97,000; Kennedy won it by only 34,000. The result was far different in James Roosevelt's 26th, where Roosevelt won by 96,000 votes, and Kennedy polled 90,000.

Kennedy lost California by 35,000 votes. He ran farther behind there than in any major-population state. Up to this point Unruh had proved no great shakes as a party unifier.

Back in Sacramento, Unruh was elected Speaker of the Assembly. Using the power of

that office and his parliamentary skill, he proceeded to put through Governor Brown's program for water development, schools, roads, and other vast needs of a state increasing in population by 1,600 every day.

"Jesse made his reputation on my program, and I made mine on the way he handled it," Pat Brown said as he began his fight against Nixon.

But Speaker Unruh had larger plans than managing a handful of legislators. He was pushing for state party control. And so he cultivated a variety of young men in the legislature. He spotted and pushed "comers," making one State Democratic Chairman and another Los Angeles County Chairman. Former Democratic National Committeeman Paul Ziffren, a nationally known liberal but not an Unruh man, was ousted from his job and isolated from the party organization. The CDC was put into purdah. Lines were laid for centralizing the campaign organization in 1962. Thanks to the fund-raising skill of Gene Wyman, the new State Chairman, the Unruh group commanded a considerable war chest.

Meanwhile Unruh had negotiated a classic gerrymander of California Congressional districts that gave a Democratic tinge to all of California's eight new Congressional seats. As to the state Assembly district lines, Speaker Unruh said, "It's safe to say that the legislature will be Democratic for years." This past November, California sent nine new Democrats to Washington and a larger Democratic majority to Sacramento.

CROSS-HARNESSED FOR '64

NIXON began the 1962 campaign with an advantage as a native of populous Southern California, where 40 per cent of the voters live. Unruh's first job was to build up Democratic registration. Here he flubbed. A supposedly intensive registration drive fell 100,000 to 300,000 short of its goal. "The man we picked to direct it didn't deliver," Unruh said. And then, not to shift the blame, "We fell into the trap of choosing someone all factions would accept. We're not going to continue doing that." He did not repeat the mistake at the end of the campaign when the whole outcome hinged on getting out the registered vote. Unruh put himself in charge of that drive.

For he had, in effect, staked his reputation with the Kennedys on delivering the 100,000 majority for Los Angeles County which had been discussed in Washington three weeks earlier. The Registrar of Voters for Los Angeles estimated

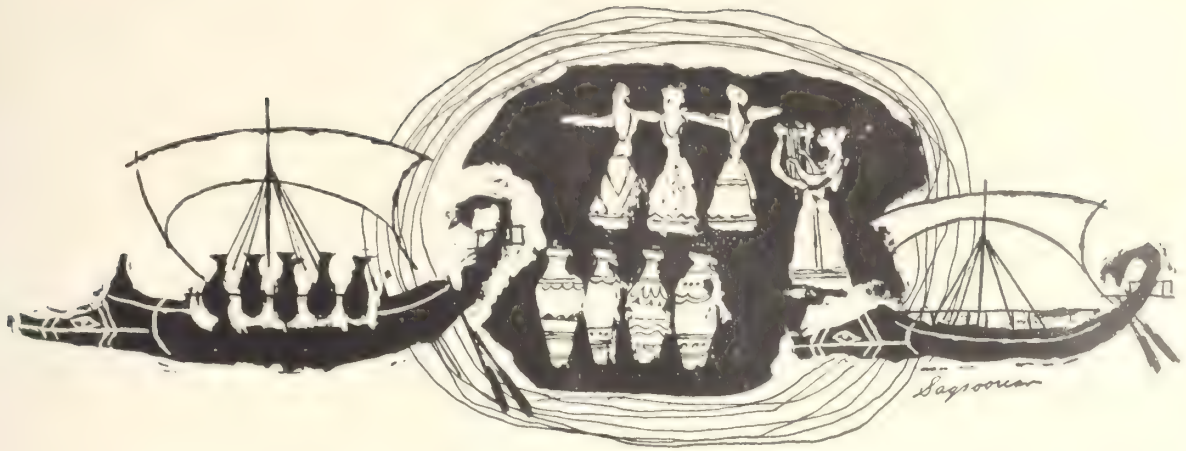
the election turnout would be 70 to 75 per cent. On election day a near-record 82 per cent went to the polls. "People were coming out to vote in large numbers anyway. Our workers dragged out the rest of them," one Unruh associate explains. The Democratic majority turned out to be 103,000.

Unruh has shown that he can organize. And he is collecting a coterie of young leaders to staff a strong state party. But whether he can build such a structure remains to be seen. On the one hand CDC leaders—though conceding his liberal views on most issues—are suspicious of him as a power seeker. The Democratic Congressmen are fearful of him too. And with reason. Unruh recently explained to me how he proposed to get more pulling power out of the party. Four horses harnessed to the same wagon tree will pull ahead, but they may waste energy shying to either side. When they are also cross-harnessed to each other, they have no choice but to go in the same direction. The way to cross-harness a political team, Unruh believes, is to control the money—raise funds for the whole party and hand it out to the candidates, run a central campaign, with central headquarters, centrally bought TV time, billboards, etc. This is not an endearing concept to the individualistic California delegation in Congress. Nor are the CDC liberals attracted to a co-ordinator who insists that they "get over their suspicion of orderly organization and of anyone who exercises power."

If Unruh succeeds in imposing his views on these dissenting groups for the sake of the national ticket, there is still a question of whether his methods will work in this peculiar state.

Some experts say that strong party organization in the Eastern sense is an anachronism in California. With two million new Californians coming in since 1958 and constant movement of families within the state, thousands of changes of address every year, people don't stay put long enough to count them, much less to integrate them into precinct organizations. California politics, they argue, must therefore continue to be more a matter of public relations than of party organization.

Unruh thinks otherwise. And as the man who probably did most to beat Nixon in 1962, he will receive a respectful hearing in Washington when 1964 strategy is set. The chances are that he will succeed in making the Democratic team pull together for Kennedy in '64. Whether the team will pull together to carry Unruh to the Governor's Mansion in '66 is much more moot.



“ASPHODEL, ROSE . . . SESAME . . .”

By Roderick Cook

The following words are believed to derive from ancient Cretan: asphodel, rose, daffodil, absinthe, hyacinth, labyrinth, triumph, mint, narcissus, sandal, purple, sesame, cithara, terebinth, sack, cane, paean.
—*The New York Times Magazine*, May 27, 1962

In Knossos did King Minos a labyrinth decree.

They were not rich in Crete,
But they had terebinth and sesame,
Absinthe, sandalwood,
And, curiously, mint.

Slender-waisted women, in Parisian flounces,
Walked by cane and rose and asphodel,
Hyacinth and daffodil,
Narcissus.
(Echo answered.)

They were not powerful in Crete, an island,
Nor warlike.
The bull was strength and skill.
The goddess was fertility.
Their triumph was a paean,
Sung to a cithara,
And they wore purple.

But what had they to do with sack?
Prosaic, was it purely domestic,
For grain, or as a table wine?
Poetic, was it sung in the legend of Troy,
A million miles away,
On the mainland?
They were secure in Crete, and civilized.
They had a word for cloth, a word for death,
And a famous smile.

MARTIN MAYER

Welcome to "The System"

An Open Letter to New York's New Superintendent of Schools

*Dr. Calvin E. Gross
Superintendent-of-Schools-elect
New York City*

Dear Dr. Gross,

I guess congratulations are in order—for you, coming into the biggest job in American education at the age of forty-three, and for us in New York. When, after some anguish, a new position was found for your predecessor, our Board of Education announced that it was conducting a nation-wide hunt and would hire the best man in the country to be our new superintendent. Having met over the last five years a fair number of big-city school superintendents, I think our leaders did what they said they were going to do.

But we'd better get our congratulations made fast. The cheering crowd disperses quickly at 110 Livingston Street, the monstrous rabbit warren in Brooklyn where you will find your new office—provided somebody is willing to show you where it is. Your predecessor floated into this superintendency on an ocean of good will—he was a close friend of our Mayor, Robert Wagner, and everyone was sure he would be able to con the city into greater expenditures for schools, which (as you know) is the first thing the professional staff *really* wants from its superintendent. His honeymoon lasted about three days. He said something careless (about merit pay), which made our educational administrators remember that though his father had been a New York principal, and he had himself run one of New York's city colleges, he was an outsider to 110 Livingston Street.

Now, if *he* was an outsider, you are positively a Stranger; and you are our first Stranger. Every one of your predecessors in modern history was

working in New York at the time he was appointed superintendent. As you know from your readings in anthropology, complicated primitive cultures like the one at 110 Livingston Street can react with fits of disorientation and violence at the forced intrusion of a stranger. There are savages waiting to eat you, as the Polynesians ate Captain Cook.

You did an outstanding job in Pittsburgh, rationalizing and revitalizing what had been a random and decaying program of instruction, identifying talented people at all levels in the hierarchy, and relying on them rather than on bureaucratized reports for your information. But New York educators know nothing of what you did in Pittsburgh, for theirs is a proud and self-contented culture which has never seen much reason for contact with the outside world.

You may not, in fact, hear any cheering at all. Welcome aboard.

It's Big and Not Normal

The school system you have been hired to run involves more pupils and teachers than the entire educational enterprise of, say, Sweden; and more money is spent on it than on the schools of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway put together. Through your schools, as students and as teachers, pass all the races of man, representing most of the world's ethnic clusters. The families of your students cover the income range. At least 50,000 and perhaps as many as 100,000 boys and girls come from homes supported by some form of governmental assistance; at least 150,000 come from families with an annual income of more than \$10,000. Almost two-fifths of your students either live in homes where a foreign language is spoken, or bear the socially disabling castemark of a colored skin. On the other hand, nearly

a third of your students are Jewish, with a real if slightly overadvertised tradition of respect for education.

You can throw away your handbook of educational statistics: nothing about our children, except maybe their basal metabolisms, follows the normal curve of distribution. Our "typical" student is a good deal better or a good deal worse than average.

We have so many low-IQ kids that the average measured intelligence in our thirty-odd vocational high schools is down in the bottom fifth of the intelligence distribution—after the incompetents have been weeded out through entrance examinations. We have so many smart kids that our four selective-entrance, college-preparatory high schools can set IQ cut-off points somewhat higher than those of the Ivy League colleges. Other terrifyingly bright adolescents populate Advanced Placement programs in a dozen neighborhood high schools. Fewer than half our children graduate from high school, but almost a quarter of them graduate from college.

Altogether, there are more than a million children and adolescents registered in your schools, and more than 40,000 teachers on your payroll. Counting capital funds, your yearly budget runs \$670 million; expenditures average around \$650 per pupil. No other American city spends so much per schoolchild; indeed, lots of well-to-do suburbs spend less, though the New York suburbs spend a good deal more.

Your 840 schools include more than their share of the nation's best—and of the nation's worst. You have schools that offer adolescents conservatory-level training in the visual and musical arts, schools that teach the equivalent of second-year college math, "Higher Horizons" schools that put hope and even a touch of self-confidence into oppressed and miserable children, "600" schools (including one in Bellevue's psychiatric ward) that actually manage to educate some of the city's most thoroughly alienated boys. And you have some fearful jails, some vocational schools that only fake training for a trade, some elementary schools where everybody is just going through the motions, lots of junior high schools where insufferably little is expected of capable teen-agers.

Among your 40,000-plus teachers are a good number whose intellectual sophistication is scarcely matched in any other big city. (The routinists whom you will find on most of the higher supervisory levels are not a representative sample; we have at least a thousand teachers who are brighter than all but a handful of your

five or six dozen associate and assistant superintendents.)

On the basis of limited but random observation, I have a hunch that our teachers are somewhat abler than those of other large cities. But if you listen to the teachers themselves, you will not get an impression of quality. There is no *esprit de corps* here in New York; our teachers are forever telling their friends how rotten other teachers are, and they send their own children to private schools whenever they can. As a group, moreover, they are older than the national average (two-thirds of the regulars are at the top of the salary scale, which is one of the reasons our per-pupil costs are so high). And we don't seem to be doing so well in recruiting the better newcomers.

What our teachers share is a common dislike and fear of what they call "The System," symbolized not by an individual (even your predecessor was pitied more than censured by teachers) but by your ugly big box of a building at 110 Livingston Street. Most of our teachers feel that The System is arbitrary, witless, wasteful, and uninterested equally in them and in the pupils. I am by no means certain that they are wrong.

One note of cheer: you will report to a remarkable Board of Education—appointed, non-partisan, intelligent, hard-working, and desperately concerned for the future of our city's schools. They were put in office in the early fall of 1961 through special action by the state legislature, which removed their predecessors after a series of well-publicized minor scandals. But for all the time and work and thought they have put in, they have accomplished fearfully little to change the tone of education in New York. Mostly they have been waiting for somebody who would tell them what to do; they need you, and they know it.

Finding the Flesh and Blood

What has gone wrong in New York is partly our own invention, partly an enlarged reflection of the general American failure to connect reality with the paper organization of school systems. All over the country, two parallel school governing bodies have grown up. One of them works with children in schools, while the other runs a large bureau called a school superintendency. The bureau makes all decisions which involve the expenditure of money. The teachers tacitly agree to accept these decisions, however uninformed, without public protest, in return for an unspoken guarantee that the bureau will never seriously inquire into what is actually going on

in classrooms. The bureau is permitted to tell teachers what they should do, via bulletins, curriculum guides, committee reports, pep sessions (called "in-service workshops"), and the like; but the teachers are under no obligation to listen.

Actual contact between the two groups is almost entirely in the hands of school principals, who operate and manipulate the rewards and punishments. Job tenure and automatic advancement on a single salary scale magnify the importance of differences in teachers' working conditions—number and quality of children in a class, physical location and maintenance of a classroom, assignment to or freedom from assorted paper work and custodial chores. All such differences are controlled by school principals. Any principal can make any teacher's life miserable; some principals can make life miserable for whole staffs of teachers. But there are also principals who can and do draw from their staffs a maximum of good cheer, educational efficiency, and community enterprise. Such principals may or may not follow the policies of the central bureau. It is easy for a principal to ignore the superintendent's decisions even on such easily verified matters as ability grouping or allocation of time.

A bureau organized to "superintend"—to control—what is happening in classrooms fails not only in this impossible mission, but also in gathering information. The principal decides on the news he wishes to pass up from the classroom as well as on the orders he wishes to pass down from the bureau. Because there is little face-to-face contact between teachers and members of the superintending bureau (who typically visit schools to attend assemblies or make talks, rather than to investigate actual teaching), the bureau usually has no way to check on the accuracy of principals' reports. In most school systems, moreover, lower supervisors are not expected to bear tales of trouble: they are responsible for the schools and are supposed to be running them to their satisfaction. If they say they lack authority to do what they think should be done, they are obviously poaching on their superiors' preserves: the bureau pulls together in a tight ball, like a spider whose web has been broken, and salivates furiously.

Every superintendent of schools constantly finds himself, therefore, in positions where he cannot intelligently answer questions or discuss policy, simply because he lacks solid information about what is going on in the classrooms. Standardized-test results and formal questionnaires in quintuplicate are no substitute for constant per-

sonal inspection and informal reporting up the line. For this reason, the European school systems are all organized around "inspectionates" rather than "superintendencies." An English Chief Education Officer or a French Inspecteur d'Académie knows far more than an American superintendent about the personnel and practices in his schools, though the superintendent employs an administrative staff anywhere from five to fifty times as large.

In New York, this typical American failure in upward communication is intensified by the monstrous size of the operation. If you visited five classrooms a day every day of the school year, it would take you more than thirty years to visit every classroom in New York. To visit just the schools in our city would require more than four years, at the rate of one school every school day. In fact, no one person can know the New York schools. The great bulk of your information must be third- or even fourth-hand reports from people who have received reports from others. Selective perception, political ambition, and bureaucratic timidity will combine to make it extremely difficult to learn the truth about the schools for which you are ultimately responsible.

In Pittsburgh you developed your own informal network of communications. And you delegated as much authority as possible to those people in the field who seemed intelligent and trustworthy. In New York you will need to surround yourself with people who can break the hopeless mold of the superintendency system—and we have a few "field" superintendents and "curriculum co-ordinators" who can be extremely helpful. You might also be able to steal from other cities some administrators who have cultivated the acquaintance of certain principals and certain teachers, kept their eye on certain programs, gone to see for themselves what the statistics and the reports meant in terms of flesh and blood.

We lack flesh and blood in the New York administration; we operate by average numbers and rule books. Sixty-year-old school buildings,

Martin Mayer's book, "The Schools" (1961) stirred national discussion of public education among teachers, parents, administrators, and mere readers. Since then he has completed a report on how our schools teach history and social science—made for the American Council of Learned Societies and the Carnegie Corporation—which will be the substance of a new book to come out this spring. Among his other books are "Madison Avenue, U.S.A." and "Wall Street: Men and Money."

for example, are automatically scheduled for replacement, though some of them are today much sounder structures than far more recent buildings. (The quality of a New York school building reflects the corruption or honesty of the administration that built it.) In most of our schools, both our "gifted" and our "mentally retarded" programs operate on the basis of test scores, without much attention to teacher recommendations; a teacher who tried to save a girl in her class from stereotyping in a "mentally retarded" class was told that "if we make an exception for you, we'll have to argue these things with everybody." A metal-working lathe, which many junior-high shop teachers found particularly interesting to boys who looked like potential drop-outs and trouble-makers, was recently removed from *all* schools on the complaint of a supervisor who said it was too dangerous for backward pupils. Everyone has his own horror stories—and some of your principals can tell you gleeful stories of how they licked The System and nobody ever found out.

Because decisions on spending money are all made at central headquarters, human priorities tend to disappear under the avalanche of paper—a wall that needs painting receives consideration of the same urgency (or lack of it) as a hole in the floor, or a broken pane of glass in winter, or a busted toilet, or (in one famous incident) an infestation of rats. This year, for the first time, our principals and district superintendents have a petty-cash fund of \$150 a school to spend on their own initiative (vouchers to be forwarded, of course, in triplicate) for minor repairs which once had to be routed through central office at a cost in paper work substantially higher than the cost of the job itself. But you can't always repair a plumbing failure on what is left of your \$150, and then it can take a year, even if nobody loses the requisition.

Pennies are pinched, but dollars glide away. Among quite recent horrors, both in a single district, are a \$20,000 cafeteria kitchen for a school that has no lunch-room, and the installation of new wiring and electric clocks in rooms that are used for storage. ("The people of Queens," said the man who reported these incidents to the Board of Education, "think you are idiots.")

Electronic data-processing—which the Board longs to acquire—will not really improve this situation. Nothing can work except the radical dispersion of the functions now exercised by the central bureau. Last year's reorganization, which established separate maintenance officers

for the five boroughs, does not go nearly far enough—though there are hopeful prospects in the fact that each field superintendent was given a "maintenance co-ordinator" who can, if sufficiently aggressive, get some things done quickly. New York's schools cannot be humanely or rationally run unless decisions on the actual expenditure of money are decentralized, and people who are living with the problems are given authority to determine their own priorities.

You have, right now, a unique opportunity to make such decentralization a reality, because 224 of our very able citizens (225, if you include me) have accepted appointment to the twenty-five new "local school boards" mandated in 1960 by the state legislature. Presently they will be prepared to set policy for the schools in their areas. There will still be plenty of large-scale, long-term, city-wide questions—including the enormous job of giving the slum schools some chance to catch up with schools in luckier neighborhoods—to keep a sizable staff busy at headquarters.

The central position of the principal should be recognized *de jure* as well as *de facto*. Perhaps it might be worth revising the salary scale, so that principals would be, next to yourself, the highest-paid people in the education divisions, and central-office jobs would be regarded as part of the training of future principals. Such a procedure would at least keep the attention of the people in the bureau riveted on the field; and it would give you a chance to get to know candidates for principals' jobs. It would also force you to keep in mind something easily forgotten—that in the welter of seemingly important decisions, only one is really crucial: the selection of principals.

Who Really Makes the Budget?

Before you can do anything, however—and I hope you were told this story before you signed on—you are going to have to get some laws changed. Boards of Education, as you know, have no independent authority; despite all the slogans about "local control," they are creatures of the state legislature and can do only what the state permits them to do in the ways the state permits them to do it. Your Board is also a creature of New York City, appointed by the Mayor rather than, as in most cities, elected to office as an independent governing body. You have no taxing power (which is probably just as well—with all the time and energy wasted now in the New York schools, we could scarcely afford the added drain of an annual "millage campaign")

to set real-estate taxes for schools). The city pays your bills for you, just as it pays bills for the hospital department and the fire department. Incidentally, it pays your construction bills an average of two hundred days late, which is one of the reasons why the best New York builders won't bid on schools.

Unfortunately, the city never gives you a lump sum. Your appropriations, like those of the other municipal departments, must be approved by our Board of Estimate, a preposterous body consisting of the Mayor, the President of the City Council, the Comptroller of the City, and the five Borough Presidents, all of whom are elected to perform administrative rather than legislative duties. They function as a budget bureau or, at best, as an appropriations committee, rather than as a policy-making body; and like all budget ⁵bureaus, they place their faith in accounting rather than in people—they want to know where every penny is going, even if they don't understand the purposes of the expenditure. They therefore demand a line-by-line budget, with all money allocated in advance to specific purposes.

A little finagling with the approved budget is always possible. (Probably the most embarrassing moment your predecessor had came at a hearing of the Board of Estimate, where his impassioned plea for more money for remedial-reading instruction was greeted by the Comptroller with the comment that money had in fact been granted for this purpose, and had then been used to increase administrators' salaries.) But it is mostly true, as a recently resigned officer of our city colleges says, that "educational planning in New York is done by an eight-thousand-dollar-a-year clerk in the Mayor's office, who goes over the budget line by line before the Board of Estimate votes on it." Even if you wished to give your people in the field greater control over spending, as of now you couldn't do it. The label for this reform is "fiscal autonomy," and you must have it—though you must accept the obligation that comes with it, to make drastic changes in organization and personnel.

Right now, you can't even pick your own principals: you are limited to the people who become eligible for such positions by passing some tests given by our Board of Examiners. This situation is not fiddle-proof, either: a few years ago a major job in curriculum was left unfilled for some time until the man the administration wanted passed the test (on his third try). But no superintendent can be forever running around end with the Board of Examiners, and there is not much reason to believe that the tests the

Board gives (or any other paper-and-pencil tests) can measure the qualities of initiative and imagination which are most important in a principal. The same Board, incidentally, licenses our teachers (a state license isn't good enough to get a teacher a permanent job in New York); and I think from my observation that it has a tendency to reject—on preposterously formal, check-list grounds—some of the most interesting teachers who come down the pike. Together with the hateful arrogance of the Bureau of Personnel, which regards existing teachers as convicted felons and applicants as bad risks, and which has been known to keep people waiting in ante-rooms for days before giving them an application, the formalism of this Board acts to sabotage our well-meaning if ineffective recruiting efforts.

Over the years the Board of Examiners has undoubtedly performed a useful function in insulating appointments from politics. But just as we are going to have to risk the danger that a principal given access to the safe will steal five dollars, we are going to have to risk political appointments to both teaching and supervisory posts. I, for one, am willing to trust you.

When to Be Reckless

Right now, lines of authority and responsibility to your subordinates are hopelessly confused, and there are at least twice as many administrative positions as a rationally decentralized organization would require (and four times too much paper work, despite last year's advertised "39 per cent reduction"). One of the reasons New York has done so little of interest in educational experiment (you will be told we have done a lot, but you will see for yourself) is the endless bickering about who should run what. If some teachers asked for extra funds to try, for example, to introduce the social sciences in ninth grade, any number of deputy, associate, and assistant superintendents—of curriculum, of instruction, of the junior-high division, of evaluation, of educational research, of supplies, of the district—would feel it a matter of professional dignity and responsibility that these poor fellows report to *them*. New York almost had a foundation grant withdrawn not long ago because the people doing the work were being bounced back and forth between different jobs by jealous superintendents. These well-guarded fiefs stand in the way of any change. The denying argument is not that "we have always done things this way," but that "there is no other way to do it"—or, worst of all, that "research shows . . ."

Reorganizations which involve civil-service

jobs require legislative authorization. Your Board of Education came into office empowered virtually to eliminate any jobs and create any jobs, fire anybody, and hire anybody; but this authority lapsed a year after they took office, and they never used it, partly because they thought the terms of the legislation were so arbitrary that due process had been violated, partly because they were a new Board and felt they didn't know enough. You will need new legislation. With the help of your canny Board president, Max Rubin, and our admirable state education commissioner, James Allen (whose highly predictable public utterances conceal a man of considerable quality), you should be able to get almost anything you aggressively demand.

But you must be bold—maybe even reckless. We can afford to make a lot of mistakes in New York, if they are made for the right reasons; we cannot afford to live by the rule book in undisturbed inertia. What happens in the New York schools is crucial for the city's future. We cannot keep our middle-class white population unless parents believe their children will get a good education in the public schools; and today, in frightening numbers, they don't believe it—and at some point in this process the fact that they're wrong becomes irrelevant. We cannot make our segregated city a viable community unless our schools can shake up the children, particularly Negro children, and point out paths toward an integrated city. We cannot absorb our Puerto Rican immigrants unless the schools prepare their children to function in an English-speaking society.

Most of our worst problems cannot be solved between now and next Tuesday, or a year from next Tuesday. The schools by themselves cannot cure the ugly sickness of caste prejudice, though they can give Negro children a better chance to

crack it on their own. Nobody knows how to educate unlucky children; nobody knows how to draw good teachers to work in slums (though you will note that some principals have a lot less trouble than others). Our technical procedures in most subjects of instruction (particularly reading) are about where agriculture was before the invention of the horse collar. Yet there is no area of human effort where people's expectations of themselves influence results so strongly as they do in education. And you *can* do something about that.

Even by the confused standards of educational literature, the subject of leadership has been treated with extraordinary stupidity. In schools as elsewhere, effective leadership is less a question of optimum planning than a matter of releasing the energies of the people who must do the work. What will be called leadership on your part is in reality giving intelligent support to those principals and teachers who are trying to do the best they can. We have had generations of unfortunate experience in the increasingly elaborate organization of schools to maintain alleged minimum standards. The time has come to declare that this degrading farce is over, that avenues will be hacked through the labyrinth of The System, that the time clocks and punch cards will be taken out of the office, that the bureaucracy will deflate its big balloons, stop pretending to superintend the schools, stop issuing endless bulletins, guides, and regulations, stop demanding lesson plans and written reports, and begin to act as a service agency to recognize and assist a high order of effort by the people in the field.

Bring some charisma with you, and we may have a good time yet.

Yours sincerely,

Martin Mayer

A HANDBOOK FOR BEGINNERS by Chris Hobson

IF something flashes, don't look up. Do not
 Stop smoking or take trouble losing weight:
 Smoking and weight cause heart attacks and cancer
 But that is in the future. Find a girl
 To see and have good times with, but do not
 Plan marriage; go to bed on your first date
 But do not love her; love needs time. And answer
 Hypocrites: "That is in the future. Furl
 And anchor here. The future is abstract."
 Also make no attempt to change the fact;
 You ought to die with some attempt at tact.



THE GIRAFFE

A Story by MAURO SENESI

THE giraffe entered our town in the morning and looked at us all from high above. It had been brought along to attract a crowd by one of those men who set themselves up in the squares to sell razor blades. It was taller than the steeple, seen in perspective, but its eyes seemed close to us just the same, and rosy and good like stars at dawn.

Not only the children fell under a spell watching it, but we boys too, even the men and the women at first. It was the most extraordinary thing that had ever been in our square. Slowly it would lower its head and then raise it again to a dizzying height. It must have seen over the houses the clotted red of the roofs and the horizon, who knows how far.

We boys made faces at it from below and shouted dirty words as if it were a girl with a long neck; it was only a way of distinguishing ourselves from the children, who admired it with their mouths wide open, but inside we felt still more joy and excitement than they did. By now we had discovered everything in our world, we knew the alleys, the houses of the town one by one, and the people, the words, the seasons, the

days always the same: a reality full of limits that now the giraffe extended easily. We felt we were in Africa just to see it.

Every minute we had free—Flavio, Agostino, Boddo, the others and I—there we were in the square, making a circle around it. The peddler said, "Will you come, come and buy my blades?" But our beards hadn't grown yet enough for us to need them.

All at once we saw the man's face turn red and then white, we saw him fall to the ground and lie there, still. The giraffe swung its head down slowly and kept it low, immobile over him. Soon after, the doctor arrived and said, "He's dead, just like that."

When they had taken him away, the giraffe raised its head again in the middle of the square. It moved its jaws, and its eyes had suddenly become attentive. The people standing around said, "Poor animal, what will we do with it?"

No one knew, not even the policeman, and it was then that Rolandino jumped out and said, "I'll keep it, until someone comes to get it."

What will you do with it, Rolandino, with a giraffe?

Rolandino was a stubby boy, couldn't even reach high enough to touch its belly, so of course the people standing there had to laugh, but we boys told him, "We'll help you, or else it'll eat you alive."

Rolandino took it by the halter and we pushed it from behind, because at first it didn't want to budge. The people asked us, "Where will you take it? What will you do with it?"

What will we do with it, boys, with a giraffe?

At last it moved and from then on gently followed us. It was lovely and new, leading it through our narrow streets. The roofs couldn't imprison that high head, and it seemed they took on another aspect and we ourselves had another look about us too. It was as if the giraffe were our periscope, to see from up above who knows what, who knows where.

Meanwhile we studied every spot on its skin, every movement of its delicate muscles, its every expression. By the time we were done, it seemed we had built it with our own hands.

A thing pure and agile amid the stumpy, blackened shapes of the houses; even the girls seemed homely in comparison, standing still at their doors and you could tell by their eyes how much they would have liked to come along after us. Whereas the old women crossed themselves as if it were a wild beast, our giraffe.

We didn't know what to give it to eat, but it took care of that itself, denuding the trees the Mayor had had planted in a little square to camouflage it as a public park. A giraffe, certainly, is more important than leaves (anyway the winter would have eaten them), and yet everyone put up a fuss, even to going and calling the policeman, who came and said, "If you don't take it away I'll kill it with my revolver."

THEN it began to get dark and the eyes of our giraffe grew little by little larger and almost bloody, and we led it close to other people on purpose to give them a fright. Even most of the men, besides the old women, didn't know, right then and there, whether giraffes are fierce or not.

Rolandino especially was happy when the giraffe—letting its head droop low—made someone go running. It was a kind of revenge for him, so tiny and used to having to run away from everyone else. He felt tall and free, escaped from reality, when he had that absurd wonderful animal close by, as for that matter all of us did, even though we kept pretending we had taken it up as a game.

The darkness became so thick it swallowed

up the giraffe's head, which was taller still than the street lamps; there remained only its gray and slender legs dancing among us, over the stones. For a while, we continued wandering through the town, by now deserted. Our father went to bed early nights. We took the giraffe in front of the windows, so that its head looked in from outside. No one had been expecting it, that glance, in the privacy of their homes, and cries of fear or of shame were heard. Who knows what our giraffe had discovered?

When all the shutters had been closed with a bang, a tremor seemed to pass down the animal's long legs. Rolandino said, "He's cold, he's used to the sun of Africa, where can we find a place for him to sleep?"

There wasn't a house or a stall high enough for it and we didn't know what to do. The cold came from every part of the horizon, squeezing us together into a tight circle. The giraffe's skin was icy as a stone and all at once we seemed to have a monument before us.

A funny giraffe monument, boys, pierces slender and long into the sky. What shall we do with it?

Rolandino had an idea and said, "It'd fit into the church."

We felt dismayed for a second, but then one of us said, "I'll go and rob the key from the sexton." Another said, "God will certainly be happy to have it as a guest."

It took some doing to make it lower its head enough—and it wasn't much—to enter the church. Then we had to light a candle or two and the giraffe looked smaller to us but its shadow immense over the nave. Motionless it remained all night in front of the altar while we dozed here and there among the pews and the confessionals. By morning however it had eaten the roses, the carnations, the lilies, the chrysanthemums, and the candles, too.

It was then that the little old women dressed in black arrived for the first Mass and they began to shout, to cry, to pray. The giraffe, frightened, withdrew to the front of the church, placing its head right next to that of Jesus.

The Priest arrived from the sacristy and at first buried his hands in his red hair but then we thought we saw him smile, even though he

Born in a town in Tuscany something like the setting of this story, Mauro Senesi now lives in Florence. His first novel, "I pieni poteri," was recently published in Italy, and he has had stories in "The Atlantic" and "The Paris Review."



charged us to take that beast immediately out of the house of God.

The town had awakened early that morning; we found the square full of people who were angry with us and our giraffe, the women on account of the profaned church and the men perhaps on account of its glances at them through their windows the night before, sudden, merciless, and divine. But there must have been other reasons too for the hatred of the people: like the defense of an equilibrium, of a reality that we wanted to subvert with our giraffe. So many reasons there must have been, but we boys couldn't understand, we knew only that they had matured in a single night, like poisonous mushrooms.

Even the Mayor was there and furious because of his lovely little trees, now bare. He said, "We'll have to kill the giraffe." Everyone agreed. If they kill it, boys, shall we start the revolution?

Luckily Rolandino had another idea. He began to run all of a sudden, pulling the giraffe behind him, the Mayor and the people moved aside. We other boys slipped into the gap he had opened, without giving heed to our mothers and our bosses who were calling us, because it was time to return to everyday life.

Out of the square and beyond the town we ran, behind the sinuous giraffe, to look for hayfields. Soon we were moving in harmony with it, a magical lightness in our limbs, until panting we stopped in a field on the side of a hill and Rolandino said happily, "We've made it."

Among ourselves we pretended it was a game,

whereas it wasn't. We set to work pulling hay from the earth with our hands and the farmers looked at us grimly from the threshing floor but they didn't have the courage to come out. Who knows whether they're fierce, those giraffes?

Meanwhile we made plans for getting it back in the town, thinking of ways to force it on the Mayor and the people. Livio said, "We could build it a house next to the town walls and put a fence around it, make a zoo."

Rolandino said the giraffe had to stay free.

But our talk was useless, and it was slow, for we knew we were defeated. And the giraffe knew it, too; we held the hay up but it didn't want any. It kept its head high and immobile on its stiffened neck, its eyes had an opaque, anemic red in them, like the stars when they're on the point of dying out.

Rolandino said, "It's the cold, or maybe those leaves it ate have hurt it somehow." There were tears in his voice.

Our giraffe stood still, its head piercing the sky. We called it in vain, we punched it with sticks and climbed on one another's shoulders to carry the sweet-smelling hay to its mouth, which it didn't open.

Slowly, then, it folded its legs. Its neck alone remained erect for an instant, before flowing to the ground with a long desperate sob. Its eyes were at our feet and we saw that they were spent, solid, and smooth, like those of marble statues.

Our giraffe has died by itself, boys, there was no need for them to kill it. Damn this town anyway, where giraffes can't live, because there's room only for the things that are already here.

GUARDIAN

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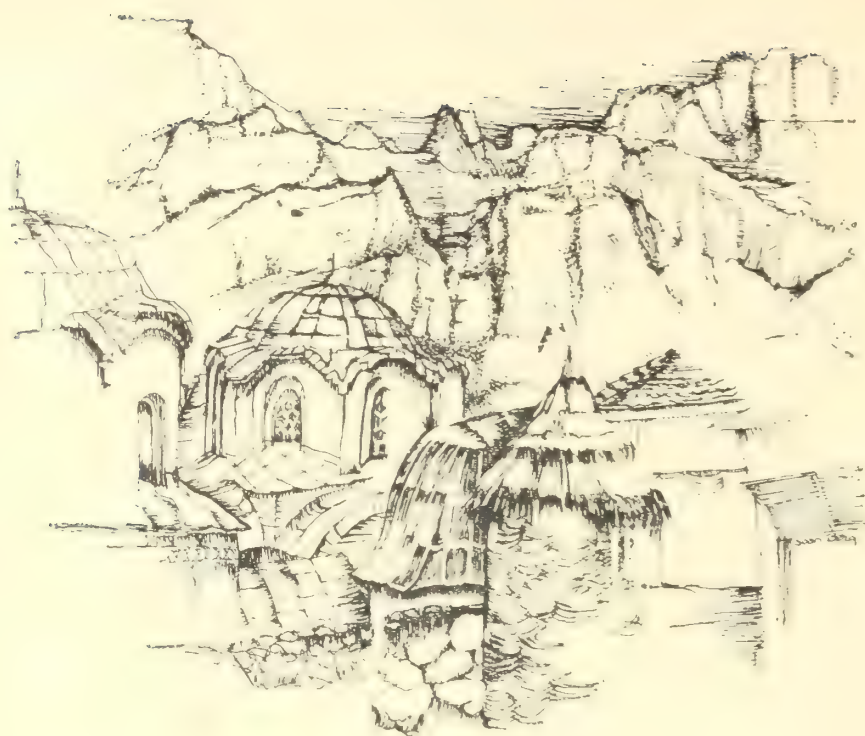
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Making Better Things For You





Farewell to the Balkans

by

Edmund Stillman

Once the most romantic and savage countries in Europe, they are now becoming "civilized"—with a gain in plumbing and bureaucrats, and a loss for poets and adventurers.

Last June I stood on the river embankment in Sarajevo, where in the summer of 1914 a Serbian nationalist murdered the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and brought a world crashing down, and I heard the recorded voice of Chubby Checker braying out "The Twist."

They are very modern now in the Balkans. In Split, the old walled city on the Adriatic Sea where the Roman Emperor Diocletian built his palace, the tourist cabarets offer a nightly "Festival of Strip."

At Plovdiv, deep in the heart of the sleepy south Bulgarian plain, the collective farmers stand

around the hotel bar, feeding 50-stotinki pieces to an extraterrestrial jukebox neatly labeled the product of the Rock-Ola Corporation, Chicago, Illinois.

So ends my fifteen-year-old love affair with the Balkans. Time, war, industrialism, and ideology have all done their work: there is not much left now to love. Today the Balkans are a squalid bore, in process of becoming a shabby boiler-plate copy of that Western world whose more depressing qualities seem to exert an irresistible charm. There are no outlaw bands in the Balkan mountain passes; no vampires haunt the dreams of today's peasant sophisticates. But the gangs of delinquent *stilyagi* roam the city streets at night, complete with bicycle chains and knives. Village children perform the obsessive ritual of the hula hoop only three or four years out of date.

"Here is West," proudly proclaimed a detribalized Communist party secretary in Varna, on Bulgaria's Black Sea coast, the while forcing on me a sticky, nauseous drink of a local *ersatz*

Cointreau. His expansive sweep of arms took in the golden mile of new hotels along the beach, a depressing vista of vanilla-custard architecture such as defaces the landscape at Miami Beach or Juan-les-Pins. On the sands, in ill-chosen bikinis, postured the wives of other Party secretaries, women who a decade or two ago drew water at the village well.

The Balkans today have abandoned one world, without really learning the graces of another. I wish the new Balkans luck; but I once knew a very different place, a place where it was not my part to teach but to learn. I once knew a world where there was almost nothing of the facile, the shabby, or the banal; where men carried themselves with a deliberate disdain for the mere sufferings of flesh. It was a place that was the antithesis of the easy didactic optimism which is, curiously enough, the shared ideology of the Soviets and the Americans today. Looking back, merely in my own lifetime, I know I was once a witness to the last declining years of a world and a time of such unbearable poignancy and style that I cannot think of the passing of the old Balkans without being moved, very nearly, to tears.

If all this seems sentimental, believe me it is not. The Balkans, as they used to be, were the least sentimental of places, and I do not wish to falsify their memory by denying the sharper edges of truth. There were great poverty and pain in the old Balkans, and the greatest agonies were not the work of natural disaster, but the gratuitous cruelties of other men. It was a savage world, and an irrational one, technically incompetent perhaps, and doomed to disappear. But when the last vestige of that archaic world is gone, we will all be poorer.

I am not the only one who thinks so. No one who met that world and took the trouble to enter into it ever left it wholly unmarked. For the Balkans were the place, as Rebecca West once put it, "where everything was comprehensible, where the mode of life was so honest as to put an end to perplexity. . . . There [was] everything there. Except what we have. But that seems very little."

The vestiges of the old Balkans will hardly last out this decade. In twenty years or so the very memory of the life as it once was there may well have passed away. Since the passing of

the Balkans is a kind of progress, it is no good complaining; the industrial age has come at last to all the stubborn, guarded enclaves of the earth. We could not reverse the process if we cared to try. I do not care to try, but I do not want to watch the death agonies either. Year after year, since the early postwar, I have gone back to the Balkans, searching again for that quality of honest comprehensibility which Rebecca West detected there, and I found too. But each year there is less and less to admire. And so I for one bid good-by to the Balkans; I do not expect to go there again.

From Partisan to Deskman

In Turkish "Balkan" means mountain—a definition of landscape, neither more nor less. In every other language the word has the quality of an insult. It is the equivalent of "assassin" to the French; and we are always reading in our newspapers about the threatened "Balkanization" of the Congo or the Upper Zambesi.

To the Russians the word has complacent overtones: the Balkans are the world of the "little Slavs," the zone of a would-be Russian protectorate. To the Germans and Austrians (who know the Balkans well and have better reason than most to regret the acquaintance) the word means dirt and savagery, a brutality totally unmitigated by a respect for sound plumbing and a proper *Kultur*. And this last was pretty much the standard usage in the Balkans themselves.

In the Balkans people were always warning you about one another. "Never trust a Serb," a Greek would tell you, his eyes growing moist at the memory of unimaginable wrongs. "Greeks!" a Serb would reply. "Thieves, priests, and skirt-chasers. And besides, one Greek can swindle five Romanians and everyone knows one Romanian can take a dozen Turks." No one, it seems, was more ashamed of the Balkans than the people who lived there. But then, no one actually lived *in* the Balkans; the word always meant the other village down the road, that place where the Balkans "really began." ("*Nema kultura*, absolutely no culture!" a minor clerk in the Bulgarian Post Office once confided to me. I had given him a lift on a country road, and as three barefoot small boys, with every sign of welcome and good will, flung clods of buffalo dung at my car as we sped through their village, the postman, finicky and every inch a city-bred exquisite in his soiled collar and tie, was embarrassed by the display. "Oh, those Balkans!" he mourned, heaving a racking sigh. "No culture *there*!")

But the old Balkans were a good deal more than a disorderly world, or a merely comic one. They were the quintessential mountain world, dark, passionate, replete with violence, a place of

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incomprehensible offenses and terrible nationalisms, a land of obscure races, each proclaiming a dark and messianic destiny. The Turkish usage, as a geographical expression, is only the palest approximation of the truth. Here was an archaic conceptual world, of peasants and shepherds, of uneasy cities, of brutal personal destinies, that was not so much a place cursed with an absence of culture as the place of a deliberate and passionate refusal. For the old Balkans, newspaper editorialists to the contrary, were not the Congo or the Upper Zambesi. They were Europe—a day's journey from Vienna. They were another Europe which had willfully refused to conform.

But all this is gone, or going fast. There are factories now, dirtying the sky with smoke, in the old lost valleys of the Rhodopes. In much of the Balkans now the commissars and technicians have had their way; the furrows on the collective farms reach to the far horizon, a sight perhaps to gladden the expansive Texas heart, to gladden Nikita Khrushchev's heart, but not to gladden mine. In the magic Bosnian evening or on the flat plains of the Dobrudja, along the mouths of the Danube, the muezzin still climbs the narrow stone stairway of the minaret and calls out the ancient cry, "I say there is no God but God," but no one comes to pray. The village costumes are gone; the women are unveiled. The young girls and boys drink too much, fornicate freely, and go at night to dance to inept jazz played at the village café or the state-subsidized House of Culture.

The faces of these young people are empty faces, and some of them are ruined. These children have been robbed of the folk certainties, and only a vulgar Teddy Boy wisdom has come to take their place. When I see what the gospel of progress in our century has done to these young people—the gospel of progress in a century which has twice in living memory come close to suicide and rent itself with terrible wounds—I think of the smallpox, that other gift of Europe, which decimated the Indian tribes of the New World. And I think of the old Balkan peasant at the end of World War II who greeted Tolbukhin's Army with the traditional gift of bread and salt.

"Papa," said the Russian corporal, whose own father had been a peasant, "keep your bread and salt. We have commissars. Don't you know I bring death?"

The Russian corporal is gone now from the Voivodina; his commissar is gone; and all they have left as their legacy is their belief in things. All the young people of the Balkans believe now in things; the Russians have taught them this, and so have we, with our round-the-clock broadcasts and our traveling exhibits of supermarket living. They want motor bikes, Bardot hairdos, a scrapbook full of photos of Elizabeth Taylor, Elvis Presley, and Yves Montand. (You can buy

such pictures easily, at any newspaper kiosk in Tito's Yugoslavia, or from a furtive bootleg businessman on the Soviet side of the line.) The old men are very old men now, the ones who fought the Turks and the Austrians in the mountains; they are too feeble and discredited to protest. And even the last representatives of the long line of heroic Balkan brigands, Tito's partisan irregulars who fought "in the woods" against the German *panzers*, are Party bureaucrats now, and can only raise a feeble, quasi-puritan protest. They could not even go to the woods again, these men, if they had to; the craze for automobiles and the goadings of ambitious wives have done them in. They are deskmen now, indistinguishable from their lazy, coronary-prone compeers in the West.

Thus the memories are fading. And this, in its Balkan instance, is only part of that universal process of our time—the process of "detrribalization" of both white man and black—that has set in everywhere; that disintegration of relationships not only among individuals in contemporary society, but between a person and his place, his earth, his past.

It is all gone. . . . I know that in the old days syphilis was endemic in these mountains, that in the Bosnian hill towns colicky babies were doped with a poppy tea to make them sleep (and some did not wake). I would not consign a single mother to death from childbed fever. But I sometimes think that I live in a world in its own way no less tragic, and perhaps in its ultimate implications a great deal worse.

The Pipes Groaned . . .

I first saw the Balkans in the early winter of 1947, a cold winter of snow and sleet, too little coal, and a near-famine in Bulgaria that was the upshot of war and of the doctrinaire efforts of newly installed Party bureaucrats to remodel the traditional subsistence agriculture.

There was no Orient Express that year. Instead we went north by local from Istanbul. I had been prepared for an Ambler novel: Turkish police in corsets and rouge, an offer to smuggle dollars or gold or credentials across the frontiers, at the least a message for a political prisoner. Instead there was no romance. The American Consulate in Istanbul consigned to my care twenty sacks of mail; and my bride of a month and I took a rickety third-class carriage north to Uzünköprü, a muddy little town near the Greek frontier. There the Turkish railroad bridge had been blown into a ravine by General Markos and his guerrilla bands, who were then showing a regrettable indifference to political boundaries. All this, after the commonplace squalor of Istanbul, was at least a taste of danger; but from

Uzünköprü north, we finished our journey in total safety but hellish discomfort by buckboard truck. The ride was a jolting, uncertain agony through the back-country roads, so that we arrived in Sofia, Bulgaria, forty hours later, exhausted, hungry, very much the worse for the rain and the cold, to deliver our twenty sacks of diplomatic mail. We then collapsed into a damp hotel bed, awakening the next morning to find that the mail sacks—in Departmental parlance the “pouch”—had contained nothing more significant than a cargo of bruised and slightly mildewed oranges. This seemed the ultimate assault on pride; yet the process of disillusion had only begun.

All that winter we sat in Sofia, huddled in a squalid hotel where cockroaches peeped out at us from under the baseboards, where the pipes groaned at three o'clock in the morning, where the towels and bedclothes were always damp, where the bath emitted a putrescent smell. Breakfast was a green egg, a weak infusion of an *ersatz* linden-leaf tea, and a doughy bread adulterated with ground cobs of corn. Dinner was a gristly bit of lamb, sour cabbage, and rotgut slivovitz—the plum brandy that made this squalor bearable to our Bulgar hosts. But we could not bear the city: cold, sordid, terror-ridden, and at night black as pitch except for the single neon-lighted red star amid the ruins of the city's bombed-out central square.

My bride wept; I was near to weeping. It was a dismal time, hardly relieved by the emptiness and idiocy of Legation tasks (in a land where our country had no power and no intention of seeking it, though all our public declarations were to the contrary). It was a time made more dismal still by the frenetic quality of social living

among the small Western coterie—American, English, French, Italian—in a third-rate diplomatic post lost in the Balkan “back of beyond.” Here was an elephant's graveyard of diplomatic careers: an Iron Curtain capital, with all its impossible discomforts, but one lost to the home office's view. “Behind God's back,” grumbled the British minister, and what he said was echoed at a hundred stifling teas.

We were a society grown in on itself, and governed too by inflexible laws of rank and precedence, so that I found myself, at lunch and dinner, it seemed, four times weekly, seated near Madame S., the pinch-faced wife of the Third Secretary of the French, a provincial bourgeoisie of Lyons who gobbled her meals with an admirable *attaque*. Even our little revels had a nightmare antic quality. That bleak New Year's Eve, the *doyenne* of our corps sang “O Solo Mio” suspended in a papier-mâché gondola, while one of the secretaries at the Italian Legation (who, it was rumored, smuggled drugs through the pouch) played at rowing with a pasteboard oar.

Then it was March. The storks returned from the Nile; the snow melted in the mountain passes. One day in spring we commandeered a jeep and went out from Sofia, up the slopes of Vitosha, the black, frowning mountain mass that dominates the southern rim of the city. The road was rutted and wet. The snow still lay in patches in the fields and high meadows. At Dragalevtsy, a small mud-brick village, we turned off the main road to a track into the hills.

We went on, intoxicated by the odor of spring in the mountains, by the sight of green shoots among the melting snowbanks, by the high blue spring sky. In the highest meadows, where the



fat-tailed sheep grazed, with the great dreary city far below, we stopped to build a fire and make tea. After a while the shepherd came with his boy and shared his onions and bread, while we gave him tobacco and sugar for his tea. And after a longer while, the shepherd led us down into the village where the people had built their bonfires, for luck they said, and in honor of spring, but in honor of Vid or Dazbog, perhaps, their ancient gods of the reborn sun, and danced the *horo* in the twilight to the sound of wild flutes and drums.

That was my first inkling of that old Balkan world of simplicity and style, though even then, as I have said, that world was fatally harmed by the invasion of industrialism and proletarian revolution and, even to the south, in Greek Thrace and Turkey, in the "free" Balkans, by the compulsive need for things which is the mark of the growth of a rootless middle class.

Believe me, I am not talking about the "folklore," certainly not the self-conscious trumpery of country costumes and peasant dances—the sort of antiseptic reality, very far from expressing the truth, packaged for us now by state-subsidized dance troupes of the Moiseyev kind. I mean that I had believed the Balkans to be a simple place, and now I saw that I was wrong: they were not to be summed up by any such formulation as a mere place of technical incompetents, the land of the Barbarians of Europe. I was like a man who comes upon the sea for the first time and thinks it is a comprehensible place, and then, with the shifting of the light sees below dark shapes moving about, the shadowed forms of monsters. I do not exaggerate: young then, scarcely twenty-three, innocent of tragedy as I was, in a word an American, to me it was a kind of epiphany.

Is There No Justice?

The memories are by no means all lyric. There was much death and suffering in those mountains. Milovan Djilas has called them "the land without justice," though he has never denied the pride and anger which are, perhaps, the real gifts of the stony Balkan soil. Of his own family in Montenegro, typical in its history, Djilas writes: "My father's grandfather, my own two grandfathers, my father, and my uncle were killed. . . . My father and his brother and my brothers were killed even though all of them yearned to die peacefully in their beds beside their wives. Generation after generation, and the bloody chain was not broken." Nor is it certain that the chain is broken yet.

For in a sense the Balkans are a monument to cruelty. At Nish, a sad old town in the south-east of Serbia where once the Emperor Constantine the Great was born, there is, quite literally,

a tower of human skulls built by the Turks—not a thousand years ago, not five hundred, but nearly contemporary with our own War of 1812, that is to say only a decade or two later. And above the Adriatic Sea, in the white limestone mountains where the peasants grub for earth to carry in wicker baskets on donkey back to build a little walled garden, I have met an old man and a boy; the man was seventy, the boy five, and the old man told me that the boy was ripped, by posthumous Caesarian, from his murdered mother's womb. That was the last war's work in those barren mountains, as if drought, and blinding sun, and the *bora*, a harsh wind that blows for weeks, were not enemy enough to living things.

I have even met a man who tells me that he has drunk the blood of his enemies, the Waffen SS who patrolled his mountains, though perhaps the real truth of the story is nothing more than that he had licked the blade of his knife clean.

For us, of course, such stories have the ring of the unreal. It is difficult for us to make contact with such horrors. They are apt to take on the aspect of the merely grotesque. Perhaps it is that we live in an antiseptic society, fending off from ourselves the diseased, the maimed, and the dead. Yet in the old Balkans, on the contrary, death was a constant presence. But if you think, for that reason, the only reasonable response to this recital of horrors is an unequivocal pity, a self-complacent pity, and nothing more, no ironies, no ambiguities, you are very wrong. The old man who had chosen to stay in his mountains; he and his boy were not pitiable objects. As easily look into the eyes of an old Chassidic Jew and pity him his daily regimen of penitential prayer.

The balance of sorrows between their lives and ours is more complicated than that. There is nothing for nothing in this world, and for our great comforts we pay our price. And it is a price that may prove in the end more than we wish to pay; who can say, after Buchenwald, Hiroshima, and the fire raids on Dresden, that in our world a technical competence is an antidote for horrors? It may be that by the scale and impersonal quality of their execution *our* crimes, in their demonic intensity, far overshadowed the terrors of the old Balkan world.

And it is more than that. For the industrial civilization of which we and the Russians are the primary exemplars in the contemporary world is infected, it seems, by a malaise which our political intelligences do not yet grasp. We live in a time when political thought for more than a century has been obsessed with the relationship of economic classes and the distribution of material goods. We have professed to believe that prosperity is the sovereign good, but the new anguish of our souls has little to do with economics; this indeed is the great divorce between the artist and the politician in our time. The pre-

monitory visions of a Kafka, a Strindberg, a Nietzsche, a Melville have all come true in our century. We have seen our much-vaunted reason lead us into actions which are explicable only in terms of madness; and we have seen material prosperity, that allegedly universal balm of the disordered spirit, prove incapable of exorcising the Satanic in man.

Our experience confounds our theories. "The dominant note in modern culture," Reinhold Niebuhr has written, "is not so much confidence in reason as faith in history. The conception of a redemptive history informs the most diverse forms of modern culture. . . . Even Karl Marx . . . believed that a new life and a new age would rise out of the death of an old one with dialectical necessity. Catastrophe was the certain prelude of redemption in his scheme of salvation. The ultimate similarity between Marxist and bourgeois optimism, despite the provisional catastrophism of the former, is, in fact, the most telling proof of the unity of modern culture."

The Impulse We Reject

But we have seen enough in this century to make us wary; or at least we ought to be. The contemporary triumph of Faustian man, the outward thrust of his material civilization, is sometimes a victory, but not always that. Even today the prostitute and the taxi driver, uprooted from village and soil, are as much symbols of the contemporary Balkan social landscape—and equally of the social landscape of Tashkent, the Congo, Malabar, and Peru—as the iron foundry and the improving infant mortality rate. "Distrustful soul, torn out of the village earth, half-awakened and already half-mad," the one-time Communist poet Adam Wazyk said. He meant Poland; but it is the same thing.

And that our material victories are suspect is the ultimate lesson of the Balkan past. This is a past which denies the facile optimism which, as Niebuhr puts it, is the dominant ideology of our time. For the Balkans deny even the stability of material successes; transience and failure are the great themes of the medieval bardic poetry of the southern Slavs. They celebrate in their songs, not victory, but the defeat of their nation by the Turks; they celebrate their choosing, so they say, of an other-worldly grace. And this is the theme of the Manichaeen heretics who held these mountain lands so long in defiance of Eastern and Western Church, denying the holiness of the material creation of the world, which is in their scheme merely the botched work of the evil god Satan-el. So too is the mutability of fortune the theme of that prototypical Balkan people, the ancient Greeks, who, as Arnold Toynbee has written, were "haunted by the possibilities of disaster

inherent in success of every kind, in personal prosperity, in military victory, in the social triumph of civilization" itself.

The Balkans, therefore, are a permanent rebuke to the arrogance of man. Their history is a deadly warning, for the Balkans have seen more than one culture, victorious and self-assured, go under in blood. And our modern politics, says this Balkan past, does not by any means encompass all reality; we deal merely with the rational element in man. Yet the Balkans proclaim, with a tragic consistency through the centuries, that there is a dark flaw in the human spirit, a propensity to unreason, violence, and sin. In the old culture of the Balkans, that archaic society whose passing I mourn, such elements sometimes found their true representation. The institutions for the expression of unreason existed, if only in clan war and vendetta, in the rites of a magical church, in the practice of a nature magic that was merely an older religion driven underground, in the peasant's half-mystical love of earth.

They do not exist in our Western world; the impulse of unreason is an impulse we reject. Nor do such institutions, officially at least, exist in the materialist schemes of the Marxists. The institutions for the expression of unreason are dying out in the Balkans too now, as they are everywhere dying out or dead. Yet the darker side of man will always struggle to find expression; hence the psychic epidemics of the twentieth century, the wars, the purges, the death camps, the hysterical politics of our time. And as the contemporary Balkans (and all the tragic enclaves of life for which they stand) are increasingly drawn into the currents of change, as technical proficiency increases, as industry grows, as material standards rise, what may seem in the beginning to be a victory of technology and reason, the triumph of sapient man, may prove in the end to be something far more sinister.

For in place of clan war in the mountains we have substituted the specter of atomic war and universal death. In an age of the technical capability of genocide and the "doomsday machine," the limitations on horror have become less and less physical and increasingly the function of mind. Yet it is in just this psychic realm that the twentieth century has proved its damaging worst. For in place of a whole culture, however weak its fabric, however feeble its material capacities, we, the Russians, and our all-too-willing victims are substituting a politics of alienation. Perhaps this is inevitable; but we are substituting a culture which splits man into two mutually warring halves.

And this will come in the end to be the greatest tragedy of all. For the two sundered halves of modern man will come together. And when they do, there will be a titanic thunderclap.

the new BOOKS

BENJAMIN DEMOTT

Cultural Politics: 1963

Mr. DeMott, who starts this month as alternate reviewer with Paul Pickrel, is professor of English at Amherst, visiting professor of humanities at MIT, and author of a novel, "The Body's Cage," and of a recently published book of essays, "Hells & Benefits."

FOR years debate on the politics of culture in America was less complicated than a doughnut and twice as bland.

A few Whitmanites cried up "cultural unity," a few Solons and Croesuses professed interest in "raising the level of public taste," and the literary reviews dwelt tirelessly on alienation—but nobody talked about Power Structures in the arts, and the very idea of problems in the *management* of culture roused genteel shudders of shame. In recent days, though, all this has begun to change. Part of the reason lies, of course, in increasing public awareness of the feasibility of cultural centralization in America. But a more potent stimulus to debate has been the emergence in this country of an energetic cultural right wing. The new rightist commentators have yet to offer precise programs, and their assumptions—as for example that the country ought to stop trying to enlarge the popular audience for good art and work instead at creating a genuine American elite—are, at first glance, prickly. But they have brought back into focus a range of issues which, alive in other forms in 1790, have long been buried under piety and cant. And for this they deserve praise.

A large portion of the praise goes to Dwight Macdonald, whose essays on the "effects of mass culture" are collected in *Against the American Grain* (Random House, \$6.50). This writer announces his prime theme—the likenesses and differences between mass and middlebrow culture—in a seventy-page opening statement that amounts to a sort of Mobil Guide to the arts in America. Borrowing language from André Malraux, he defines mass culture (Masscult) as "a form of advertising which aims at selling itself," a mode of entertainment that is "totally subjected to the spectator. . . ." (Examples: *Life*,

rock 'n' roll, Erle Stanley Gardner, and Norman Rockwell.) Midcult, on the other hand, is defined as "a corruption of High Culture" which, while also in fact subjected to the spectator, "is able to pass itself off as the real thing." (Examples: Stephen Benét's *John Brown's Body*, Archibald MacLeish's *J.B.*, Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*.) As he develops this distinction, Macdonald rejects the trickle-down theory of cultural improvement, arguing that the best hope for the preservation of standards lies not in a unified democratic culture, but rather in the unambiguous separation of high culture from Midlow. ("Let the masses have their Masscult, let the few who care about good writing have their High Culture, and don't fuzz up the distinction with Midcult.") And the essays that follow this pronouncement are organized in such a way as to contrast certain achievements of high literary culture—mainly British achievements—with items held to be polluted.

As a commentator on masterpieces, the author of *Against the American Grain* is brisk but crude. He speaks often of the critic's need for "sensitivity," but he himself offers Midcult substitutes for the real thing—including Critical Shivers, Sophomore Survey platitudes, Careless Superlatives, and a disposition to accept as final the standards of style set by publications (*Fortune* is one) on which he served his journalistic apprenticeship. Nor could it be said that Macdonald is without weaknesses as a thinker. Quite all right, perhaps, to charge that the American literary audience has "changed from a small body of connoisseurs into a large body of ignoramuses"; and reasonable to note that "up to [the end of the eighteenth century] the artist or writer had worked for his peers, a small upper-class group who were sophisticated enough to know what he was doing." But the latter point, when cited in an essay on Mark Twain, hardly supports the general thesis. No doubt if Twain had lived in a society in which the literary world and ordinary people were as remote from each other as they were in the eighteenth century, or as they are in contemporary England, he would never have written painful books like *Innocents Abroad*; but

neither, probably, would he have written *Huck Finn*. And any line of thought which hints (as Macdonald's does) that a mound of clever *New Statesman* reviews and witty one-line notes to the *Times* by Gilbert Murray is a substitute for a good book can't safely be trusted.

When all this is said, however, it needs to be added that the issues Macdonald raises are not bogus issues, and that his most successful essays—those on the Syntopicon and Mortimer Adler, the new translations of the Bible, the element of self-parody in Hemingway's bad books—lose none of their original thrust when set between hard covers. Less than the sage that his current tone indicates he aspires to be, livelier than dozens of writers in the coherent English literary world that he extravagantly admires, this critic stands forth at his best as a keen, effective witness against meretriciousness, and, as such, an invaluable literary man.

CRITICS. SPEAK UP!

EVEN a country that has everything can never have enough of the latter. This is suggested by the celebration of Elia Kazan's *America America* (Stein and Day, \$4.95). The publishers say of this book, which tells of the desperate but lucky effort of a twenty-year-old Greek named Stavros Topouzoglou to escape from Anatolia to America, that "it is certain to be recreated, in Kazan's directorial hands, as an important motion picture." S. N. Behrman, who notes in his introduction to the work that it came to his hand at precisely the moment when "I was . . . trying—I suppose together with every other living playwright—to get Mr. Kazan to direct a play of my own," claims that Kazan's style is Biblical in "its simplicity and emotional intensity. . . ." And the jacket carries encomiums from James Baldwin ("Gadge, Baby, you're a nigger, too"), Archibald MacLeish ("something far more vivid than merely bookish literature ever is"), Attorney General Kennedy ("a fantastically good job"), and John Steinbeck ("work in a new form").

The object of this praise has an attractive if unoriginal theme (America is promises, the Old World is woe), and is at bottom a scenario. Where ordinary bookish books invite readers to interest themselves in a writer's attempt to render events and circumstances on the page, *America America* invites the reader to imagine how certain lightly sketched situations might be realized on film by actors and cameramen. Here is a sample moment:

Garabet's room is a hovel. The spill of light from the opening door reveals a young woman. We can't see her too well. [Ed.: Can it be Kim Novak?] Stavros is at the door. His face is starved for human warmth.

Girl's Voice: "Yes, yes, come, close the door."
Afterwards . . .

In subjecting itself to the spectator, such do-it-yourself writing may well inculcate principles of private enterprise. (Once the cry to readers was: "You've seen the movie, now read the book"; today it is: "Buy the book and make the movie.") But not even the thought of this supplementary benefit can quiet the suspicion that in the present venture the "cultural community" has functioned poorly. When writers themselves bill unwritten (but nevertheless published) books as "far more vivid" than "bookish" or written ones, they are in effect coming out for golf.

O'HARA'S PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

THE same charge—a malfunction in the cultural community—has often been made by students of the reputation of John O'Hara. Acclaimed throughout his career as a first-rate observer of middle-class manners and as a novelist of considerable narrative force, O'Hara in fact descended early into rambling slackness and the mucker pose. And both failings are apparent in his latest collection of stories, *The Cape Cod Lighter* (Random House, \$5.95). Many of the tales are marred by swatches of flat dialogue, and by a tendency to use some opaque coincidence—a woman tripping on a rug in the house of her deceased brother-in-law, who himself tripped in the same place—as a feature of design. And in a preface, O'Hara jabs away sluggishly at Writing Fellers in general, wasting himself in anxious self-praise of the sort that is symptomatic of isolation.

But the book does offer the reader a curious pleasure—that of an evening under lamplight with the photograph album. In story after story the phrase that reverberates is "more than thirty years ago," and the collection as a whole gives it genuine substance. O'Hara remembers a time when parents "raised holy hell," when hostesses served hot chocolate at vacation tea dances, when the benches under the Biltmore clock made a C, when the sight of "a big Packard Twin-Six" coming down out of frozen mountains all snow and chains stirred unprecedented imaginative intensities.

Often in the past the "social detail" in O'Hara's fiction—the name of the Right Shoe Polish for ninety-dollar brogues—has resembled pedantry more than poetry. But that isn't the case with the new collection; at more than one moment *The Cape Cod Lighter* is a readable and touching period piece, sweet with the old, unfaded amaranth of the author's boyish days.

TOO MUCH I

THE career of a younger American statesman, James Purdy, bears out the thesis that the present fares best in countries that possess a collective conscience of its unity and separateness. Enough

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ask your bookseller



Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

Children Is All (New Directions, \$1.25) is a fifth book, its author is much better known in England than at home—indeed the English literary community discovered him. The gifts visible in the new collection, which includes ten stories and two plays, are not as striking as those Purdy displayed in his *Color of Darkness* and *The Nephew*, partly because the influences that have shaped them are too evident. (The first story in the collection, for example, derives directly from Nathanael West's *Miss Lonelyhearts*.) But that they are gifts is indisputable. Purdy's matter is in large measure the commonplace stuff of contemporary fiction—exacerbation, fury, perversion, nightmare—but his manner is remarkable: austere, impressive, and impeccably controlled. His failures bring to mind Tennessee Williams orchestrated for bird whistles that shriek too high for human ears to hear, but his successes hold in grave perfect focus situations of elemental force. The combination of "correctness" and passion isn't at this moment well-regarded, but sooner or later it will again be valued: the English praise of Purdy is sensible and just.

FROM this it doesn't follow that the English are always right, or that the power resident in their cultural elite is invariably well used, or—to resume the argument—that an elite is in every way a boon even to Good Style. What is more, as Anthony Sampson's **Anatomy of Britain** (Harper & Row, \$6.95) plainly implies, the institutions that guarantee the inviolability of this elite are not in every sense advantageous to the whole quality of the national life. This book is not another indictment of the Establishment, and the author is impatient with the "conspiracy theory" of power (he thinks the real ruler in most "self-contained" English circles is Muddle herself).

His brilliantly achieved purpose as a journalist was simply to provide a compendium of information about contemporary British institutions—aristocracy, palace, clubs, press, debutante parties, cabinet, law, honors, universities, TV, and the like. But after six hundred pages of inquiry Sampson does allow himself a few generalizations, and all are dour.

Speaking of English "malaise," he complains that "the dons become more donnish, the Etonians more Etonian, the mandarins more mandarin, and Britain relapses into a strange new tribalism," and quotes Hugh Gaitskell on the troubling possibility that "the British [are losing] their dynamic, are sunk in complacency, are far too snobbish, and have carried on a pattern of social relationships that is disappearing elsewhere in the world." Accepting the contention that the English style of the past made "big things seem small, exciting things boring, new things familiar," he goes on to assert that "in the unconfident context of today this bland depreciation—and the assumed superiority that goes with it—merely succeeds in dispelling enthusiasm, blunting curiosity, and dulling experiment." And his book ends with the assertion that British "institutions and the men who work them have, I believe, become dangerously out of touch with the public. . . ."

TO repeat, this writer has in mind problems other than the organization of cultural power; self-enclosed institutions trouble him not because they are bad for literature but because they cut off the social and political leadership of his country from contact with renewing energies in ordinary life. But it scarcely needs to be said that out-of-touchness and the habit of bland depreciation do little for writers, and every literary season produces evidence that such habits are the rule among many literary Englishmen. Consider such a "typically English" production as **The Seven Deadly Sins** (William Morrow, \$3.50). A clever but juiceless *jeu d'esprit*, the book collects the ruminations of Angus Wilson, Edith Sitwell, Cyril Connolly, Evelyn Waugh, and other famous Britishers on a sin of their choice. The editor, Raymond Mortimer, comments that "the mildness with which on the whole they regard the deadly sins may be thought surprising and significant." And some readers may be struck by the literariness of the writers' conceptions of sin. (Connolly, on covetousness, tells a fable of a scamp who steals first editions for his own library; Angus Wilson, on envy, sees writers as the

THE NEW BOOKS

great exemplars of the sin: Dame Edith, on pride, talks about the artist's life—"I have never minded being laughed at. All original artists are laughed at"; and Evelyn Waugh, on sloth, takes a moment to complain about the deterioration of "standards of printing.")

But the dominant impression is of writers running on almost mechanically, uncertain whether they are involved in a joke or an inquiry, but not enough concerned to decide the question for themselves. To a man they are professionals, graceful and easy; they know their peers (so well that the act of writing is perhaps nearly a superfluity); and they also know better than to appear earnest, or to reveal an interest in changing anyone's mind. But they seem unaware that if writing is to matter to the reader it must also matter a bit to the writer himself—and as a consequence their performances are empty.

THE same point holds for Stephen Spender's *The Making of a Poem* (Norton, \$4). This latest volume of essays by a much celebrated English poet isn't bare of ideas. It contains shrewd speculation about confessions and autobiography, a critique of modern cant about the necessity of despair, and amusing jottings on assumptions implicit in American diction. But the writer's tone—always the same, whether the subject is I. A. Richards or Dostoevsky—is unvaryingly airy. ("Sometimes I imagine to myself the languages of the world conversing. Across the Channel which divides Britain from the Continent, French talks to English, and under a kind of lovemaking, there is a note of irritation: 'But how empirical you are,' French says. . . .") And the note of self-congratulatory tolerance is depressingly Blimpish in effect. ("It seems, then, important to say at the onset that I am not hostile to America. In fact, I love America. . . .") Too much can be made, of course, of the hostility of England's great twentieth-century novelist, D. H. Lawrence, and her great twentieth-century critic, F. R. Leavis, to Lit'ry London. But clearly the voice of the elite these men rejected isn't well suited to the expression of genuine feeling, and there is some evidence that the

temptations to obliviousness are as strong in a unified world of letters as in every other club.

AGAINST THE
ENCLOSED LIFE

A FINAL observation with a bearing—namely that few men of mind who thought deeply on problems of culture and socio-political organization in the past argued flatly for an elite—is suggested by Page Smith's *John Adams* (Doubleday, two volumes, \$14.50). As most schoolboys know, the complications of John Adams' thinking on most subjects infuriated many of his countrymen—particularly those whose melodramatic imaginations were populated only by villainous monarchists and virtuous democrats. And it is not the least strength of the new biography that in clarifying these complications, as they appeared in Adams' *Defense*, it dramatizes the great man's profound absorption in the quality of life as it is lived at every social level. In London and Paris, or riding on the court circuit in Massachusetts and Connecticut, or sitting in sessions of the Constitutional Conventions, Adams had his eye constantly on details of manners, tastes, personal styles: as clues to the innerness of men. At the center of his philosophy lay a kind of faith in in-touchness and accessibility as the Good—in-touchness not merely with ideas of every description but with men of all conditions in life. And the ultimate problem he set himself to solve was how to create a society in which the best talents could speak from the center of the national strength, while realizing their own qualities for the good of the whole.

But there is more to praise in this superlative book than its awareness of Adams' certainty that an enclosed life is a life not worth living. The Chief of Quincy never before has had a biographer as responsive to his enormous vibrancy as a human being, as conscious of his wit, passion, playfulness, and force. And the fierce and gritty labor of making a nation—Adams' labor for nearly his whole lifetime—has seldom before been reported with as unillusioned an eye.

There are faults, to be sure. The biographer sometimes vulgarizes the

*Did he invent the boy
who couldn't tell a lie?*

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*The man — like his age —
was a mass
of contradictions!*

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THE NEW BOOKS

minds of his characters, as when he imagines Abigail Adams' thoughts after her marriage, and, his enthusiasm flagging toward the end, he fails to rise to the appropriate levels of praise for the magnificent letters Adams wrote to Jefferson in his seventies and eighties.

Furthermore, as should be noted, the circumstances surrounding the publication of the book are the sort that usually arouse suspicion among culturologists. *John Adams* is the work of a professor, has the Book-of-the-Month Club behind it, and has already won a \$5,000 Kenneth Roberts prize; any one of these circumstances would be enough to

blacken the work in the eyes of Mr. Macdonald, and certainly there is little reason to believe that every subscriber who finds the package in his mail will read it through entranced. But what counts is that the book is strong enough to withstand being transformed into a Midcult Event. Now idealistic, now skeptical in its egalitarianism, powerfully drawn to its hero, certain of the permanent worth of his mind and character, Page Smith's *John Adams* is more than a distinguished contribution to knowledge of the American past: it is a reminder of possibilities in the old politics of culture at which despair alone will wish to shrug.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

NON-FICTION

Roosevelt and Howe, by Alfred B. Rollins, Jr.

This story of the little gnome-like man—the *éminence grise*, the President-maker, and Roosevelt's dedicated personal friend—is history, biography, and politics in fascinating combination. It was published in October but I mention it now because I am afraid that many who feel that they have read all they want to on the Roosevelt era will have passed it by. I venture to say that even they will find themselves absorbed in this well-written, well-paced chronicle of one of the most unusual and most interesting relationships in terms both of politics and of human friendship. It can be read with pleasure as political history; as a re-creation of the wide-verandaed life at the turn of the century in upstate New York, at Campobello, on the Massachusetts shore; as the story of a poor but talented young man's desperate struggle from newspaper reporter to President's confidant; or simply as the story of a remarkable friendship. It is not an uncritical book. Some of

the political maneuvering is disclosed to be as unpretty as it often must have been. The humor on which the relationship fed is often broad or infantile, but when the book is closed the vitality and grandeur of the aspirations and of the times themselves leave a staggering impact, and the central characters all emerge—whatever their human failings—impressive in loyalty, pride, and dignity.

Knopf, \$5.95

Two other quite different Presidential memoirs have just been published. Both of these have as their central figure Woodrow Wilson and the era of World War I now suddenly having a literary revival. (See pages 36ff. for another behind-the-scenes—and not so friendly—view of some of the same Wilson years.)

The Priceless Gift: The Love Letters of Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Axson Wilson, edited by Eleanor Wilson McAdoo.

In his foreword to this remarkable book Raymond Fosdick says, "With the possible exception of the love letters of the Brownings I doubt if

BOOKS IN BRIEF

any such outstanding collection is available in the English language. . . . There is indeed in these letters edited by their daughter (1,400 of them were found after Wilson's death), a perennially youthful joy in each other, an ineffable sweetness and tenderness, never in the least cloying, and for the reader there is the inevitable sadness that comes from the realization that such intensity of feeling belongs to a time now lost. Yet because it was an extraordinary and beautiful relationship and because both husband and wife, so shy with others, were so articulate to each other, this is indeed, to quote Mr. Fosdick again, a "vision of the past that makes the present livable."

McGraw-Hill, \$6.95

Mr. Wilson's War, by John Dos Passos. Mainstream of America Series, edited by Lewis Gannett.

Here are Mr. Wilson and his era in another though not unsympathetic light. Here is taut, selective, but readable history of the twenty world-changing years between the death of McKinley and the death of Wilson. It whips along, the occasional use of the present tense adding speed and immediacy to the narrative as the fight for the League of Nations is lost and the story comes to an end. (Young F.D.R.'s career as Assistant Secretary of the Navy which fills so many pages in the Howe-Roosevelt book gets one line here.) It is necessarily a condensation, for as Mr. Dos Passos says in his notes, "There is more material on World War I than any man can possibly cope with. The reader who tries to thread his way through the currents and crosscurrents of the period is faced by astronomical quantities of printed matter. . . . My method was to try to relate the experiences of the assorted personalities and their assorted justifications to my own recollections of childhood and youth during those years; and to seek out, wherever possible, the private letter, the unguarded entry in the diary, the newsreport made on the spur of the moment." His method has succeeded in making a concentrated—sometimes too concentrated—whole of the momentous events in our early twentieth-century history.

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Yale University Press, \$12.50

World and Dwelling, by Richard Neutra.

The seventy-year-old, Vienna-born American architect explains his philosophy of residential architecture in prose, drawings, and 334 lovely photographs of his work.

Universe, \$15

The Evolution of an Architect, by Edward Durrell Stone.

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Horizon, \$15

Architecture: Man in Possession of His Earth, by Frank Lloyd Wright. With a biography by Iovanna Lloyd Wright.

This book, with an "opening note" by Mr. Wright and a short biographical section about the architect by his daughter, is otherwise organized in sections centered in the various materials of architectural construction—stone, brick, glass, wood, etc. The text which accompanies the sections is presumably by Mr. Wright, though this is not indicated on the title page or elsewhere, and we are not told when it was written or what for. The photographs are from all over the world, but especially, of course, from the archives of the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation at Taliesin. Presumably, again, they were chosen by Patricia Coyle Nicholson, "designer and editor," whose name appears just once and on one page though not on the contents page or on the jacket. But whoever is responsible, it makes an interesting simplified history of architecture with emphasis on the life and ideas of Frank Lloyd Wright.

Doubleday, \$10

MEMOIRS, ESSAYS STORIES

Two Stories and a Memory, by Giuseppe di Lampedusa. Foreword by E. M. Forster.

Readers of *The Leopard* will want this book particularly for the "memory," called "Places of My Infancy," written in the summer of 1955. It is one of the most charming recollections of childhood that I have ever read, with a particular poignancy since the world it describes of palatial—if often primitive too—living and travel in Sicily during the first decades of the century has almost completely disappeared. (His own Palazzo Lampedusa in Palermo was totally destroyed by an American bomb during the war.) But this is an artist writing from the heart and, as Mr. Forster points out, the fragment of recollection is more impressive than either the story, "The Professor and the Mermaid," or the portion of an unfinished novel called "The Blind Kittens." The memoir is a jewel and a delight.

Pantheon, \$3.95

James Thurber: Credos and Curios.

Hitherto uncollected pieces, including inimitable profiles of his fellow writers and artists: E. B. White, Elliott Nugent, Mary Petty, Robert Benchley, George S. Kaufman, John McNulty, and Scott Fitzgerald

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On the Edge of the Cliff, by Elspeth Huxley.

More recollections of Kenya by the author of *The Flame Trees of Thika*.

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Patchwork Child, by Brooke Astor.

Mrs. Vincent Astor, who traveled to many far parts of the world (ending up in Washington) as the young daughter of an officer in the Marines, recalls the delights, perplexities, and wonders of her childhood.

Harper & Row, \$3.95

FOR CHILDREN — AND OTHERS

We can't often mention children's books in these crowded pages but perhaps at this just-after-Christmas moment we can mention four at least, since two are by authors well

BOOKS IN BRIEF

known to the adult world of books and the other two are reprints that will mean nostalgic delight to almost all adult literary ladies and, we dare say, to not a few gentlemen too. In subject matter they divide the sexes right down the middle.

Boys Are Awful, by Phyllis McGinley. Pictures by Atti Forberg.

Girls Are Silly, by Ogden Nash. Pictures by Lawrence Beall Smith.

Franklin Watts. \$2.95 each

The other two are the classics by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

The Secret Garden, with pictures by Tasha Tudor. Lippincott, \$5

Little Lord Fauntleroy. Illustrated by Harry Toothill. Dutton, \$3.25

Another new project combining the juvenile and adult literary worlds has just been launched by the Crowell-Collier Press under the editorship of Louis Untermeyer. Well-known authors, including Pulitzer-Prize winners, have accepted the challenge to take a basic vocabulary of 798 (an occult number?) words "selected by three authorities on elementary education, and write an entertaining book of true literary merit for beginning readers." So far, six volumes have appeared, all priced at \$1.95:

The Big Green Book, by Robert Graves. Illustrated by Maurice Sendak.

One and One and One, by Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by Robert Jones.

The B Book, by Phyllis McGinley. Illustrated by Robert Jones.

What Did I See? by William Jay Smith. Illustrated by Don Almquist.

Puppy Pie, by Jay Williams. Illustrated by Wayne Blickenstaff.

The Wish Tree, by John Ciardi. Illustrated by Louis Glanzman.

Note:

In our November issue Philip Kuhn, in praising a book called *The Wilting of the Hundred Flowers*, mentioned that the book was published in England but had not been published here. It had not then, but it will be, in January, by Frederick A. Praeger, with the new subtitle: *The Chinese Intelligentsia Under Mao*.

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Another question is: How does he do it? There are those who maintain that while Dietrich is recording in Rome, Fischer is giving a lieder recital in Vienna and Dieskau is singing opera in Berlin. The fact remains that Fischer-Dieskau is completely at home in opera and on the concert stage; that his repertoire is all-embracing; that already he has

recorded more vocal music than any singer in history; that his enunciation in all languages (well, nearly all; he has not yet sung the *Songs and Dances of Death* by Mussorgsky in the original Russian; but give him time to learn the language; six weeks, say) is perfect. The fact also remains that Fischer-Dieskau is a supremely intelligent artist who is generally accepted by the cognoscenti as the greatest living male lieder singer and one of the greatest living operatic baritones.

Scarcely a month goes by without some kind of Fischer-Dieskau disc. He has recorded everything from Bach to Schubert, Wolf, Brahms, Fauré, and the moderns. He also has appeared in quite a few opera releases. It is typical that one of his recent discs is devoted to twelve *Songs* by Liszt (Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18793, mono; SLPM 138793, stereo). Typical, because Liszt songs are seldom sung, and it is a characteristic of Fischer-Dieskau's intellectual curiosity that he should be the first singer in history to make an entire LP disc of them. And the music is most certainly worth record-

ing. The Liszt songs are rich, romantic, and full of harmonies that anticipate many later composers. Quite characteristic, also, is another Fischer-Dieskau record. This contains music by Schubert and is entitled *Songs of Greek Antiquity* (Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18715, mono; SLPM 138715, stereo). What Fischer-Dieskau has done is to cull a group of songs that Schubert wrote to poems on Greek classical subjects. Again nearly all of these songs are unfamiliar.

As an artist, Fischer-Dieskau is thoroughly musical and perhaps just a shade calculating. He must be a remarkably quick study, and it shows. At his relatively youthful age, and considering the staggering extent of his repertoire, he cannot have lived with all the music in the sense that a Gerhardt or Lehmann lived with theirs. Naturally Fischer-Dieskau has taste and he also has brilliant musicianship, but occasionally his interpretations take the easy way out. That is, he is apt to vocally declaim the words rather than integrate words and musical line in the ultimate sense. Some of the declamation shows up in the Liszt songs, where the effects are literary rather than musical. His voice is a resonant one without too much natural color and suavity, but certainly responsive enough to his needs. Fischer-Dieskau, one feels, is liable to end up a singing machine if he does not watch out. At his best, though, he is a sublime artist—a singer of style, imagination, and resource; and even at his less-than-best he is far beyond most living interpreters.

The two most loved lieder singers from the decades 1920 to 1940 were Elisabeth Schumann and Lotte Lehmann, and both are represented by reissue discs. On a pair of Angel records (COLH 130 and 131) Schumann sings forty-three Schubert songs. She recorded them from 1927 to 1949, and they represent her Schubert output virtually in its entirety (only two songs are missing). The Lehmann reissue contains music by Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Mendelssohn, and Strauss, including seven songs released for the first time. She made these recordings in 1941, toward the end of her career. Last November

AND ALSO . . .

Poulenc: *Sextet for Piano and Winds*; **Milhaud:** *Cheminée du Roi René*; **Françaix:** *Divertissement for Oboe, Clarinet, and Bassoon*. Francis Poulenc, piano, and Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet (Columbia ML 5613, mono; MS 6213, stereo).

Three sophisticated, smart-aleck, amusing pieces of music. Poulenc himself is at the piano in the Sextet. A lively, peppy, out-of-the-way disc.

Debussy: *Piano Music*. Philippe Entremont, piano (Columbia ML 5614, mono; MS 6214, stereo).

Entremont here plays short pieces, mostly from the two books of *Préludes*. His performances are unusually deft and

sympathetic. At this stage of his career, his Debussy has an ardent and propulsive quality that is rather unconventional but curiously engaging.

Debussy: *Petite Suite*; **Chabrier:** *Valses romantiques*; **Satie:** *Trois pièces en forme du poire*; **Fauré:** *Dolly*. Robert and Gaby Casadesus, duo-pianists (Columbia ML 5717, mono; MS 6317, stereo).

Lovely examples of two-piano music of the French school, from the languorous Debussy pieces, the sophisticated Chabrier ones, the sweet Fauré suite, and the almost Dada-esque studies by Satie. Needless to say, the performances are impeccable.

she was seventy-five, and Columbia issued this disc as a sort of birthday present (ML 5778).

Lehmann and Schumann were colleagues and friends, and were two of the greatest stylists in history. Both made sizable reputations as opera singers, and both were equally renowned as recitalists. Schumann's voice was high, clear, silvery, and perfectly produced, and she had enough charm to detach North from South America had she wanted to. In concert she was the essence of intimate, confidential song. Her light voice did not lend itself to the massive specimens of the song literature, and those she avoided. In her chosen repertoire, though, she was inimitable.

Lehmann's voice was bigger, darker, with more color than Schumann's and without as sure a vocal technique. Her singing had more effort than Schumann's, and correspondingly more intensity. Both concentrated on the word, as all lieder singers must, though Schumann was a flute as against Lehmann's viola. Schumann sang like a bird, innocently and naturally. Lehmann was more inclined toward the drama of a song. Need one say that the younger generation of music lovers, who are not familiar with the work of these two great artists, should immediately get these records? Those who remember Schumann and Lehmann will need no urging.

Must they be German-born?

Many believe that the singer who most closely follows the Schumann-Lehmann tradition is Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, whose latest record is named *Goethe Songs* (Angel 35909, mono; S 35909, stereo). What she has done is bring together fourteen songs that Hugo Wolf set to poems by Goethe (this disc is probably only a beginning; there are many more Goethe songs by Wolf). Many of the songs on this disc are familiar, all of them are beautiful, and a few (*Anakreons Grab*; *Kennst du das Land*) are among the highlights of German song. Schwarzkopf handles them with her usual intelligence. She seems to be singing better than she did a few years ago. There is less edge to her voice, more fullness, greater breath control. She has the

great lieder singer's ability to shape a phrase with the kind of authority that makes it sound definitive. That, and a consistently smooth vocal production.

It is interesting to compare her singing with that of another German soprano, Rita Streich. Streich is heard on a disc containing six songs by Schumann, ten by Brahms, and six by Strauss (Deutsche Grammophon 18716, mono; 138716, stereo). She has an unusually beautiful voice, something of the order of a De los Angeles—smooth in texture, sure in production, delicately colored. And she has fine musical instincts. But song succeeds song with too much evenness of tone and style. After a while it gets to be a bit boring. For Lehmann, Schumann, and Schwarzkopf continually vary their attack, subtly emphasizing a word here, a melodic line there. They are immersed in the text as well as the music, whereas one gets the feeling that Streich's primary interest is the vocal line alone. It is beautiful, as far as it goes, but the essence of lieder singing is not there.

Nor is it there in Grace Bumbry's disc of songs by Schubert, Brahms, Liszt, Wolf, and Strauss (Deutsche Grammophon 18635, mono; 138635, stereo). Bumbry is a talented young American singer who finds herself out of her emotional and even technical depth here. Generally speaking, the song literature is less demanding than the operatic literature, in that the range is more comfortable (and if it does lie too high a singer can always transpose, whereas transposition in opera, while occasionally done, is frowned upon). But it is a mistake to think that the song literature does not pose its own problems; and vocal roughness shows up much more quickly. The alarming thing about Bumbry's singing is that this young woman sounds almost like a veteran toward the end of her career. There is some waver in sustained tones, a shrillness in the upper register, and a tendency toward an explosive attack. None of this is appropriate to the material she has chosen (not that it is appropriate to any material). Come to think of it, how many singers who were not German-born have achieved greatness in the lieder? The list must be very, very small.

JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

DUET

Perhaps there is no such thing as a perfect record, but until one comes along, this will do. It is among the several benefits so far accruing from the arrival of George Avakian (for many years jazz artist-and-repertory man at Columbia) at RCA Victor. It is absurdly simple: two saxophones, with unobtrusive rhythm backing, for a total of six songs—no gimmicks in the selection of the music, no far-out sound effects, no single personality trying to drown out all the others.

These two men can work well together because, among other reasons, they know who they are when apart. Each is a thoroughly self-confident soloist and doesn't have to waste any time informing you of it. And they sound different. One of the tribal ordeals of jazz is to go through records trying to spot the solo, when two or more men are playing the same instrument. It is fine exercise but artistically absurd, since the whole point of a duet is the differences—and the delight comes from their interweaving.

Paul Desmond plays alto and Gerry Mulligan plays baritone, and you shouldn't have much trouble telling them apart. Pitch aside, each has a sharply individualized sound: Desmond's open and almost sweet, Mulligan's with more vibrato, broad and light. Each of them is something of a joker, with a well-stocked musical mind and a tendency to toss around familiar tunes to see what can be made of them. These are witty men, and this record is loaded with their wit from start to finish.

The way they listen to each other is a pure, unmitigated joy to hear—picking up each other's phrases, running them through a few variations, turning them upside down and inside out, and handing them half-absent-mindedly back, as though to say: "Did you drop something?" And all of this is done without the least upstaging or self-assertiveness, so that Mulligan for one plays with just as much art, or more, when he is doing a double-pianissimo obbligato behind one of Desmond's solos.

Such elegant interplay is not uncommon in jazz, but rarely is it so audible and explicit. The liner notes, as liner notes will, call this "a classic-to-be collaboration." For once I wouldn't be surprised if they were right.

Two of a Mind. Paul Desmond and Gerry Mulligan. RCA Victor LPM-2624, mono; LSP-2624, stereo.



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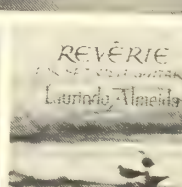
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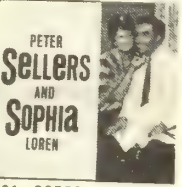
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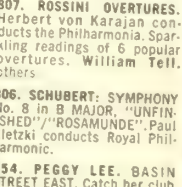
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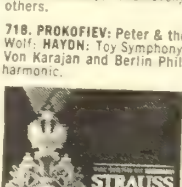
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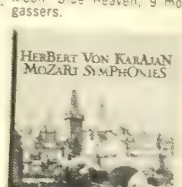
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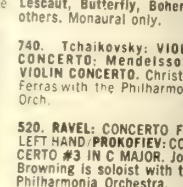
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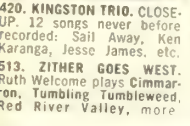
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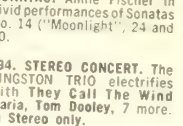
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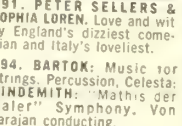
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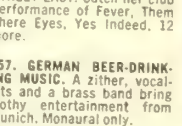
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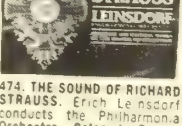
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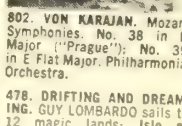
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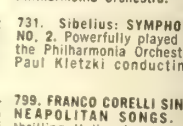
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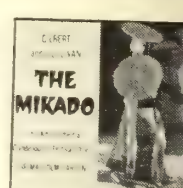
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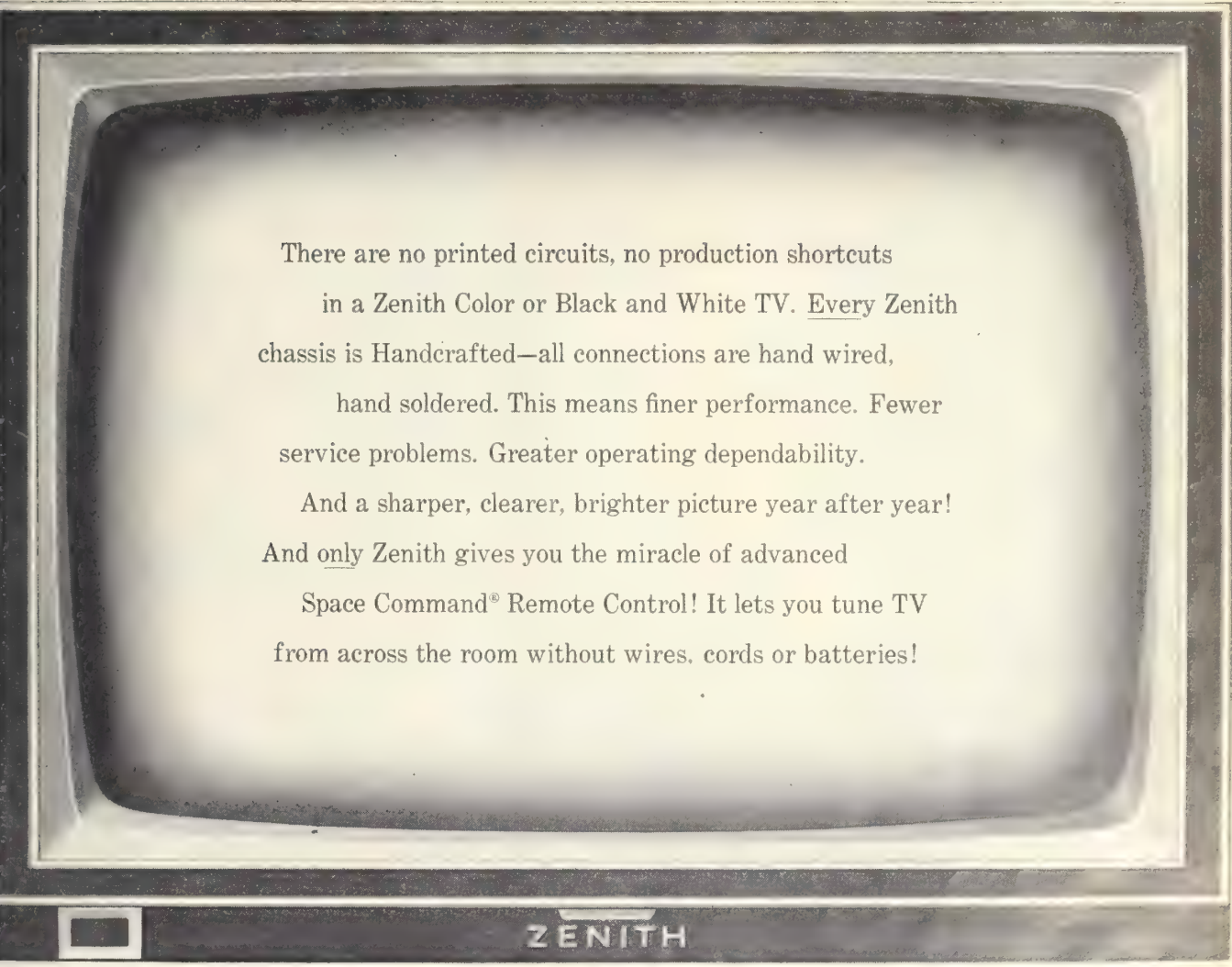
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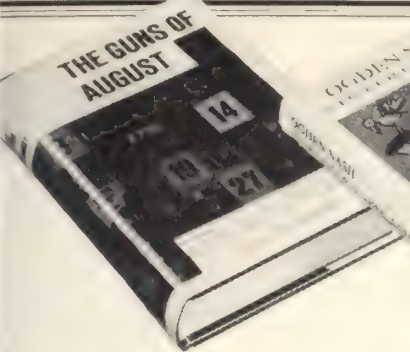
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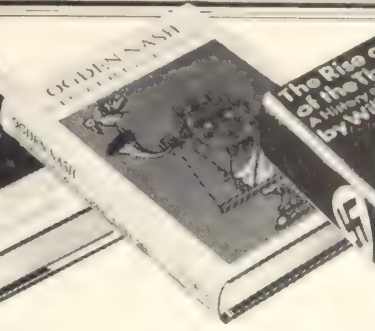
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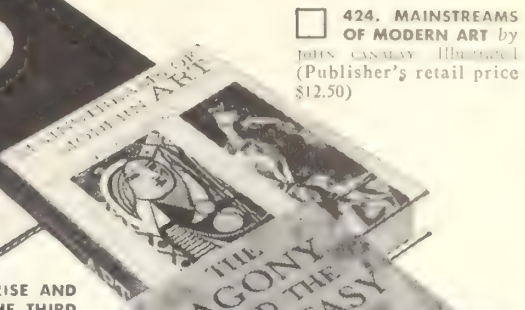
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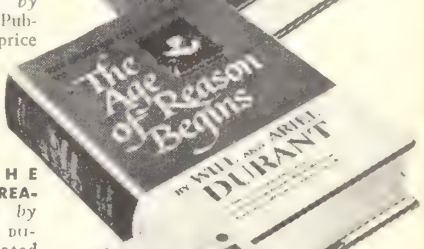
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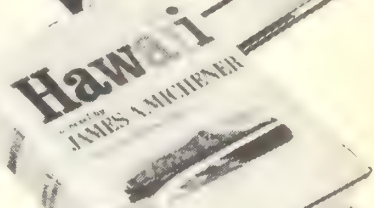
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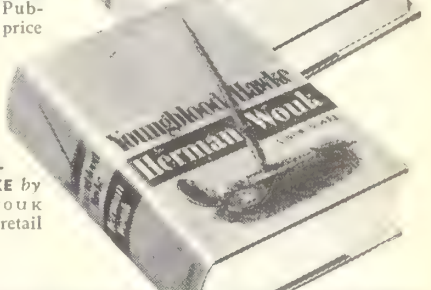
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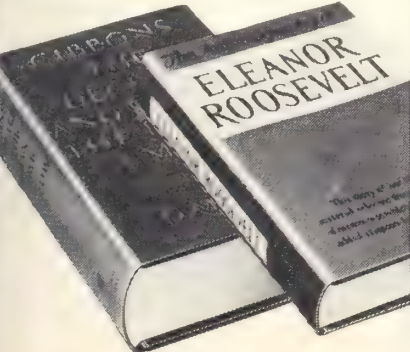
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LETTERS

Indicted Press

TO THE EDITORS:

To those of us working in journalistic fields there was much that was familiar in Lester Markel's article, "The Real Sins of the Press" [December]. As an able editor, Mr. Markel deserves a hearing, as do his arguments for higher journalistic pay, more research on editorial problems, and more balanced interpretive writing. . . . His sudden criticism of journalism education is perplexing. It seems to differ from his own views in 1914 when he attended Columbia Journalism and in 1941 when he sent his able daughter to the same school. He will also find dissents among some seventy fellow Timesmen who are Columbia Journalism graduates, and among a long list of distinguished editors. For example, Herbert Brucker, editor of the *Hartford Courant* (and Columbia Journalism '24), writes in his new book:

"Newspapers should benefit if the recruit has under his belt some discipline in expressing himself in writing, and some understanding of the difference between fact and opinion. Surely too he ought to know something of the rights and privileges of the press, constitutional guarantees, the law on privacy and libel, the right of access to information, the history of journalism and press freedom, and the ethics of journalism. This is only a part of journalism education. . . ."

Mr. Brucker goes on to say that the "theoretical ideal" is to get a first-class liberal-arts education, work on the school paper, do summer work on a newspaper, take a full-time journalism job, and, after a year or more, "go to a journalism school that offers graduate instruction." We feel Mr. Brucker comes closer to the mature consensus than does Mr. Markel.

EDWARD W. BARRETT, Dean
Columbia School of Journalism
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Lester Markel did a marvelous job of uncovering "the real sins of the press." But he forgot the saints. Those . . . downtrodden daily reporters—the ones with ability and integrity—who take their task seriously . . . until car payments and housing costs and angry wives send them, unhappy, into publicity firms and insurance companies.

Mr. Markel also barely mentioned the powers that plague these reporters: . . . the prejudiced, penny-pinching publishers and editors, who delight in assigning college-trained personnel to taking phone dictations from country correspondents, interpreting intoxicated funeral directors, uncertain of the correct spelling of their clients' name, and writing whether tomorrow's weather will be cool and windy or warm and sunny. These same reporters rarely get assigned or encouraged to snoop around city hall and the county courthouse (after all, one must not endanger the Public Notice advertising) or perform a little in-depth reporting of the community's integration problems (why send the Chamber of Commerce into convulsions?). This is a primary cause of our mediocre, unexciting, soft-on-controversy press.

LAWRENCE PRATT
University of Missouri
Columbia, Mo.

Many of the "sins" would disappear faster than a copy boy at quitting time if more city rooms energetically recruited talented young reporters and editors. This is not generally the case now. "If the reporter is aggressive and knows what he wants, he'll come to us for a job," goes the city editor's dictum dating to circa 1900. . . . With the increasing competition for people by television, radio, advertising, and public relations, the newspapers must ensure that they get a larger share of the talent pool. . . .

RONALD G. BERQUIST
Reporter, Chicago *Sun-Times*
North Arlington, N.J.

Baptist in the Pulpit

TO THE EDITORS:

That *Harper's* should ask Harvey Cox, a Baptist, to discuss religious unity ["A Baptist Intellectual's View of Catholicism," December] is as illogical as asking Tommy Manville to discuss marital stability. . . . Probably more than any other Protestant sect, the Baptist enjoys the dubious honor of manifesting disunity in diversity. And yet, paradoxically, an adherent of this organized disunity is selected to discuss ways to unity! . . .

LEWIS R. HAYNER
Pontiac, Mich.

We need much more of the type of thoughtful, good-will discourse contained in the article by Harvey Cox.

But I do wonder if this intellectual of good will deep down would like to end the controversy between his mind and that of Catholic thinkers. Surely, most people in movements look less than kindly on the ultimate victory of their crusades. I assume this is true for Girl Scouts, Catholics, Civil Liberties Union members, Protestants, supporters of polio patients, and other noble people. . . . I know of no other way to explain Mr. Cox's reluctance to publish one little item which is generally concealed from our public—that the Pope has indicated a position in favor of family limitation on "economic" grounds. Thus the dispute goes solely to methods—even though to many the methods are truly important. . . .

MORRIS L. ERNST
New York, N.Y.

White House Voice

TO THE EDITORS:

I was shocked to hear of Theodore Sorensen's role in writing the Presidential speeches on Berlin and on the Cuban "quarantine" ["Kennedy's Working Staff," December]. I am grateful for Joseph Kraft's article, which helps me to understand what has happened to the once-liberal voice for initiatives toward peace. President Kennedy has apparently buried this voice in the morass of pragmatic efficient work to be done. . . .

MARC PILISUK
Assoc. Research Psychologist
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

West Point: How Good?

TO THE EDITORS:

David Boroff labels West Point "a second-class college for first-class students" [in "West Point: Ancient Incubator for a New Breed," December] without examining the end products or their potential as career officers. . . . The military is a profession (or so we grads say to ourselves), and as in any training for a profession, the end of the four undergraduate years is the decisive point-of-beginning of true professional development. Following graduation, the young officer receives further training with troops, and subsequently at service schools, staff colleges, graduate work in civilian colleges, and at the War and Industrial Colleges. . . . Why did not Boroff test the total of his findings against the career performances of the graduates of West Point and not simply against his own background and the results of his surveys of other colleges?

JAMES H. STRATTON
Englewood, N.Y.

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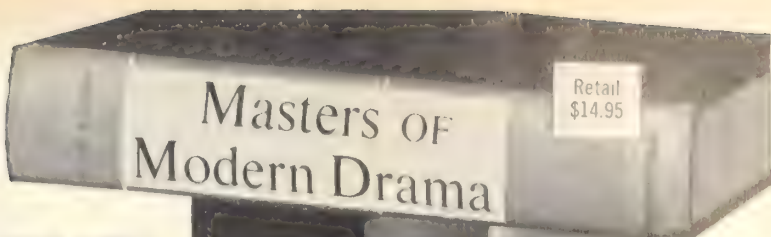
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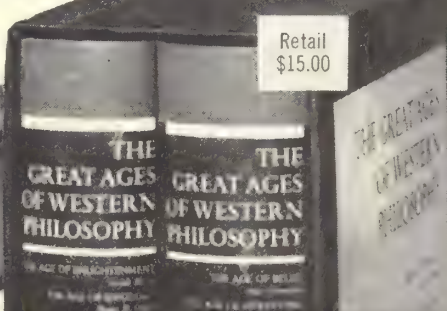
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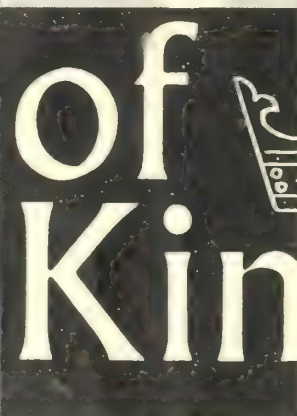
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LETTERS

Mr. Boroff concludes that "West Point is a second-class college for first-class students." . . . A report from the Rhodes Scholarship Trust concerning selection of graduates from 227 American colleges and universities shows that in the total of Rhodes Scholars 1904-62, West Point is fourth, following Harvard, Princeton and Yale. In the last four years Harvard has produced twenty-two Rhodes Scholars; Yale, fourteen; Princeton and West Point, ten each. . . .

ARTHUR E. SUTHERLAND
Law School, Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

The Superintendent of West Point, General Westmoreland, and the Chairman of the Department of English, Colonel Alspach, have undertaken a program to bring civilian professors into the classroom life of the cadets. In January 1962, I became the first civilian professor to participate in this program. Every Monday from January until May, I took a train from Philadelphia to New York City, was met by a staff car and driven to the Point, where I taught a two-hour course in contemporary literature. Later I was driven back to New York to take the train home. . . .

The reason West Point went to this trouble and cost lies in its concern that a wholly military faculty may become ingrown. Nor is the experiment over. I will teach cadets under similar conditions in the spring semester of 1963. Other departments observed the initial experiment in 1962 and will again this spring, undoubtedly with an eye to trying similar arrangements in the future.

TRISTRAM P. COFFIN
Assoc. Prof. of English and Folklore
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

Canaday as Critic

TO THE EDITOR:

Throwing sour apples at John Canaday seems to be the favorite exercise of the entrenched elite of the art world. I submit that the apples are going too far afield and becoming rather rotten. Leo Steinberg's review of John Ives Sewall's *A History of Western Art, With a Chapter on Twentieth-Century Art by John Canaday* ["The New Books," December] was such a smasher. . . . Perhaps Mr. Steinberg believes that the historian of art should merely catalogue, describe, and swallow it all with a satisfied belch, leaving selectivity, interpretation, and evaluation up to book reviewers. . . .

JANICE M. BURLEY
Kendall Park, N.J.

Steinberg says . . . "[Mr. Sewall] turns his own century over to a critic best

Why so many ambitious people find it profitable to study Law today—in their spare time at home

BY RICHARD C. SAMSEL, A.B., J.D.



Richard C. Samsel, A.B., J.D. Dean Emeritus, LaSalle's Law School. Mr. Samsel is a graduate of Maryville College, Tennessee, A.B. degree, and of the University of Chicago Law School with the degree of Juris Doctor. He is the author of the four volume set on Legal Problems and one of the lecture writers of the LaSalle Law course.

WE AT LA SALLE are teaching Law to thousands of men and women in accounting, Insurance, Real Estate, Credit, Sales, Government and many other fields. Thousands more, without any specialized background at all, are also taking LaSalle Law training with every expectation of profiting by it. If your goals are greater earnings, increased prestige, new opportunities for leadership, this message can be of the utmost importance to your future.

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Today's opportunities for the Law-trained man are greater than ever before. There are obvious reasons why this has come about. For, as you surely know, just about every current activity of business is heavily dependent on legal considerations.

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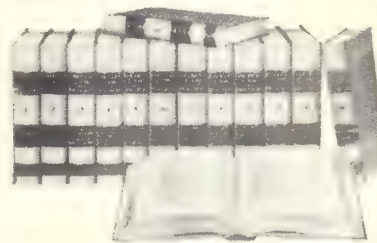
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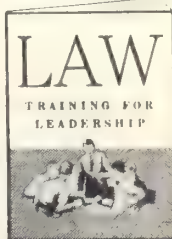
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LETTERS

known for invective." As an artist with an interest in art history as well, I'm familiar with Mr. Canaday's background in this city, have read his articles in the *New York Times*, and have discussed them with others in the field. Mr. Canaday most certainly is *not* known for invective to us. I do find invective, however, in Steinberg's description of Mr. Canaday's contribution to the Sewall book as a "case of intellectual sloth."...

C. H. LADNER
Bronx, N.Y.

Crystal Ball

TO THE EDITORS:

Permit me to set your facts about a bit in connection with "the year's most ingenious gimmick for selling pictures" ["God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen, Ladies, and a Few Others," Easy Chair, John Fischer, December]. In 1944 I assembled and in 1945 exhibited in my nonprofit gallery, The David Porter Gallery on G Place, Washington, D.C., an exhibition titled "1950: A Painting Prophecy." Ann Ross had nothing to do with that exhibition. I did not meet her until 1961. Incidentally, though the show toured to about eight museums in leading cities for rental fees which helped defray gallery losses, not one painting was sold. . . . But it did not go unnoticed and is well remembered by many seriously interested in American art.

This past year Ann Ross, who is my White Plains dealer (I am a painter whose twelfth one-man show was just held at the Auslander Gallery, New York) asked me to make another prophecy. I did this not without some concern about lightning records.

DAVID PORTER
New York, N.Y.

Blissful FM

TO THE EDITORS:

Your article featuring the valiant efforts of a small FM station to bring worthwhile programming to its community with a minimum of interference from commercial advertising ["The Little FM Station That Could," Lowell R. Tillett, After Hours, December] is most welcome and timely, in view of the recent FCC ruling in support of such ventures. . . . Another such station is KPFA-FM, Berkeley, California, serving metropolitan San Francisco. KPFA is entirely noncommercial, supported by its listeners through their \$12-per-year purchase of its program guide. . . . A salute to the continued efforts of KPFA, KPFK (Los Angeles), WBAI (New

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BROTHER JONATHAN

It is reported of George Washington that when he was masterminding the American Revolution, before taking action he frequently said, "We must consult Brother Jonathan," referring to Jonathan Trumbull, who was then Governor of Connecticut. And we know from various sources that Washington, far from relying solely on his own judgment, often consulted others whose abilities he respected.

We're constantly surprised at some people's reluctance to accept any suggestions whatsoever about their investments or even to examine new facts and figures as they become available. We admire their independence, but we wish they would keep in mind an old saw that must have been one of Washington's favorites: Two heads are better than one.

To be perfectly candid, our Research Department, whose help is available to anyone for the asking, isn't infallible. But since its members spend more time on their investigations than most investors can, and since they have a great abundance of information at their disposal, doesn't it stand to reason that their opinion is worth having? All you have to do is write a letter outlining your situation and your aims, and Research will take it from there. Address—

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LETTERS

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ELAINE SNYDER
San Francisco, Calif.

Uproar on Seventh Avenue

TO THE EDITORS:

Paul Jacobs' article, "David Dubinsky: Why His Throne Is Wobbling" [December], is an artful caricature, but the features are so distorted as to reveal more about the artist than his subject. The piece adopts the new left posture: to assail the liberal "establishment." The ILGWU—for several decades a driving force in the "vital center"—has always been a natural target for snipers from left and right.

In the early 'twenties, the ILGWU was "red" because of Socialist leadership; in the late 'twenties, it was "social-fascist" because of its war on the Communists; in the early 'thirties, it was "bourgeois" because it backed FDR; in the mid 'thirties, it was "Communist" because it aided loyalist Spain; in the 'forties, it was a "red-baiting" outfit because it refused to go along with the fashionable fellow-traveling; in the early 'fifties, it was charged with "splitting" the labor vote because it fused with the Republicans in New York City to oppose Mayor William O'Dwyer. In the 'sixties, it was called plumb crazy for backing Robert F. Wagner's seemingly hopeless primary fight against Tammany.

Through all of this, the ILGWU grew: the average age of its leadership grew younger, thanks to the world's most extensive and expensive labor leadership training program; it continued to pioneer in bargaining for vacation benefits, medical care, retirement, and severance pay for its members. Its contributions to the community expanded through its program in housing, civil rights, counseling, and labor education.

Jacobs "reports" that the New York press always treated Dubinsky "as a sacred figure." This impression may be due to the fact that criticisms have been obliterated by the ILG's positive accomplishments. Recently, Dubinsky was asked how he managed to stay so young. "I do two things," replied D.D. "I take care of myself and I take care of my enemies."

Many years of abuse—whether in a Tsarist prison, in Pegler's doghouse, in the GOP and Communist press, or at the violent hands of Joey Fay for opposing racketeering—have not made him soft. Jacobs is accurate only in describing him as a hard battler.

Not that the union (or unions) is without problems. In 1959 in an article

in the *New York Times*, Dubinsky foresaw the need to develop young new leaders reflecting "the many ethnic, linguistic, geographic currents in our trade."

Dubinsky was addressing himself to basic problems and not to the sniping of FOUR (Federation of Union Representatives) and Herbert Hill, both facets of a factional flurry which Jacobs has blown up and distorted.

The ILGWU has been recognizing unions of union employees for decades. When the novel request to recognize a union of *officers* arrived, Dubinsky referred it to the General Executive Board. It offered to bargain with a union of *organizers*, but not with a union of *business agents*, who are in a position to name top officials and determine policies. Surely such officers are not typical employees, entitled to bargaining rights under the Labor Act. It is this question that the ILGWU wishes to test before the Supreme Court—in the same way it has contested other rulings of the NLRB in the courts—and won.

The FOUR faction was supported by Herbert Hill, who is not a member of the ILGWU. He has made charges of discrimination against Negroes in the ILG. Lester Granger, former director of the Urban League, countered that "the 'facts' presented in his [Hill's] report were so sleazy that any ILGWU spokesman could tear them apart with ease." These sleazy facts are the cornerstone of Jacobs' artful piece.

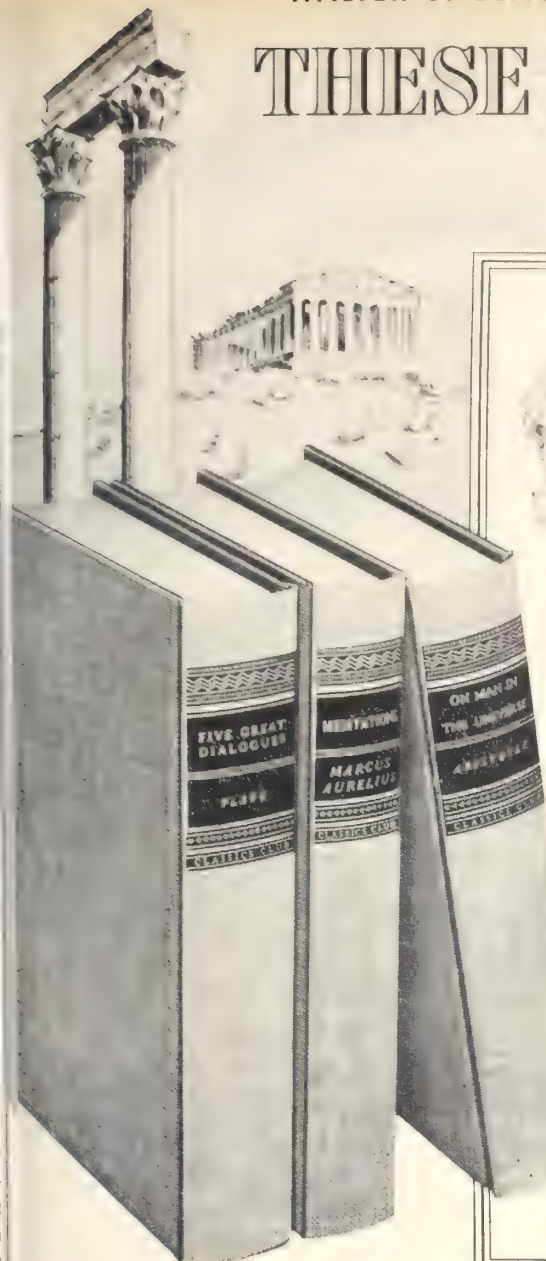
Have these "charges" had any impact on the rank and file of the ILGWU? Yes. Hundreds of ILGWU members—of whom a majority were Negroes and Puerto Ricans—threw themselves into a primary campaign to defeat the man who headed the Congressional investigation of Hill's charges. And they succeeded. A throne toppled, but it was not Dubinsky's.

In his most mischievous distortion, Jacobs belittles the ILG's contributions to Negro organizations in comparison with its gifts to Jewish causes. He does this by focusing on a report that accounts for only \$1,113,000 out of a total of \$5,240,000 in contributions. In this period ILGWU and its locals contributed more than \$3,000 to CORE, not \$200 as Jacobs claims. He labels as "Jewish" contributions to Brandeis University, City of Hope, and several non-sectarian hospitals, whose patients are mainly non-Jewish. He makes no mention of more than \$400,000 given to the Eleanor Roosevelt Cancer Fund and the March of Dimes, nor of the additional \$3,750,000 contributed to other community and nonsectarian causes.

Jacobs correctly reports that "almost \$300,000" goes to Israel and to the vic-

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LETTERS

tims of Hitler. These contributions were
voluntary, not taken out of the union
treasury. Furthermore, the ILGWU be-
lieves that Israel is a bastion of de-
mocracy in the Near East. It also
believes that \$130,000 is not too large a
contribution over three years to help
the children of the six million Jews ex-
terminated by Hitler. To do these
things, the ILG believes, is *human* not
Jewish.

GUS TYLER

Education Director

Inter. Ladies' Garment Workers' Union
New York, N.Y.

Although there are many reasons to
find fault with Jacobs' article on me,
this is not a letter of protest, primarily
because my many years in public life
have taught me to expect all kinds of
"reporting" by all kinds of reporters.
But I must right one wrong: I am not
now and never have been a drinker of
"Canadian Club." That's one falsehood
I cannot swallow.

DAVID DUBINSKY, PRES.

Inter. Ladies' Garment Workers' Union
New York, N.Y.

MR. JACOBS REPLIES:

Mr. Tyler is predictably righteous, but
where he is specific he is wrong. He
tries to defend his union's treatment
of FOUR—treatment repeatedly con-
demned by the NLRB—by attacking
Herbert Hill. However, my specific
charges of ILG discrimination were not
based on the views of Mr. Hill but on
the report of the N.Y. State Commission
for Human Rights, which he conven-
iently fails to mention at all.

He himself "distorts" the question of
ILG contributions to Negro causes. I
focused on his union's report of ap-
proximately \$1 million in contributions
precisely because this is the sum con-
trolled by the men about whom I was
writing—the ILG's international officers.
The additional \$4 million he mentions
came from the local unions; their \$3,000
contribution to CORE hardly reassures
us about the predilections of Dubinsky
and his fellow leaders.

Contrary to his claim that the \$300,000
donated to Israel came from "voluntary"
contributions, the ILG's financial re-
port lists this sum under the "Disburse-
ments" made by the union's General
Office from its treasury. Incidentally, I
stated in my article that such causes
were "very worthy." But does Mr. Tyler
seriously contend that the Negro mem-
bers of the ILG would prefer to sub-
sidize Israel rather than one of the
emerging African nations, for example?
Have they ever been offered such a
choice?

PAUL JACOBS

San Francisco, Calif.



COMING IN

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their children from nuclear holo-
caust may be both more—and less
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critics think.

By Midge Decter

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A report on the morals and
strangely decorous mores of a half
world with its own curious value
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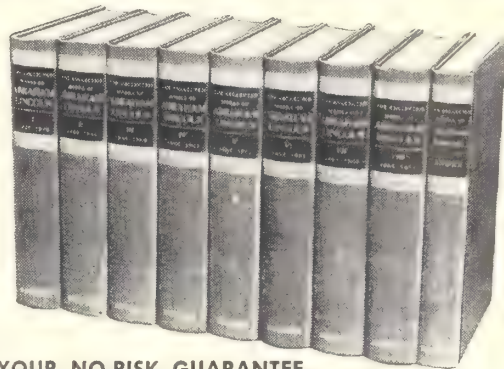
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What British Doctors Really Think

About Socialized Medicine *by Richard M. Titmuss*

The guest in the Easy Chair this month is professor of social administration at the University of London and head of the department of social science and administration at the London School of Economics.

AT THE end of a two months' visit to the United States, from the West to the East, I am left with one clear impression. The extent and character of misconceptions about the British Health Service are really quite startling, particularly when one remembers our common language and democratic values, and our common interest in combining the freedom of doctor and patient in the provision of medical care.

At the same time I encountered a deep sense of frustration about the power of organized medicine in the United States and widespread feelings of helplessness and cynicism in the face of rising medical costs. It is not for me to explain the cause of this disquietude. But were I an American citizen, I would fear for the good name of medicine. In California, for instance, I learned that a young doctor has to pay around \$820 a year for malpractice insurance. In Britain the comparable figure is six dollars.

Since 1948 when the British Health Service Act was adopted, an unbelievable quantity of generalized ink has been spilled on the subject; and it has run into the Atlantic from both sides. During my stay in the United States I heard most of the familiar arguments—that the quality of medical care has deteriorated; that doctors have been turned into minor bureaucrats and are so unhappy about their condition that they are fleeing the country in large numbers; that the general practitioner has lost status; that the Health Service unleashed a torrent of demand and is bankrupting the country.

Leaving aside the more piquant and colorful statements, my purpose here is simply to set the record straight. Some of the major lessons of the Health Service can be illustrated by a rather simple story.

A few years ago I was involved in a medical and sociological study of the structure and functions of general (family) practice in Britain. For six months I spent a good part of each day sitting

in a doctor's office recording, minute by minute, what took place in each consultation. There was one patient I remember—let us call her Mrs. Smith—who appeared regularly every Monday morning for about two months. She was an elderly widow, living alone on her old-age pension, who suffered from chronic heart disease. After full diagnostic investigation, the treatment consisted of a drug containing digitalis and a certain amount of social-work aid.

The core of the matter, however, was to find the right dosage; to adapt the therapy to the biology of the unique individual; to find the level of stabilization; to avoid harmful side effects; to keep Mrs. Smith out of the hospital. This is a usual problem today in the use of many new and potent drugs. To solve it requires regular and frequent contact between doctor and patient.

Mrs. Smith's doctor was asked to comment on the effects of the Health Service on his practice. "Before the Act," he said, "I would have had to carry on a private soliloquy with myself as to whether I could ask Mrs. Smith to see me regularly for a longish period. She might have thought I was more interested in collecting more fees than in the condition of her heart. I did not want her to think this of me—after all, I am a doctor. But unless I could see her often I could not explain all the facts about the action of the drug. We could communicate less—a restriction of the patient's freedom. Now, on the Health Service, our relationship is more open. I can say what I professionally think."

This doctor was consciously separating the professional and financial elements in his life. Essentially, he was talking about self-respect: his self-respect (the basis of professional behavior); the patient's self-respect (the basis of personal freedom); mutual respect (the basis for effective medical care). Self-realization in modern society depends on the building of a hundred and one such tiny acts of self-respect. We cannot organize them; we can only so arrange our affairs as to make more of them possible.

The single most important effect of the Health Service Act in 1948 was that it abolished the financial barrier between patient and doctor. This was the first principle set down in the war-



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time coalition government's White Paper of 1944: "to divorce the care of health from questions of personal means or other factors irrelevant to it."

Another basic principle of the Health Service was to provide medical care that would be "comprehensive" (i.e., meet all of the individual's health needs) and of high quality. This has not been an easy goal to achieve. A major obstacle has been the fact that many of our hospital buildings in Britain are ancient. About 45 per cent of them were erected before 1891 and, with Victorian solidity, they were built to last. Hospital construction stopped in 1939 and during the first ten years of the Service little money was spent on new hospitals. This was due partly to the priorities in capital investment given after the war to houses and schools, and partly to the sustained attacks on the Health Service for being too costly. By the middle 1950s, however, it was found that Britain was spending a lower proportion of its national income on medical care than in 1948. It is now argued that Britain is not spending enough, and the rate of hospital building has been stepped up.

Moreover, three months ago the government published a ten-year national plan for hospital development. This envisages the replacement of over 40 per cent of all existing hospitals; the construction of many new *general* hospitals with a total of about 150,000 beds; the closing of many small and specialist hospitals; the eventual abolition of large mental hospitals; and a great expansion in home and community care for the mentally ill and disabled.

Britain's hospitals have been nationalized, which means the distinction between voluntary and public institutions has been virtually wiped out. But this change has not introduced centralized ministerial rule into our hospital system. In practice it meant no more than a reshuffling of the same people who had always run the hospitals—the unpaid volunteers who had acquired some expert knowledge, plus a much higher proportion from the medical profession.

At present, except for a handful of private hospitals and clinics, Britain's three thousand or so hospitals are run by some four to five hundred hospital management committees on which doctors have at least a quarter of the seats (all professional matters are entirely in the hands of doctors). The committees also include local government officials and people who had been governors of voluntary hospitals before 1948.

Since the early 1950s there have been as many unpaid volunteers in health activities as ever, if not more—though, it should be remembered, they now spend very little of their time in the fund-raising which occupies so much of the energies of health volunteers in the U. S.

Illustrative of the role of the volunteer in Britain is the National Blood Transfusion Service—an increasingly vital element in modern hospital care, surgery, and highway-casualty treat-

ment. The number of blood donations, freely and voluntarily given by members of the public, has risen steadily from 384,000 in 1948 to 1,021,000 in 1960. The number of effective blood donors rose from 374,000 in 1948 to 851,000 individuals in 1960. This service is also largely run by voluntary organizations and unpaid helpers. Blood transfusions are used in the hospitals without distinguishing between public and private patients. (About 2 per cent of the beds in British hospitals are set aside for private patients who pay in full for accommodations and service. In general, the supply of such beds has met the demand for them.)

Most of the medical staffs of all hospitals are paid on a part-time or sessional basis. Of all qualified and practicing British doctors, around 40 per cent are full-time salaried. Surprisingly to some people, that is only about 5 per cent or so higher than the proportion of full-time salaried doctors in the United States.

SO far as the general practitioner or family doctor is concerned, we in Britain have held onto the conception of personal physicians as the first line in medical care. This is contrary to the trend in the States where, I am told, the family doctor is a disappearing category. About one-half of all British medical students now enter general practice. All members of a family are free to choose and change their doctors and some 95 per cent of the population now have the family doctor of their choice under the Health Service. The remaining 5 per cent or so of the population get medical care privately either by paying doctors' bills directly or, more generally, through membership in nonprofit prepayment schemes. According to the code laid down by the British Medical Association, patients must not go directly to specialists or consultants without first being seen and referred by general practitioners.

Each general practitioner is restricted to a ceiling of 3,500 Health Service patients—a figure too high in the opinion of many people. In addition, they may have as many private patients as they like. Between 1948 and 1960, the average number of Health Service patients on doctors' lists fell considerably and is now 2,300.*

Doctors are paid on a capitation basis, receiving an annual payment for each patient accepted. There is a special "loading" (i.e., an additional payment per capita) to favor doctors with medium-sized lists and to taper off rewards for

* No precise comparison with an American doctor in private practice is possible. Assuming, however, that each patient on the British doctor's panel is seen four times a year, this would amount to 9,200 visits annually. It is estimated that a typical general practitioner in the U.S. sees 25 to 30 patients a day, amounting to 6,000 to 7,000 a year. See *Doctors, Patients, and Health Insurance*, by H. Queen M. and Anne R. Somers. Washington, The Brookings Institution, 1961, pp. 49-50.—*The Editor*

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larger practices. There are also built-in incentives to partnership and group practices, payments for the training of assistants, special fee for maternity services, for clinic sessions at local maternity and child welfare centers, for part-time school and factory work, for part-time post in hospitals, and for new entrants in under-doctored areas.

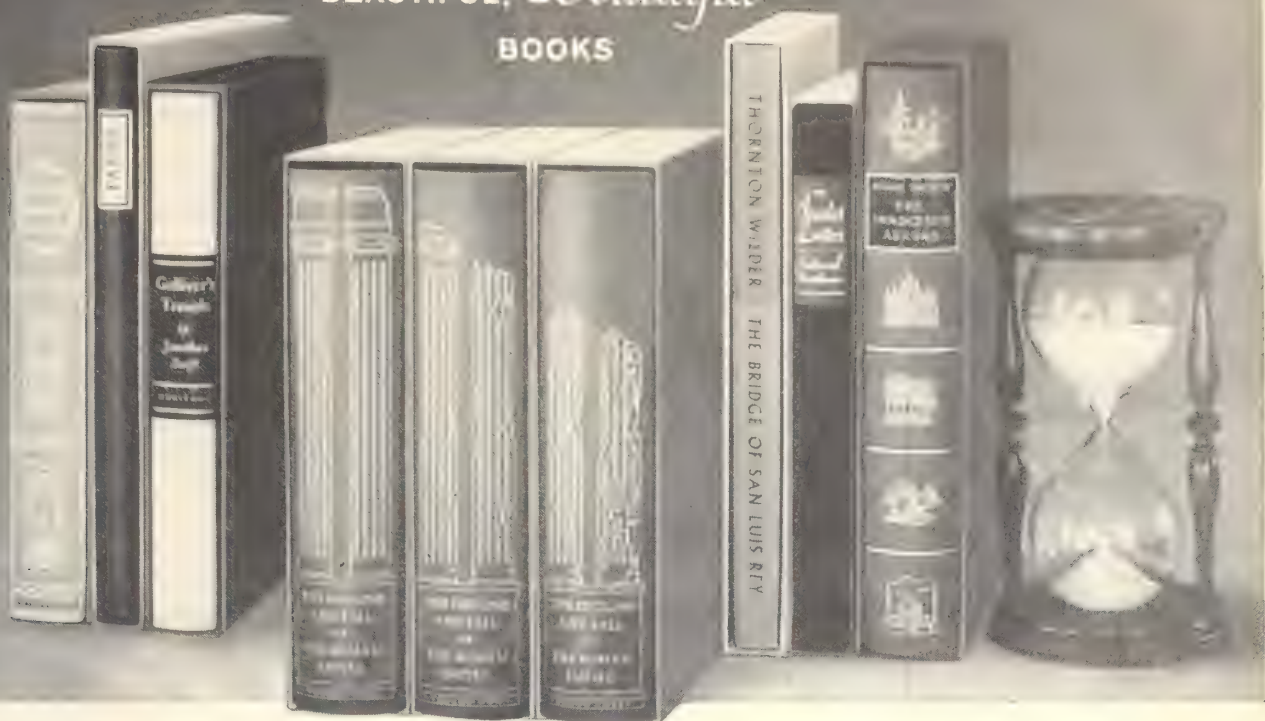
A particularly important innovation is a payment to doctors who attend postgraduate and refresher courses. One of my more amusing medical friends said recently (in talking about scientific advances in medicine): "If you now go away for the weekend you are out of date on Monday." Last year 13 per cent of all general practitioners in Britain attended a postgraduate course and received a public grant to help pay for a substitute. In 1948 the figure was only 5 per cent.

At the outset, doctors, being highly organized, did not take kindly to change—whether caused by political, administrative, or scientific factors—and in this respect they are no different from workers in other professions and trade unions exposed to changes induced by technology, cybernetics, and science. But over the years the discontents of the medical profession have diminished.* And certainly the Health Service has brought about a better geographical distribution of doctors. This trend toward territorial justice (as I call it) has been accompanied by a movement for more doctors to work in partnerships and group practice. By 1960 the percentage had risen to just over 70. At the same time general practice has been made more attractive by a policy of throwing open (known as "open access") the X-ray.

* Experts from nine British medical associations completed a four-year study of the Health Service in October 1962. This committee found the Service essentially "sound" although a number of operating improvements were recommended. Chiefly, the committee urged a greater voice for physicians in administrative matters and a reduction in the maximum number of Health Service patients on each general practitioner's list. Concurrently, the committee released the results of a Gallup Poll which showed that 89 per cent of the people questioned were satisfied with the Health Service.

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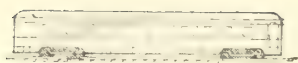
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pathological, and other diagnostic facilities of the hospital. This means that general practitioners have the right to send their patients directly to these departments and to get the reports back quickly.

This policy has helped to avoid the wasteful duplication of expensive diagnostic equipment and to make possible a more rational use of pathologists and other scarce specialists. The complex diagnostic procedures of modern medicine can no longer be successfully interpreted by the average doctor or small local hospital. It is a job for the expert. The Health Service has been able to employ more widely the benefits of medicine's technological skills. The removal of financial barriers has aided this process; so too has the removal of political and administrative boundaries. For example, it is possible under the Service for a child in the north of Scotland suffering from a rare form of spinal disease to be sent to a London specialist hospital without any bookkeeping or financial problems.

WHAT of the demand for medical care? Of course we still have unmet needs: waiting lists at hospitals (mainly for tonsillectomies and other "cold" surgical cases), inadequate hospital buildings, too many old people in hospitals for chronic illness, not enough nurses, psychiatrists, and other health workers, and so on. What, indeed, is the limit in more prosperous societies to demands for medical care? This is an almost metaphysical question applicable to all Western societies. How then can one judge whether there has been "abuse" of a free-on-demand health service?

So far as the general practitioner is concerned, we can at least say that expressed demands for his services are no higher than they were before 1948. Measured statistically in terms of all consultations (office and home) demand is somewhat lower than in the 1930s—around four consultations a year per patient. Moreover, general practitioners now have fewer night cases, less weekend work, smaller quantities of certificates, forms, and accounts to deal with, and no unpaid bills. Over one-third of all consultations take place in the patient's home—thus helping the family doctor to



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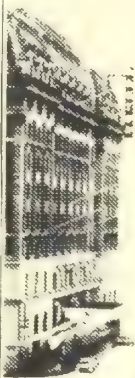
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take account of social factors in diagnosis and treatment. The comparable home visit figure in the States is around 10 per cent.

There is thus no evidence of inordinate demands on the family doctor since 1948. The removal of financial disciplines of the private market has not had the consequences that were feared.

So far as the hospital is concerned there has been a striking fall in the average length of stay of patients, though treatment is free for 98 per cent of the population. In Britain as in the United States, some 40 per cent of all hospital beds have been occupied by mental patients. However, this picture is changing rapidly thanks to a new and revolutionary Mental Health Act passed in 1959 which makes practically all admissions free and voluntary; and thanks also to the growing use of the mental hospital as a therapeutic short-stay instrument, the development of short-stay mental units in general hospitals, scientific advances in the treatment of schizophrenia, a research interest in the chemical functioning of the nervous system in relation to mental illness, and drawing together, clinically and administratively, of physical and psychological medicine.

All these trends mean that we now envisage the disappearance of the vast, outworn, archaic, recalcitrant mental institutions of the past. Only twenty years ago, by a patient in the eleventh year of residence in a mental hospital the odds were one hundred to one against his discharge from the hospital. Today, in Britain the chances are almost one hundred to one against a patient's remaining in a mental hospital after two years.

This, I think, is one of the most important lessons we have learned since 1948. Without the Health Service, it would not have been possible to move on a national scale towards the integration of physical and psychological medicine. One could not grow without the other. To separate the two professionally, administratively, and financially—to regard mental illness, organizationally, as a "bad risk"—is to promote the growth of the "institutionalized" personality, a dead end for patients, a dead end for doctors.

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THE EASY CHAIR

medical care—a shift from the institution to the home—calls for more community care services. Apart from the problems of finance, this, in my view, is the biggest challenge in Britain in the field of medical care.

ONE criticism of the Service that is still heard is that the cost was seriously underestimated. Of course it was. Twenty years ago, when the original estimates were made by the government, no one could predict the scientific advances that have changed the fate of medicine in two decades.

In 1949-50, the first full year of the Service, the gross cost to public funds was 3.8 per cent of the Gross National Product. This figure fell slowly to 3.2 in 1955 and has since risen to 3.6 in 1960. (In the United States in 1958-59 total public and private expenditures for medical and health care were estimated at 5.4 per cent of the Gross National Product.) Clearly, Britain has not been overspending on medical care. Public demand for a "free" service and the rising costs of new drugs have certainly not bankrupted the nation. We have learned, however, that we shall have to spend more on building new hospitals, in training more social workers, and in developing community care services.

We have also learned in Britain to respect the political and trade-union power of the medical profession. The last Royal Commission on doctors' earnings, reporting in 1960, showed that, compared with other high-income groups, doctors had done well out of the Health Service. Between the ages of thirty and sixty-five, for example (and disregarding the benefits of a generous pension scheme and heavily subsidized medical training), medical specialists and consultants earned substantially more than accountants, actuaries, lawyers, architects, university teachers, and all university graduates in industry. There is no lack of young people in Britain who want to be doctors. The real problem for the deans of the medical schools has been how to select and how to restrict (as they have done) the number of candidates accepted for training.

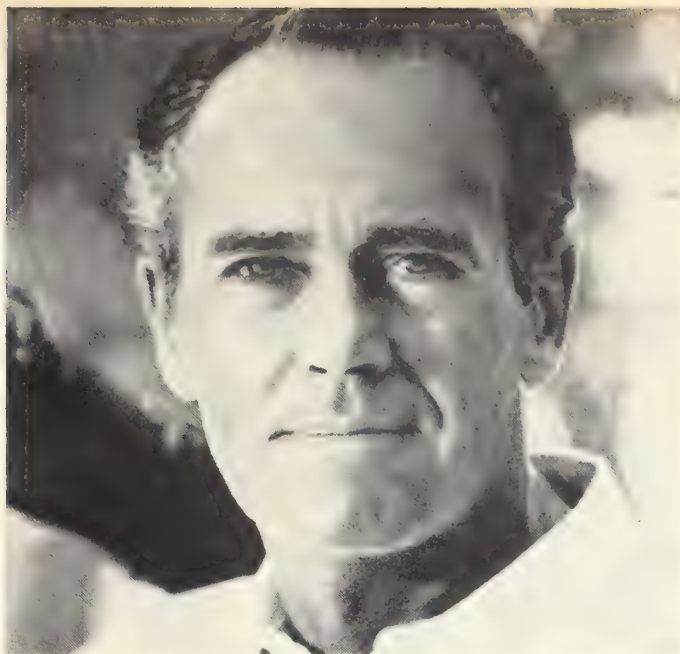
It has been alleged recently that over six hundred doctors are leaving Britain every year. It is further said they are refugees from "socialized

medicine." But such statements tend to point out that these "estimates" include graduates from British medical schools born and brought up overseas (including the U. S. A., Canada, Ireland, and many other countries). British doctors working temporarily with the World Health Organization in hospitals and posts in Africa and other parts of the underdeveloped world, and British doctors doing graduate and research work overseas. Wrongly included in these "estimates" (incautiously bandied about by the American Medical Association) are also substantial numbers of British-trained women doctors marrying overseas citizens and emigrating, and many categories of British doctors of both sexes who after a spell abroad return to practice medicine in Britain.

What is more to the point is that despite this "international change," the ratio of all types of practicing doctors in Britain per person in the population has risen by 10 per cent since 1949. Though we still need more doctors, we have done better than the U. S., where the ratio has fallen during the same period.

After nineteen months of deliberation, a committee appointed by the British Medical Association to consider recruitment concluded in a report published in May 1962 that it is not prepared to commit itself to the need for more doctors. The report adds that there are more than enough potential recruits of the right caliber to fill the places available in the medical schools.

These conclusions are very different from those of the U. S. Surgeon General's committee in the 1955 "Bane Report." Here it was said that the United States may expect to be 20,000 short, in the next fifteen years, of the number of physicians required to maintain the present position—let alone improve it. In other words, the ratio of doctors to patients may worsen by 50 per cent. It would thus follow that the U. S. will be less able to make a contribution to less fortunate countries. If this should happen, the underdeveloped world will be even more desperately undersupplied with doctors, and other countries will be asked to make greater sacrifices to uphold the high traditions of Western medicine to serve the poor.



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After hours



Roses for Lady Florence

by Paul Moor

Paul Moor frequently performs in Europe as a concert pianist. Born in Texas, he now lives in Berlin and works as a correspondent, photographer, and occasional broadcaster for CBS and CBC.

From the ads I see that one of the big record companies has reissued some old recordings of Florence Foster Jenkins under the sportive title "The Glory (????) of the Human Voice." When I tried to buy the new album, I was told they were finding it hard to keep in stock. I have placed my order, for those old original discs have many intricate associations for me. I'm curious, too, to see what emotions they will arouse in me today, after all these years.

Probably everyone who ever tried to write about Mrs. Jenkins has come up against inner difficulties. While she was still alive and was almost universally regarded as a figure of fun, even the people who laughed the loudest at her seemed to be nagged by some twinge of conscience, however slight. If average human beings today derive less entertain-

ment from finding other people ridiculous, then maybe over the years we have made a little progress after all—at least enough to hope that with the further passage of time people will eventually have become a little kinder, a little more understanding of how basically vulnerable and pitiable the human organism really is.

My youth—I am talking now of a time eighteen years ago, when I was twenty—was not heavily burdened by such empathetic thoughts, though, and it was then that I had my only personal contact with Mrs. Jenkins—or, as she preferred it, Mme. Jenkins. I had first heard of her when I was a provincial sixteen, when her concerts sounded as if they must be the most rarified events of that fast, chic East Side set I knew only from the papers. Once a year, I was told, she would rent the ballroom of the Ritz and sing for an invited audience who would look her square in the face and hoot with laughter as she did her pathetic best with the coloratura literature. One heard that her wealthy husband had refused to allow her to exhibit herself as long as he lived;

only after his death, when she was already an elderly woman, did she start her public career.

People who knew her spoke of her as a kind and generous old lady with only one serious eccentricity: although endowed with neither voice nor musicality, she was convinced she was a brilliant coloratura, and her later life revolved round this conviction. She spoke lightly of those who guffawed at her as her "enemies." Until the day she died, the crowning ambition she looked forward to and lived for was to sing the role of Tosca at the Metropolitan. Although she did, not long before her death in 1946, rent Carnegie Hall and give a recital there (tickets vanished the same day they went on sale) and although cynics said that one performance of *La Tosca* at a \$100 top with Jenkins in the title role would take care of the Met's deficit for a whole season, the Met remained beyond her.

For a number of years she engaged the regular services of a pianist, Cosme McMoon (yes, Cosme McMoon), and with his help tackled the most difficult coloratura works ever written. The Queen of the Night's aria from *The Magic Flute*, with its four Fs above high C; the Bell Song from *Lakmé*, which taxed even the technique of Lily Pons; Adele's Laughing Song from *Die Fledermaus*—she learned and sang them all, as well as many others, while her auditors howled and held their aching sides.

My acquaintance with Mme. Jenkins came early in 1944 as the result of a brief notice in the *Journal-American* saying that Florence Foster Jenkins would give an afternoon recital at Sherry's, on Park Avenue, for the New York State Women's Club. Jane Rogers, a girl I knew in the Village, showed it to me and urged me to follow it up. To our surprise, Mrs. Jenkins turned out to be listed in the Manhattan telephone directory. I wrote her asking how we might obtain tickets, and she replied immediately with a noncommittal invitation to come see her.

She lived in an old-fashioned but fairly expensive residential hotel in the Forties between Fifth and Sixth. At that time I was selling men's furnishings at Wallach's, just around the corner, and I went to see

her when I got off work. When I stepped out of the elevator at her floor, I heard the sound of a flute coming through her apartment door, and when a pause came, I rang. The door opened almost instantly, revealing a short, rather stout elderly lady with a hat on. "Please wait," she said tersely. "We're practicing." The door closed as swiftly as it had opened. I stood there in the hall while the unseen flautist ran through an obbligate two or three more times. Then, after a short silence, the door opened to emit a middle-aged, rather frowzy-looking flautist, and Mrs. Jenkins, now graciousness itself, invited me in.

Her manner was bright—almost flirtatious, reminiscent of certain wellborn Southern ladies I had known. "Do sit down—no, there, I think you'll find that more comfortable. That's a *man's* chair! Will you take tea? Would you prefer a drink? How kind of you to write to me! Do feel free to smoke if you wish." Her honest hospitableness, plus my awareness of being there under false pretenses, made me feel gauche, but she exercised all the charm at her command to put me at my ease.

The room was crowded with heavy, expensive old furniture which created an atmosphere of having been transplanted from more spacious quarters. She avoided looking at me directly, and I noticed after a while that her eyes separately turned outward, so that she could not quite focus them normally. Then I realized that part of her seeming coquettishness came from her turning her face away and casting quick little glances at me out of the corner of one eye so as to hide the other one.

When the maid brought tea, Mrs. Jenkins said, "How nice for young people to be interested in my music! Are you a musician? My husband and I were always tremendously interested in young musicians. Some of those we helped have gone on to start promising careers. I'm sure you'll hear from them in the future. Oh, music means so much to me! Please, have some of this Madeira cake. *Now* then! What can I do for you? But first, tell me—how did you hear about my recital?"

"It was in the paper."

"Which one? The *Journal*? Unfortunately I didn't see that. Could you be so kind as to send it to me?"



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Did they have the information straight? Someone told me one notice confused Sherry's with the Sherry-Netherlands. I do hope everybody doesn't go to the Sherry-Netherlands! Did they have the date and the time right? Have you ever heard me before?"

"I've never yet had the pleasure," I said, with a stab of remorse over my duplicity. "But I've heard so much about you."

She looked at me sharply. "Oh?" "And I've heard some of your records," I said. She seemed to be waiting, so I added, uncertainly, "I found them—really extraordinary."

(O Florence Foster Jenkins! While you lived, those scratchy old 78-rpm records, available only in one or two New York shops, brought you so little gain. Which young musicians would have benefited, had only those royalties from the present slick, electronically doctored long-playing best-seller found their way into your hands? And whose pockets are they going into now?)

"Oh, how kind you are!" She giggled with unaffected pleasure. "Which records of mine do you know?"

I said the first title that occurred to me: "'Like a Bird I am Singing'—"

"Flatterer!" She laughed gaily. "You're just saying that because of course you know I wrote the poem! But I do think Mr. McMoon has set it to music really beautifully, and with great sensitivity. I've made quite a number of records, you know. I go to that recording studio there on Central Park West. Such kind people! At first they seemed surprised that I would simply run through each song or aria a single time when I recorded them, but I feel that if you don't get it right the first time, you won't do it any better the second, so why tire yourself? That's why I don't find recording anywhere *near* the trial most artists do." She chatted on as we finished our cake and tea.

"Now then! How many tickets would you like?"

"I'd like to buy two, if I might."

"Buy." She laughed. "Just a moment, please."

I rose as she sprang up and left the room, tucking a few loose strands of hair under the rear rim of her

hat as she trotted out. She was back in a second or two, carrying a penny post card in her hand. "Oh!" she said, apparently surprised to find me standing. "Must you go so soon? Come, I'll take you to the elevator. Whom will you be bringing? Some lovely young thing, of course!"

As she walked me toward the elevator, she played with the post card, riffling it against the fingers of her other hand, and I could see there was an announcement of the recital mimeographed on it. "Now this recital is only for invited guests, but this card will admit you and your friend, whoever your friend may be." She laughed roguishly. "There is no admission charge." The elevator arrived, and the girl opened the door. Mme. Jenkins said, in a voice that had become a bit hesitant, "But if you'd like to do a little something for me—I'm singing the Bell Song at the end—would you perhaps send me"—she thrust the card into my hand and inclined her head coaxingly—"just a few roses?"

As the elevator door closed and we descended, the elevator girl and I avoided each other's eyes.

The recital was on a weekday afternoon. I had not long had my job at Wallach's—my first after finishing college—and I did not have the courage to ask for an afternoon off. Instead, I came back from lunch complaining of an upset stomach. By two o'clock, my mien was so desolate that the manager told me to go home. As soon as I dragged myself out the door, I straightened up, turned eastward, and set off at a good pace for Sherry's.

Jane was waiting for me. Our post card got us admitted to a small banquet room. At one end was a grand piano, and the rest of the room had been filled with couches and armchairs arranged more or less in rows. Several old ladies glided about adjusting flowers and lights. I've never really known what bombazine is, but the black stuff they had on looked as if it must have been bombazine. Also moving about, placing a program on each seat, was a tall, gaunt old man with burning eyes and a head of hair that reminded me simultaneously of Percy Grainger and Bertrand Russell.

"Have a care with that smilax,

madam," he intoned jocularly to one of the old ladies fussing with the vases. "We don't want the floral decorations too close to Lady Florence while she's singing, do we?"

Jane and I took seats on a couch about halfway back. It looked for a while as if the rest of the audience would be made up entirely of bombazine old ladies, but then who should arrive but Cole Porter and a whole jaunty party; they took seats all the way at the rear. Other people now coming in seemed to be getting younger and younger, and their expressions gave away the nature of their expectations. Finally the crowd was so big that an adjoining room had to be opened up to hold people who would be able to hear if not see. By starting time, one could not escape noticing the exceptionally high percentage of obvious homosexuals, both male and female, who had apparently come to have a laugh at another manifestation of nature's sense of caprice.

I missed Mme. Jenkins' entrance. She must have come on as if fired from a gun, for I had glanced away only for a second when all of a sudden people were applauding, and there she stood: radiant, wearing a matronly dress and hat, and giving little nods of pure pleasure. The program listed the opening number as an old English song called "Phyllis Hath Such Charming Graces"—clearly the sort of thing an English girl I know describes as "mimsy." After a short piano introduction, Mme. Jenkins opened her mouth and emitted her first tone. Instantly, she had galvanized the entire audience—except for the old gentleman and the bombazine old ladies, but that contingency was by now overwhelmingly outnumbered.

For Jane and me both, although we had solemnly promised each other not to break up, or behave in any way that would offend Mme. Jenkins, that opening phrase produced the same result as if some sort of irresistible force had hurled us forward, bent us double. There, hidden by the back of the couch in front of us, we fought to regain control of ourselves, gasping for breath and then regretting we had, for no sooner would the lungs fill than Mme. Jenkins would attack another roudel causing us to explode and rendering

s once again, quite literally, help-

How can one describe the way she sounded? Some years after I heard her, a *Time* writer, seemingly pleased by his invention, wrote that she sounded "like a cuckoo in its cups"; but, to be literal, her voice mimicked the cuckoo's purity of timbre. She had much, much more than the cuckoo's two-note range, and the mere implication of crapulence dismays the memory of a personality so unlike in the extreme. Her voice was, at best, thin and shrill. It was uneven; it was unlovely throughout. She simply had, as the saying is, no voice. Neither did she have musicality, rhythm, or sense of pitch. Some McMoon, an unexpectedly young, nice-looking man who may still have no parallel in history when it comes to control of the facial muscles, afforded her heroic assistance. His light, pleasant smile on his face all times, no matter what new surprises she came up with, he was always right there with her. By the end of her long solo cadenzas she could have slipped from the original into one completely different, but McMoon would skillfully skip a bar or two so that the piano's rerecording made her delinquency less apparent.

The audience, Jane and I included, had no control. Such seizures rocked a woman behind us that she vented her emotions by kicking a rhythmic too against the back of our couch, and, with both feet. From the back of the room came a series of heavy sighs accompanied by a man's gasping cries of "I can't stand it! I can't stand it!" I turned round to see who was, and saw Cole Porter pounding his cane up and down on the floor between his knees. In the adjoining room, pandemonium reigned. Since Mme. Jenkins could not see them, the auditors there had jetted every vestige of propriety; they hooted, beat on one another, and, in a few extreme cases, staggered in circles, like the demented. At the end of each song, the audience unleashed an ovation, under which Mme. Jenkins unfolded like a flower in the sun. What can she have thought? Only complete psychosis could have prevented her having heard all that laughter. Did she believe the applause and cheers that

followed came from her admirers, who were trying to outdo her "enemies"? Poor lady, she seemed totally unaware that her tormentors were the very same people urging her on to new excesses of endeavor. After each ovation she began again with new vigor, and she sang as if nothing short of an act of God would have stopped her.

She presented her fairly short program without an intermission, closing with the Bell Song from *Lakmé*. Although she totally demolished it, the afternoon's ordeal had by that time taken so much out of us that the audience's appreciation of its freedom rose above the low, steady roar into which the mirth had settled. After the aria came the flowers. There were mountains of them—bouquets, wreaths, nosegays, standing vases—and to judge by the expression on her face, Mme. Jenkins reached the climax of her afternoon as she opened each little envelope and read each little card out loud. One especially huge lot of flowers had come, she announced with quiet but audible pride, from "Mr. Cole Porter." Jane and I recognized no other names. Had all or most of them come from real friends of hers, or from the people here who had been literally laughing in her face? The little ritual with the envelopes and cards went on and on, until Mme. Jenkins felt constrained to apologize. "I don't want to bore you," she said. "It's just that I want so much for all of you to share with me my joy."

O Lady Florence! On my \$45-a-week salary, with a third of it going for rent, I took a cowardly way out that day: I counted on your receiving enough flowers from the fast, chic, and better-heeled guests for you not to notice that I had sent you none. If I could make up for it now, if I had the opportunity today, I would bring you a double armful of roses and all the other kinds of flowers you most loved, but you are no longer here. I can only try to make up for it, somehow, with this small memoir, and hope that all those flowers you did receive that afternoon stayed fresh and brightened that lonely apartment of yours with their memories for at least a few days afterward.



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THE NEXT MAYOR OF NEW YORK?

By MARION K. SANDERS

*A report on the little-known—and
decidedly untypical—politician who looks
like the best bet to take over the
biggest municipal headache in the world and
one of the most powerful political machines.*

THOUGH they are nearly as chauvinistic as Texans in many respects, New Yorkers seldom brag about their politicians. Apart from such sports as Roosevelt and Rockefeller, the products and rulers of New York's sidewalks do not charm Americans west of the Hudson. Recently, however, a figure has loomed up whose accent, at least, would not jar Midwestern or even Southern ears.

He is Paul R. Screvane, an ex-garbage collector who looks less like a politician than a soldier and is, in fact, a colonel (reserve) in the U. S. Army, in which he enlisted as a private. Now at the age of forty-eight, he is holding his first elective office as President of the City Council. His name is scarcely known to many New Yorkers, but in all likelihood he will be the next Mayor of New York—and quite possibly the best one since Fiorello La Guardia.

Screvane is remarkable because he rose to the top through the municipal civil service. Consequently he knows more about the complex business of managing the world's largest city than anyone who has tackled the job before. A new breed for New York, he is perhaps the harbinger of things to come in the nation's other super-cities. His assets are twofold: he is armed, on the one hand, with the skills of the professional city manager; at the same time he is a down-to-earth practical politician.

At this writing he is moving swiftly—and some say ruthlessly—into the power vacuum left by the dismantling of Carmine DeSapio and his machine in 1961. Propelled by ambition and immense energy, he is a cool, decisive operator, in the Kennedy style.

New York's ailing Democratic party badly needs some such tonic. The reformers who ousted DeSapio have shown no talent for rebuilding the shattered city organization. And the State Committee is moribund, suffering from years of neglect by city bosses who were secure in their own satrapies and content to let Republicans rule north of the Bronx.

Statewide elections, however, can no longer be won without the votes of the populous and expanding suburbs. This is well-known and a cause of much worry to New York City's present Mayor, Robert F. Wagner, who yearns to become a U. S. Senator. Probably he will make a try for

it in 1964; if he goes to Washington, Screvane will automatically move into the Mayor's chair and have easy sailing when he seeks a full term in 1965. But Wagner is unlikely to win unless there is a Kennedy sweep in New York. Thus the ambitions of three men—Kennedy, Wagner, and Screvane—dovetail neatly.

At present the party organization on which they must rely has collapsed. Last September—after the most divided and disorderly state convention in Democratic memory—a nearly unknown young U. S. Attorney, Robert M. Morgenthau (son of Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury), was the eleventh-hour choice to oppose Governor Rockefeller. Republicans confidently predicted a million-vote plurality for their man and most Democrats privately agreed.

Screvane was dispatched into the fray as "campaign coordinator"—on orders, it was said, from the high command in Washington to convert a probable catastrophe into a mere disaster.

I called on him in mid-October at Morgenthau headquarters in the Commodore Hotel and found him undismayed. He is a ruddy-faced man with a craggy nose, deep-set brown eyes, and dark hair graying at the temples. His manner is brisk but engaging, and his erect, martial bearing makes him seem taller than his five feet ten. He looks a little like Al Smith in his younger days and I asked whether Al was one of his heroes—a banal question since Roosevelt, Lehman, and Smith are the holy trinity of all Democratic politicians in New York.

"Not at all," he said. "Smith was a fine Governor. But as he got older he stood for all the things I am against. I couldn't make a hero out of a man like that."

He took a fresh cigarette pack out of the desk drawer (he averages four a day), opened it with surgical neatness, offered me one, then lit his own. His hands are strikingly white, immaculately manicured, and set off by snowy French cuffs with massive gold links. "I guess," he added, "I'm not much of a hero-worshiper anyhow."

I asked him how the campaign was going.

"We'll do a lot better than most people think,"

Marion K. Sanders has been involved in a number of political campaigns in New York—one of them her own try for a seat in Congress from Rockland County—and she wrote a book on "The Lady and the Vote." Previously, she had worked for the Port of New York Authority and the State Department. As an editor of "Harper's," she was in charge of the Special Supplement last fall on "The American Female."

he said smiling brightly. "We've got a lot working for us."

Was one of the things, I inquired, Rockefeller's divorce? Did it bother many voters?

"Certainly," he said. "It's in there and it's working for us. We don't even need to mention it."

This analysis was later proved sound. Morgenthau was beaten by 529,000, doing slightly better than former Governor Harriman, who lost to Rockefeller by 573,000 in 1958. And in a post-election interview, Senator Javits cited the Governor's divorce as a factor in his relatively poor showing, compared to Javits' 983,000-vote margin. But in October there seemed little ground for Screvane's firm if limited optimism.

"This isn't guesswork on my part," he assured me. "We know where we stand every hour of the day. We get the feedback."

He set great store by opinion polls and had, he explained, other useful "feedback" mechanisms. One was a network of nonpolitical housewives who watched the candidate and his conspicuously pregnant wife on TV and phoned their reactions to headquarters. (Mrs. Screvane was one of these pulse-takers. "I thought they put it on too thick with that wife-and-kiddie stuff," she told me subsequently. "But Paul didn't agree with me.")

"You can get pretty reliable feedback from county chairmen and district leaders too," he continued, "at least from the few who are really on the job."

Screvane himself was never even a precinct captain. And when he headed the Sanitation Department, legend had it that he "wouldn't let a district leader inside the door." Whence then came his easy command of politics?

"It was just a natural part of life if you were brought up in the Bronx," he said. This historic citadel of Boss Edward Flynn is now ruled by Congressman Charles Buckley. "Every kid in my neighborhood knew that if you wanted a hole in the sidewalk fixed in front of your house the man to see was the district leader. I learned a lot about politics—at the bottom of course."

Screvane has forgotten none of these lowly arts. And he has since acquired a good many others. Their worth is fully grasped by his chief and mentor, the Mayor. Last summer Wagner took a month's vacation in Europe leaving Screvane to mind the store. The *Long Island Press*, a local paper in his home borough, jubilantly reported that "he took over the task of welcoming visiting dignitaries from Latin America with the aplomb of a veteran diplomat. A fastidious dresser, but

no dandy. Screvane bounces up the steps of City Hall bright and early in the morning and leaves just about as jauntily at night, though it is rarely for home. He appeared on TV, held conferences and the like, exhibiting his facility with a variety of subjects including engineering, administration, public relations, and other city affairs. . . . He signed two important new local laws, including one barring the employment of strikebreakers at a struck plant and another regulating the amount of juice that can be pumped into pickled and smoked meat. . . . The verdict is unanimous from all corners of City Hall: the guy did a great job."

It is an open secret that he is Wagner's chosen heir apparent. There are, of course, other contenders. And in New York's volatile political jungle anything could happen. But even the cagey *Wall Street Journal* has named him the "winter book favorite." Screvane has—as he might say himself—a lot working for him.

"HE WAS BOUND TO GO UP"

PAUL," said one of his admirers, "is a kind of one-man balanced ticket—half Italian, half Irish, and he speaks Yiddish!"

His paternal forebears came from Genoa. To the sorrow of local politicians with large Italian constituencies, the family name—originally Scrivani—was Americanized somewhere along the line. His father, Joseph, is an operating engineer, a driver of the cranes and bulldozers which continuously tear down and put up chunks of New York. Joseph married Anne Reardon, whose grandfather fled Ireland's potato famine and reached New York in time to fight for the Union in the bizarre uniform of a Zouave. (His great-grandson is something of a Civil War buff.) The Screvanes had only two children, Paul and Dorothea.

At PS 47 and James Monroe High School, many of Paul's classmates were the offspring of recent Jewish immigrants. From them he picked up what he modestly calls "fractured Yiddish." As a counselor at Jewish boys' summer camps he learned to say grace in Hebrew before meals, an accomplishment he still exhibits on request when he addresses Jewish organizations. "They seem to get a kick out of this bit," he said. "A guy saying a *b'rocha*."

He made a great hit in Israel on a visit in 1962 and was much impressed by what he saw, particularly by the excellence of technical education. Screvane is himself a devout Catholic.

A high-school football star, he was offered

athletic scholarships by several colleges. He chose Mississippi State (akin to but not to be confused with Ole Miss) because, he said, "I wanted to get as far away from the Bronx as I could. New Yorkers are very provincial and I knew I needed broadening."

Exposure to Southern-style segregation was, he said, a shock to a boy who had gone to school and played football with Negroes. Last year as City Council President, Screvane sponsored a bill protecting New Yorkers from civil penalties because of arrests in the course of Freedom Rides. One of his top assistants is Randolph A. Rankin, the bright, aggressive young Negro leader of an insurgent Democratic Club.

Screvane completed only his freshman year at college. Then his mother, to whom he was deeply devoted, was taken seriously ill. He came home to be with her in her last days. A teacher before her marriage, a talented pianist, and an occasional church organist, she bequeathed to her son, among other qualities, a passion for order and a dogged will to rise in the world. "She was ambitious, more like a Jewish mother," he recalled. "She would have loved to say, 'my son the doctor or the lawyer.'"

However, when she died of cancer in 1935, Paul's career prospects were nil. He had quit college for good and was lucky, in depression-stricken New York, to find an \$18-a-week clerk's job in an advertising agency. Prodded by an uncle, John Garbarini, who was a retired city sanitation worker, he took the civil-service examinations for the Fire and Sanitation Departments. He passed both and chose the latter, figuring that an energetic man with a year of college might shine among the street cleaners. His first foreman—now a watchman in a Wall Street office building—remembers him as "a very smart young fellow. And he sure looked neat in his uniform. But you knew he wouldn't be loading a truck very long. He was bound to go up."

He had become only an assistant foreman in December 1940 when he enlisted as a private in the field artillery. Among the military, his talents were more quickly recognized. He rose rapidly through the noncommissioned ranks and in July 1941 was sent to officer-candidate school at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Shortly after being commissioned in October 1942, he was shipped overseas to serve as a field artillery commander and intelligence officer. He came home a major in 1946. (In the reserves, he has since become a colonel in the 353rd Civil Affairs Military Government Area Headquarters Command.) His performance in battle won him a ~~number of~~

decorations, including the silver star for gallantry in action.

"There was nothing very gallant about it," he said when I inquired about this far from routine award. "It was just one of those things you suddenly see is possible, so you do it." What he had done, he explained, in a flat unheroic tone, was to capture a German town held by fifty SS troops with the aid of eight other Americans, a jeep, a half-ton truck, one machine gun, side-arms, and some hand grenades.

"They were running low on ammunition," he added deprecatingly, "and we had plenty. We sounded like the whole Third Army charging in there."



ATTAR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Paul R. Screvane

Before going overseas in 1943 he married Bridie McKessy, who had come to the Bronx from Limerick. Large color photos of the young couple hang over the Screvanes' mantel. The major in full regalia looks brisk and commanding. His Bride (as he still calls her), in a tailored dress with a small cameo pin on the collar, might be taken for an extra-pretty Irish airlines stewardess. Twenty years later and the mother of four, she is still a fetching blue-eyed colleen. ("Size twelve," she said, "though I have to let them out a bit at the waist.") A cheerful, outgoing woman, she radiates a comfortable pride in her husband and family. "I've never bothered with politics," she said. "I don't understand the petty jealousies and all that. But it's fun to dress up and sit on the dais at the lunches and dinners."

Though her husband earns \$35,000 a year, Mrs. Screvane does her own cooking and housework, with a twice-a-week cleaner to help now that she must do so much political gadding. Twelve-year-old Christopher and Brian, who is nine, are the only children at home now. Owen is eighteen and is off at prep school. He would like to go on to West Point. Sarah—a fifteen-year-old blonde—is away at Mount St. Vincent Academy, and is aiming at Radcliffe and possibly law school afterward.

Before politics swallowed up their social life, the Screvanes went out on the town together one night a week for dinner and theatre or the ballet, a taste he acquired from choreographer Jerome Robbins, who was once one of his summer-camp boys. A close-knit family with unpretentious tastes, the Screvanes spend their vacations at home except for an occasional visit to New Haven to see his sister, now Mrs. James Stirone. Their house is rather old-fashioned, set close to very similar houses in Douglaston, Queens—one of New York's suburbs-within-the-city. In their backyard is a flagstone terrace but no barbecue gadgets.

"Four years in the field artillery gave me all I'll ever want of outdoor eating," he said. "After the war I thought I would like to spend the rest of my life in a smoke-filled room." Then—perhaps mindful of the millions of voters who prize their hickory-flavored hamburgers—he added, "Of course, there's nothing wrong with cook-outs. It's just that the Army changed me in this respect."

Clearly, military experience worked more important changes too, the fruit of what Winston Churchill once called "the generous and cheery friendships, the chances of distinction which are open to all." Unlike Churchill's soldiers, Screvane had no trouble adjusting afterward to "the comfortable monotonies of peace." His wartime friendships have lasted and include men now prominent in the business, financial, and academic worlds. One of the most valued is Professor Paul Hartman, head of the civil-engineering department at the City College of New York, who as Screvane's first officer-instructor gave him an intensive course in surveying and mathematics.

Screvane came back to his old city job, a much more urbane and confident man, with the military technician's skills to back up his innate love of system and efficiency.

"Paul likes to have everything programmed," said Richard Fenton, an engineer who has been one of his close associates for many years,

"but he's no martinet. He'll make allowances for human errors. Not the same error twice though."

ADDING MILES TO THE CURBS

SCREVANE made few missteps as he climbed the civil-service ladder. From district superintendent he moved "upstairs" in 1950 to become executive assistant to Commissioner Andrew W. Mulrain. Three years later he was made director of operations. At forty-two he was the youngest man ever given command of the Sanitation Department's army of fourteen thousand men, a fleet of forty-two barges and four diesel tugs, and four thousand vehicles—including two mammoth hearses which, in a recent year, hauled to their last resting place 228 large animals including a defunct hippopotamus. The mission of this force is to get rid of some four million tons of refuse extruded annually from the dwellings of eight million New Yorkers and to wage aggressive war against the grime, snow, and ice on 5,700 miles of streets.

Screvane moved into battle with zest. Cars are the natural enemies of today's street cleaners as horses were of their forebears. This is because city dirt accumulates at curbs which in New York are solidly lined with parked cars. For several years the Sanitation Department had been stealthily experimenting, in a few obscure blocks on Manhattan's Lower East Side, with a plan known as Alternate Side of the Street Parking. But the extension of the plan was stalled by fear of the fury of motorists defending the inalienable American right to park anywhere.

Screvane gave the order to advance, in planned assaults which ultimately captured three thousand curb miles for the street cleaners. "It took guts," said an awed subordinate. To everyone's surprise New Yorkers accepted their new condition meekly. Their holidays now gain an added gala flavor when the Mayor announces—with the majesty of a Papal Dispensation—that Alternate Side of the Street Parking will be suspended for twenty-four hours.

With the aid of advertising men, actors, and citizens' committees, Screvane mounted spectacular anti-litter campaigns. A great man for detail, he presented New York with the world's first canine comfort station. "Although viewed by many as impractical," he wrote in the magazine *American City* in April 1959, "it served its purpose by calling attention to the difficult sanitary problem caused by the city's 264,000 licensed dogs." (One of these belongs to the Screvanes, a

well-mannered Irish setter named Shannon.)

Though many New Yorkers continued to toss rubbish into the gutter and forgot to curb their dogs, the more civic-minded began to take notice. Among those impressed were the directors of the Associated Hospitals of New York, who offered Screvane the presidency of Blue Cross at \$50,000 a year. Though he was earning only \$15,000 he declined. "After all the years of work I'd invested in city service, this didn't seem the time to quit," he said. In 1957 Commissioner Mulrain retired and Screvane succeeded him.

"THE ADMIRABLE SNOWMAN"

THE Sanitation Commissioner is a man politicians like to know. A snow shoveler's job is often welcome to the indigent party faithful. And the truckers and other contractors with whom he deals are reliable purchasers of tickets to \$100-a-plate dinners and in other ways help sustain the party treasury. Although he came to be well-acquainted with leaders at all levels of the Democratic hierarchy, Screvane was personally beholden to none of them and his administration was untainted by scandal. He was notably zealous in rooting out graft in his department.

"Among fourteen thousand men," he said, "there will always be a few who are weak or have larceny in their hearts. I used to have meetings with the groups I thought might be tempted and talk to them about what a big stake they had in their city jobs. Then if one fell out of line, I fired him. But it didn't happen too often. The main thing is to let the men know you are really interested in them and have got your eye on them."

"This guy never stops working," said John Lyons, who has been the chauffeur of Screvane's city limousine for the past nine years. Each morning at seven Lyons drops the *New York Times* on the Screvanes' doorstep. Shortly before eight, braced by fifteen minutes of calisthenics, "The Chief" bounds into the car, for a pre-office patrol. Like La Guardia, Screvane is fond of turning up in unexpected places and believes the best antidote for municipal sloth is a visibly energetic man at the top.

As Sanitation Commissioner, Screvane gained something of a national reputation—and developed an easy platform manner—by speaking frequently at meetings of the American Public Works Association, of which he is now vice-president. But to most New Yorkers he was just another city official until the great snows of 1959 and 1960 which made him something of a folk

hero. The stately *New York Times*, in a rare burst of whimsy, christened him "The Admirable Snowman."

It snowed even more the following year, with never a thaw for months. In early February, fifty-seven accumulated inches were encrusted by layers of ice and Screvane persuaded the Mayor to declare a state of emergency. Police road-blocks at bridges, tunnels, and ferry terminals barred all but the most essential vehicles from Manhattan Island. And the natives were treated to the quietest day in memory. Children coasted on Park Avenue. Adults on skis and snowshoes frolicked on Broadway.

Meanwhile, in the Commissioner's martial words, "The Department threw huge forces of men and equipment into the attack. Personnel in the combined forces exceeded 20,000. . . . Equipment reached 5,000 pieces. . . . Sixteen hundred heavy-duty trucks, each equipped with a one-ton 11½-foot plow-blade, furrowed 6,000 miles of streets to make them passable for fire, police, ambulance, and fuel trucks."

On February 7, Mayor Wagner joined the Commissioner for an aerial inspection of the terrain by helicopter. Though they were not intimates, the two men had long been on cordial terms. A month after the helicopter ride Screvane became Deputy Mayor. That fall—at Wagner's insistence—he ran for and won the city's second-highest elective office.

THE HOT SEAT OF POWER

I ASKED Mayor Wagner how he happened to choose Screvane as his second in command. "I needed a man who could get things done," he said.

This is a need no one would dispute. Stalemate hangs like a blight over City Hall. Pillared and graceful, it is one of the nation's architectural gems, but few New Yorkers visit the place for pleasure.

Often it is ringed by long lines of pickets—policemen, firemen, city truck drivers, or teachers—chanting, and bearing placards which dramatize their grievances and the political power of New York's vast, ingrown bureaucracies. Inside at the western end of the ground floor corridor are Mayor Wagner's offices; to the east are Screvane's. Both suites are blocked off by wooden fences. Behind them, serving as receptionists, are "limited duty" policemen. Though they are not in uniform they still look like cops and you are surprised when they amiably ask your name instead of telling you to keep moving. Traffic in

both directions is heavy. Screvane now receives large numbers of the Mayor's petitioners, who are often dazzled by his precise and detailed knowledge of the city government though sometimes bruised by his bluntness. He is apt to utter a firm No to proposals which he does not think the city can afford or which, for other reasons, have little chance of being approved.

On Tuesdays he can generally be found upstairs in the ornate Council Chamber presiding over a body of twenty-five men which is supposed to write the city's laws. In fact it has been a shadow legislature, although its functions will grow as a result of charter changes this January.

Meanwhile, however, real power resides across the hall where the Board of Estimate meets. This body very largely determines what the city will or will not spend. Screvane is one of its members along with the Mayor, the Comptroller, and the Presidents of New York's five boroughs. Periodically the Board holds a public hearing, a spectacle which a foreign visitor might easily mistake for some sort of mass trial.

The accused are the city's eight top officials, ranged uneasily at an elongated horseshoe table on a raised platform. They are flanked by tight-lipped assistants. Below them, in a fenced pit, reporters and minor functionaries lounge and chat. The prosecutors—the aggrieved people of New York—watch vindictively, seated in straight-backed white pews in the auditorium. In turn, their spokesmen seize the microphone to berate their elected representatives for waste or parsimony, for coddling labor or pampering landlords, for making thousands homeless by constructing an expressway, for failing to solve the traffic problem, for neglecting culturally deprived children or for enacting a minimum-wage bill which will drive industry to less welfare-minded cities.

On the November morning when I last witnessed this scene, a Harlem delegation filled tiered benches at the back of the hall, looking grim as a massed chorus in *The Blacks*. "We want a new school," one of them told me. "The one our children go to was built in 1883. It's got two toilets in the basement for seventeen hundred kids."

Public hearings may run on for fourteen hours or more. Afterward the Board retires to a smaller chamber across the hall to conduct its real business alone in secret executive session. "Sometimes," said a jittery young secretary, "they get so executive they don't even want to let each other in."

The decision-making process that goes on here—known in less polite parlance as making the deals—is a matter of compromise between conflicting pressures. Some are visible and may indeed have appeared at the preceding public hearings—labor unions, PTAs, trade associations, or *ad hoc* “Save Our Neighborhood” groups which have no fixed political allegiance but can supply large blocs of votes to support policies in their own or what they take to be the public interest.

Then there are the pressures of what is known as “the machine.” These are usually hidden from view and, in the absence of a strong boss, they exert a centrifugal force which can prevent any decision at all from being reached—particularly on projects involving large outlays of city funds. This is what happened in New York after DeSapio’s exit. For the official center of power, the Board of Estimate, is so designed that neither the Mayor nor any other single member can control it.*

The Council President, the Mayor, and the Comptroller each have four votes. Two apiece are held by the five Borough Presidents. Each of the latter runs for office only in his home borough and commands—or is dependent on—a local political organization that delivers the funds and votes he needs. Within a city as heterogeneous as New York, the diverse ethnic and economic interests that make up the political machines frequently clash. Harlem’s Negroes and Puerto Ricans, for instance, crave public housing projects in semi-suburban Queens, whose natives want no such invasion. Purchase of a site for a badly needed new school may be postponed for years because parents and educators disagree about its size and location or because unnamed real-estate men, builders, or architects demand some of the gravy and an unidentified but potent politician—or an alliance of several politicians—wants a cut. Within the past year, a long-overdue plan to modernize the city’s hospital system was largely scuttled because it involved closing some ancient, inefficient institutions dear to local doctors and residents who were backed up by their local political machines.

In his heyday DeSapio enforced a kind of consensus among these warring tribes. As party leader in Manhattan he held together its many dissident factions, its nationality and interest groups, through the adroit distribution of favors

and by making concessions to such reformers as the Lexington Democratic Club.* He extended his way beyond his own borough chiefly through his control of city-wide court patronage—many judges owe their offices to him.

When Tammany collapsed, City Hall became the *de facto* seat of political power. But the weapons in Wagner’s arsenal were few and feeble.† As his surrogate and sometimes hatchet man, Screvane is working piece by piece to put together a party machine that will run. Nowhere is its condition more anarchic than in his home territory, Queens, New York’s fastest-growing borough. It was long ruled politically by Irish Catholics, but in recent years, many Jewish and Negro families have moved in and now clamor for recognition. The Irish are fighting back. Their frustration is dramatized in a strange lawsuit initiated by two faculty members of Queens College, a city institution in Flushing. Egged on by *The Tablet*, a right-wing Catholic publication, they complain that they have been discriminated against and denied promotions because they are Catholics.

Last November the strife-torn Queens County Democratic Committee elected a new leader. The favored candidate was Andrew J. Mulrain, Screvane’s old chief in the Sanitation Department, now the choice of the Irish Old Guard. He was beaten by Wagner’s man, Assemblyman Moses

* DeSapio was dethroned because he underestimated the power of the reform faction, which included Senator Lehman, Mrs. Roosevelt, and many major contributors to the national Democratic party. DeSapio openly defied them at the state nominating convention in 1958 and became thereafter the symbol of evil bossism. In the 1961 primary, he was ousted from the leadership of his own district and of Tammany and his candidate for Mayor was beaten by Wagner, who teamed up with the reformers. He is still Democratic National Committeeman from New York but has virtually vanished from public view. His base now is a small room in the Biltmore Hotel, where he and the State Committee used to maintain luxurious suites. In partnership with the ex-State Chairman, Michael Prendergast, he runs a public-relations business. The State Committee has moved out of the Biltmore; Tammany Hall has closed down its offices across the street and now has modest headquarters in the Chatham Hotel.

† New York’s Mayor has relatively few patronage jobs to distribute. Most city employees are protected by civil service and more than a third of them work for the Board of Education, Transit Authority, or other agencies outside the Mayor’s direct control. Of the rest who fall within City Hall’s orbit, only 450 have held “exempt” jobs at the Mayor’s pleasure. The new charter has added to these plums by transferring street and sewer maintenance from the Borough Presidents’ to the Mayor’s jurisdiction.

* Under the new charter, the Board’s functions have been somewhat diminished. The Mayor has been given increased executive power to shape the annual budget and to control the allocation of funds within city departments.

M. Weinstein. It was, by all accounts, Screvane who plotted and executed the strategy that has measurably broadened the Mayor's, and his own, power base.*

MAKING THE MACHINES RUN

A FEW days after this battle, I caught up with Screvane at City Hall. His office is a large, tidy, many-windowed room, carpeted and curtained in vivid green. He looked unusually relaxed seated at his desk, which is a replica of the one George Washington used in 1789 and 1790 when New York was the national capital. (The original desk is on display upstairs.)

He was reluctant to discuss the current political infighting, perhaps because it seemed inappropriate to this magisterial setting or because he was not eager to claim credit for the outcome. On a table behind his desk, next to an autographed photo of President Kennedy, was a copy of Charles Garrett's book, *The La Guardia Years*. I asked Screvane whether he agreed with this generally favorable estimate of New York's most durable reform administration, which lasted from 1934 to 1945.

"I am not exactly unbiased," he said, and then told me of an unhappy personal encounter with La Guardia when as a newcomer to the Sanitation Department he tried to organize an employees' union. "But, in balance, I would say he was a good Mayor who did some lasting good for the city. He didn't run all punks and gangsters out of town much as he ranted about them. But he did get rid of organized corruption in the city government—the conspiracies where money goes up the line from the cop on the beat to the top. I think—or anyhow I hope—that kind of thing is gone forever."

Many restaurant owners, builders, and other

* A faithful Wagner lieutenant, Edward N. Costikyan—a "moderate" reformer—is now head of Tammany, the Manhattan organization. Harlem—where Tammany's rule was always shaky—has been entrusted to J. Raymond Jones, a practiced hand in city politics, whose nickname is "The Fox." Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, whose racist demagoguery long hypnotized a large Negro following, appears to be fading out of the picture. A Puerto Rican has been given a prominent municipal job in an attempt to win the allegiance of the city's newest, poorest, and least assimilated ethnic minority. The State Committee is temporarily in the custody of a Wagner man—William H. McKeon, Democratic Chairman of rural Cayuga County. Though some of them strayed off the reservation last fall, most of New York's influential labor leaders are firmly in the Wagner-Screvane camp.

businessmen would probably dissent from this cheerful view. "But the most important thing La Guardia did," he continued, "was to create a new climate in City Hall so that the best men, the best experts, were glad to come and work for their government. We need more of them."

One of Screvane's pet projects is an internship program which he hopes will draw gifted young graduates of the city's colleges into the municipal government. He thinks too that the charter changes which became effective in January will give the Mayor more power to cut through red tape. The new charter is a watered-down version of plans evolved over many years by state and city study commissions. Because it reduces the patronage at the disposal of the Borough Presidents and streamlines or consolidates some bureaucratic functions, it met with intense political opposition. In the summer of 1961, the Board of Estimate refused to vote the \$50,000 appropriation needed to get the proposal in final shape for submission to the voters in November.

Screvane decided that further argument would be futile. Instead he called on his friend Henry Heald, former Chancellor of New York University, now President of the Ford Foundation. Heald agreed to put up \$25,000 for the charter study if the balance could be raised elsewhere. Confident that this sum would be supplied by the civic groups which have battled for charter reform over the years, Screvane told the Board of Estimate to drop the item from the calendar. Naturally, they voted the appropriation.

"Otherwise they would have looked pretty foolish," he said. "The great City of New York having to pass the hat for a measly \$50,000 to do something that was absolutely necessary."

"The new charter isn't perfect, of course," he added, "but it's a step in the right direction, a step toward bringing really good government to New York."

Good government is, to be sure, one of those tired abstractions which no longer have any clear meaning in relation to the complex and seemingly insoluble problems of the modern megalopolis. A serviceable latter-day definition of the term has been provided by Professor Edward C. Banfield of Harvard in his book, *Political Influence*. To be rated as "good" by most Americans today, a city government must have the following components:

(A) "Reform" of the old-fashioned kind, *i.e.*, the suppression of vice, crime, and political corruption.

(B) "Efficiency" in the sense of doing what public-administration "experts" recommend with

respect to organization, structure, and house-keeping functions like budgeting and personnel management.

(C) "Progressive" policies in the field of housing, planning, and race relations.

(D) Big projects—airports and exhibition halls, for example—to boost the size, business, and repute of the city.

Although they would be unlikely to state them so lucidly, most candidates for the office of Mayor across the country would probably agree on these goals. In New York—where a majority of voters yearn for something much newer than the New Frontier—item C has the most political magnetism and any "progressive" platform must also include support for the city's tuition-free colleges, for neighborhood conservation and renewal, and for positive measures to help the city's unemployed and often wayward youth.

Screvane has made vigorous public commitments in all these areas. So too have his rivals, as must any intelligent aspirant for office in New York. The blander civic virtues attract the more prosperous and business-minded voters. And though the city's social and human problems seem intractable, experts have long since mapped rational methods of attacking them. These pro-

grams touch the hearts of the slum-dwellers and those who wish to be their benefactors.

Unfortunately, their schemes usually involve large expenditures of tax funds as well as changes in function or authority within the city government. It takes a Mayor wise in the ways of bureaucracy to overcome its rigidity and inertia. Furthermore any innovation—whether in schools, housing, or transport—is bound to be opposed by some of the conflicting interest or ethnic groups within the city. If he is to serve the needs of the majority, the Mayor must not only be skilled in exercising the formal powers of his office. He must also exert continuous political power. He must be, in other words, a political boss. And in the end he may be able to give the city a reasonable approximation of "good government" only if he has the conviction, nerve, and eloquence to carry his message directly to the people over the heads of politicians and factions.

This is a tall order. On the basis of his performance so far it seems that Screvane could fill the bill. There is even a chance that, along the way, the Democratic party of New York State will be sufficiently rehabilitated to become an asset rather than a dead weight to its Presidential candidate in 1964.

Coming in *Harper's Magazine*, in the April issue:

A Special Supplement

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A Story by
LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

The Deductible Yacht

THE Kips always boasted that their blood was the finest in New York. They had managed to restrict it, since the eighteenth century, to the small group of families that had then been considered Manhattan society. The temptation to wade out, as the sand dried, into the endless waves of new fortunes that lapped the city had been sternly resisted. A Kip lady had been denied to a nephew of Mayor Hone in the 1830s and a Kip gentleman to a Gould heiress a half-century later. Even Standard Oil would not do for the Kips, even the House of Morgan. There had been a now legendary Miss Kip, not blessed in looks or fortune, who, seated alone at a ball, had rejected the proffered introductions of her hostess, saying:

"Thank you so much, but I'm perfectly happy sitting here and thinking what everyone in this room would give for one drop of my old Kip blood!" The Kips wanted to be left alone, and their wish had been gratified.

Inevitably, they became too numerous to be

supported forever by the bit of old farmland in downtown Manhattan on which a famous office building squatted. Long before the disaster of 1929, "Kip Keep," the turreted shingle castle of the Beekman Kips in Newport, had been razed and the tall gabled matching Dutch houses on Madison Avenue of the Tyler Kip sons had been converted to stores. By the middle of our century, the male Kips were mostly at work, as lawyers or brokers or insurance salesmen. They still managed to send their children to private schools and to get out of town in the summer, but where were the marks to set them aside from the crowd? Where were the distinguishing features?

These were the questions that disturbed Bayard Kip, who, as a tax expert and, at thirty-four, an about-to-be partner in the Wall Street law firm of Tower, Tilney & Webb, was considered the prodigy of the family. But what was a Bayard Kip who had to help his wife with the dishes and take his children to the park on Sundays? What was a Bayard Kip who had to hire a sitter when

he went out in the evening and whose apartment rang with television phrases? Were there not thousands such? Was not this fatal competence in adaptation more extinguishing to a family than any other quality? Bayard might polish and repolish his London shoes and wear waistcoats throughout the hottest summer; he might roll his umbrella until it was as thin as a cane and wear the darkest suits and the darkest ties—it was all no use. The face that looked back at him in the morning from his grandfather's mahogany framed shaving mirror had none of the high-cheek-boned, hook-nosed superciliousness of a Colonial governor, none of what Bayard's grandmother, pronouncing it in French, had called *race*. It was a mild, soft-eyed, square-jawed, straight-nosed, blemishless American face. It might have been looking at him from across a soda fountain.

The government agents and auditors with whom he had to work seemed equally unaware that he had any particular claim to distinction. They found him reserved, impassive, even "stuffy," but his patience with every demand, his quiet reasonableness in argument, and his clear, exact mind for figures made him a popular lawyer to deal with. One of the agents, a hard-fisted, cynical Irishman, Tommy Reardon, became almost a friend. Reardon was intrigued by Bayard's economic philosophy which he liked to describe as somewhat to the right of Louis XIV.

"Does it never occur to you," he asked Bayard at lunch after they had completed auditing a great building contractor's return, "that there's something wrong with a country whose best brains are spent in attacking and defending the shenanigans of an old trickster like Inka Dahduh?"

"You will understand that I must disassociate myself with any such description of a client," Bayard replied in his mild, cool, but unindignant tone.

"You know what Dahduh is! Far better than I. A man who never went to school, much less college. A man whose highest ideal is to give nothing for something! Yet here we are, two well-educated, thinking men with consciences and ideals, utterly absorbed in his shifty little deals,

you trying to sweep them under the rug and I to sweep them out!"

"I have swept nothing of Mr. Dahduh's under the rug," Bayard insisted.

"All right, leave him out of it. Let's just say a client. Surely you won't maintain that *all* your clients are angels?"

"Let me put it this way," Bayard said, after a moment of judicious reflection. "I believe that all the returns which I have prepared—or which have been prepared under my supervision—represent an honest disclosure of the pertinent facts."

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Kip!" Reardon exclaimed impatiently. "Isn't it bad enough for you to have to work for these new tycoons without justifying them? All this easy money, these phony deductions, these blown-up expense accounts, these crazy corporate shells—all this slick financing to give the public a shoddy product—why must *you* defend it? What do you get out of it but a wretched salary, fully taxable, at that? Where are your deductions? You remind me of those ladies' maids in the French Revolution who followed their mistresses to the scaffold because they were too blind to see that the Jacobins were their real friends!"

"Is that what you plan for us, Tommy? The scaffold?"

"Well, if we could have *your* head, my friend, Uncle Sam would collect a lot more taxes!"

THEY laughed and parted, as usual, friends, but Reardon's comparison to the ladies' maids rankled deeply in Bayard's heart. For Inka Dahduh, the son of an Armenian rug peddler who now owned buildings in every part of the city, was to Bayard the incarnation of the destroying spirit that had laid low the poor, old, shabby, genteel past. Whole blocks of beautiful, sober, red-faced federal houses had fallen before his bulldozers; churches and shrines had been sacrificed to make way for his thinly built, highly priced, spare gray cubes.

And Inka himself looked like a conquering Tartar, a scimitar-swinging Tamburlaine, smiling at the discomfort of his victims. He was a tall, wide-shouldered, big-stomached, formidable man, with a blue complexion, a hawk nose, glittering black eyes, and long, thick, oiled black hair, who spoke with a rumble and laughed in the sudden, explosive way of one whose temper, however massive, is always at the service of his shrewdness. He lived on top of one of his many buildings in a penthouse constructed of glass and bamboo, in the great bare reception halls of which, painted red and yellow and gold, hung his Pollocks and

Louis Auchincloss, a member of a Wall Street law firm, has written several novels about old families of New York, including "A Law for the Lion" and "Portrait in Brownstone." He began writing fiction at Yale and continued during off-hours from active service in the Navy in World War II.

SONG by Theodore Roethke

My wrath, where's the edge
Of the fine shapely thought
That I carried so long
When so young, when so young?

My rage, what's to be
The soul's privilege?
Will the heart eat the heart?
What's to come? What's to come?

O love, you who hear
The slow tick of time
In your sea-buried ear,
Tell me now, tell me now.

de Koonings and Klees, and through which sauntered the endlessly eclectic assembly of his guests.

Dahduh, on the other hand, regarded Bayard with the greatest admiration. It gave him especial pleasure to watch this cool young man, cool on the hottest day in the hottest conference, the only person not in shirt sleeves, work out the most tangled problems with the aid of a slide rule and a single sheet of paper, in one corner of which his sharp pencil jotted the minimum of figures. "It's old New York," Dahduh would announce triumphantly to the partners of his venture. "My little Kip here is a bit of ancient Yankee stock. He can even teach the old Armenian tricks!" Bayard at such moments felt like a captive Athenian scholar in the court of a Macedonian king.

But the most burdensome part of his duties for the builder were social. Dahduh had an old yacht on which he liked to take a motley group of helpless guests for weekend outings in Long Island Sound, and on the Sunday afternoon following the day of his lunch with Reardon, Bayard and his wife were included in one of these. Peggy Kip was a bright-eyed, tense little woman, with a habit of always pursing her lips, and although she did not share her husband's umbrage at the present obscurity of the Kips, being quite contented with the mild distinction in her little set conveyed by such heirlooms as horsehair sofas and Hudson River canvases, she had to the fullest the Kip sense that anybody, be he Pope or President, who was in any way "different," was "funny." And Inka Dahduh was the funniest of all. She made no effort to mix with the other

guests, but sat at the long table in the main saloon, turning the pages of the visitors' log with half-suppressed giggles.

"I suppose I'm being awful," she whispered to Bayard with perfunctory remorse. "I suppose I should be more respectful."

It was true, of course, that she was behaving badly and that the wife of any other clerk in Tower, Tilney & Webb would have been up on deck with the host uttering little squeals of admiration over the boat and its fixtures. But Bayard had never asked Peggy to be a good office wife; he would have scorned to do so. He did, however, observe, over the slowly widening gulf between her domestic preoccupations and his long downtown hours, that it never seemed to occur to her that she owed him more.

"If you find the visitors' log amusing, why shouldn't you express your amusement?" he asked.

"Doesn't it amuse *you*?"

"Ought it to?"

"It's so vulgar, Bayard! All those passé movie actresses with their florid messages. It's like an old copy of *Movie Mirror*!"

"I sometimes think there's nothing so vulgar as poor gentility," he said with a small sigh. "But let me look at it. This yacht is supposed to be used for business entertainment."

"Is that what you call business?" Peggy demanded with a snort, pointing to where Inka was standing on the fantail, the arm of a blonde tucked under his. "If I amused Mr. Dahduh, would you let him deduct me?"

Bayard's gaze followed her impertinent finger and rested for a long moment on his host. Then he turned with a new interest to the log. In fact, in the ensuing half-hour he examined every one of its pages. Although he was not familiar with the names of stage and screen, the exclamatory messages beside the signatures, the poems and limericks in the margin, the caricatures drawn all over, the dirty pictures, made it entirely clear that he was not dealing with an assemblage of brokers or contractors. As he was closing the book he felt a friendly grip on his shoulder, and the rumbling voice came from above his head:

"Quite a varied group of friends, isn't it, Bayard?"

"That's what I was trying to determine. *Is it*?"

Inka, however, seemed unconscious of any special meaning in his lawyer's tone. "You should mingle with the others, you and your pretty wife," he continued. "You should meet my guests and not just read about them. They may not be in the Social Register, but they can teach you a thing or three. That's why I keep this yacht. It's

like a desert island, on which we're stranded. We're cut off from our roots and all the little props that we depend on. For one afternoon we have to be on our own. We have to rely on our wits and our tongues. We have to amuse. Yes, my dear Bayard, you can learn a lot from a day at sea. It's an experiment with democracy!"

As their host moved off, waving his big cigar in the air, Bayard followed his broad retreating back with narrowed eyes. Peggy, who never seemed to listen to a thing he said, had a way of noticing his smallest change of expression. "Now, Bayard, you're not going to get in one of your moods, are you? What do we care what he uses his silly yacht for?"

"I happen to care very much."

"Oh, dear" she said apprehensively. "Why couldn't I keep my mouth shut? What are you going to do now?"

"Do?" Bayard's tone was detached again. "I'm going to do what our host suggests. I'm going to take a little stroll on deck and meet my fellow passengers. I'm going to rely on my wits and my tongue. I'm going to find out exactly what each and every one of them does for a living! And *why* they're here."

L YING awake early the next Monday morning and gazing from the faded shepherdesses of their bedroom wallpaper to the flaking paint of the ceiling, Bayard prepared in his mind, with a grim, tense satisfaction, the things that he would do when he got to the office. He would take the Dahduh income-tax returns to Mr. Madison and lay them on his desk with a slight, respectful bow. "If *you* wish to sign these, here they are, sir. I'm afraid I can no longer be responsible for defrauding the Collector." He smiled a thin smile as he imagined the habitual look of preoccupation on the long gray face of the senior tax partner as it would dissolve into astonishment. "What's that? What?" And then anger. Anger and recrimination. Bayard rose quietly so as not to disturb Peggy and went to the window with a sudden quickening heartbeat to stare down at the backyard of the apartment house with its garbage pails and two bare trees. Would it cost him his partnership? Did he care?

At breakfast with the children he gave a lecture on the use of "Good morning" instead of "Hi." In the subway he read the market news and a tax periodical. And all the while his curious exhilaration persisted. He remembered the French duchess in the revolution that his friend Reardon loved to cite, who, about to deny corresponding with the enemy, then shrugged, saying: "No, no,

life isn't worth a lie." That was it. No boasting of moral superiority, no vulgar dramatic oratory, no affectation of heroism—simply a shrug and a life tossed away. If one was a Kip, there was, after all, a gesture still to be made, a gesture that for all its quietness was a repudiation of rottenness, a repudiation, indeed, of the whole wretched age in which he had to live. Had not the first Bayard Kip been ruined for resisting the Astors? Had not his own great-grandfather lost a fortune by disdaining the bribes of Jim Fisk? They had consciences as simple as the brownstone behind which they had lived, consciences that stemmed from the quaint old days of eighteenth-century finance, consciences that antedated the venality of steam and oil. Bayard was grateful to the son of an Armenian rug peddler for providing him with the opportunity to show that the Kips still stood apart.

Mr. Madison did not disappoint him. His bewilderment and irritation were all that Bayard had hoped.

"But why do *you* have to be the judge of what's a business deduction?" he demanded fretfully. "Why do you have to go snooping into what he uses the yacht for? The client *tells* you it's for business. All right, put it in the return that way."

"I have. But I won't sign it."

"But Dahduh will blow up—" Madison stopped when he saw Bayard's shrug. "Look, Bayard, I'm not asking you to do anything dishonest. I simply want you to recognize that if we do make you a partner, it will be largely to work on Dahduh's matters. He *depends* on you!"

"I know he does," Bayard said grimly. "He depends on my signature. If he's ever prosecuted, he can always make the defense that his lawyer signed the return."

"But damn it all, you can't *know* all the uses he puts that yacht to!"

"That's just it. I can."

"Well, *I* can't!" Madison exclaimed angrily, picking up the return. "And *I* can sign it."

"As you wish," Bayard said quietly and withdrew.

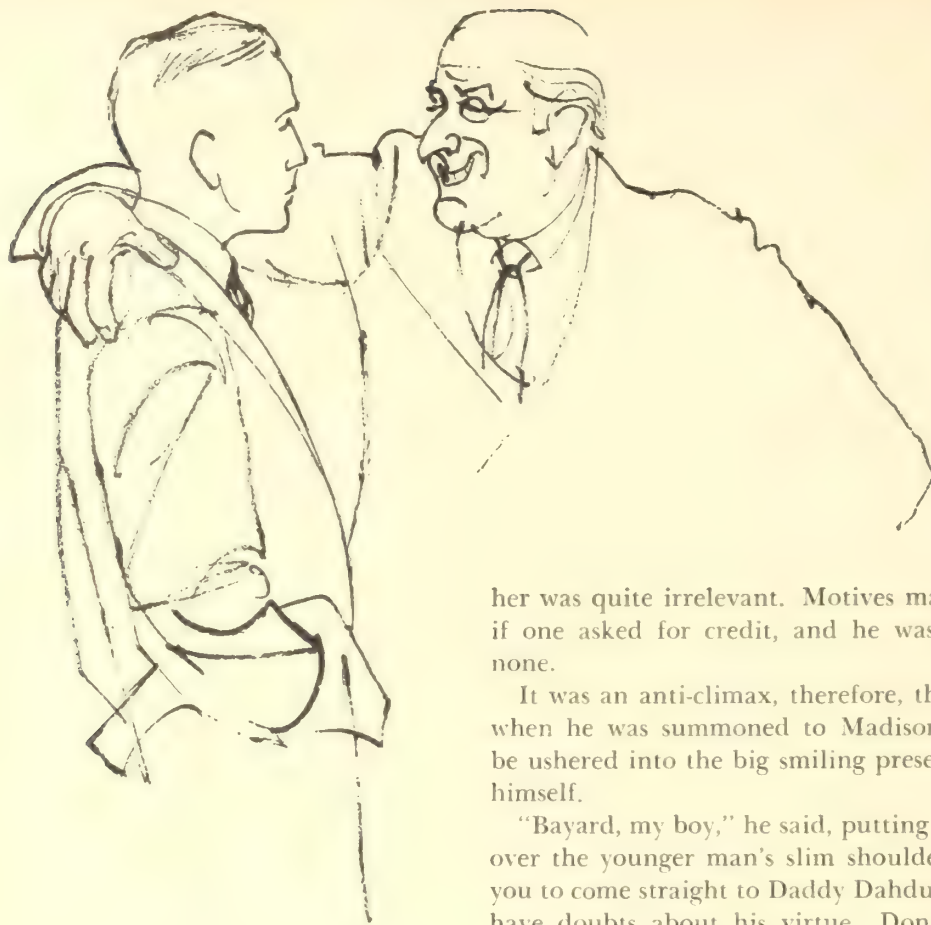
He did not see Madison again that day, but the real scene occurred that evening when he told Peggy.

"I think it's the meanest thing I ever heard!" she wailed. "You're going to blast your career at the office because *I* sneered at Mr. Dahduh."

"You were right to sneer at him."

"But I never thought you'd *do* anything about it. All I meant was that I didn't want to see him *socially*."

"You think it's all right to make your living off



a man like that provided you don't see him socially?"

"Well, *naturally*. Hasn't that always been the rule?"

"It has never been mine," Bayard said sternly. "Nor has it ever been that of my family. It may interest you to know that my great-grandfather Kip lost a . . ."

"It may *not* interest me to know it!" she exclaimed fiercely. "It may interest me to know that you care more about your silly family pride than you do about your wife and children! I believe you're actually *happy* about this thing. I bet you did it to spite me!"

Bayard, however, was little touched by her hysteria. After all, the children were not going to starve. Only promotion was at stake, and it was clear that Peggy, a creature of her age, was not willing to sacrifice the smallest part of it for integrity, that she expected him to succumb to the modern sentimentality of basing moral decisions on the material needs of his family. But things were right or things were wrong, and life was only worth living if one acted with some consistency in the face of this simple premise. Peggy's charge that he was motivated by a desire to hurt

her was quite irrelevant. Motives mattered only if one asked for credit, and he was asking for none.

It was an anti-climax, therefore, the next day, when he was summoned to Madison's office, to be ushered into the big smiling presence of Inka himself.

"Bayard, my boy," he said, putting a thick arm over the younger man's slim shoulders, "I want you to come straight to Daddy Dahduh when you have doubts about his virtue. Don't leave the job to poor old Madison here. When I walked into his office this morning I caught him in the act of signing my returns. 'Hey, there,' I said, 'isn't that Bayard's job?' Well, he started to explain, and you should have heard him stammer! The great Morris Madison, the glibbest advocate before the tax court! But I gradually made out that you think your friend Inka's a fraud and a phony. All right, so he's a fraud and a phony! But don't you think you owed it to me to come and tell me so yourself?"

"It wasn't my place as an associate," Bayard explained in his gravest manner, "to make that kind of communication to a client of Mr. Madison's."

"Oh, I *see*," Inka said, nodding emphatically. "Well, then, let us hope that you may be a partner before too long. But to the question of my poor old yacht. Of course, we'll knock the deduction out of the return. I would have done so myself had I only thought of it. She was originally used for business, but in the past months—you're quite right—she's been more of a personal plaything. As a matter of fact, I wonder if the time hasn't come to get rid of her. Do you know any yacht brokers, Bayard, my friend?"

They were both grinning at him, Madison and

Inka, but Bayard did not grin back. He was disturbed to recognize the sudden little weight in his heart as disappointment, and he remembered what Peggy had said.

PROMOTION, when it came, came as it so often does, fast. In two months' time Bayard was a junior partner with an office overlooking the East River, a full-time secretary, and his lunch-club dues paid. Peggy was able to redecorate the apartment and have the family pictures cleaned and the silver lacquered. For the little family party at which they celebrated this advancement a butler was hired, and Bayard, sipping his sherry under the now gleaming Rembrandt Peale portrait of General Kip and glimpsing through the freshly painted, open doors of the dining-room the glitter of the old candelabra, began to feel that the Kips were coming back to life. It was a bit startling to have life turn out to be as simple as his own principles, to have the ashes of martyrdom so promptly converted into the downy pillows of success, but mightn't it be the ultimate justification of his lifelong adherence to the creed that a family, with faith and tenacity, *could* stay on top?

When he next lunched with his friend Reardon, the latter was in ribald mood.

"So you've decided to be a lady's maid no longer," he commented. "You've decided to be a marquise."

"I figure the knife of your guillotine won't feel any sharper."

"Oh, that knife. It's dulled with disuse. As dull as your conscience, man."

Bayard examined those laughing eyes which so ill concealed their resentment. "I know you think that one pays with a bit of soul for each step up in the great world outside of government," he retorted. "Yet in my own case I have found just the opposite to be true. I have found that clients appreciate honest advice, even when it proves expensive to them."

"What kind of honest advice?"

"I was thinking particularly of the propriety or impropriety of certain business deductions."

"Oh, that yacht of Dahduh's," Reardon said with a snort. "I know all about that. The whole main shaft was split. He stung the Better Brands Company for it, and they're charging it off as a bad loss this year."

Bayard's unflinching stare reflected nothing. "You suggest that he was going to get rid of the yacht anyway?"

"I suggest that he was killing two birds with one stone. He got rid of a leaky old tub that

might have taken him to the bottom of the sea and acquired instead the lifetime devotion of a brilliant young tax lawyer of unimpeachable respectability. I should say he had a bargain."

Bayard opened his lips in a faint smile. "So I've been bought, is that it?"

"Not bought, no. Men like Dahduh don't buy. They acquire. He needs your advice and the name of your firm, and he's willing to pay high for it. But what he *does* with that advice, you'll never quite know. He has his accountants. And *other* tax lawyers. On a lower level. And one thing you can be sure of, old man. He's tipped his hand once to you, and he's learned not to do it again. All the plays that you'll see from now on will be straight as arrows."

"Can a lawyer ask more?" Bayard queried coolly and turned his attention to the menu.

NOBODY watching Bayard walk back down Wall Street after lunch, carrying his tightly rolled umbrella despite the spring sunshine, would have suspected that he had received the bitterest shock of his life. He nodded with the same quiet gravity to the receptionist as he entered the office and with his usual brief smile to his secretary. But once in his own room, behind a closed door and seated at his desk, he raised his fingertips gently to his temples and closed his weary eyes. Life, he admitted, was too much for his simple philosophy. One tried to do right and one's wife accused one of spite. One tried to fight wrong, and the enemy turned up after the bout in even richer ermine. Perhaps the lesson of it all was that the appearances to which he had so clung, the old family appearances of honor and scrupulousness, of dignity and aristocratic distinction, were, after all, the only things that could be preserved.

He opened his top drawer and drew from it a photograph of a small, high-gabled, gingerbread villa on Bellevue Avenue in Newport which had just been left to him by his uncle, Maturin Kip, of whose estate it had been one of the few assets. It was a bit crazy-looking and in poor repair, but it had been designed by Richard Upjohn in 1853, and it was unique. Bayard and Peggy had been carefully over their accounts and had reluctantly decided that they were not yet in a position to afford a summer place. But now he decided that they would risk it. They would be Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Kip, of New York and Newport. They would be listed in the summer, as well as the winter, Social Register. And the old house, with a new coat of paint and a well-kept lawn, would be a credit again to Bellevue Avenue.

ARTHUR H. CAIN

Alcoholics Anonymous: *cult or cure?*

A useful idea has turned into a religious movement—and a hindrance to research, psychiatry, and to many alcoholics who need a different kind of help.

IN THE beginning "They" created Alcoholics Anonymous. ("They" have not yet been credited with the creation of the heavens and earth but, if present trends continue, they will be.) "They" are "W.W." and "Dr. Bob"—cofounders of a movement which is becoming one of America's most fanatical religious cults: "A.A."

To be sure, the late Dr. Bob and the very current W.W. did not want to be deified. They joined forces in 1935 simply to help each other stop drinking. Today the fellowship they started claims a membership of over 300,000 "arrested" alcoholics in 85 countries. The A.A. idea was based on psychological and spiritual concepts very similar to those of Frank Buchman's then-famous Oxford Group. Conceived in Akron, Ohio, the first A.A. group was formed in New York City. In A.A.'s first five years no more than a few hundred people joined.

Then, in 1941, an article about A.A. by Jack Alexander appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* and gave the movement an overnight boost. Membership leaped to over eight thousand by the end of the year.

A.A.'s basic tenet is that only an alcoholic can help another alcoholic; that psychiatric and other treatment is usually unsuccessful; but that

alcoholics can, by banding together in a spirit of mutual help and understanding (and by "turning their lives over to God as they understand Him"), manage to lead relatively normal lives. Above all, they must face the fact that they must never again take even one drink of alcohol.

As long as it restricted itself to informal organization and group "therapy," A.A. enjoyed—and deserved—universal respect. But a disquieting change has developed over the past fifteen years. A.A. is now highly formalized. The meetings, believed to be absolutely necessary, are ritualistic. And any suggestion to members that The Program is less than divine revelation evokes an irrational outcry.

I have no personal axe to grind. As a practicing psychologist who specializes in alcohol problems, I have been active since 1947 in both therapy and research. I have worked closely with Alcoholics Anonymous. I have also worked for the National Council on Alcoholism and for the Christopher D. Smithers Foundation, a charitable organization whose major interests are alcoholism and cancer.

I am disturbed by the fact that, for many members, A.A. is not as effective as it once was. Moreover, I feel that much-needed scientific research is being diverted to other fields because of A.A.'s omniscient attitude. And I am not alone in my concern. Frequently in my practice, disillusioned men and women appeal to me: "Doctor, I've tried A.A. over and over and I still can't stay sober. There must be something *else* dreadfully wrong with me! What is it?"

My friends in psychiatry, psychology, and pastoral counseling often ask me in discreet tones, "What's happening to A.A.?" Then, embarrassed at sounding critical, they add hastily, "It is a wonderful organization." Dr. E. M. Jellinek, dean of researchers in alcohol studies, pleaded at a workshop on alcoholism held at Columbia University in June 1959 that A.A. leave science alone—so that scientists might get along with the business of objective research into the problem.

While serving as public-relations counsel to the National Council on Alcoholism in 1959, I attended A.A. meetings in a dozen major cities. This personal survey of A.A. groups convinced me that there is a widening breach not only between A.A. and scientists, but also between practicing A.A.s and other alcoholics.

What has happened to the excellent program that once helped alcoholics stop drinking when medicine and psychology failed? Why has A.A.

become a cult that many men and women reverentially call "the greatest movement since the birth of Christianity"?

"UTILIZE—DON'T ANALYZE"

I ATTENDED my first A.A. meeting in 1947 and was enormously impressed by the sincerity of the members. They were not professional do-gooders. The speakers seemed genuinely "humble," not piously proud of their humility. The "A.A. Personality"—identifiable by a studied air of serenity and steadfast smile (which I have come to think of, uncharitably, as the "A.A. Smirk")—had not yet come into existence. It is a product of "A.A.: the Cult" as opposed to "A.A.: the Fellowship."

But one remark disturbed me even then. One man arose—a forerunner of the seer-and-pundit type now prevalent in A.A.—and declared, "There's an aggregate of two thousand years of drinking experience in this meeting room. If *we* don't understand alcoholism then nobody does." My own reaction was that *nobody* understood alcoholism (no one does now, either) and it was ludicrous for a group which admittedly had lost control of its drinking to claim superior knowledge of the subject.

As I began to attend meetings regularly, other aphorisms troubled me. One favorite cliché appeared to be of special importance and still is: "Utilize—don't analyze."

For some members this was fine. They were weary of trying to figure out how to drink normally; or how to endure sobriety now that it was achieved; or why they had become alcoholic in the first place. They were ready to accept blindly anything that would end the agonies of compulsive drinking.

But for others, such faith was impossible. Some people simply must analyze—it is their most characteristic personality trait. Perhaps, during the early, frightening days of their newly found sobriety they take comfort in letting others think for them. But as their heads clear and their nerves stop quivering, the need to comprehend ideas intellectually is reasserted and they find themselves examining their own behavior with healthy curiosity. As one relapsed member mournfully described his "slip": "I had been dry for over a year and, like the window washer, stepped back to appraise my handiwork. I woke up two weeks later on the Flight Deck [the violent ward at Kings County Hospital] wondering what had happened."

Relapses occur frequently among such alco-

holics trying to stay sober in A.A. Many A.A. members are unsympathetic to these less fortunate brothers, whom they regard as "hopeless psychotics" or "nuts who aren't 'real' alcoholics at all." Thus, we see in A.A. two disturbing tendencies: (1) to define the alcoholic as a person who stays sober in A.A.; and (2) to relegate all other problem drinkers to the limbo of psychosis.

A.A.s are fond of quoting such "statistics" as: "Fifty per cent of all alcoholics coming into A.A. get sober and remain sober; 25 per cent have one or two slips, then 'get the program' and maintain sobriety; the other 25 per cent are either psychotic or not alcoholic at all."

A question arises: how do A.A. members garner these figures? Because A.A. considers itself a deliberately permissive fellowship made up of autonomous groups which do not keep exact records, no real statistics exist. Nevertheless, individual members advance these generalizations as incontrovertible truths.

This kind of misinterpretation has narrowed A.A.'s once flexible philosophy into exclusive dogma. One undesirable effect is that those alcoholics who are not able to make A.A. work for them lose all hope; they fear that nothing is left for them except insanity (Korsakoff's Syndrome or the dreaded "wet brain") or death. This is not so. Many alcoholics achieve a sobriety made happy and creative through medical, psychiatric, psychological, and pastoral techniques. The sometimes tragic misunderstanding—that only A.A. can help—is fostered by A.A.'s growing rigidity.

If A.A.'s intolerance were confined to its own community, we could "live and let live," as it exhorts its members to do. But A.A.s are indefatigable crusaders who greatly influence the national crusade against alcoholism—a malady which today afflicts five million Americans and costs taxpayers and industry over a billion dollars annually, according to the National Council on Alcoholism. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has called alcoholism the nation's fourth most serious public-health problem, ranking in importance with heart disease, cancer, and mental illness.

Arthur H. Cain, who has a Ph.D. from Columbia and is a graduate of the Yale (now Rutgers) School of Alcohol Studies, is the author of "Young People and Drinking," to be published by John Day. A licensed psychologist practicing in New York City, Dr. Cain recently made a research tour of the world studying drinking customs and sexual habits.

A.A.s hold key positions in city, state, and private agencies dealing with alcoholism. Many executive directors of local committees and information centers are members of A.A. This means that public education on alcoholism is almost entirely in the hands of A.A.s. Furthermore, nearly all information about research, treatment, and community action is disseminated by public-relations directors who adhere to the A.A. party line. Thus, almost everything we read on alcoholism in newspapers and magazines is A.A. propaganda.

Zealous members spread this propaganda, not for personal gain, but to "flush out" alcoholics and help them share their own dubious serenity. I have had the unnerving experience of hearing a spontaneous remark made by an A.A. speaker in New York on a Monday repeated as gospel in Chicago on the following Friday. Much worse, I have heard a federal department chief publicly parrot a "statistic" I knew had been invented by an A.A. the week before. It is perhaps no coincidence that the A.A. publication is known as "The Grapevine."

Alcoholics Anonymous is hostile to criticism from any source. "All we ask is to be left alone," they cry. But they do not leave the American public alone. They influence public-health officials; they write extensively; they take positions on medical subjects such as diet and drugs (tranquilizers, sedatives, and stimulants all fall under the rubric of "goof-balls" to A.A.), and hold themselves up as final arbiters on any matter pertaining to alcoholism.

One result of this authoritarianism is that well-meaning laymen organize committees and sponsor "research"—which leads qualified professionals to assume that the job of fighting alcoholism is getting done. But it isn't—largely because of a basic fallacy in A.A. thinking: that it takes an alcoholic to understand an alcoholic. The trouble lies in defining the word "understanding." Scientists agree that alcoholics are more empathetic to other alcoholics than anyone else; but when they venture the opinion that trained specialists might be better equipped to conduct formal treatment and research than untrained alcoholics, they run into a storm of protest. A.A.s seem almost afraid that science *will* come up with a "cure" (an absolutely taboo word in the A.A. lexicon) and render A.A. unnecessary.

"What will we *do* if someone discovers a pill that cures alcoholism? It's our *dedication* that's keeping us sober and serene!" the executive director of an influential agency on alcoholism recently said to me. Needless to say, this person

and most of this agency's staff are practicing members of A.A. All *are* dedicated to combating alcoholism. But just as sobriety is a vocation for many A.A.s, for many agency people it is a career.

SOBRIETY . . . NOT SLAVERY

ANOTHER dangerous aspect of A.A. as a religious cult is the concept of sobriety as the ultimate goal of life. The very word "sobriety" has taken on a religious flavor and is uttered with hushed awe, rather than spoken of as a condition necessary to health and happiness. Practically all members who have passed the pigeon, or novice, stage speak of the quality of so-and-so's sobriety, as if evaluating degrees of spirituality.

Sobriety has, indeed, become the A.A.'s end which justifies any means. I know men whose wives work and support them so that they may devote their full time to "A.A. Work." I have talked with these women at Al-Anon meetings (groups formed especially for the spouses of alcoholics). Most are not complaining about their lot as A.A. wives; they insist that anything is better than living with a practicing alcoholic. But other women confess that eating, sleeping, and talking A.A. twenty-four hours a day is almost worse than having an alcoholic husband. The masculine point of view was summed up by a legendary souse at a bar who indignantly denied that he was an alcoholic. "I'm no blankety-blank alcoholic," he shouted, "I'm a drunk!" When asked about the difference he retorted, "Alcoholics have to go to those blankety-blank meetings all the time!"

I have heard husbands of alcoholics complain that A.A. has become a network of women's auxiliaries devoted to gossip and the "chanting of A.A. litanies such as, 'There but for the Grace of God . . .'; 'Easy does it'; and 'Living one day at a time.'"

A.A. dogmatism has prevented many people from seeking a more moderate solution: sobriety in Alcoholics Anonymous without slavery to it.

And there are still other possibilities, such as psychotherapy or pastoral counseling. But A.A.s would probably retort, justifiably, that they'll stick to what they've got until something better comes along. Many alcoholics who come to A.A. have had unhappy experiences with psychologists or psychiatrists. Some therapists follow their own party lines, usually Freudian, too strictly and write off alcoholism as "*just* a symptom of some underlying emotional disorder"—implying that once the disorder is uncovered

the problem of alcoholism will automatically be solved. Too many alcoholics are worsened by this oversimplified approach. Many others instinctively know better, especially when psychoanalysts begin probing their Oedipal Situations. However, most psychotherapists now understand that alcoholism is a complex, distinct illness and must be treated accordingly.

"ARRESTED" OR "RECOVERED"

BUT A.A.s veer to the other extreme. They assert vehemently that there's nothing wrong with alcoholics except alcohol, and all the alcoholic has to do is to stay away from that first drink. (There is a standard gag in A.A. about the alcoholic who always orders two drinks and only drinks the second one.) The facts are: (1) the alcoholic obviously wouldn't be an alcoholic if it weren't for alcohol (what *would* he be?) and he certainly must abstain from it if he is to get well; but (2) he undoubtedly is suffering from some sort of psychological disorder: emotional, mental, or social. Unfortunately, "psychology" is a synonym for "psychosis" to most A.A.s. When a recent Ph.D. dissertation on alcoholism was published in popular book form,* A.A.s immediately took the author to task for suggesting that alcoholics could be placed in categories of psychopathology like any other victims of a behavior disorder: the manic-depressive or compulsive-obsessive cases, for example, complicated by uncontrolled drinking. What was the big idea of saying alcoholics were a bunch of nuts, A.A.s demanded. Yet, they insist that "alcoholism is a disease." The President of the National Council of Alcoholism, an exceptional executive with a scientific mind, goes further, calling alcoholism a *respectable* disease. It can happen to anyone, he implies, and should not have social or moral stigma attached to it. I couldn't agree more heartily.

But A.A.s prefer to regard alcoholism as a purely physical disease: organic, glandular, metabolic, dietary—anything but mental. The only time this dread word is used is in an A.A. definition of alcoholism: "A physical allergy, coupled with a *mental* compulsion."

According to the American Medical Association,† "alcoholism can be classified into (1) primary alcoholism, which includes (a) those patients who from the very first drink of an alco-

holic beverage are unable to control their desire for it and (b) those who through use over a great many years have developed an inability to take a drink or leave it alone and have become like group (a); and (2) secondary alcoholism, which includes those who use alcohol for its sedative action as a means of escape from reality and, in particular, from their personal problems. . . . This secondary group comprises by far the majority of patients suffering from alcoholism; *however, most alcoholic patients prefer to be in the primary group.*" (Italics mine.)

By refusing to take into account problems of mental confusion, emotional immaturity, and social maladjustment, A.A.s are seriously hindering not only their own recovery, but scientific research as well.

If A.A.s are to be rescued from fanaticism, they must thoroughly understand two crucial words—"arrested" and "recovered." These are terms used to describe alcoholics who do not drink any more. Most members of A.A. fall into the former category; that is, they have arrested the development of their disease and have learned to live with it. To these men and women, alcoholism is something real in itself, like an incurable cancer. "Once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic" is one of A.A.'s most holy doctrines. They mean that once a person has lost control of his drinking he will never again be able to drink normally, even to the extent of one glass of beer. He must work regularly at the business of not taking that first drink.

This means he must practice A.A. in all his affairs; attend meetings without fail; do "Twelfth Step Work" (the analogy between A.A.'s "Twelve Steps" and the Ten Commandments is unmistakable); and proselyte other alcoholics into Alcoholics Anonymous. If he doesn't live A.A., he's sunk. He gets drunk again sooner or later and—alcoholism being in the dogma of A.A. a progressive disease—he'll be worse off than ever.

It is true, of course, that the drinking alcoholic becomes worse and worse in his drinking behavior. But what A.A. does is to superimpose this concept on the behavior of the non-drinking alcoholic. According to A.A., the disease itself progresses. This is erroneous thinking. An alcoholic who relapses after a period of abstinence may very well get sicker than ever, but because he has aged, not because his alcoholism has "progressed."

The term "recovered" means something different: it implies that the patient's alcoholism is no longer a problem. He may not be able to drink normally again, although some investigators

* *Seven Sinners*, by Arthur King (Harcourt, Brace and World, 1961).

† *Journal of the American Medical Association*, May 25, 1957.

such as D. L. Davies, Dean of the Institute of Psychiatry at the Maudsley Hospital, London, believe there are many such cases. This hospital's work has been conscientiously reported by the *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol* (at the Rutgers Center of Alcohol Studies).^{*} Here is an excellent example of the true scientific method, for the *Quarterly Journal* reports both fact and theory. It is not surprising that Dr. Davies' article has been either ignored by A.A., or brushed off with typical illogic: "Well, if these people drink normally, then they couldn't have been alcoholics in the first place." No A.A.s I queried had actually read the piece, though all were firm in their denunciation of it. I have heard A.A.s say that the report was *immoral* on the grounds that they might be tempted to drink again after hearing of it. Scientific truth was of no consequence.

The expression "recovered alcoholic" means that the patient no longer has to treat himself or take treatment from others at least twice a week for the rest of his life. He accepts life without alcohol; he makes certain adjustments within himself and in his attitude toward society; and he gets back into the mainstream of life. He might devote part of his time to helping alcoholics or others—probably he does—but because he can and wants to, not as a device to keep himself sober.

TRY A.A. FIRST, BUT . . .

THERE are many such recovered alcoholics; both in and out of Alcoholics Anonymous. These men and women have learned one thing: neither A.A. nor psychotherapy, nor any other treatment is more than a bridge between alcoholism and real recovery. Good bridges, perhaps. I still believe that A.A. provides the best possible way, at present, for most alcoholics to get sober and start a new life without alcohol. Others need some form of psychotherapy and/or pastoral counseling—perhaps in conjunction with A.A. These disciplines are especially helpful to people who cannot, without professional guidance, sincerely practice certain of A.A.'s Twelve Steps, such as Step Four—"Make a Searching and Fearless Inventory of Ourselves"; or Step Ten—"Continue to Take Personal Inventory and When We Are Wrong Promptly Admit It"); or those Steps that refer to "a Power greater than ourselves."

Alcoholics Anonymous is not a sustaining Way

^{*} "Normal Drinking in Recovered Alcohol Addicts," March 1962.

of Life. Sobriety can never be a satisfactory ultimate goal; it is, after all, merely the absence of intoxication. It is what one *does* with one's sobriety that is important. A.A. is a man-made means for attaining this sobriety.

Alcoholics Anonymous should not be a cult for the retardation of the "arrested" alcoholic. I do not suggest for a moment that a single A.A. quit the fellowship. On the contrary, I strongly urge sticking with it. To *anyone* who is having trouble with alcohol I say: try A.A. first; it's the answer for most people.

But to those who insist upon serving A.A. as if it were a holy and apostolic church, I say, Beware. Observe those members who seem genuinely serene. Talk with those who have been in A.A. a long time and who really practice "live and let live." Though A.A. is an important *part* of their lives, it is an adjunct, not the whole. They have crossed the bridge from arrested alcoholism to true recovery.

And if even then they cannot stay sober and happy, they should not despair. There are other ways, other bridges—physicians and psychiatrists, psychologists and pastoral counselors, who are capable and anxious to help them. Some specialize in helping alcoholics who have conscientiously tried A.A. and failed. Most agree that there's no such person as a hopeless alcoholic.

A.A. as a group must recognize its real function: to serve as a bridge from the hospital or the jail to the church—or to a sustaining personal belief that life is worthwhile. It must not pose as a spiritual movement that provides everything the alcoholic needs to fulfill his destiny. It must not teach its young (as it does in Alateen, its Sunday School for the children of alcoholics) such catechisms as: "We will always be grateful to Alateen for giving us a way of life and a wonderful healthy program to live by and enjoy." It must realize that "the actual coffee pot Anne used to make the first A.A. coffee"^{*} is not the Holy Grail. The cake and coffee served after meetings are just refreshments, not the body and blood of Jesus Christ.

Only then will Alcoholics Anonymous "come of age." Then, perhaps, more of its members will become "recovered" instead of "arrested" alcoholics. Science may then be stimulated to further research. And those alcoholics who are unable to make A.A. work for them may look elsewhere and find their serenity, too.

^{*} Shown in *Alcoholics Anonymous Comes of Age* (Harper, 1957), a commentary on the A.A. bible, *Alcoholics Anonymous* (Works Publishing Company, 1946).

DONOVAN BESS

The Sculptor who Embarrasses San Francisco

*As he goes about preaching brotherly
love, Beniamino Bufano manages to
intimidate mayors, dismay priests, and
throw art councils into chaos.*

SAN FRANCISCO enjoys the fire and earthquake of 1906 in the same way that some women enjoy dramatic surgery. It is the sort of experience the city comprehends. Unfortunately, San Francisco's problems have not always been so clean-cut. The most embarrassing thing that ever happened to her was the arrival thirty-nine years ago of Beniamino Benvenuto Bufano, one of the most talented sculptors of the century.

Bufano was born about sixty years ago in San Fele, a village ten miles south of Eboli, in an area of southern Italy where medieval demons rule. Bufano's demonic inheritance, however, was diverted into a life of militant adoration of St. Francis. His mother repeatedly provoked him with the example of the *bon vivant* of Assisi who renounced an affluent way of life to follow the teachings of Jesus and to live without money in rapport with attentive animals, birds, and sea creatures. The boy quit his immigrant home in New York when he was only a teen-ager and, after a stay in Paris, settled in the city in which Father Junípero Serra established the Mission of San Francisco de Asís 187 years ago. The city was marked as a lady of sorrows later, when the name of the outpost was changed to Mission Dolores.

Bufano sees San Francisco as a fearful, wheezy alcoholic, wrapped in daydreams of the nineteenth century when she was a gold-rich belle and, the sailors told her, sexier than Shanghai. For four decades, since he set up a studio on Gough Street in 1924, Bufano has told her she

must fall out of love with her lost youth and come to terms with the spirituality mandated by her saintly name.* But San Francisco is doing her utmost to live down her Franciscan heritage.

One of the rules of conscience-pricking is that it must be delicate. Bufano doesn't play the game. He has been tireless in getting his symbols into porphyry, granite, marble, and weather-defying metals on a big scale. He currently is working on an item that, he says, will weigh more than 150 tons. He has done more than twenty St. Francis. He made one model for a saint to stand nearly two hundred feet high and haunt the metropolis. "I make [the statues] big to express the power and immensity of God," he says. "I don't want people to own them individually and shut them away in their houses."

San Francisco tried to repress the troubling Bufano symbols by letting them lie for years in shacks or among weeds and piles of uprooted cobblestones. Some of them came to public attention after a truck driver observed that a marble torso in a city cement yard was a hazard to vehicles. Even if these symbols could have been repressed, it is awkward for a metropolis named after St. Francis to take a stand against things designed to express God.

The resourceful city got around this by discovering that the sculptor could be construed as *cute*. He is five feet tall in his bare feet. He cuts his tawny hair very short and brushes it toward his eyebrows. He has aspects of an impish monk. He tends to run instead of walk, and he likes to chew on long-stemmed dandelion greens. A cute man can be liquidated by condescending endear-

* Migrants to San Francisco often are surprised to learn the extent of her maladjustment. They do not understand why the city has a larger share of alcoholics and suicides than the other major American cities. And last summer they learned that she has forged into first place in pollen-induced allergies.

ment. San Francisco merely took him on her lap, caressed him, and continually called him "Benny." He is established as the Village Idiot (although a few romantics prefer to think of him as the Mad Sculptor). The Press and Union League Club—a downtown center for executives and public-relations men—has given him a free room. If you telephone the club and ask for "Benny" you get Bufano. He is banqueted, and he is bragged about, like an animal head from Kenya.

Bufano has not increased his stature at City Hall by loudly crying through the years that Mayors and other important officials are "stupid" and by refusing to slow down his rate of production of St. Francis and pro-human animals. He has increased his stature in some unofficial circles. Dr. Walter Heil, director of the fastidious de Young Museum, says: "He is unquestionably a great artist of great talent." Roger Fry, the British art critic, was moved to declare Bufano's St. Francis of La Varenne "the most significant piece of sculpture done within the past five hundred years." Late in the 1920s, Paul Verdier, an open-minded San Francisco department-store owner, began to talk about this immense statue which Bufano did while a resident of La Varenne St. Hilaire, a suburb of Paris. Word reached the Pacific Coast that works by Bufano had been shown in the Grand Salon in Paris, that the Metropolitan Museum of Art had bought a bronze by him, and that connoisseurs from Peiping to Rome were interested.

One day in 1933, the Art Commission said it surely did want to honor this splendid son of Italy. It thought the St. Francis of La Varenne should be brought out of a Paris warehouse, where it was about a thousand dollars in arrears in rent, and stationed in San Francisco, if some millionaire would finance the move. Stimulated, the young sculptor offered the Commission an even better thought. Why not have a big, new statue of the saint on Twin Peaks, a high mountain overlooking the city? The commission thought it *would* be nice to have a kind of Western Statue of Liberty to welcome tourists coming into port through the Golden Gate, if the federal government would pay the bill through the

WPA. A steel company volunteered the twenty-five tons of stainless steel needed for the saint's body.

BIG COUNTRY, BIG SAINTS

BUFANO'S problem as an artist, though, is that he likes to carry out his ideas. He wanted this statue to be 186 feet tall. Well, this is a big country, and it needs big saints. He wanted to make the head and hands out of silicon bronze, a copper alloy. He said the saint's arms would stretch toward Heaven, not downward toward the city and its suburbs. And he wanted to put a black goatee on it, to accord with the earliest portraits of St. Francis.

"This statue made me gasp," cried the horrified superior of the Franciscan Fathers' friary, Father Augustine Hobrecht, after inspecting a model. And on a crisp December day in 1936, the Art Commission rejected Bufano's design. Later, Mayor Angelo Rossi announced he had gotten in touch with Public Opinion, as well as with the Most Reverend John J. Mitty, Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco. As a compromise, it was felt the saint should lower his arms so the blessings would not leak away into the sky, and that the artist should eliminate the goatee.* Bufano refused, and as the second world war pressed in rapidly, the Twin Peaks project vanished.

With the fatherly help of the WPA, Bufano also had executed a six-foot-high California black granite statue of St. Francis on horseback, and some fifteen creatures that might love the saint and be as dedicated to his preaching as were the animals, birds, and fish of his *Fioretti*. They were much larger than life. For instance, the pink cat was seven feet long, made from porphyry Bufano himself had quarried in Egypt; its enormous eyes stared with the contentment that comes from digesting a fat mouse. There was a porphyry bear feeding two stylized cubs, a penguin with baby penguins, a black cat, a double seal, a frog, a barracuda, a single seal, a rabbit, a butterfly, a mouse, a salmon, two California bears, and a huge unfinished flea. Alfred Frankenstein, the art critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, pronounced this work "some of the most truly monumental carving that has ever been produced in this country," of "immense,

Donovan Bess settled in San Francisco in 1945, thinking it "the only true (American) city west of New York." He began working on the San Francisco "Chronicle" copy desk and is now a reporter and book reviewer; and he also spent five years in Western Europe with UP and Reuters. Iowa-born, he grew up in La Jolla, California.

* Here, the Mayor laid down a policy that came into full flower in the late 1950s, when the city's police department prodded the bearded beatniks out of town. They regrouped at Big Sur in a wilderness area celebrated by the poet, Robinson Jeffers.

toylike charm," and rendered "with something of the same grand gesture that distinguishes the sculpture of remote antiquity."

In 1944 a city supervisor, browsing for tax savings in a weedy storage yard, stumbled upon the saint and his troupe. He said the New Deal had given the figures to the city and the city had not been getting its money's worth. The five Park Commissioners went to the zoo and found places to stick most of the animals. Meanwhile, the Art Commission was reappraising the whole question of animal art. Is a cat a cat when he has no visible claws? "It would not be good taste," the Commission decided, "to place stone animals with live animals."

The saint and his followers were led into the large square facing City Hall in the hope someone might adopt them. After a few weeks, the city's chief administrative officer, Thomas A. Brooks, wrote the Park Commission: "This office is anxious to have the pieces removed from the Civic Center Plaza." He wondered if the Commissioners didn't think a good place for the statues would be on a cliff above the ocean, on a lonely, seldom-visited site opposite the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. The Commissioners, dedicated in their watch over the city's 2,327 acres of park, replied that the "policy of installing in the park system permanent exhibitions of the works of a living artist as a collection might invite exploitation of the city's parks for purposes foreign to the public interest."

No Bufano piece, except a statue of Sun Yat-sen, has since penetrated park property. The St. Francis on horseback and seven of his troupe eventually were dispersed into federal low-income rental housing projects, to be enjoyed, appropriately, by the poor. (Tenants in one project have painted a black mustache on a five-foot gray granite cat that squats in front of a row of barrack-like buildings a few blocks from Mission Dolores.) Six other sculptured creatures have been stored—one of them in the city sewage-treatment-plant garage. The penguins died of injuries inflicted by vandals.

In the 1940s Bufano himself served on the Art Commission. Mayor Roger Lapham, an individualist, was to blame. The succeeding Mayor, Elmer E. Robinson, did not reappoint him. Bufano concluded his tour by writing a letter to Robinson in which he recommended that "the Library Commission should be composed of men of letters and understanding" and "the Park Commission should be composed of men who understand trees and flowers." Schemes like this are not in the usual San Francisco tradi-



KEN MOLINO STUDIO

Beniamino Bufano in his studio

tion as evidenced in those sculptures—by other hands than Bufano's—that have been honored with placement. In the Redwood Memorial Grove, a quiet copse in Golden Gate Park, an over-life-size bronze angel stands above a muscular miner, who has a pick on his shoulder, wears a six-shooter, and brandishes an American flag. Animals are welcomed if they are not peace-loving. At one entrance to Golden Gate Park a life-size bear and lion crouch, snarling. In the center of the music concourse, a five-foot granite tiger competes ardently with a serpent that is trying to strangle it to death.

Bufano has not done a St. Francis since 1955. "I found more godliness among the animals than among human beings," he says. Children, if not brought up in San Francisco, get to see his works, and they seem to understand his ideas. Three years ago a fifth-grade teacher brought her pupils to Bufano's studio from Pittsburg, California, an outlying oil and steel town. The boys and girls watched him chisel at a four-and-a-half-ton red bear. "Can we have one for our school?"

asked Billy McKee. Bufano said yes, they could have a free copy, but he had no money to have it cast and shipped across the bay. The parents and children of the Heights Elementary School raised \$1,040 by furiously baking cookies and giving spaghetti dinners, and the bear was theirs. (No Bufano creature has been admitted to school property in San Francisco.)

The sculptor also won honor in San Mateo, a suburb that caters to split-level executives. A seventy-two-acre shopping center there has sheltered a second caravan of animals headed by a St. Francis on horseback. A wolf, grimacing protectively over a Madonna's head, caps the entrance to a men's toilet, at the junction of two liquor stores. This doesn't bother Bufano. "You can see it from all four sides," he said. "That's what I want, for people to see the things."

San Francisco's attitude toward Bufano's works was climaxed with the problem of the St. Francis of La Varenne, perhaps the most martyred religious statue in history. Bufano carved the work out of perdurable Belgian granite, when he was in France in his youth. The stone-

cutting and chiseling took him two years. He spent another month working on the details at night with a Carborundum stone, in the light of one candle, because "the hands see better than the eyes for purity of form." He stored the work in a warehouse and returned to the United States. The statue, eighteen feet in height and weighing twelve-and-a-half tons, shows the saint of Assisi with his arms flung out in benediction. Into the face is carved the forgiveness that Francis showed toward those who, as he was dying, betrayed the meaning of his mission. The statue's face forgives all those who persecute men inspired by God.

Free transportation by the French government and a potent little civic movement in San Francisco, led by Paul Verdier, finally moved the statue out of hock and installed it on the steps of the humble Church of St. Francis of Assisi in the Italian sector of the city. On October 4, 1955, fifteen hundred citizens heard the Auxiliary Bishop of San Francisco, the Most Reverend Merlin J. Guilfoyle, bless the statue. Beatniks walked half a block, from their headquarters in the Coexistence Bagel Shop, to hail this granite tribute to the great medieval foe of organization men, materialism, and bureaucracy. In the following months, artists parked beneath the smiling saint at lunchtime. Atheistic-looking young men in berets basked in its shadow. This camaraderie caused the statue to lose a jolt of respectability, but nobody believed bad associates could damage a work considered by the critics and the populace to be Bufano's best.

There was general surprise, therefore, on November 15, 1960, when the Archdiocese announced the saint was to be evicted. The Church of St. Francis of Assisi had a new pastor, the Reverend John J. Curtin, who had disliked this work at first sight. He explained that when there were wedding or funeral processions in his Italo-American parish the statue ruined the symmetry by standing in the middle of his steps. Besides, the priest said, the saint's tonnage made cracks in the cement. The office of Archbishop Mitty did not know any fitting site for the work among the 806 churches and other institutions in its jurisdiction.

Unsuitable offers came to Bufano. Frank Bender of the Chamber of Commerce in Reno, Nevada, said, "We'd be very glad to have something the tourists won't be able to carry away." But John Jay Ferdon, a former president of San Francisco's Board of Supervisors, told the Art Commission he thought the city should give the saint refuge in Civic Center Plaza, facing the



RIN MOLINO STUDIO

St. Francis in the patio of St's Chamberlain

Opera House where the United Nations Charter was signed. Ferdon apparently was not aware of the extent to which Bufano's image had been soiled. First, the sculptor had increased his tendency to make statues and statements in support of his theory that all people are brothers. Second, despite the fact that he was an immigrant from one of the poorest regions in Italy, he refused to respect money. (Only last summer, Bufano declared defiantly, "I want to be poor—I'll be damned if I'm going to waste my life decorating the homes of the rich.")

OAKLAND IS A NAUGHTY WORD

IN City Hall, meanwhile, Mayor George Christopher considered the problem of St. Francis. This tall, big-boned politician is a devout Republican, and in the days before the Kennedy election he had hoped to run for Governor of California. In October of 1960, he ordered an elevator operator in City Hall to remove his Kennedy-for-President button. "These pins," he said, "create controversy." After Mr. Kennedy's election, while the St. Francis of La Varenne was up for grabs, Christopher's nerves were jarred by the fact that Richard Nixon might decide to take the Republican nomination for Governor. While Nixon pondered his decision, the Mayor outdid himself at being jovial and wary, just in case. Certainly, he might have reasoned, no good could come to a man in his position from endorsing a statue rejected by the Church and sculptured by a tiny eccentric who was a known friend of longshoremen and who had spent a happy month in Russia in 1957.

On December 6, 1960, Christopher pronounced that the St. Francis "would be incompatible with Civic Center Plaza." When asked if he had a suggestion about where else it could be put, according to reporters, the Mayor replied, "Yeah," and "he laughed, and laughed, and laughed." This attitude caused Bufano to comment, "He is stupid. He is a rubber stamp for the Chamber of Commerce. You can put all of his culture on the head of a pin." The next day Bufano tried to see the Mayor, but was kept in the waiting-room. Harold Zellerbach, a paper magnate who heads the Art Commission, was invited in. It was settled that the St. Francis of La Varenne would not be placed on city property. "The Plaza was not designed for his statue," Zellerbach explains. "[It] would not carry the weight" (over an underground parking garage). On the other hand, Reuben Owens, an engineer who is the director

of the public-works department, claims, "The statue could be placed anywhere on the Plaza without difficulty."

Just before Christmas of 1960, an Oakland real-estate promoter, Maynard Corlett, read of the crisis and was moved by a photograph of the statue. He told Bufano: "The Guy Upstairs gave you a gift, to create that statue. Let us find a home for it in Oakland."

Oakland? Among San Franciscans, the name of Los Angeles may be spoken, if for the purpose of a succinct insult. The name of Oakland may not be uttered in mixed company. Its claims to be a city are not recognized. It is considered merely a buffer zone between the city and the ski country two hundred miles to the east. Bufano, who is a loyal San Franciscan, of course rejected Corlett's efforts to sully his masterwork. But Corlett was as zealous as St. Francis himself had been when he made a pilgrimage to convert the Sultan of Babylon in 1219. And on March 15, 1961, the enormous saint was pried off the church steps. Before a crane lifted it into a flatbed truck, Bufano climbed up and placed a red rose between the eyes. He dipped his hands into a birdbath built into the granite head and bathed the eyes with rain-water. "Tears," he said.

The St. Francis was posted on private property facing Franklin Square in downtown Oakland. Ten weeks later it hit the road again; unfortunately it had parked itself in front of vacant quarters that got rented. Pan American Airways, the tenant, had found it could not open its front door.

Bufano said he hoped to get it taken in by the United Nations in New York City. But it went into the patio of Si's Charbroiler in Oakland. It stood with its back to a cocktail lounge; its hands blessed customers sitting under gay umbrellas eating giantburgers. It had been invited there by Simon Furman, the tenderhearted owner of Si's. "We really like it," he said. "We'll keep it as long as we can have it." He said it attracted art lovers and an old Italian lady who came in very early every morning and kissed its feet. It boosted giantburger sales. "After we got it," Si Furman said, "business went up."

The honeymoon lasted only eighteen months. The ILWU in San Francisco came for the statue late last December. The longshoremen spent \$3,000 to install it in a tiny, private park on the waterfront next to the union headquarters. It smiles sadly at the Golden Gate, at Alcatraz Prison, and at every entering ship. I have a feeling it can't quite believe its travels are really over.

How to Tell a Baptist

from a Methodist in the South

Once much alike, two of Dixie's old-time religions have moved to opposite extremes—in politics as well as theology.

WHEN I was a child in Sardis, Mississippi, my family ventured only occasionally into the Methodist church. We were Southern Baptists. We attended Methodist services on those rare Sabbaths when our preacher was called away so suddenly that he could not summon another Baptist to tend the flock. More massive doses of Methodism were available at the annual Methodist revivals, which we Baptists habitually attended. And the Methodists in turn came to ours. This interchurch visiting was common once throughout the South, but I am told it is a vanishing custom. Its disappearance is but one sign that Protestant Christianity in the South, as practiced by the Methodists and Southern Baptists today, is really *two* religions—and the differences that have arisen between these two strong denominations are both proof and promise of great changes in the South.

What I remember most vividly from the one- or two-week revival season of July and August is the pasteboard fans with which we attempted to shove aside the heat in both the Methodist and Baptist sanctuaries. These fans, embellished with Bible-story illustrations, were donated abundantly to the churches as the primary advertising effort of the local funeral parlor.

Twenty-five years ago, the most devout member of one church could participate in the rites of the other without suffering any spiritual discomfort and without hearing contradictory utterances from the pulpit. From all I've heard and

read, this was the pattern of pre-World War II Methodist-Baptist relations throughout our region. H. L. Mencken, for instance, in his scalding essays on the Bible Belt, found it unnecessary in the 1920s to differentiate between Methodist and Southern Baptist preaching. And in my adopted town, Jacksonville, Florida, a minister recently told me that when he was growing up in Georgia there was no essential difference there between the two churches.

We Sardis Baptists did not see it precisely that way. There *were* differences, to which we assigned certain importance.

First, the methods of baptism varied. The Southern Baptist was initiated into the faith by what was redundantly called "total immersion." A Methodist got only a sprinkling. (Methodists allow baptism by immersion, but nobody ever seems to request it.)

Second, Southern Baptist preachers seemed more "inspired," which is a polite way of saying they were more entertaining—partly by appealing to the animal emotions and partly by fancy footwork. To guarantee satisfaction, you had to give a Baptist preacher room to roam. (Dr. Billy Graham paid his respects to this Baptist characteristic as he warmed up to a sermon one night in 1961 in Jacksonville's First Baptist church. Before reading the scriptural text, he apologized that he wouldn't be moving around much that night. "I forgot my belt," he confessed.)

Finally, there was that conflict of doctrine which my mother's Women's Missionary Union often discussed so fervently. The Baptists, it was said, believed that "if you are once saved, you are always saved," while the Methodists believed that you may "fall from grace."

Despite these differences, the Methodists and

Baptists of Sardis got along well. No one felt he was patronizing an inferior theology when he worshiped in the other church—which, like his own, preached fundamentalist Protestant Christianity. While a Baptist took pride in the fact that his church espoused no official dogma, I never heard of a Baptist who did not subscribe fully to the literal interpretation of the Apostles' Creed, which happens to be a part of Methodist ritual. Both Methodists and Baptists dispatched missionaries to heathen Congolese and Hindustani, and closer to home the Baptists were equally concerned over the fallacious doctrines of Catholic and Jew. But a Methodist never attempted to subvert a Baptist into the arid camp of the sprinklers, nor did the Baptists seem to think it necessary to convert the Wesleyans. It was nothing to write Aunt Millie about if a Methodist girl eloped with a Baptist boy.

As I grew up, I left both Sardis and the Southern Baptist church. The theological postures of Baptists and Methodists were of no concern to me until, two years ago, I was anointed "church editor" of the *Jacksonville Journal*. This title implies no theological sagacity. Processing church news is a part-time and unspecialized task on most daily newspapers, even in a minor metropolis such as Jacksonville. All I know of Barth and Tillich is how to spell their names, and my work runs mostly to announcing the dedicatory rites for new Sunday school annexes and proclaiming the arrival of gospel trios from North Carolina. The job has also brought me inadvertently into contact again (this time as a disinterested Unitarian observer) with the Methodists and Southern Baptists. The reunion has been full of surprises.

As in Sardis and the rest of the South a quarter-century ago, these two are the dominant denominations in Jacksonville today. (The old Southern formula was 50 per cent Baptist, 25 per cent Methodist, and the rest something else.) The most recent study of our metropolitan white population indicates there are 320 places of regular, organized worship, including 110 Southern Baptist and 55 Methodist. These two denominations have about half of the white congregations in town and their members com-

prise about 40 per cent of the 211,000 ~~Christians~~ non-Catholic Christians in our midst. The other churches range from such comparatively strong sects as the Episcopalians, "Southern" Presbyterians, Lutherans, Church of Christ, and Church of the Nazarene, to one-outlet groups like the Unitarians, Congregationalists, Seventh-day Adventists, United (or "Northern") Presbyterians, American Baptists, Ontologists, and Progressive Primitive Baptists. In addition, someone has guessed there may be about three hundred churches in town for the third of the town's population that is Negro, but so far nobody has tackled a really reliable survey.

I have discovered in my reacquaintance with the Methodists and Southern Baptists that they are no longer two amiable exponents of the same religion. They continue to dwell beside one another in harmony, but their teachings today differ drastically. Southern Baptist beliefs, I find, are the same as those the Baptists preached in Sardis when I was a child. The Southern Baptists today are Jacksonville's primary depository of Protestant conservatism, or fundamentalism. They are so conservative, in fact, that they strongly resent being called Protestants, believing themselves heir to a religious tradition that antedates the earthly career of Jesus. The Methodists, however, are a church in transition. They have been shifting theologically leftward for many years, and have become the South's color guard of liberal Protestantism, also called modernism.

THE HERE AND HEREAFTER

THIS is how the two Protestantisms stack up in Jacksonville today:

The Southern Baptist has his eyes fixed on a Hereafter; the Methodist is more intent upon the Here. A Southern Baptist believes the Bible to be a book of literal truth, directing one to an eternally happy physical existence beyond the grave. Most Methodists read the Bible, not literally, but as a beautiful source of ethical instruction for this life. To a Baptist, Jesus Christ was God become man; through crucifixion upon the Cross, He mysteriously atoned for Adam's original sin—which occurred, by fundamentalist reckoning, approximately five thousand years ago—and He literally arose from His grave to ascend into Heaven, thus blazing the trail to posthumous bliss. To a Methodist, the Man called Jesus was a mortal example of the potential perfection in man's earthly behavior today; His earthly conduct is worthy of emulation but His

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immortality is abstract, rather like that of Jefferson living today in the Bill of Rights and Lincoln in the Fourteenth Amendment.

A Baptist believes that the only alternative to dwelling with Christ beyond the grave is an eternity of the most horrible tortures. Among Methodists, this emphasis on another existence is muted; and they recite the Apostles' Creed allegorically. For a Baptist, it takes only *belief* in the literal wording of the Bible to achieve salvation, and good behavior minus this belief won't purchase it. To a Methodist, being good has more importance in this world and for the next. Southern Baptist theology stresses the mystery of Christianity, preaching a gospel of salvation and largely ignoring the problems of this world. Methodism stresses applied Christianity, preaching a gospel of social action.

For instance, the Methodists' overtures to racial progress have drawn frequent criticism from the Citizens Councils, but Baptists have largely escaped the diehards' wrath because in church they disregard the race issue almost totally. And during 1962, Jacksonville Methodist church bulletins stumped heavily for the Community Chest-United Fund campaign, the annual World Clothing Drive, and the Halloween collections for UNICEF. The Baptists, on the other hand, simply shared their wealth through their churches. They are renowned for their high per capita church support.

There is one other important element of Baptist belief: evangelism. Once a Baptist has been "converted" (which is to say he has undergone the often-emotional experience of accepting fundamentalist theology) he is constantly urged to seek the conversion of others. As Methodism has shifted away from fundamentalism, it has de-emphasized evangelism. Baptists frequently buttonhole strangers and straightforwardly ask, "Are you saved?" A Methodist might well consider this an undignified infringement upon another citizen's privacy.

It is a rare Southern Baptist who does not subscribe to fundamentalism as I have outlined it. Methodists, on the other hand, cannot be so categorically labeled as religious liberals; yet this seems to be but a matter of time, for the more fundamentalist Methodists tend to be the older ones.

The manifestations of Methodist modernism as opposed to Southern Baptist fundamentalism are many, varied, and often subtle in Jacksonville today. For instance, the *Jacksonville Journal* publishes a Saturday column consisting of excerpts from three sermons that will be de-

livered in local churches on the following day. During the first half of 1962, a total of sixteen published Methodist sermons were modernist in tone, three conservative; while seventeen of the Southern Baptist sermons were fundamentalist in flavor against five with a modernist tendency.

Southern Baptist sermons, Sunday school teachings, and study topics for their numerous men's, women's, and youth groups hammer away on the rectitude of salvation theology and the urgent need for evangelism. Methodist sermons and discussions, on the other hand, dissect mental illness, crime, communism, disease, and racial discrimination. But, according to one Methodist minister, "fundamentalists shrug off such problems as merely God's punishment of wickedness." Their attitude toward this world's problems, he said, is: "Hang on! There's a better world to come!"

In downtown Jacksonville, a Methodist minister has served as president of his luncheon club, secretary of the Jacksonville Ministerial Alliance, and head of the church division of our 1962 Community Chest-United Fund campaign; he now leads the church division of the Duval County Civil Defense Council. Two blocks away, a Baptist minister tells his congregation, in a sermon on the twenty-second anniversary of his ministry to them: "I've never had much time for civic work." I mean no disrespect toward the Baptist minister in drawing this parallel, for by fundamentalist standards he did right in concentrating on evangelism. His church, with three thousand members, is one of the largest in the Southern Baptist movement—and one of those few big-city down-town Southern Baptist congregations that haven't moved in recent years to the suburbs as a result of business-district depopulation.

When I bluntly asked a middle-aged Methodist minister if he subscribed literally to the Apostles' Creed, he confided that he recites it merely as "a beautiful symbol of the continuity of the Christian church." He said he does not believe in bodily resurrection: "This body of mine will someday be a part of the grass, the flowers, and the trees. That's immortality of a sort, I suppose." It is not, however, the immortality visualized by Dr. Billy Graham, who told his Jacksonville audience in 1961 that he will eventually rise from his grave and gaze upon "the nail holes in Christ's body."

Discussion topics among Methodist women's groups will range from such ideas as brotherhood (a word often used slyly as a synonym for "integration" down South) to the United Nations

as an instrument of world peace. During last summer's Methodist Youth Week, many Jacksonville churches encouraged teen-agers to discuss proper sexual behavior, with the modernist idea that the church—where sex talk was once taboo—is a better place than the back alleys to get the facts straight and clarify moral perspectives. One of our Methodist churches bolstered Biblical wisdom with scientific authority by inviting a local psychologist to lead a three-session seminar devoted to such family problems as divorce and alcoholism. A Methodist layman told me that for two Sundays at the start of the Vatican's Ecumenical Council his minister had preached that Protestants should seek understanding and work toward unity with Roman Catholicism. Those sermons would be considered heresy in many fundamentalist churches.

This increasing emphasis on the social gospel has inevitably involved the laity more and more in church affairs and in a serious moral dialogue; it has also, to some extent, decreased the importance of preaching. Some Jacksonville Methodist churches have abandoned Sunday and Wednesday night preaching, while Baptist churches are open, as ever, to their congregations. The discussion program is also finding some favor with the Baptists but, as one minister reported, "instead of social issues, they'll usually discuss something like First Timothy."

THE METHODIST EVOLUTION

HOW has Methodist liberalism evolved in the South? Both ministers and laymen seem woefully short on detailed knowledge of this significant trend. "Social action has always been a Methodist characteristic," one minister insisted. The Methodist concept of the "fall from grace" seems to be one root of the trend, implying as it does the Christian's constant need to attune his behavior to God's will, to *do* instead of merely believe; but this idea is not new. Nevertheless, the church has changed.

Two ministers observed that the average Methodist has more formal education than his Southern Baptist neighbor, and one theory is that a churchgoer's reliance on Christian supernaturalism drops as his schooling increases. This, however, is only a partial explanation of Methodist modernism. How did it happen that a liberal church was at hand when an educated laity arose and demanded it? Perhaps part of the answer lies in traditional Methodist encouragement of better schools. I am told that nineteenth-century Methodists wanted to increase literacy

partly for the success of the religious tracts which their printing presses effused. This tradition apparently developed into a church demand that Methodist ministers be better educated. In the South today, for instance, a Baptist with little learning can become an ordained minister after simply telling his local congregation that he has received a "call from God." Methodists pay some lip service to "divine calls" but they prefer an aspiring preacher to have a seminary certificate.

Two young ministers of Jacksonville attribute Methodist change partly to a "wave of liberalism" which, they say, swept through Methodist seminaries after World War I. Darwin's theory of evolution was gaining wide acceptance then, the War to End War was over, and the Roaring 'Twenties were prosperous; hence the spirit of the times fostered the idea that "a man controls his destiny" and helped to shift Methodist emphasis from Jesus the Risen Son of God, to Jesus the Man.

On the other hand, another minister reasons that the more home-centered life and lower level of education in Southern society twenty-five years ago, as compared with today, could have caused liberal elements of Methodism to lie dormant. In those days insanity and murder were about the only human troubles that could not be tinkered with in one's own home or neighborhood. Today, living is more complex in Southern small towns and cities. Institutionalized welfare is part of our culture, and opportunities abound for institutionalized social action.

Also significant may be the fact that the old Southern Methodist and Northern Methodist denominations that split over the slavery issue well before the Civil War merged into a single national body in 1939. Thus Methodism for almost a quarter-century has been a national religion, possibly transmitting national thinking to Southern churches, while the Southern Baptists remain to a great degree a regional movement.

A final cause of the Methodist evolution may be the church's "episcopal" form of government. It is a single federated church, while the Southern Baptist Convention is but a confederation of totally independent churches. Whereas Wesleyans call their book of church government their "Discipline"—an illuminating word choice—the Baptists stress that they work together through their local, state, and national organizations merely as "co-operating" entities. Progressive intellectual trends, I think, tend to flow downward to individual congregations in a federated church while local prejudices rise to the upper councils of a confederated church. For this idea

I find support in the fact that the three large churches most outspokenly liberal on the race issue in the South—the Methodist, Episcopal, and Roman Catholic—all have episcopal types of government and are national (or international) rather than regional churches.

A certain amount of concern and disagreement arises over what liberalism ultimately means for the Methodist church in the South. Two Jacksonville ministers worry that Methodism has become a white-collar church, leaving blue-collar society to the fundamentalists. This anxiety may be merely a case of the ministers' cultural nostalgia; for the Methodist church, like the Baptist movement, grew strong in America as a frontier religion and is thus attached historically to the "common man."

One minister foresees eventual problems for both Methodists and Baptists because of their current theological stands. He thinks the Baptist church, unyielding in its faith in supernaturalism, may be abandoned by Southerners, who are fast becoming better schooled. At the same time, he fears Methodism may be evolving into "a glorified civic club rather than a religion." One other Methodist minister said, "We are dismayed to find ourselves becoming an upper-class church, and we're swinging back." The retreat, he said, is not to fundamentalism but to "enlightened orthodoxy" (a term he was unable to define specifically).

AN UNSOLID SOUTH?

IN MY opinion, the most significant lesson to be learned today from this Methodist-Baptist schism is not theological but social. I think the distinction between the two denominations is a very important phenomenon, mainly because it is one sign that the Old Recalcitrant South is on its last legs, destined to kick for a long time but never to Rise Again.

For more than a century the South has presented a monolithic facade to the world. We had one occupation, which was farming. We had one crop, which was cotton. We had one race in power, and it was white. We had one political party, the Democratic. Most of us lived in small towns and crossroads hamlets, with identical social mores. Naturally we had essentially one religion, which was fundamentalist Protestant Christianity. This religion, dreaming of a happy place beyond the grave, fitted in very neatly with social institutions which refused to face up to their problems, and with the authority of God it bolstered the status quo.

Who Wants an Explanation?

THIS capital, long a haven for lawyers, lobbyists, and Harvard alumni, also seems to be a paradise for psychiatrists.

According to the American Psychiatric Association, the District of Columbia has more psychiatrists per 100,000 persons than any of the fifty states. The figure is 27.8, almost twice the New York ratio (15.6), which is the highest for any state, and almost twenty times that of Alabama, the lowest-ranking state, with 1.4.

The APA attempts no explanation.

—*The New York Times*, April 3, 1961

The South today is no longer monolithic, though the world—almost as much as Southern whites—seems reluctant to acknowledge this. We are no longer the nation's cotton patch. Industry has established sizable beachheads. Even on the farms, cotton is giving room to timber, cattle, and soybeans. Today we have cities, and small-town youngsters flee to them breathlessly. We have even advanced to the point where adherents to the Grand Old Party have thrown off their "conservative Democrat" costumes in many places and seek votes as card-carrying Republicans. And finally a too-often-underestimated army of silent white folks are fed up with racial injustice—and an even greater number of white citizens will eventually accept integration without making trouble.

I have no doubt that dissent on social problems, notably the race issue, has helped draw many Southerners to the Methodist church. One of the jokes that arose in the South after Alabama and Mississippi sit-in troubles in 1961 went like this:

"Question: What do you call a Methodist preacher who missed his bus?"

"Answer: A Freedom Walker."

Sometimes the peripatetic clergyman is identified as an Episcopalian or a Jewish rabbi—never a Baptist.

Born of social change, the Methodist church, I think, contains the seed for perpetuating such change. As a haven for social dissent, it has the built-in protection of age and size—two characteristics which are respected, if not loved, by

monolithism. The Citizens Councils may shatter the NAACP, which is comparatively small and new, but they have volleyed quite viciously at liberal Protestantism without doing any apparent great damage.

Neither the social gospel nor the fundamentalist brand of Christianity seems to be suffering in Jacksonville. Both are finding more new adherents than they have any statistical right to expect. Between 1940 and 1960, the population of Duval County increased 117 per cent. In the same period, Methodist membership increased 205 per cent while Southern Baptist adherents increased 271 per cent!

To accommodate these new numbers, the two denominations are building new churches, in characteristically different ways. The Methodists plant new churches at least two miles away from existing Methodist churches. They wait until one thousand new homes have sprung up in a new neighborhood and then, if a survey discloses one hundred Methodist families residing there, they start a church. A Methodist official told me, "We like for a church to be well-born"—which means a new congregation from the start should bear a reasonable share of its operating costs.

Baptists, on the other hand, with no central authority to direct the placement of a new church, tend to colonize chaotically. Any Baptist congregation can start a mission wherever it desires and one Baptist minister said, "It looks like we're trying to put up a church on every street corner." A Baptist "mother church" doesn't wait until a new neighborhood is well-populated. It will start a mission—which is hoped to develop eventually into an independent congregation begetting missions of its own—in any living-room where six people agree to meet each week for Sunday school.

NO CLAPBOARD SHOEBOX

THE success of both liberals and conservatives has introduced massive new church buildings into the South. Today's church is no clapboard shoebox, artfully spired, guarding the crossroads to white vigilance. "Colonial-style" auditorium structures casually salute America's religious heritage, but they sit on extensive campuses amid a complex of educational annexes, recreational buildings, playing fields, and fellowship halls.

Today in Jacksonville a five-acre tract is barely suitable for an "adequate church plant" and a middle-sized annual budget of \$50,000 requires a membership of at least five hundred to support

it. Consequently even Jacksonville's affluent suburbanites can't tackle construction to one whack. Usually an architect devises a master construction plan and church members build to it, in from three to six stages, considering themselves lucky if a mere five years separates groundbreaking and completion. The sanctuary is often the last unit begun, the congregation having in the meantime worshiped "temporarily" for years in the fellowship hall.

Once completed, this "adequate church plant" is a marvel of convenience, with pint-sized commodores in scaled-down children's rest rooms, chromium coffee bars in the young adults' departments, and often a stage in the fellowship hall—because the spirit of the Little Theatre breathes insistently in a church which has "a program for the full family." A congregation may have *the* minister, plus (all of these titles are current in Jacksonville today) an associate minister, an assistant minister, a minister of music, a minister of Christian education, a minister of recreation, and a minister of visitation and evangelism. But this is only a start. Job titles appearing on salary rolls of Jacksonville churches include minister's aid, organist, choir director, financial secretary, minister's secretary, stenographer, building superintendent, maid, wedding director, hostess, caterer, dietitian, nursery supervisor, and nursery attendant.

While Methodists seem dedicated to the big church, Southern Baptists appear to be split on whether a large congregation saps evangelistic zeal. Said one Baptist minister: "I suppose the theology itself made for many small Baptist churches. A lot of Baptists think a church shouldn't have over five hundred members."

This minister—who happens to have a big congregation—added: "In my neighborhood there are five other Baptist churches, all competing with me and with each other for membership. All except mine are small and financially weak. My church alone has to go out five miles to get enough members for a strong budget. I think we're going to see more mergers among Baptist churches. [The Methodists are already at work on mergers in older sections of Jacksonville.] We don't have the central organization to get this done, but it's got to come. It takes money to have a diversity of ministers."

He paused when he said, "diversity of ministers." Then, in the true Baptist spirit that nothing matters unless it's in Holy Writ, he added: "You know, a church with a lot of ministers, each with a specialized assignment, is mentioned in Ephesians."



KEITH WILLIAMS

THE REAL ARABS

How today's average Arabs differ from the Near Eastern Noble Savages portrayed in myth . . . and how they actually treat their guests, their wives, and their lack of Cadillacs.

WE IN the West cherish our myths about the Arabs. One favorite is of the Bedouins, the Noble Savages of a considerable literature produced by European romantics who took spiritual refuge among them as the coal dust thickened over northern skies and the blunt yeomen of Europe transformed themselves into drab factory hands.

Go visit a Bedouin today on his native ground; you find him at the bottom of Arab society in status, and in numbers also. (The correct singular, by the way, is *badawi* or possibly *bedoui*, and the plural is *badu*.) Libya is the most Bedouin country left, with more of them, doing things just as

they always have since camels were invented, than anywhere else in the Arab world. (In Saudi Arabia, the homeland of all Arabs, it is said that they now ride Cadillacs and bathe new-born babes in radiator water instead of the traditional urine of the she-camel.) You will not see the tent before you are right on top of it because it will be in a hollow and surrounded by brush, to protect it from the ever-blowing wind and from casual visitors who drink up the owner's capital.

Whereas you might turn a wandering Bedouin away from your door with a threat to call the police, the desert nomad, bound by the laws of hospitality, will invite you in for refreshment even if you interrupt him at love-making, one of his few recreations, or if his children are suffering from hunger and thirst. You settle back on his mats and are served (if your host is poor) a drink of nauseous and insanitary soured milk, which represents perhaps one-fourth of his family's daily caloric intake, or (if rich) three glasses of repul-

sively saline tea, which might cost him the equivalent of a week's wages and his wife a long trip to a well for "fresh" water.

A goat wanders through the tent. The women peer over the cloth partition, and from what you can see of them you are just as happy they are secluded. You try to talk about the Great World, but the fellow knows nothing at all. He hasn't even heard of Gamal Abdel Nasser, let alone Kennedy or the latest astronaut. Waterholes and camels, that's all he knows aside from some bits of the Koran and quite a lot of pre-Islamic doggerel, and he seems to think that gazelles are some kind of divine spirit.

Unless you have an ulterior motive, like gathering material for an anthropological monograph, you are bored. Of all the writers on the Bedouin only Charles Doughty is honest; in the hundreds of thousands of words of his *Travels in Arabia Deserta* he never for a moment ceased to be an Englishman and a Christian who found all Arabs, and especially Bedouins, flighty and irresponsible heathen, no more to be trusted than Frenchmen or Italians.

Now imagine what your Bedouin host said about you as you were driving away. He either called you crazy and dismissed you from his mind, or turned you into an anecdote. "Feature it!" he would be saying to his friends for decades afterwards, "this Amrikani didn't even finish his third glass of tea! And when I told him the joke about Abdel Hamid's three-year-old-she-camel he didn't laugh, not even two minutes, but went out and kicked the tires of his machine. And how he smoked! By God, he drank cigarettes as if they were water in a land of many springs."

In contrast to the Bedouins, who are only a small minority, the typical Arab is a villager or townsman. Villagers, like nomads, possess very little. They have land to cultivate, fewer acres than the Bedouins' but better watered; houses made of mud, stone, or reed; useful and unattractive wives; and for culture the same scraps of scripture and poetry. Their conversation will run to donkeys, sheep, grain, vines, trees, and religious ceremonies, and although they will have heard a few things over the coffee-house radio which will give them an appearance of greater sophistication, they are as much tied to their soil

as their Bedouin brother is to his grazing grounds and springs. Big landowners never live in the villages, which they tend to treat as mines to be exploited.

Everywhere around the Mediterranean, the cities, with their mobs and grandees, dominate; the farming and grazing areas submit. Because of bad communications and the danger of raids, the powerful have always flocked to the towns to form an absentee-landlord class, and with them from the other end of the social scale have gone dispossessed agricultural laborers. Birth rates are roughly the same in village and city but death rates are lower in villages, where there is less disease and more food; the surplus village population has from time immemorial formed the proletarian rabble.

DOWN THE SOCIAL PYRAMIDS

IN TOWN you are spang in the middle of the twentieth century. Neon, trams, and crowds; palaces and clubs and slums; cinemas, pinball machines, and cheap eats; grand hotels and call girls and blind beggars. Cities are now very nearly the same the world over, *provided* you are a foreigner and have \$20 a day and upwards to spend. What, if anything, is different about an Arab city—and the people who live among the medieval mosques, schools, and baths, and the modern buildings ranging in style from Baroque to Hilton?

The Peak

The peak of society is occupied, in some Arab countries, by the old-rich and the royal, in others by army officers—both groups discontinuous with the society beneath. Power estranges, and in most Arab countries those who hold it have used non-Arab techniques and concepts to achieve or retain dominance. Only Nasser and Kassim (more properly transliterated 'Abdu-n-Nasr and Qasim) and Bourguiba are genuinely popular national leaders, but even they are intellectually much more products of the Western countries' last imperialistic phase than of traditional Arab society. In general, the old-rich and royal, and the army officers, are very similar to those classes in Spain and Latin America.

The Upper-Middles

The upper-middles are prosperous and sleek, voluble in three or more languages, attenders of embassy receptions, frequent visitors to Lebanon and Europe, pork-eaters and wine-bibbers, students of the cha-cha and the twist, patrons of the foreign missionary schools spread around the Middle East and North Africa. Their models are

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the old-rich and royal cosmopolitans, whatever the complexion of the regime.

The Middles

Toward the middle of society are found the accountants, technicians, teachers, bureaucrats, and officers (in countries where the latter have not taken power and leaped to the top of the heap). The middle class are better defined by a certain level of education and the command of at least one foreign language, than by the property they hold. In Arab countries, as elsewhere in the Developing World, they are not numerous, though there is considerable variation among countries—Lebanon, Egypt, and Syria have a fairly large and active entrepreneur-technician class, and so too does Tunisia, whereas on the southern and eastern fringes of the Arabian peninsula, the few modern enterprises are in the hands of foreigners. Egyptians now run a canal, an airline, and nearly all the complex installations of a modern economy, and nearly everything works. But the Arabs in general have not yet forged the large and efficient corporate structures dedicated to particular ends (soap, dye, aspirin, tobacco, cars) which are our era's nearest approach to internationalism. The Arabs' place in international markets (oil aside) is exclusively agrarian. The *cadres* of those who possess administrative or technical skills are very thin in comparison with the North Atlantic countries, and the Arabs are conscious of this and defensive about it. Nevertheless their cities crawl with intellectuals—unemployed lawyers and B. Litts., all too good for their positions in life, subscribing to *Le Monde*, *The Spectator*, and *The Middle East Forum* (Beirut), yeasting up the coffee-house discussions, at permanent war with the status quo.

Under the Middle

Next down the ladder are the petty shopkeepers, repairmen, and commission entrepreneurs of all kinds. Many are members of minority religious and ethnic groups. Politics to them means nothing but taxation and expropriation; when trouble breaks out in the streets they close their shutters and rush home to make sure that their sons, who they hope will some day make good in the commercial big time, are not marching with the rioters.

One step from the bottom are the chauffeurs, the mechanics, and the "skilled" factory workers. Their income is low but their intelligence and their rage at things-as-they-are may be quite high. Still, they do not know how to strive for change unless they are directed from outside. These members of the upper-lower class are the troops, the enlisted men, in the revolutionary nationalist

movement which continues to sweep the Arab world. They know nothing but what they were told yesterday and they are willing to fight the enemies of any strong man who comes along to give them direction. Probably only Nasser, Kassim, and Bourguiba, among all the Arab chiefs of state, enjoy the support of this group. In other countries these politicalized paupers are attracted to the Communist party, just as they are in Italy, or to Nasserism.

The Depths

And at the depths are the men who work with their hands and their backs, the porters, sweepers, lottery-ticket-hawkers, the less-than-half-employed. I think of Ahmed, a porter who worked the Sanjakdar Market in Damascus. Unkempt and knot-faced, the straps and ropes of his trade arranged around his spare body, Ahmed—and his family—lived on bread, beans, and entrails, and there was never enough money for new clothes, a good meal, or a haircut. He and his whole family, including parents and brothers and sisters-in-law and assorted children, slept together in one room and the women did their cooking in the courtyard of their mud and thatch compound on the slopes of Mt. Qasiyun. All day he carried things, when he was lucky enough to find work—one day cement in a hod up a ladder to the upper floors of a building under construction, another day carcasses from the slaughterhouse, another the packages and suitcases of the rich. His knowledge and judgment were infinitesimal, and so too were his discontents. Of course he was as happy, or not unhappy, as a Bedouin, and of course it would never occur to him that he might vote or march in a demonstration.

One further word about class structure of Arab society: The educated people at the top of society are culturally and socially discontinuous with the great mass of their compatriots. Despite exaggerated claims of national solidarity, wealth and education make their possessors cosmopolitan, more at home with foreigners than with the poor and ignorant people who would bear the same passports as themselves if they were ever to travel. A man with a good job, a car, and a well-furnished flat in a city will read, listen to, and drink roughly the same things as an Italian or a Frenchman similarly situated in life, and will treat his wife in the same more or less emancipated fashion. He remains Muslim to the same extent as most Europeans and Americans remain Christian—with a corner of his mind—but his real faith is the common twentieth-century one of Work-and-Spend, Produce-and-Enjoy.

The more an Arab becomes like you and me

Visitor's Guide to Oxford

*Oxford has 31 colleges, 3 museums, 2 theatres, friendly old inns, the smallest cathedral in England and one highly suspect unicorn's horn.**

COLLEGES. The one you see above is named after St. Edmund, who taught at Oxford 750 years ago. Useful hint: tip a college servant (or "scout") 50 cents and ask him to be your guide.



STROLLING. Best way to see Oxford is to stroll. Try the "Water Walks" of Magdalen College, the pathway on top of the old city wall, or the remarkable garden of St. John's.



BROWSING. The library of Merton College is the oldest in the world. It has been collecting books for 600 years. Note the chains—relics of the book-starved past.



DINING. This is the hall of Christ Church. Henry VIII dined here. Another college has an annual boar's head dinner to honor a student who choked a charging boar with a copy of Aristotle.



SCHOLARS. The first scholars came to Oxford in the 12th century. Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas More and John Wesley were educated there. William Penn, Shelley and Gibbon were expelled.



PUNTING. Do what Lewis Carroll used to do. Explore Oxford's two willow-tickled rivers by punt. It's a wonderful way to picnic. Oxford is about two hours from London—by car or train.



CHOIRS. At sunrise every May Day morning, the choristers of Magdalen sing from the college tower. Oxford's choirs are famous. You can hear them most evenings in the college chapels.



HIGH JINKS. May is a lively month in Oxford. Colleges compete in boat races during Light Week. And the cricket season is under way. Spring term is the best time to visit.

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[Harvey's Bristol Cream, that is]



An after-dinner drink should be sweet . . . but it shouldn't get sticky about it. Harvey's Bristol Cream doesn't. The sweetness of this rare imported sherry is subtle, its lightness refreshing. Small wonder so

many people enjoy it before the meal as well. For the perfect after-dinner drink, never serve the coffee without Harvey's Bristol Cream®. Chill before serving. **John Harvey and Sons, Ltd.**

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and Comrade Vassily of the Tractor Station, the more he cuts himself off from the foundations of his national life. This Western vs. Traditional split causes strains which are far more serious than the Exploited vs. Exploiter opposition of the Marxist mythology. Most of the Arab exploited, the have-nots like Ahmed, have no idea that they are ill-used. God wills it, that's all. Revolutions are, as we now all know, based on expectations. A man who expects nothing and gets nothing will not revolt, but a man who gets quite a lot and expects more will quickly fight. The most volatile group in the Arab world are the upper-lowers who are just emerging from traditionalism, but not at a rate fast enough to please them.

WOMEN THEY CANNOT HAVE

ANOTHER important area of social strain is related to sex and the treatment of women. On the main street in Tripoli, Libya, on a late afternoon in spring, watch the strolling crowds. Young girls in incisive brassieres giggle at bold bucks in four-button suits; round matrons exchange grave greetings; and children with balloons and ice-cream cones wheel about on the pavements like starlings. The promenade or *shimm al-hawa* is a prominent part of social life in cities on both sides of the Mediterranean, a daily window-shopping and spouse-shopping time. But for whom?

In Tripoli, no Muslim woman goes on the street except for necessary errands, and then swathed in yards of cloth, no more than one eye showing. Thus at promenade time the Muslim youths sit dry-mouthed and avid in sidewalk cafés, or move defiantly up and down the streets with the foreigners (Italians, Greeks, Maltese, Christian Arabs from the Levant) who are so much more at home than they.

Tripoli is obviously not typical of all Arab cities—in Damascus at seven in the evening the promenaders are young men, often hand in hand, who proceed from one movie house to another to look at the stills of girls in bathing suits and “daring” dresses, but they are also dreaming of women they cannot have. To a far greater extent than anyone has got around to mentioning, the explosive nationalism of youths in many Arab cities has a sexual basis. The frustration and disgust which lead to stonings, riots, and sometimes even overthrows of regimes are, to an extent it would be impossible to calculate, a sublimated reaction against the Islamic prohibition of dating, necking, and the whole gamut of titillations portrayed in films and magazines.

The new Arab leaders are going modern as rapidly as they can with regard to the treatment of women, and that is one reason for their success. Iraqi girls serve in the army, Egyptian girls star in enormously successful films featuring kisses and bathing suits, and Tunisian girls work unveiled in shops and offices and, on the beaches outside Tunis, wear bikinis straight from St. Tropez. But a young official in Benghazi, Libya, told me he hoped the Egyptians would overthrow his King, “because at least, under Nasser, I could take my wife out dancing.”

The Traditional approach to women and relations between the sexes has other aspects, some of them petty, some sinister. Women in the more backward countries are kept so much out of the world that you will actually find royal princesses who do not know how to hold a fork or spoon. In countries touching on the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, female circumcision is still practiced, and the bodies of many, perhaps most, of the women of the Arab world are tattooed with geometric designs.

A sister of a Druze grocer in Beirut came down from their mountain village and took work as a maid. Once on her night out she was seen in a movie house with a man. There might have been other evidence against her, but it was never mentioned. At a council of the village elders the punishment was decided and Nasif the grocer selected to administer it. He strangled his “wayward” sister one stormy evening, turned himself in at the nearest police station, and was sentenced to seven years, of which he served six months.

In a bordello in Baghdad in the winter of 1954 a girl named Hashkuni, who said she was fourteen (and looked it), told how she had come to be there. On her wedding night, passed in the desert southwest of Basra, she had been found without flower, and her husband had repudiated her. She had had an accident, she swore. Her father had chosen not to kill her, but to take her into Basra and sell her.

Polygamy, or more properly polygyny, is another well-known way in which Arab sexual mores differ from those of their trans-Mediterranean neighbors. (In some other respects, which need not be explored here—an emphasis on boys, and certain methods of connection—the two shores of the Mediterranean form one socio-cultural province.) Multiple wives is a pre-Islamic institution which was rather reluctantly sanctioned by Muhammad, who placed the limit at four and added the impossible injunction that each wife receive absolutely equal treatment and

affection. In a "courage culture" devoted mainly to wars and raiding, a shortage of young men and a surplus of young women is normal, and something must be done not only to support the women but to assure a sustaining number of live births. This primitive necessity hardly existed in the city-centered civilization into which Islam evolved, and polygamy became little more than a socially-sanctioned outlet for the lust of the rich and powerful. In at least one Muslim country (Tunisia) it has been outlawed, and everywhere outside the desert it is on the wane, being "un-modern," complicated (the Koran is explicit about the obligations to each wife and each child), and just too expensive. The urban poor have always been monogamous; for the urban rich the Western pattern of *consecutive* polygamy punctuated by divorces is no doubt the wave of the future.

A RING AROUND THE SEA

THE Arabs are people of the Mediterranean; they occupy the entire southern half of its coastline and most of them live within one hundred miles of it. The typical Arab does not live in the desert or even in the exotic river valleys of the Nile and the Tigris, but in a city or town looking across the deep blue sea toward Greece, Italy, and Spain. Beginning with the Carthaginians in the West and Alexander in the East, all of the great empires of antiquity linked the northern and southern shores of the Middle Sea, and the religious and cultural split between the two banks which began with the Arab conquest thirteen hundred years ago has been bridged by the Moors in Spain and the Turks in the East, with much trade, colonization, piracy, holy war, and crusade providing constant cross-fertilization between Southern Europe and North Africa and the Near East.

A dietetic determinist, who believed that nations are what they eat, would be required to recognize both sides of the Mediterranean basin as a unity. Paella is matched by pilaff; raki and anisetta by *'araq* and *boukha*; ceci and garbanzos and pois-chiche (chick-peas) by *hommos*; and everywhere olives and oil, grains, figs, apricots, walnuts, salads, wine, and an occasional feast of sheep or goat make up the cuisine. Pork is forbidden to the Muslim Arabs, of course, but it is an expensive luxury in any dry, deforested, highly populated country—in, that is, nearly all the countries which border the Sea which the Arabs call The White, The Middle.

The Arabs—and the Spaniards—care a great

deal about their dignity and to summon servant or grandee you really should say something like "have the goodness" or "honor me." A literal translation of "hey bud, come here," would deeply offend even a shoe-shine boy. The proper way to treat a beggar is either to give him something, with a *tafaddal* which might be translated as "condescend to take," or to tell him, "God will give to you," to make him go away empty-handed.

Arabs—and some Cretans and Provençals and Corsicans—have preserved into this century some of the qualities of the Renaissance, and not always the most pleasant ones: an intense emotionalism, a love of the grand gesture, a disregard for criticism, and outbursts of overwhelming rage or euphoria. Neither side in the Algerian conflict has shown much mildness or moderation. Deep smoldering passions are probably as common around the Mediterranean as in Yoknapatawpha County, and those who hold them are proud of them.

Our modern Western belief in the perfectability of the self, our craze for self-improvement, implies a belief that we are not now perfect. Most of my Mediterranean friends, in Rome, Madrid, Tunis, or Beirut, have never felt themselves imperfect in any way and are not interested in suggestions about how to improve themselves. As the Middle East develops in the direction of a technical and managerial society, this style of behavior will begin to evolve into fidgety self-consciousness, as it already has done in northern Italy and most of France (and in Tunisia, alone among Arab states). In terms of gadget-mindedness, consumer capitalism, or whatever you want to call it—and the disciplined, self-critical acquisitiveness that goes along with it—the Arab East is today where Italy was a generation or two ago. Several Arab Mussolinis have already appeared, as we have seen.

And then the well-known Arab hospitality, the casual cruelty to animals, the coffee-house-oriented masculine-dominated society, are all echoes from the social history of the classical Mediterranean. The veiling of women (which seems to have originated with the Byzantines, *i.e.*, Greeks) is only a form, although an extreme one, of the social segregation of the sexes which persisted until recently as far north as Tuscany (shown in E. M. Forster's *Where Angels Fear to Tread*). Bare rocky hills and terraced mountains, old fertility cults living side by side with the relatively recent monotheistic creeds, a strong preoccupation with virginity, and good-natured temperament interrupted by occasional fanati-

cism, are as much Spanish as Syrian, and Moroccan as Greek.

Differences between one place and another become fewer as this century wears on, but the Arabs are certainly not a homogeneous unity from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Black Sea and from the borders of Nigeria to the Arabian Sea. Nevertheless they do have many things in common which differentiate them from their Mediterranean cousins to the north and the truly African *kufarā'* (pagans) to the south. One of these is the Arabic language; another is the religion of the majority, Islam; another is their late arrival at the nationalistic phase of political development; a fourth is their greater aridity (pluvial and perhaps intellectual—not to mention alcoholic).

KEEPING UP IN ARABIC

THE Arabic language is on far more tongues every day than is French, and it is the language of piety for nearly as many people as Latin. In geographical spread it is probably fourth, after English, French, and Spanish; the Arab states stretch below all Europe, and Islam extends deep into Africa and around the world to Indonesia and the Philippines.

Their language is important to Arabs, not only for practical, religious, and nationalistic reasons, but because it is their only living art—Arabic music never developed polyphony, and the plastic arts have moved only toward the dead end of formal ornament. It could be argued, what is more, that the structure of Arabic is an art form in itself. Unlike our own sprawling melting-pot tongue, Arabic has a systematic logic about it that is startlingly at variance with some other aspects of the *style* of the people who live in the middle of the Middle East. (Hebrew is equally systematic and, I believe, even more logical in writing and printing.)

If the sound of spoken Arabic can be likened to malfunctioning plumbing or an enraged Vespa, it is because of the predominance of consonants. There are twenty-eight distinct ones as compared to the English twenty-one or so. Nine consonant sounds, not counting the trilled *r*, the glottal stop, and the simple *h* pronounced at the end of a syllable, are not present in American English. It takes some practice for the foreigner to learn them, and probably no one who is not born an Arab ever gets to the point where he can pronounce them properly in every position.

In the same way, no foreigner can hope to get

the American *r* just right in every case. But for an accent-conscious and most Arabs are not—with only a few words you can go into a village and pass as a citizen of what the Arabs call a "sister" country. My wife's accent is pretty atrocious, but North African shopkeepers are convinced she is *sharqiyah*, Eastern, because she has the Lebanese turn of phrase.

But his language makes an Arab an Arab, and links North Africa to Mesopotamia, Syria to Arabia. (The religious link is something else—there are millions of Christian Arabs and until fairly recently it was also possible to talk about Jewish Arabs, although religion obviously has a lot to do with Arabism.) Although the written language is much the same everywhere in the Arab world, the spoken dialects differ somewhat from one another. Not as much as many foreign commentators (and many Arabs, as well) seem to believe, though. A literate Arabic-speaker can travel from one end of the Arab world to the other with no great linguistic difficulty so long as he talks with others who know how to read and write.

Alongside the colloquial is Modern Arabic, the language of newspaper and radio and company annual reports. This has been developed only over the past half-century and still has not made much headway in North Africa, where you have to slip over into French to explain a technical, economic, or political point. Classical Arabic is, of course, that of the Koran, which fixed the language of about 600 A.D. in the same way Shakespeare and the King James Bible, a millennium later, fixed English. Modern Arabic represents an expansion of, rather than a departure from, classical Arabic.

Writing Arabic is supposed to be terribly difficult, the letters subtly altering their form according to whether they are first, middle, or last in a word. This does make problems for printers and manufacturers of typewriters, but to readers the various forms of the letters have much more in common than our familiar English forms:

G ǧ g ǧ

It is mostly in trades and processes and the language of science that Arabic has a hard time keeping up. In Lebanon a car's tailpipe is a *shabmān* (from the French *échappement*), and a puncture in Iraq or Saudi Arabia is a *banshar*. *At-taxi barakat wa bansharat* conveys the information that the cab slowed down and had a flat tire, the consonants of the English "brake" and "puncture" being borrowed to make Arabic verbs. In North Africa the Western penetration

is even more pronounced. A frequent greeting is "*Bon jour 'alaykum*" and thanks is sometimes "*Merci yāsir.*"

VEERINGS OF ISLAM

LANGUAGE is the art of the Arab first and foremost in relation to the Glorious, the Holy, Koran (Qur'ān), without any question the most read, memorized, quoted, and broadcast book in the world. To Muslim Arabs its transmission direct from God through the passive instrument of Muhammad is self-evident; no human being could have written with such ravishing felicity. To all Muslims, even those as far away as the Philippines, the idea of translating God's Arabic appears impious. The Book is relatively short (77,934 words, 323,621 letters—about four-fifths the length of the New Testament in Arabic), and has been memorized word-for-word by thousands of millions of people over some fifty generations. For nearly all Christians and Jews, the languages in which the Bible was originally written are now dead, but all the most potent symbols in Arab life are embodied in the living language of Allah's own Book. Al-Qur'an means literally the lecture or discourse, and it goes very well when recited aloud. In it are revealed the Five Pillars of Islam:

Profession of faith (shihadah). These are the first words heard by a Muslim baby, the last to be uttered at a Muslim's grave, and every day of his life he hears them chanted five times from the top of a mosque. Say *la illaha illa-Llah wa Muhammadun rasul-l-Lah* and you are nominally a Muslim. Conversion is as easy as that.

Prayer (salāh). "A bird's-eye view of the Muslim world at the hour of prayer . . . would present the spectacle of a series of concentric circles of worshipers radiating from [Mecca] and covering an ever-widening area from Sierra Leone to Canton and from Tobolsk to Cape-town," as Philip Hitti puts it in his *History of the Arabs*. In order to pray you must be pure—the hands, feet, face, and all bodily orifices newly washed. Thus, perforce, a pious Muslim who doesn't neglect his prayers is never very dirty and, since prayer is quite athletic, he also keeps in condition.

Almsgiving (zakāh). The general principle is the same as the tithe, but the amount collected usually amounts to 2.5 per cent of one's gross earnings and it goes to the poor, not the Building Fund.

Fasting (sawm). During the thirty-day lunar month of Ramadan, no one of the Faithful is

supposed to eat, drink, or indulge in any other bodily gratification during the daylight hours. Ramadan nights, however, are all great festivals, so food prices always rise, and industrial production falls off.

Pilgrimage (hajj). Every Muslim should go at least once to Mecca and do all the traditional things, in particular the seven turns around the Black Stone (*ka'bah*) and the sevenfold course between two mounds to commemorate Hagar's running back and forth between these two eminences looking for a spring for Ishmael, her thirsty son, after Abraham had cast them out. Muslims believe as firmly as Jews that they are descended from Abraham, but through Ishmael.

The Kharijites, a sort of Radical Right of the early centuries of Islam, added a sixth Pillar, *jihād* or *Holy War*.

The Koran is firmly based on the Pentateuch, the first five books of the Old Testament, with some divergences where either Moses or Muhammad didn't get it right. For instance the Koran has Ishmael and not Isaac as the son Abraham was spared at the last minute from sacrificing.

Islam has of course evolved, and is ceasing to exist in anything like the old, religious-war sense. Still, a modern Muslim is likely to hew more nearly to the seventh-century Muhammadan faith than the modern Methodist to the nineteenth-century Wesleyan faith. The original meaning of the word "Islam" was Submission (to the will of God). Islam next came to mean Conquest, as its adherents extended its sway over a good part of the known world, and then, for five hundred years, Submission again, this time to imperialist "pagans." Since the beginning of this century Islam has come to mean Submission-cum-Defiance, with violent veerings between the two states of mind.

Now, what is an Arab? He is, of course, an oath-swearing and passionate natural gentleman in flowing robes pursuing vengeance on his clean sands—when, of course, he is not a feckless fanatic keening in a bloodthirsty mob, or a slothful pasha with water pipe and well-upholstered harem, or an overweening colonel, or a scratching fellah. Minarets, veiled women, kismet, palm trees, gushers, Cadillacs; hashish, bakhshish, ma'lish . . .

Stereotypes like these are seldom without basis. Some Americans *are* cowboys; others occasionally wear top hats; others retain all the virtues of Natty Bumppo; and still others all the vices of Al Capone. Reality is always complex, and stereotypes capture quite a lot of it. But they are never the whole story.

Foreign Aid: Saved by The Bell?

by
Joseph Kraft

Why Kennedy's most hopeful program came to such grief . . . and why a Young Pro in government management may be able to give it a lift.

If there was a single field in which the Kennedy Administration seemed certain to succeed when it first took office, that field was foreign aid. High in the Administration were academic economists who had spent much of the past eight years figuring the role of aid in development. Such veterans of the Marshall Plan as Averell Harriman and William C. Foster were available to run the program. In deed, letter, and spirit the Democratic leadership in the White House was committed to the aid principle. "America's unprecedented response to world challenges," the President called the program.

Two years later it is possible to say that if there is a single field in which the Administration has failed, that field is foreign aid. Two successive aid chiefs have resigned in acrimonious circumstances, and the third man, and present incumbent—former Budget Director David E. Bell—can hardly be said to have sought the job. Last year's Congressional hearings were the worst of a lot that has always been bad. The most prominent feature of the program is widely known as the Alliance Without Progress. To

compare what has happened with what was expected is to invite the exaggeration Hamlet used when measuring his uncle against his father.

But how did what looked like Hyperion turn into a satyr? What explains the sorry gap between promise and performance? Basically, this:

An ambitious program was designed, requiring for success a complex orchestration of three different types of aid, plus a delicate harmony between long- and short-term objectives. Performance of that difficult score was then assigned to an organization which, while strong in some members, was old, tired, massive, and void of effective control mechanisms—a veritable dinosaur. The dinosaur, as it turned out, could not play the sonata.

With the advent of Mr. Bell, a brain is being put into the dinosaur. For the first time in years, the temptation to allow amateurs from the outside to chop and change on a dizzying scale has been resisted. Mr. Bell may not succeed in achieving what is known in the Administration as a "turn-around." But if he does, it will be an inside job done by a professional—which is what the aid program has lacked all along.

From Tanks to Yachts

When the Marshall Plan lapsed in 1952, the period of postwar reconstruction ended, and foreign aid entered a new phase. Gradually, the program spread round the world, and there

emerged three different kinds of aid. Each was somewhat different in scope and focus. Each fostered a different institutional interest inside the government; each had different strengths and different weaknesses; and each had a somewhat different rationale.

Security aid represents by far the biggest category. It includes everything from military assistance to "black-bag" operations designed to woo or appease foreign governments and officials. Much of it is "budgetary support"—which simply means that American taxpayers cover the deficit in another country's budget. Because security aid, in all its forms, is applied chiefly in those countries directly threatened by Communist invasion or subversion, it has been relatively easy to sell, year by year, to the Congress. Because it strengthens the hand of American representatives in their day-to-day dealings abroad, it has always commanded powerful support in the State Department and Pentagon. Still, many of the "black-bag" operations do not, in retrospect, look very good—the \$3 million spent on a yacht for Haile Selassie for example. Moreover, security aid tends to tie the United States to the status quo in an era of rapid change. For it works to cushion existing regimes, many of them corrupt and reactionary; when these fall, the U. S. is an object of hatred for the government that succeeds.

Humanitarian assistance is a second category of aid. It includes not only disaster help—such as the \$832,000 allotted to Morocco at the time of the earthquake in Agadir—but also technical, or Point 4, assistance for specific projects in the fields of health, education, and agriculture. The technicians working in these projects tend to develop a vested interest in their continuance; so do the institutions, chiefly land-grant colleges, from which they come. Because such assistance has a definable impact—a drop in the death rate, for example—it tends to be easy to justify to Congress and to religious and social-service groups throughout the country. It also builds good will abroad on a people-to-people basis, irrespective of what regimes may be in power. But technical assistance tends to be expensive in men and in money, and to relate only dimly to basic improvements, such as tax reform or the

building of dams, which countries require to stimulate overall economic growth. Lastly, there is no rationale for distributing technical assistance among competing bidders: if one African country deserves it, all African countries deserve it.

Development assistance is the third category. It includes support for projects—usually large ones such as a dam or a steel mill—which are demonstrably part of a workable program for stimulating basic economic growth. It is supposed to force recipient governments to make reforms, because to qualify for such assistance they must show a disposition to "self-help." It is sparing of personnel, because the emphasis for the giving nation is on analyzing the economic programs of the recipients. It is dear to the hearts of academic economists and some bankers in this country, and it lends itself to joint ventures whereby international agencies and other developed countries can pick up some of the tab with the U. S. But the process takes time, at best, and affords few of the quick and dramatic results supposedly useful in selling the program to the Congress and the country.

Why Everybody Got Confused

Intellectually, it is simple to justify all three kinds of aid; used in varying places at varying times, they can all be shown to serve American foreign policy. Administratively, moreover, the existence of varying interests in a single program is generally accounted a good thing; it is by grinding these together that modern managers—and notably that paragon among them, Defense Secretary McNamara—force out decisions.

But the different categories of aid are far more difficult to distinguish than such clearly marked interests as Army, Navy, and Air Force. They emerged piecemeal in a relatively brief period of time: security assistance with the Military Assistance Program of 1950; technical assistance with Point 4 in 1950; and development assistance with the Development Loan Fund in 1957. Accordingly, they were rarely, if ever clearly, identified. And the lack of explicit identification opened a void for public confusion, Congressional resentment, and instability inside the Executive Branch.

Public confusion found expression in a fragmentation of opinion. Even among the well-informed there was a proliferation of absurd clichés reflecting abrupt endorsement or rejection of one particular rationale for one particu-

As "Harper's" Washington Correspondent, Joseph Kraft contributed the article on "Kennedy's Working Staff" (December 1962). His book, "The Grand Design," also provided background for this study on foreign aid.

lar kind of aid—the very reverse of balanced judgment. Frank Coffin, a former Democratic Congressman from Maine who is currently assistant director of the aid program, has catalogued a score of these clichés, which he calls “cults and counter-cults.” Here, as a sample, is one that must be familiar to everybody:

Cult

Aid is too political, too much based on Cold War strategy. It should be used only for humanitarian purposes. We should not aid repressive governments or prop up economies that are getting nowhere. The American people will respond enthusiastically if they know that every dollar of aid is being productively and sensitively used.

Counter-cult

Aid planners are too wedded to economic analysis. We are in a massive political contest. Aid should be a tool of foreign policy. Our object is not development for development's sake. We should be willing to stop aid if countries are communist, if they vote against us in the UN, if they aid Cuba, if they don't share our view of the world crisis, if they expropriate U. S. firms, if they welch on debts due U. S. firms, if they practice racial discrimination, if they fail to pay UN dues.

Congressional resentment had a solid base to begin with—if only on the ground that funds spent abroad depleted the monies available for domestic projects, such as public works, which serve to nurse constituencies. In addition, uncertainty over ends and means in foreign aid made it easy for determined foes of the program to use the weaknesses of one kind of aid as a club to beat all kinds. Congressman Otto Passman of Louisiana, Chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Foreign Aid and the *bête noire* of the program, thinks nothing of citing the case of Haile Selassie's yacht to fight a development loan for India. Moreover, lack of explicit clarity about the various purposes of the program bred even among its friends a suspicion that they had no feel for what was going on, no good means of finding out, or of assessing its meaning. Senator Hubert Humphrey, a strong supporter of aid if there ever was one, exclaimed in the midst of the 1959 hearings:

My own personal feeling about the program is that there is a great frustration that we have about it. It is so big, so complex that it is virtually impossible for any individual Senator to grapple with it all.

The same frustrations, for much the same reasons, affected the Executive Branch. Lacking a balanced view of the different kinds of aid and the associated interests, successive administrators

tilted the program first one way and then radically in the other direction. Between 1950 and 1960, the aid program underwent three full-scale reorganizations, emerging each time under a different alias: Mutual Security Agency; Foreign Operations Administration; International Cooperation Administration. Harold Stassen tried to promote the agency into an independent unit with policy-making weight in the highest national councils—and failed. John Hollister tried to subordinate it into nothing—and failed. By 1960, after eight different directors in a period of eight years, the agency was a crazy quilt of incongruities.

Security assistance dominated the program. Over 75 per cent of the funds appropriated by the Congress in 1960 went to that category of aid; and the bulk of it was focused in Korea, Formosa, and Thailand. In theory the chief aid agency, the ICA, was subordinate to the State Department in the field and at home, and its director reported to the Number 3 man in State, the Under Secretary for Economic Affairs. But most of the ICA people were technicians, heading up in the Deputy Director of Operations—an agricultural economist, Denis FitzGerald. “Fitz's boys,” as they were called, dominated the Washington end of ICA. Through an organization based on functional lines, they kept the regional bureaus of the State Department at arm's length. In the field, they scattered their operations to remote corners (113 projects in Pakistan alone) in a way no Ambassador could truly control. Between them and the Development Loan Fund, which was a separate organization, there was only the most tenuous connection.

It was this ramshackle collection of agencies and programs which the Kennedy Administration set out to make over when it assumed power in January 1961.

The Optimistic Blueprint

In the beginning was the Task Force. First an informal group—set up before the election under the direction of the future Under Secretary of State George Ball—surveyed all foreign economic policy. Next a series of panels, known as the President's Task Force on Foreign Economic Assistance, studied in detail the administrative, legislative, and program features of aid. In both groups the influence of the development economists, notably Walt Rostow, was paramount. Their views suffused the Kennedy aid program—“A Program for the Decade of Development”—

which was presented to Congress in June 1961.

The new program accepted the principle that aid was an instrument of foreign policy: it sought Congressional authority to tie together the ICA and Development Loan Fund into a single unit, the Agency for International Development or AID, under the State Department. To harmonize the new unit with State, AID was to be organized—like the Department—on a regional basis; and in the field its mission chiefs were to be part of a “country team” working under the Ambassador.

The program also recognized explicitly that there were many strings to the aid bow; it called for “co-ordinated use of a variety of complementary tools.” But while admitting the continued need for security and humanitarian assistance, the new program came down heavily on the side of development. That magic word was in the title of both the program and the agency. To insulate the program from day-to-day and even year-to-year pressures, authority was sought for long-term lending to recipient countries, and for long-term borrowing from the U. S. Treasury—a circumvention of the annual Congressional appropriations process. The presentation to the Congress stipulated that:

We must shift as rapidly as possible from short-term aid designed to stave off sudden collapse to long-term assistance designed to produce basic and significant development.

Except for the Treasury borrowing authority, the Congress went along with the Administration request. On September 30, 1961, the President signed the Act for International Development, and the aid problem passed from theory to action—and, as it developed, from strength to weakness.

It very soon became apparent that only a handful of countries had the administrative competence and governmental structures to work up the kind of programs that would make them eligible for development loans. Instead, countries in the Far East tended to want military aid while Latin American and Middle Eastern nations sought budgetary support and the new African lands asked for technical assistance.

That problem might have been manageable if there had been a firm hand at the helm of AID. There was not. At the White House, aid problems did not enter into the regular flow of business passing (on the domestic side) through Special Counsel Theodore Sorensen and (on the foreign side) through Special Assistant McGeorge Bundy. Instead, aid became a special re-

sponsibility of one of the President's all-purpose aides, Ralph Dungan. In these circumstances, White House attention to aid problems was necessarily intermittent. And nothing showed it so much as the problem of naming a Director.

Initially it had been assumed that the job would go to Harry Labouisse, a Louisiana lawyer, with extensive experience in the Marshall Plan and the World Bank, who had been head of the President's Task Force. For reasons not altogether clear, the President decided, sometime in May, that Labouisse was not his man. A search for the right man dragged through the summer, and finally centered on George Woods, a Wall Street banker, formerly chairman of the First Boston Corporation. The Woods appointment leaked prematurely, however, and then had to be abandoned when a group of Senate liberals, headed by Wayne Morse of Oregon, threatened to fight the nomination because of First Boston's part in the Dixon-Yates affair. Under pressure to make a quick appointment, the President then turned to a New York lawyer he had first considered for head of the Central Intelligence Agency. On October 4, nearly ten months after the Administration took office, he appointed Fowler Hamilton Director of AID.

Lost in the Bureaucratic Swamps

In action, Hamilton did exactly what might have been expected from a successful Wall Street lawyer—with no experience in the aid field. An efficient, clean-desk man himself, he imparted to the top levels of his agency an air of brisk authority. In a matter of months he put through the shift from functional to regional organization. A recruiting program, known as “Operation Tycoon,” stocked the main regional offices with new men from the world of affairs—Seymour Janow, a business consultant as head of the Far East bureau; William Gaud, a New York lawyer, for the Middle East; Edmond Hutchinson, an RCA executive, for Africa; Teodoro Moscoso, a Puerto Rican businessman who had helped direct that island's economic revival, for Latin America. Hamilton's own role was that of advocate. He spoke of the President as “my client,” and lobbied with the public, the press, and the Congress assiduously, and not ineffectively. Indeed, a check of the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* shows no comment unfavorable to Hamilton during the whole period of his tenure.

But at no time did Hamilton penetrate into the day-to-day operation at AID. What had been



INVESTOR

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In August. Take a round-trip cruise to the South Pacific on *Oriana*, sailing August 30, and see Fiji and

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billed as "a thoroughgoing review of personnel" led to the dismissal of 272 persons—less than a fifth of the average annual turnover in AID's complement of 9,000 Americans. Such pervasive administrative procedures as personnel selection and contract negotiation were continued unchanged from the *ancien régime*, the only difference being that the staff was even older, more cautious, and more demoralized than before. Thus whatever energies were imported by reorganization and new blood tended to waste away in a miasmatic bureaucratic swamp.

A project to launch a study of Bolivian agriculture prior to an expected land-reform act, for example, was held up for nearly six months because of troubles in the contract relating to specifications for the vehicles needed to take the surveyors round the countryside. Employment of a young lawyer from one of the best New York firms hung fire for weeks on the question of whether service as a special assistant to the Police Commissioner constituted administrative experience. Failure of the personnel office to supply secretarial help caused one bureau to use professional people for filing, while another resorted (illegally, it turned out) to hiring temporary help from a private agency. Another office had a backlog of 250 contracts, which melted to fifty in ninety days when new contract personnel were brought over from the Navy Department. In one case, the hiring of a development economist was held up for five months when first his health report was mislaid and next his security report. Loan processing tended to last about eighteen months, and went through at least a dozen distinct steps, many of them obvious duplications of effort. "We should be able to process alone in three weeks," one AID official, formerly with Morgan's bank, has observed.

Hamilton Loses His Scalp

The effect of such procedures on AID operations was obscure—but unmistakable. No major errors seem to have been made. And there took place some shift in the overall allocation of funds toward development lending. But with their energies drained away in bureaucratic struggle, the leadership had little strength to carry through the program. Time after time, in place after place, the program was compromised. In Iran, \$44 million was spent to prop up a government which fell anyway. In Indonesia, \$2.5 million in contingency funds was spent for what amounted to a whim of President Sukarno

Here I Am

by Ann Morrissett

Look at me:

I no longer speak French to impress,
Wear innocence on my face by mistake
Or sophisticated sneers on purpose;
I keep my scalp and fingernails clean
And wear whole underwear,
Am not tongue-tied by royalty
Nor do I spit on it.

Workers do not bring tears to my eyes,
But I can talk with them like any other;
I can speak seriously without too much

earnestness,

Satirically without too much callousness,
Absurdly without too much foolishness.

I do not envy youth or fear old age,
I can love without butterflies and agony,
But with passion, faithfulness, and good humor.
And now where are you?

—readying a road, the Jakarta bypass, in time for the Asian Games. Though Hamilton spoke of "shooting with a rifle instead of a shotgun," the total number of projects remained above a thousand, thanks chiefly to the African program. And in Latin America, the Alliance for Progress never really got off the ground.

In fiscal 1962, less than 40 per cent of the \$1.1 billion authorized for Latin America was actually spent. Most of the money that was spent went—notably in Argentina and Brazil—not for development, but as Mr. Moscoso himself acknowledged "to cover government deficits, to support weak currencies, or to avoid national bankruptcies." Though countries with economic plans, particularly Venezuela and Bolivia, received special attention, aid also went to a venal dictatorship in Haiti, and to Peru, where six million peasants—more than half the population—own only one per cent of the land. Not one country in Latin America realized the objective fixed by the President of a 2.5 per cent annual gain in living standards. Overall, per capita income grew by 1.5 per cent. Seven countries showed a decline in per capita income, while five stood still. "In 1961," a United Nations report recently concluded, "the economic development of Latin America progressed so slowly as to justify the term semi-stagnation."

The record of non-achievement gave Congressional foes of foreign aid an opportunity they

did not miss. In last summer's hearings on the fiscal 1963 program, Otto Passman, in particular, had a field day. He held one regional director on the stand for one hundred hours. No item was beneath his attention, not even, for example, the kind of shovels used on a road project in the Cameroons. Repeatedly he was able to show apparent inconsistencies (money taken from Greece under one head, for instance, put back under another); apparent failures (\$228,000 spent on a nurses' school that had graduated only forty-three nurses in seven years, for example); and apparent ignorance inside the agency: *e.g.*, a request for the names of countries *not* receiving aid elicited from AID a list headed by Algeria—which, in fact, *was* receiving it. Whether his strictures were fair or not (and many of them turned out on examination to be at least arguable) they impressed the Congress. In the voting, the Administration request suffered the largest cut ever made—a 20 per cent drop from \$4.9 billion to \$3.9 billion. Development loans—the centerpiece of the Administration program—were cut by over 20 per cent.

Passman's victory cost Hamilton his scalp. All through the hearings rumors had spread, unchecked, that the White House was dissatisfied with the AID Director. On the day after the 1962 election, Hamilton offered, and the President accepted, his resignation. He was the eleventh director in ten years and had served just over a year. His departure was a melancholy confirmation of an exchange that took place in the course of the hearings:

Mr. Passman: Some of us live with this thing year after year, whereas able directors such as yourself, come and go.

Mr. Hamilton: That is one of the reasons so many people in the country are confused about the foreign aid program.

For the Program, Not the Pitch

Even before the Congressional debacle had been played out, the familiar calls for chop and change were heard anew. One proposal urged that the President's brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, sit down with four or five men in a hotel room—as he had in mounting the Peace Corps—and work up from scratch a new aid program. A memorandum, written and circulated in the government by Chester Bowles, argued the case for more segregation of political from economic assistance and for concentration of economic help on fewer and more deserving countries. An

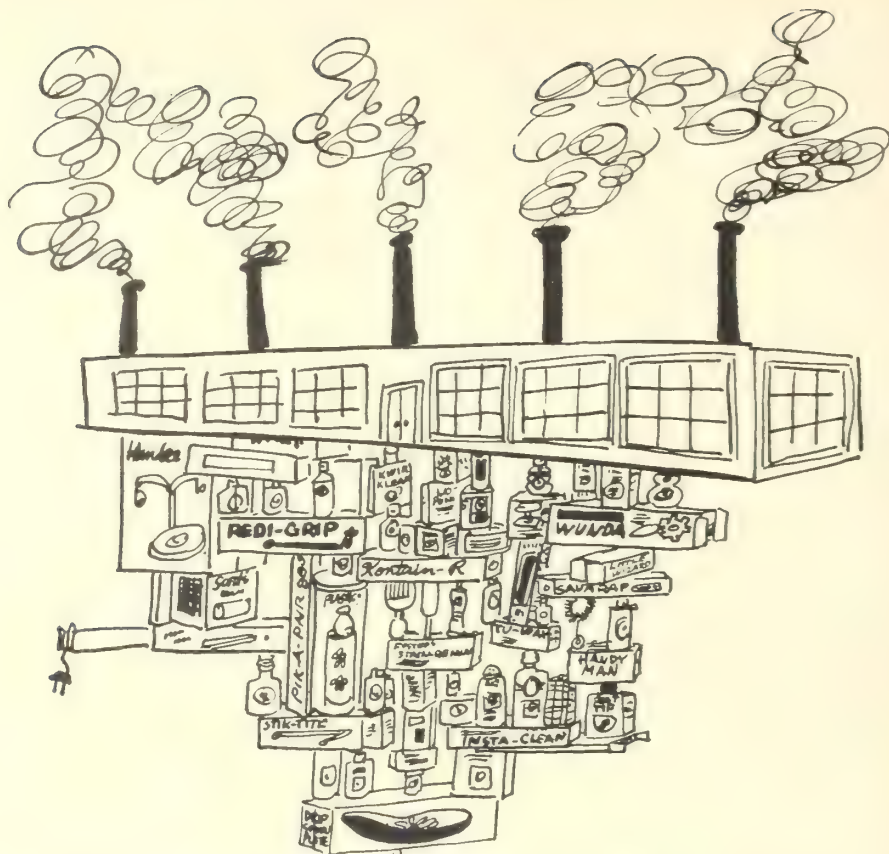
article, written by Professor Hans Morgenthau and circulated in the State Department by Under Secretary George Ball, raised again the question of whether aid shouldn't be altogether political in conception. "The problem of foreign aid is insoluble," Morgenthau wrote, "if it is considered as a self-sufficient technical enterprise of a primarily economic nature. It is soluble only if it is considered an integral part of the political policies of the giving countries—which must be devised in view of the political conditions, and for its effects upon the political situation in the receiving country."

The real meaning of the Bell appointment is that the President is turning a deaf ear to these philosophic disquisitions—not to say bull sessions. With Mr. Bell, he stands by his original program and against sweeping change in concepts. For at the Budget Bureau, Bell participated, deeply, in framing the AID legislation. At Harvard, before going to Budget, he was one of the group of academic economists who put together a development program for Pakistan—one of the few countries where AID has performed well—and he got some firsthand field experience in that country's capital. As much as anyone, in short, he is an architect of the present aid program.

What Bell brings to AID that is new—apart from knowledge of the program—is professionalism in government. He has been practicing or teaching public administration for twenty of his forty-three years. By sheer competence he won the confidence of such disparate figures as Harry Truman (whom he served as a White House assistant), Adlai Stevenson (whom he served as a speech writer), and John F. Kennedy. Perhaps better than any outsider he has meshed with Mr. Kennedy's White House staff. Indeed, there was a time when he used to meet regularly with Messrs. Sorensen and Bundy in a group known as The White House Troika.

Above all, Bell is, unlike most of his predecessors, not a salesman or an advocate. He is not famous for getting on with the Congress; in fact, Senator Harry Byrd once called for his resignation as Budget Director, and to ease Bell's way on The Hill, the President has appointed an aid survey group headed by General Lucius Clay. But a Director who pays more attention to the program than the pitch, novel as it may seem, may not be a bad thing for aid.

"We have been selling the program long enough," one of its veterans says. "It's about time we made it work. You can't sell Ivory soap if it sinks in the bathtub."



The Drip Spoon Plate Society

SYLVIA WRIGHT

*A study of the changing role of the housewife
in the Accelerated Accumulation Economy.*

WE LIVE today in a Drip Spoon Plate Economy. The first law of the Drip Spoon Plate Economy is that for every domestic action there exists a distinct equivalent object which is to be bought.* Thus, having stirred the stew, and wishing to place the stirring spoon somewhere for future reference (action) that will

* In discussing my pioneer analysis with authorities in allied fields who are men, I have found that many do not believe there is such a thing as a drip spoon plate. This is to assure skeptics that there is, available at fine stores everywhere. It is usually of ceramic and free form in shape, and always characterized by a central spoon-shaped depression in which the dripping spoon is rested.

not get the top of the stove dirty, you do not place the spoon on a disposable paper towel or an old cracked plate. You place it on a drip spoon plate (object), specially designed for this purpose, usable only for this purpose, and bought by you for same.

The principle of a Drip Spoon Plate Economy is accelerating accumulation. The existence of a drip spoon plate predicates the existence and acquisition of a series of other objects: first, a box of special drip spoon plate stain-remover; second, a handy rack-type gadget which will clasp magnetically to the side of the oven and in which you will keep the drip spoon plate when it is not in use; or, if your oven is built in and has no working sides, a gadget which can either clasp the side of the oven or hang from a hook on the wall and which will be called the Tuway Dripspoon-platiner; and third, a plastic shaker in which to keep the drip spoon plate stain-removing powder (shaker to be color-mated to Dripspoon-platiner).

I do not say that all of these objects have yet

materialized. But the accumulation series is quite predictable. Consider the steam-iron accumulation series, which began with distilled water in a large bottle, went on to a small plastic distilled-water-making machine containing some magic purple pebbles, thence to a special steam-iron cleaner, to a spring mechanism to hold the iron's cord up in the air, and most recently to a Teflon shield to make the iron even more glidey.

The Accelerated Accumulation Economy is a direct opposite of the previous economy under which our grandparents and in some cases our parents grew up. The previous economy was an Ironing Board Cover Economy. Its first law was that for every domestic action there was something in the house that would do. Its underlying principle was progressive dilapidation.

Consider the progressive dilapidation of the sheet in your grandmother's house. After years of loyal and uncomplaining service, it developed a small tear in the middle. Immediately your grandmother seized it, split it down the middle, and "turned" it, sewing the outside edges together to make a new middle, and hemming the edges of the old middle to make new outside edges.

The turned sheet continued to be used (not for guests), until it tore somewhere else. Your grandmother's next step was ordained: she cut it up and used the best remaining section to cover the ironing board, fastening it on with tacks. Other pieces became pressing cloths and dustcloths and rags to curl long, straight hair. The dustcloths descended into floor cloths, and gradually these began to go. In the end all that was left of the sheet was burned, torn, dirty fragments, which with a clear conscience your grandmother threw away.

Everything in the house had a similar predestined dilapidation pattern. Old cracked cups and dishes were used to keep things in in the (real ice) ice box, which had no special dishes of its own. Worn-out egg shells were put in the coffee. The Sunday roast was served the next day heated in gravy, the next day cold, the next minced on toast, the next souped. No one thought it necessary to go out and buy sour cream and mushrooms so as to stroganoff it into something gourmet.

Sylvia Wright, married to an architect in New Haven, has recently been involved in the building of their new house. She is the author of a book of humorous essays mysteriously titled "Get Away from Me with Those Christmas Gifts."

Most of my readers know that their grandmother thought it sinful to throw away something that was perfectly good. The corollary of this belief is not as generally recognized: that what grandmother threw away had already disintegrated.

The point is of great importance. A world in which one throws away only already disintegrated things is a very secure world (in point of fact, the exact opposite of war). In our grandmother's house, dilapidation progressed as easily and naturally as the coming of twilight on a summer day, leaving her mind uncluttered by decisions and free for decisiveness. Hence she was confident and her era stable.



FROM-SCRATCH MACAROONS

ONE of today's minor but nagging problems, caused by the rapid changes in our economy, is that many housewives remain psychologically settled in the comfortable world of the Ironing Board Cover Economy, while living with the demanding objects of the world of the Drip Spoon Plate Economy. Surrounded by silicone-treated ironing-board covers, impregnated one-wipe dustcloths, treated papers for polishing silver and brass, anti-fog cloths for the car windshield, the housewife of today is at a total loss when she finds a tear in a sheet. Where is that sheet going to go? Where is it even going to go until she makes up her mind where it is going to go? The life of the modern housewife is a constant nervous dance of decisions about things which must be disposed of but which still have some life in them.

To put the garbage out in one of the brown paper bags she brought the groceries home in would be a small but satisfying dilapidation cycle. But how can she? The manufacturers have presented her with special paper bags for garbage, which unfortunately do the job better

because they have been, very subtly, moisture-proofed.

Here are some perfectly good brown paper bags which she has already, automatically, neatly folded flat. She racks her brains. Save one or two to drain bacon on? Paper towels do better. Ah! The paper bags can be used to bake macaroons on.

—From-scratch macaroons, that is, because the mix macaroons now come with special non-stick-macaron-baking-paper included in the package.

Now, as we all know, from-scratch or real macaroons require from two to four egg whites and no egg yolks. The housewife puts the extra egg yolks in the ice box, and for the next day or so they hover in her mind until she makes either hollandaise or *Truffes à la Chambéry* from Alice B. Toklas' cookbook. (She does not consider it quite sporting just to lose the yolks in some scrambled eggs.)

Note that instead of reducing what I have, as I would have done in the old progressive dilapidation days, I have increased it, by high-calorie macaroons and *truffes*, when all I wished to do was to use up a few paper bags in an honorable manner. The persistent popping up of gourmet solutions to meal problems is not caused solely by the fact that we would all like to be gourmets. It results also from a desperate searching for new ways to transmute intransigent things.

You can make the old sheet into an *haute-couture* apron (to do so you will need to accumulate a sewing machine, a book of sewing instructions, pinking shears, little rulers, a pattern, etc.) or you can do what I have done, which is to paint walls, thereby using the old sheet as a drop cloth, and when the drop cloth is worn out, tearing it up to make paint-brush-wiping cloths.

The big increase in do-it-yourself activities is not alone based on the fact that we can all do it ourselves cheaper. It results from a valiant attempt to control the disposition of things, even when the disposition of one thing means buying seven or eight others, such as paint, paint brushes, turpentine, paint-brush bath, a putty knife, spackle, and a stepladder.

And it has been pointed out to me that one can now buy disposable plastic drop cloths.



WATCH THE PURCHASE POINT

IT IS clear that accelerating accumulation cannot be stopped. To decide that under no circumstances will you have a drip spoon plate in the house is too outré a solution to be worth considering, since it not only means removing oneself from the mainstream of American culture, but also means crippling the American economy.

Forward-looking housewives must make every effort to rid themselves of old-sheet regression syndrome, because if they don't the inevitable persistent frustration will drive them crazy.

However, I do not think we need to give in completely to the things. The things have been setting much too luxurious a standard for themselves, and we have been remiss in allowing them to get away with it. The danger in taking very great care of objects is that they may last a very long time. To keep accelerating accumulation under control, ask yourself at every purchase point if the particular thing really has to be kept so clean and if it absolutely must have so many other objects to look after it. Try letting it stand on its own feet.

Like everything else around here under twenty, the things have become accustomed to prosperity and permissiveness. It may seem a little tough on them at this stage to ask them to look after themselves, but it may well be the breaking of them.

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AIRLINES

DAVID BOROFF

AIR FORCE ACADEMY:

a slight gain in altitude

Intellectually a bit ahead of the Army and Navy academies, it still has room for improvement, and could profit from systematic civilian scrutiny and criticism.

THE drama of the Air Force Academy lies in its aggressive newness. West Point's ancestry can be traced all the way back to Baron von Steuben, and the patron saint of Annapolis is John Paul Jones. At the older academies, there are always reminders of the glorious past—at West Point, a statue of General Patton, pearl-handled pistols on his hips, his martial gaze fixed on the distant plain; at Annapolis, anchors and memorabilia everywhere. But at the Air Force Academy—just seven years old and four years at its permanent home in Colorado Springs—there are only the bright mountain air, the exhilarating sense of space, and the clean, hard lines of intransigently modern buildings. The Air Force souvenirs—a supersonic fighter and a ballistics missile perched in the middle of the campus—are more advertising for the present than mementos of the past.

The setting is breathtaking. East of the Academy are the high plains, where less than a hundred years ago buffalo made their way through the tall grass. In the west, there is the fierce thrust of the Rockies, with Pike's Peak—that symbol of undaunted endeavor—just visible. The Air Force Academy itself is built right up against the Rampart Range, which goes back one hundred million years. Bold air cadets have been known to climb the craggy mountains and lift, out of their eyries, young falcons which they train as the school's mascots.

In this primeval setting, the Air Force Academy—an empire of 18,000 acres compared

with the meager 300 at Annapolis—is the Holy Land of the space age. The buildings are huge agglomerations of aluminum and glass. The celebrated new chapel with its seventeen spires seems less Judeo-Christian than a sacred shrine of aerospace. (But architectural philistines call it “the tin tent.”) And flanking the Academy are trim, mountain-locked communities for military personnel complete with shopping centers, schools, and playgrounds and the usual welfare-state appurtenances.

For anyone other than Air Force people, the awesome terrain of the West would be intimidating. There is something almost brash about the way the Academy challenges and domesticates the rugged landscape. (“It's supermarket architecture smack up against the Rockies,” a visitor said sourly.) But to the go-go-go Air Force people, this is merely another career way station. In front of the Officers' Club, there are signs which casually proclaim the distance—by air, of course—to New York, Tokyo, Paris, and Manila. Every now and then, when someone on the post is transferred out, Air Force wives who were stewardesses in the old days turn up in their trim blue or gray uniforms—for most of them still a nice fit—and ritualistically reassert their own mobility. And to the Academy each year come about two million visitors. “It's snow and deer in the wintertime and tourists in the summer,” a civilian employee remarked.

Every veteran of World War II remembers the legends of the high-living Army Air Corps (the precursor of the United States Air Force), of the absurdly young colonels, and of the promotional fervor of the air service. Though Air Force public relations has lost little of its cunning, the old naïve self-vaunting has been subdued by modern managerialism. And the Air Force Academy is a tame suburbia. In the Officers'

Club, breakfasters are exhorted by a sign above the chow line to "start the day with a grin" while tinkly music is piped in over the steam tables. To the brisk, up-to-the-minute air cadets, the old barnstormers or even the bashed-hat crowd would seem like beatniks.

Its strident modernity, indeed, is the signature of the Air Force Academy. In neither of the older academies did I encounter such confidence about being *en rapport* with changing times. The future is the key word. There even seems to be a repudiation of the slender tradition of the Army Air Corps, as if trafficking with the past may disable one for the future.

The attitude toward West Point is one of affectionate condescension—the feeling one has for a sweet, fuddy-duddy old aunt. An air cadet, parroting a local cliché, remarked smugly: "West Point has 160 years of tradition unhampered by progress." And even the former superintendent of the Air Academy, Lieutenant General W. S. Stone, a solid, careful managerial type, observed: "Being young, we're in position to experiment. We can do things without the long gray line looking down their noses at us." Then, mindful of filial impiety—he is West Point '34—he added: "But still we're proud of our ancestry." West Point cadets, on the other hand, make common cause with Annapolis midshipmen and call the Air Academy "Disneyland East."

But the last word is the Air Academy's. The school attracts more candidates than the other two and is better able to maintain its hold on them. Last year far more graduates of the other academies volunteered out of their own services; for example, only seven out of 298 Air Academy graduates chose other services, while out of 765 Annapolis graduates eighty chose the Air Force.

Nevertheless, the Air Force Academy, for all its confidence about its role in the future, is beset by some vexing contradictions. The first is that despite its flamboyant newness it is not radically different from West Point and Annapolis. Better? Possibly. Less hampered by tradition? Clearly. But the Academy is hardly pioneering educationally. It starts with the same suppositions as the other academies and merely tries to do better what they are doing. Sylvanus Thayer may never have had visions of the space

age, but his magisterial figure looms larger than Billy Mitchell's.

The other contradiction is that the Air Academy is not training fliers. Oddly enough, the Academy has neither aircraft nor flying field. The cadets, in that fine mocking American spirit, are called "Zoomies," but the only zooming they do is in the academic stratosphere. The air space of the Academy is violated only when jets from nearby Lowry Field come swooping over—usually on ceremonial occasions—to show the real thing. (They do, however, get a chance to go up in planes during their summer training period.) Up until last year, cadets were graduated as qualified navigators, but even that is no longer the case.

This may sound absurd—like a medical school without patients—but it makes sense. In the new aerospace age, there are all sorts of careers in the Air Force, and piloting a plane is only one of them. The Academy has even relaxed its physical requirements and now admits slightly near-sighted eagles. Today about one-third of the cadets are not physically qualified to fly, and this proportion is likely to go up. To be sure, there will soon be a mandatory course of light-plane familiarization, but that will have to wait until a small airfield has been built.

WHO GOES THERE?

IN THE scramble for academic talent, the Air Academy does very well. The Academy is now at full strength with 2,500 cadets including 750 Doolies (Plebes). A bright young cadet of the Class of 1962, now a Rhodes Scholar, crisply ticked off his reasons for coming to Colorado Springs: "I'm interested in the challenge of the space age, in science, and in the service. You put these things together, and you get the Air Academy."

It attracts young men who did very well in high school and who are somewhat better in the sciences than in the humanities. Eighty-five per cent of the current Doolie class were in the top quarter of their high-school class; 18 per cent were class presidents; a surprising 37 per cent took part in dramatic productions; 39 per cent won varsity letters in football.

In one respect, the admissions screening is less fine than it was at the start, when the Academy was authorized to select the best candidates from each state from among all the Congressional nominees. A subsequent law brought admission procedures into line with those of the other academies, and 85 per cent of the new cadets

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have been designated by Congressmen. The result is a decline from the remarkably high level of the first few classes. But the level is still good. A report prepared by civilian educators described the cadets as "somewhat below the level of Columbia, Princeton, and Yale in average scholastic aptitude [but] at the same level as Brown, Oberlin, and Johns Hopkins."

The Air Academy has displayed greater flexibility than the others. It introduced the enrichment program by which cadets may take advanced courses and be relieved of those prescribed courses in which they already have competence. It was the Air Academy, too, that established majors. West Point and Annapolis then made a virtue of a necessity and followed suit. The Air Force Academy has recently been arguing for an M.A. program for selected cadets within the four-year sequence. As matters now stand, cadets actually carry almost 147 academic credit-hours (as against the usual college 128); military training and athletics bring the load to 190. However, there is some question about whether the M. A. program could be accredited, and the older academies have opposed the move on the ground that it will further undercut academy cohesion based on a common curriculum. In the meantime, fifty qualified cadets at the Air Academy are taking the equivalent of an M.A., but it is doubtful that they will win the advanced degree.

The Air Academy has shown wisdom also in allotting half of its curricular time to the humanities and social sciences. (The basic sciences and the applied sciences constitute the other half.) Some observers see in this arrangement the healing of the breach between C. P. Snow's two cultures, with a third culture—the military one—thrown in for good measure. But it is the quality of education that matters more than curricular scope. And it is my conviction that the Air Academy gets the same equivocal results as the other academies—good but not good enough.

STREAMLINED CURRICULUM

IT IS true that the Air Force Academy repairs some of the omissions of the other academies. It offers an elective course in ethics and four electives in fine arts. (One of President Eisenhower's cultural contributions was to make painting an unimpeachably masculine pursuit.) In one course, cadets make the acquaintance of such unmartial figures as Picasso, Kandinsky, Bartok, and Schoenberg. In another, they copy various styles of painting as a preliminary to doing a

piece of original work. There is more required work in English than at the other academies, although there is the same depressing emphasis on composition and report writing. The foreign-language program has a certain measure of dash. It is generally co-ordinated with area study and with the summer trip overseas. The Academy boasts that a junketing cadet recently talked a Russian soldier out of his cap at Brandenburg Gate.

Life can be beautiful at the Air Academy. The classes are small—generally fourteen or fifteen; the faculty is nothing if not eager; and, despite the built-in conformities of the military setting, cadets have a genuine opportunity to express themselves intellectually. "If a cadet developed the position that nuclear warfare is unthinkable and presented the arguments effectively," an instructor remarked, "he would get an A." As a member of the faculty pointed out, a discussion class is inherently less authoritarian than a lecture class in a large university. And though there is a legend that Air Force instructors giving the same course at the same time utter the same words in unison, in reality they often vary the approach.

There is an admirable catholicity in reading materials in the courses—Freud, Morton White, Isaiah Berlin. Norman Thomas as well as Edmund Burke. The Political Science Department—one of the best at the Academy—does not flinch from considering democratic socialism as a political alternative or throwing doubt upon existing legislation. One syllabus asks: "Are the Smith and McCarran Acts compatible with the Declaration of Independence?" And if the conservatively loaded film, "Operation Abolition," was shown at the Academy, it is equally true that a Quaker came to talk about peace and argued that it is better to submit to the Russians than to employ nuclear weapons. "We lynched him mentally," commented one cadet.

The faculty at the Air Force Academy seems the best of the lot. They are better qualified (21 per cent with doctorates), they have the gleam of the future in their eyes, and they have a chance to grow in the job since their teaching tour is four or five years instead of two or three. Many of the instructors are not only able to motivate the cadets for a lifetime of service but can also bring to bear rich experience here and abroad. "I doubt that you'll find a test pilot with a graduate degree from Cal Tech teaching in a civilian institution," an officer pointed out.

The life-style of the faculty is more academic than military. The Officers' Club, deserted, on



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Saturday night, is more like a faculty club. And the Air Force reputation for rambunctious play is seriously threatened at Colorado Springs. The father of an instructor was invited to a sedate faculty party in which five of the ten officers present were teetotalers. "I'll have to revise my opinion of the hell-raising Air Force," he said.

Finally, in terms of objective criteria—performance on the Graduate Record Examination—cadets do very well. Last year, three of their number were named as Rhodes Scholars, an achievement exceeded only by imperial Harvard.

THE WELL-COORDINATED TEACHER

THE intellectual health of the Academy, however, seemed hardly more vigorous than at West Point or Annapolis. On Saturday afternoon, the library had a ghostly quiet as cadets, fulfilling the "whole man" concept, were off playing somewhere.

In the classes, there was the usual proportion of cadets acting out the role of weak students everywhere—uneasy, sullen, protective of their ignorance. I was struck by the fact that even the bright cadets did not seem different from the duller ones; they all inhabited the same constricted intellectual and moral universe. And I saw in Colorado Springs what I observed at the other academies: the students came to life principally when professional matters were broached.

There was a vivid demonstration of this in an English class where the subject for the day was Yeats's poem "Leda and the Swan." It happened to be the day when Scott Carpenter was in orbit, and when I entered the room the cadets and their instructor were listening to a radio account of the mission.

"We have a man in the Atlantic doing what each of us would like to be doing," the instructor said. "But I insist that we concern ourselves with a fourteen-line poem of 140 words." He turned down the radio, and carried on a discussion of metrics and poetic texture against the low buzz from the loudspeaker. Somehow, the discussion veered toward the difference between American and European military strategy. The cadets really brightened. The instructor, however, doggedly returned to Yeats. "Have we learned from history how to 'put on the power,' as the swan did in the poem? This is the question asked by the poet, and it has a powerful application to military history."

"Are there intellectuals among the cadets?" I asked an officer. "I don't think there are intel-

lectuals in the classical sense," he remarked. "We have people with brains, but they're not self-isolating." And a cadet asserted, "We're not looking for pure scholars. Actually it's considered sort of a shame if that's all a fellow is."

There are two factors which militate against genuine intellectualism at the Academy. One is that the military style, with its emphasis upon completing a mission, does not encourage loose ends—and it is the loose ends of one thinker which provide the urgencies of the next. Cadets had a tendency to give final, definitive responses—mission completed, Sir! Now this may well be inherent in their role. The process of command is one in which an officer appraises a situation, makes up his mind, and then behaves with firm confidence that he has made the right—the only—decision. To maintain chronic doubt is foreign to the military personality. Hamlet would be an oddball in the Air Force.

The second factor is the role of the faculty. Despite their vitality, the way the teachers work brings about flaccidity among the cadets. It happens in paradoxical fashion. Because the faculty consists of amateurs essentially, they tend to overdo the professionalism. All new instructors receive a summer's indoctrination. Even more important, the lessons they are to present are all thoroughly thrashed out in faculty seminars. Now consider that the officers are not established scholars with clearly-defined competencies but young, cautious neophytes, and it is easy to see that there will be a tendency for the inexperienced to defer to the old hands and even for the low-ranking to submit to their superiors. Moreover, the very idea of working out units or lessons in a group is a dubious enterprise. Teaching by the numbers—even flexible numbers—is stultifying, and close supervision, more often than not, means formula teaching. This is what drives creative, intellectually independent people out of high-school teaching. And, in truth, the teaching situation at the Air Force Academy parallels closely that of the high-school teacher.

Another consequence of this exhaustive lesson planning is that it leaves little time for anything else. Most of the instructors are young men who should be engaged in a process of primary intellectual accumulation, so to speak, even if they have already won advanced degrees. (The period right after the Ph.D. is the time to break out of the trap of academic parochialism.) At the Air Academy, the instructors are so occupied with teaching—twelve to fifteen hours a week—and with preparing to teach that they can hardly engage in the kind of rich, digressive reading that



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Awards

Two *Harper's* authors have received awards in the competition for the 1962 AAAS-Westinghouse Science Writing Awards, for articles published in this magazine.

John L. Chapman of Van Nuys, California, won the first prize of \$1,000 for "The Uncanny World of Plasma Physics," which appeared in the October 1961 issue; and Arthur C. Clarke received Honorable Mention for "The Uses of the Moon," published in December 1961.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science presented the awards in Philadelphia in November.

In New York in December, John Fischer, the Editor in Chief of *Harper's*, received the 1962 Richard L. Neuberger Award of the Society of Magazine Writers. This award honors the editor or publisher "who has done the most to raise the standards of magazines as a medium of democratic communication."

alone makes the educated man. In addition, many of them have to put in time maintaining their flying status or working on advanced degrees.

The academic arrangements, then, are calculated to make the cadets see their academic life as a series of units or missions to be completed, not as a never-ending continuum. This is why the cadets feel so comfortable about vacating their studies on weekends. An accrediting report describes the "degree of organization and planning" as "unbelievable" and points out that daytime activity is plotted down to the last five minutes. It is perhaps no accident that a political-science syllabus, after encouraging cadets to read good news media, had this unfortunate statement: "In addition, you should *expose yourself* [emphasis is mine] to some of the better journals of opinion such as *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, *The Reporter*, and *National Review*."

One beguiling myth has it that the Air Force Academy is far more libertarian than the other service academies. "There is a freedom principle about being a flier," an officer explained. "When I was at West Point, the air cadets were the ones who bucked the system the most."

My observations at the Academy hardly confirmed this. The cadets have the usual spit and polish. When a boy fainted during a parade, his two buddies, marching perfectly in step, dragged him off the field, their eyes straight ahead. And intra-murals—called grimly intra-murder—are as mandatorily savage here as at West Point or Annapolis. (Visitors are often startled to see

superbly healthy boys hobbling on crutches—the wounded gladiators of sport.) Moreover, the cult of football has its usual impassioned communicants. And the officers in the Commandant's department do not hesitate to pour it on.

"The ninety-two men in this squadron belong to me body and soul," a white-gloved officer on an inspection tour said. "There's only one thing wrong with indoor inspections," he added. "You can see more out-of-doors in the sunlight."

The Fourth Class system is tough. Doolies sit at attention while they eat and even while their hair is being cut. They are required to memorize the usual military catechism, chauvinistic slogans ("Sir, my altitude is 7,250 feet above sea level—far, far above that of West Point or Annapolis"), and an elaborate calendar ("There are eleven days until Ring Dance, thirteen days to Graduation, 317 days to Graduation of the Class of 1963, 731 days to Graduation of the Class of 1964"). Though there is no longer any physical hazing, the psychic abuse that Doolies endure can be unnerving. "The trouble is," one Doolie lamented, "that if a Third Classman is having a hard time—if he failed an exam or was chewed out by an officer—he'll take it out on a Doolie."

This victimization pulls the Doolies together—"co-operate and graduate!" But they are beginning to get unexpected support from above with the emergence of a new managerial orientation. (One reason for modifying the Fourth Class system is that attrition was 31 per cent; with changes, attrition has declined promisingly.) "If you give an order in such a way that they understand the reasons behind it, they'll obey it better," the former Superintendent, General Stone, explained. "In the old days, if a boy didn't do an about-face properly, an upperclassman would say, 'All right, Mister, do twenty-five push-ups.' Today, the boy will be given instructions in making the about-face." The new Superintendent, Major General Robert H. Warren, whose background is the familiar mixture of stellar performance in combat and solid competence in staff assignments, is likely to carry forward this moderate philosophy.

Cadet culture has a Boy Scout flavor. After the sophistication of the curriculum, it is disconcerting to see naïve homilies on the bulletin boards: "Tell me who your friends are, and I'll tell you who you are. . . . Given the time, the brains, and the will, man can do all. . . . Launch a missile or pass a GR (graded review)." The cadet magazine, *The Talon*, is the usual schoolboy mixture of sports, jokes, and prim pin-up girls—but it

does seem to have more self-mockery than the other service academy magazines.

The cadets have a conservative sex ethic ("We're building for the future, not just for tomorrow night at the drive-in"), but they are capable of juvenile sadism too. There is a disagreeable ritual, known as the "ghoul pool," in which boys put money in a pool to be won by the cadet with the ugliest date. Cadets were rather startled to learn that some girls had organized a similar pool.

They are not quite as glamorous as their East Coast counterparts. Some local undergraduates—at Colorado College, a coed school in town—ostracize girls who go out with Air cadets, and the cadets are sometimes taunted on the streets of nearby towns. (When provoked by local toughs, the cadets may not take physical reprisals. They are expected to maintain a gentlemanly mien and call the police.)

Like their West Point cousins, they are full of muscular phrases like "the big picture" or "prime target," and they are gung-ho about the use of nuclear weapons. One of them insisted that nuclear weapons should be used tactically in Vietnam "to clear the terrain so that guerrillas can be spotted." A social scientist in a research institute revealed that when Air Force cadets were given war games to work out, they showed a tendency to think in terms of the biggest bang, hitting the enemy with everything in the nuclear arsenal. The civilian social scientists at the institute were far more temperate.

The narrow range of cadet self-expression is actually adaptive. The psychiatrist at the Air Force Academy summed this up: "I think our goal has to be equating maturity with conformity because of the realistic situation. If cadets want to go on with military life, there are certain things they must accept. A boy who says, 'Go to hell' to an upperclassman who is harassing him may be doing something psychiatrically sound. But the military people won't like it. I've seen cadets who were too healthy to be here."

FOUR STEPS TO IMPROVEMENT

IT IS the estrangement from civilian life at all the academies that I find most disturbing at a time when the world gets smaller and the problem of communication more urgent. But the estrangement works both ways. Somehow civilians are prepared to believe the worst about our military and about the elite who come out of the service academies. The immense popularity

of *Seven Days in May*—a novel about a communist military takeover, is simply the latest piece of evidence.

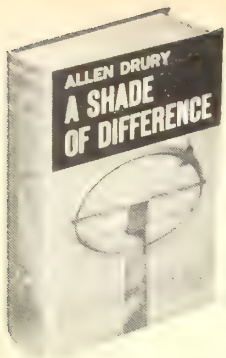
Some things ought to be put into perspective about our service academies. First, they do not graduate tight little cabals which run the military establishment. The immense expansion of our armed forces during and after World War II means that only a small percentage of our officers are academy-trained. In the Army at present, only 8 per cent of the officers are academy-trained, 14.3 in the Navy, and 9 per cent in the Air Force. And the percentages are going down. Last year a mere 2 per cent of the new Army officers were academy products, 5 per cent of the incoming Navy officers, and 8.7 per cent of the new Air Force officers. How much influence they will have in the military establishment of the future remains to be seen. Secondly, our military history is an honorable one. Our professional soldiers have always deferred to civilian leadership. General Edwin Walker is currently regarded with acute disfavor by most professional soldiers; he did not play the game. No matter how hot-headed middle-echelon leadership has sometimes been, the top military leaders have usually been men of sense and character.

The trouble with academy education is that it does little to heal the gap between officers and civilians. And the problem may be getting worse. Daniel Bell in a recent article in the *Columbia University Forum* points out that there is a group in the military—the dispossessed—who feel that they are losing out to the civilian "technipols" in the Defense Department. As a result, they are potential prey for the lunatic Far Right. The fact is that their training does not equip them to deal with current complexities. The absurdity of the present military situation was epitomized by an Air Force colonel who remarked: "The point now in warfare is *not* to inflict too much damage." In a similar spirit, Professor Samuel P. Huntington of Columbia University has written:

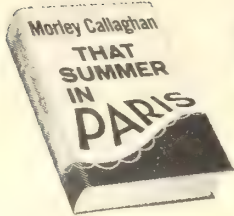
In the future the United States may find itself forced to act in areas and in ways in which it can no longer bring to bear overwhelming military might. It may find itself forced to deal from weakness rather than from strength, conditioned and caught in the twin fetters of political exigency and mutual deterrence.

It may well be that Kafka is better preparation for officers these days than Clausewitz.

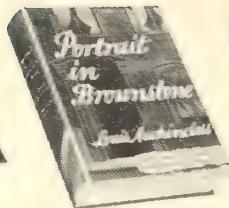
Or perhaps we don't need the academies at all? Certainly, one conceivable solution would be to rely on our ROTC programs. But perhaps they



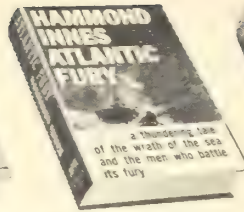
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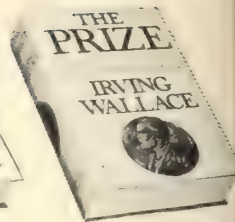
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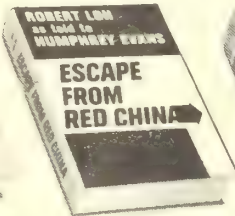
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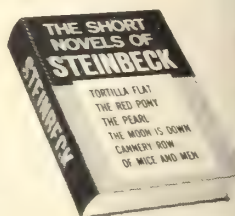
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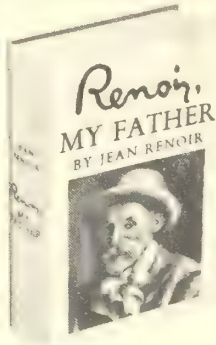
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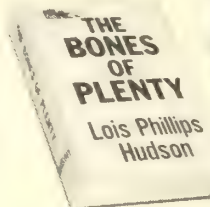
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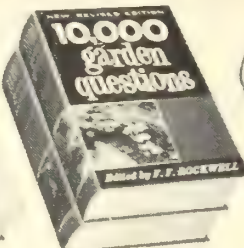
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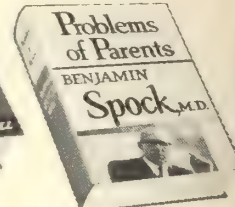
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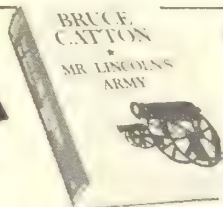


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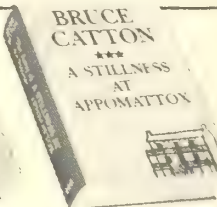
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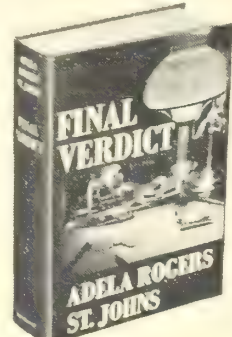
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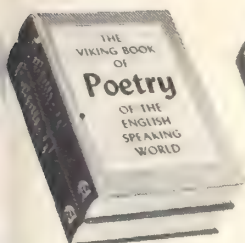
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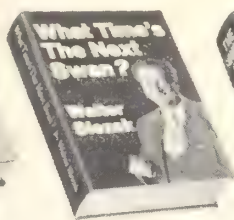
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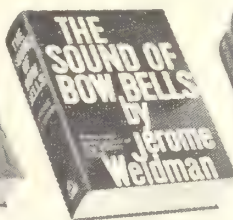
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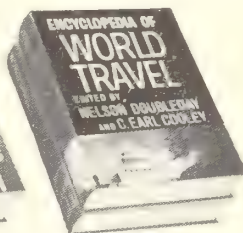
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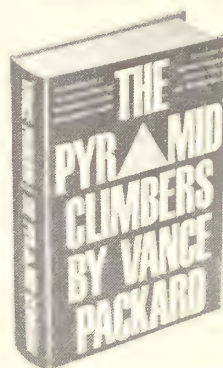
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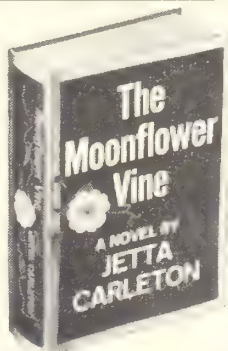
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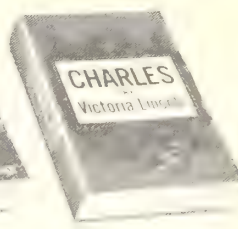


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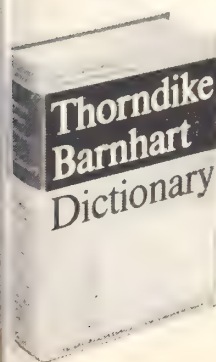
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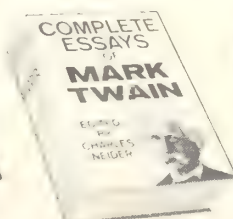
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can't provide the commitment to duty that our best officers should have. I should like, therefore, to offer these suggestions:

(1) Let's keep the academies but upgrade them academically and intellectually. Cadets and midshipmen must be given the incitement—and the time—to read and educate themselves. (This may well mean cutting down on organized sports and peripheral military training.)

(2) Independent study, which has worked so well on other campuses, should be part of academy education. In the old days between the wars, officers could become marvelously well-educated if they had the inclination because they had all that free time. Today, with increasing professional pressures, this is no longer possible. If we need highly educated officers—as indeed we do—the foundation must be laid at the academy.

(3) There is yet another possibility. Perhaps there should be separate programs (but *really* separate, not merely enrichment programs) within the academies, or even a separate academy for an academic elite. The gifted young men of the elite would be educated more intensively yet less rigidly. Without distractions, without childish rah-rah, they could devote themselves to the life of the mind and to its military applications. They would be the "technipols" in uniform who would help shape policy and interpret it to the somewhat less sophisticated combat leaders that we obviously still need. They would be, if you will, philosopher-warriors.

(4) But one thing is clear. Our service academies,

despite their narcissistic preening, are not sacrosanct. It is amazing how little they have been subjected to real tough-minded scrutiny. Like mother, God, and country, they are beyond criticism. It is interesting that at one of the academies—it doesn't matter which—it was impossible for me to have a confidential interview with anyone. My hosts made the pious assumption that surely nobody could have anything to say that he wouldn't want others to hear.

What can be done? As a start, the various Boards of Visitors should be drastically overhauled. The present members are all fine, upstanding people, but they are part of the Establishment, and almost everything the academies do finds favor in their eyes. These Boards of Visitors will need to have independent minds—as in the best boards of trustees of colleges—prepared to cry havoc when necessary and to prod the professionals when it's called for. And their inspections should not be merely formal, ritualistic visits for a few days but intensive explorations of many weeks' duration. In addition, the Boards of Visitors should be backed up by a task force of distinguished sociologists, psychologists, and educators who would look into such things as the following: What attitudes do the young men in the academies start with? What happens to their thinking over the years? What is the climate of opinion at the academies?

It is high time for the American public to take a searching look beneath the polished surfaces of its academies—and to applaud what is good, and change what is not.

A GREAT SCHOOL

YOU go to school at the age of twelve or thirteen; and for the next four or five years you are not engaged so much in acquiring knowledge as in making mental efforts under criticism. A certain amount of knowledge you can indeed with average faculties acquire so as to retain; nor need you regret the hours that you spent on much that is forgotten, for the shadow of lost knowledge at least protects you from many illusions. But you go to a great school, not for knowledge so much as for arts and habits; for the habit of attention, for the art of expression, for the art of assuming at a moment's notice a new intellectual posture, for the art of entering quickly into another person's thoughts, for the habit of submitting to censure and refutation, for the art of indicating assent or dissent in graduated terms, for the habit of regarding minute points of accuracy, for the habit of working out what is possible in a given time, for taste, for discrimination, for mental courage and mental soberness. Above all, you go to a great school for self-knowledge.

—William Johnson Cory, 1861, from *A Great Eton Master*, Rampant Lions Press (Cambridge, 1959).

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Historians and Other Confused People

HISTORY," Napoleon said, "is a myth agreed upon." The remark seems to prove that whatever other opportunities for extensive acquaintance were open to the Emperor of the French, he did not know many historians, for myth-makers they may be, but herdlike unanimity of opinion is not a charge that can be leveled against them with justice. Probably no historian has attempted to make of Nero a model son or of Henry VIII a devoted husband, but except where the facts are invincible few leaders or events in the past have escaped divergent interpretation. Schoolboys may still enjoy the comforts of a brilliant chiaroscuro world of Good Kings and Bad Kings, but the adult reader finds his way by no such certain landmarks.

Beyond all the incidental diversity of interpretation that marks the work of historians there is one great disagreement that divides the whole tribe into two camps. In one camp are those who think that what happens in this world is somehow inevitable, determined, beyond human control. To be sure, these historians disagree among themselves about what does the determining—it may be economics or race or geography, or it may be some biological principle in societies that drives them from seedtime to flowering and then to decay, or it may be some mysterious force that chains them to a great wheel turning with massive and imperturbable automatism through endless ages. Historical inevitability may provide grounds for optimism, by proving that the future is on our side, or for pessimism, by proving that it is against us, but it always contains at bottom what may be the ultimate human comfort in most situations—the reassurance that whatever happens it is not our fault.

In the other camp are the historians who believe that the choices men make influence the course of events. They do not rule out contingency: they recognize that the difference between the Eskimos and the English has something to do with the fact that one group lives in a cold climate and the other on an island, they recognize that abundant natural resources have given the United States advantages Japan has lacked,

and so on. But they also recognize that in the narrow place of necessity different men have behaved differently, and that the difference has had consequences. When things are going well, this kind of history can display the faults of complacency and self-congratulation, but because it is based on the assumption that men are free, it contains the nasty threat, when disaster strikes, that we may be responsible.

Most historians who believe in freedom do not bother to define it; they simply assume that the Bad Kings could have been Good if they had put their minds to it, and go on from there. But Herbert J. Muller, who has just published *Freedom in the Western World* (Harper & Row, \$8.50), the second volume in his projected *History of Freedom*, is more conscientious. He offers a definition of freedom that goes on for half a page, then confesses uneasily that the history of freedom may be in fact the history of civilization, and from a review of the previous volume in his series he quotes resignedly the opinion that such a history is probably impossible to write.

All this prefatory agonizing is somewhat beside the point, because when it comes to what actually has happened, Muller sees freedom as a much simpler thing than his definition suggests. It would be too narrow to say that he equates freedom with civil rights, but it would hardly be unjust to say that he sees it as the spirit or temper that has made the extension of civil rights possible. Perhaps this is the only kind of freedom the historian can concern himself with. Certainly he cannot "prove" that anyone a thousand years ago could have done something other than what he did; indeed, as Tolstoy pointed out, the more remote an action the more inevitable it seems—it would be a bold and possibly useless exercise of the imagination to try to picture what the world would be like if (say) the American Revolution had been put down. Nor can the historian "prove" that the amount of subjective freedom men have felt has been greater or less at one time or another; whether the men who accompanied Richard the Lion-hearted on his Crusade had a greater sense of doing what they wanted to do than the

men who accompanied Eisenhower on his Crusade it is simply impossible to say.

So, of the many men that Muller discusses (his account covers Western Europe and America in the years 1000 to 1800, with a detour through Islam), it is hardly surprising that the two he writes of with the greatest geniality of feeling are Erasmus and Montaigne. Both were tolerant, skeptical, undoctrinaire men, equally distant from the martyr and the inquisitor, speculative and ironical. Such a temperament admits disagreement and acknowledges the right of others to live their lives by their own standards; it is certainly the temperament that encourages the growth of civil rights.

The fact that Muller admires and shares this cast of mind accounts for both the strength and the disappointments of his book. It is disappointing because the history of freedom turns out to be not very different from the history most Americans have grown up with, at least if their texts and teachers have been liberal, democratic, and Protestant. When the history of freedom is seen as the history of tolerance, it is something less than the history of civilization and quite possible to write; in fact it has been written many times.

At the same time it is Muller's strength that he is not afraid to say what has been said before. When a man knows as much as he does, it would not be difficult to twitch the material into some new and arresting shape. Muller has steadfastly resisted that temptation. His book will give rise to no cult, will beget no editorials. Yet it will do a good deal. For the novice it will provide an introduction to the growth of a great tradition; for the more experienced reader it will serve as a reminder. And not merely as a reminder, because, though the book espouses no new scheme of history, it is full of vigorous judgments and fresh opinions, and where the traditional textbook version of the growth of tolerance tends to see the process as an institutional, often a constitutional development, Muller is interested in its broad cultural setting. His reading is immense; he seems equally at home with the account books of Renaissance businessmen and French tragedy. Several of the connections he draws are new to me: he suggests, for instance, that what it is now the fashion to call the Protestant ethic had its origins in the medieval monastery, with its emphasis on regularity, order, and hard work.

Occasionally Muller betrays a lack of sympathy with what lies outside the tradition he admires. He speaks, for instance, of the Cambridge Platonist Henry More as "given to mysticism," as if mysticism were a rather odd personal habit, something like drinking papaya juice. In his criticisms of the Catholic Church, he makes adroit use of the remarks of Lord Acton, whose own history of freedom, perhaps the most

famous unwritten book of recent times, could not be executed, Muller suggests, because Acton could not square his commitment to the Church with his commitment to liberalism. In one peculiar passage Muller refers to pragmatic democracy as progressing by "bumps and grinds," which suggests that his seemingly unlimited knowledge of the kingdoms of this world stops short of the lower reaches of Terpsichore's realm. Such lapses, however, are the merest smudges on an eloquent, learned, and convinced account of one of the most awe-inspiring developments in human history: the creation of an atmosphere in which men accord one another the dignity, and expose one another to the danger, of responsibility for their own actions.

SCHEMATIC HISTORY

The Precarious Balance (Knopf, \$5.95) is an essay on the struggle for power in Europe in the last few centuries, by a distinguished elderly German historian, Ludwig Dehio. A good deal of this book is written in the language of determinism; in a characteristic passage, for instance, Dehio speaks of Spain as "fated" to become a "continental power" (as distinguished from a sea power), and other nations are spoken of as if they were playing roles that had already been written and assigned to them by some supernatural playwright. At one point Dehio finds war so inevitable that he says "the guns went off of their own accord," though presumably the remark is meant to be somewhat figurative.

The theme of the book too has a strongly deterministic cast; it is, very briefly, that in the struggles of recent centuries the continental or land-based countries of Europe have been at a disadvantage when confronted by island or sea-based powers. This thesis, like many other efforts at sweeping geographical (or other) explanations of historical events, requires a certain amount of juggling to accommodate the facts. Venice has to be an island to fit the scheme, and Holland partly an island. Then as time moves nearer the present, the terminology breaks down completely, because nobody can pretend that Russia is an island, and so "island powers" are replaced by "flanking powers" (England and Russia), until the very end when the United States emerges as the new island power and Russia as the new continental power.

A reader expects Dehio's book to end in an epic whine, an apology for Germany's defeat in the second world war on the grounds that as a continental power surrounded by island (or flanking) powers, it never had a chance. But nothing of the sort emerges. Instead, the language of determinism disappears as the book progresses, and the identification of Russia and the United States as the new continental and island powers

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seems to be nothing more than a rhetorical convenience to round it off. Certainly, Dehio, unlike his deterministic countrymen Marx and Spengler, is completely unwilling to base any prediction of the future on the scheme he has constructed.

What then, one wonders, was the point of constructing it in the first place? The only possible answer seems to be that a learned and thoughtful German historian, after a lifetime of study, can still regard as news the idea that Western Europe has no effective Monroe Doctrine. Surely no American reader who knows anything about William III, Marlborough, Wellington, or the two world wars of this century, will be startled by such a revelation. In fairness I should add that many of the subtler points in Dehio's exposition assume a better-informed reader than I have been able to provide, though I am quite competent to appreciate the remarkable late-Baroque figures of speech with which he has ornamented his pages.

MEN WITHOUT HISTORY

ONCE it was said that people who had no history were to be congratulated on their lack. Such an opinion reflected the general idea that people in a state of nature—noble savages—lived together in simple trust and affection without all the artificiality, pretension, and strife that our social institutions create. Now the anthropologists have destroyed all that. As they have carried out investigations of how primitive people actually live, they have discovered that (with very occasional exceptions) these people are bound by more ritual, more complex taboos and demands than we are. The one advantage primitive people once had was the advantage of ignorance—they did not know that life could be lived in any other way than their own—but soon there will be few if any people left in the world with a reassuring belief in the inevitability of their own mode of life. One way of looking at the history of freedom as Muller recounts it is to see it as a growth in the belief in unrealized possibilities, the conviction that life need not be lived exactly as it is lived in this particular village.

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Peter Matthiessen's *Under the Mountain Wall* (Viking, \$7.50) is, as the subtitle says, "a chronicle of two seasons in the stone age."* Matthiessen was a member of the 1961 Harvard-Peabody expedition to the interior of New Guinea, an expedition that received wide newspaper publicity because of the death of another member, Michael Rockefeller.

Matthiessen is not an anthropologist and he has not chosen to imitate the anthropologist's style of presenting his material. Instead of offering a series of chapters on kinship, warfare, shelter, weapons, language, songs, and so on, he has presented a sequence of scenes in which the Kurelu (the New Guinea tribe the expedition studied) go about their daily business. There are some disadvantages to this method; it is not easy, for instance, to understand exactly who is fighting whom in the incessant warfare, because there is little exposition of the tribal structure. Some facts remain hazy—it looks as if the Kurelu had no tool made of anything more durable than wood except for the stone adze, but Matthiessen never says so. A more serious difficulty is that Matthiessen writes of the Kurelu as if there were no white observer present, as if they were still living entirely in the self-confidence of their stone-age isolation, but obviously they had to be under the observation of an outsider for the book to be written, and the outsider's presence must have altered their behavior if only a little bit.

But the disadvantages of Matthiessen's method are outweighed by its advantages, to a large extent simply because he is such a superb writer. He can describe a child tending pigs, an old man in the last stages of senility, the proud face of a warrior, the tropical landscape at dusk with great beauty. His method nowhere emphasizes the strangeness of the Kurelu's society; instead it assumes that the kind of life described makes perfect sense, as presumably it does to the Kurelu, and in time the reader begins to share the feeling. The distance between these naked savages and the reader diminishes;

he realizes how much of the business of life is everywhere the same: the competition of the men for eminence, the jealousy of the women, the constant threat of death and the celebration of its mystery.

Yet few readers will regret the blood-stained centuries that do in fact separate us from the stone age. The endless round of protocol and symbolic gesture that occupies the Kurelu may be no more elaborate than our own, but it certainly seems harsher. The custom of cutting off the fingers of little Kurelu girls as a sign of mourning is only the most repulsive example. In all of Matthiessen's account I came across only one detail wherein the Kurelu are more civilized than ourselves: the women get up first and go about their work in the early morning, while the men lie abed until the day has warmed up.

Under the Mountain Wall should become something of a classic. It combines the scientist's precise observation with the artist's tact and grace and sympathy. There are many fine photographs to illustrate the text.

A SHAMEFUL HISTORY

ANOTHER fascinating recent book is the history of the Atlantic slave trade by Daniel P. Mannix and Malcolm Cowley, *Black Cargoes* (Viking, \$6.95). It is not a book to be read by those with queasy stomachs, for the facts are horrible beyond anything the standard American histories have led one to expect (at sea a slaving vessel could be smelled five miles downwind), but it is a devastating revelation of what people will do for money. If the Kurelu whom Matthiessen describes could read *Black Cargoes*, they would probably decide that any incidental harshness they engage in looks pretty gentle in comparison with the organized and methodical exploitation of human beings that went on among the most civilized nations of the West for nearly four hundred years, and they would be right.

The scale of the slave trade was almost unbelievable. Millions of people were involved and sums of money that even today seem immense. The trade permeated society far beyond the areas where slaves

were used for labor. The English coin called a guinea took its name from the name generally applied to the African slave coast; it was coined by Charles II to popularize a slaving company in which he had invested Boston's Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of liberty," was built by a man part of whose fortune came from the trade. Wall Street in New York takes its name from a wall the Dutch built to keep their Indian slaves in and the slaves' relatives out. (Indian made poor slaves anyway.) Liverpool honored the trade in slaves and ivory that provided its wealth by ornamenting the town hall with tusk and heads of "blackamoors" cut in stone. Some economists have suggested that profits from the slave trade financed the Industrial Revolution.

But beyond all the horrible and engrossing details of the story, one is struck by how quickly in human institutions the fortuitous comes to seem inevitable, necessary, and therefore right. Within a few years after the trade started, the African king who sold their captives and sometimes their subjects into slavery had become dependent on the European goods they got in exchange; the entrepreneurs of the Caribbean, Brazil and the Southern colonies had set up systems of production that demanded cheap labor; the traders of Old and New England and some other countries had established patterns of economic exchange in which slaves were an essential link. The early abolitionists of England (the country that both profited most from the slave trade and did the most to abolish it) shrewdly countered economic argument with economic argument: they pointed out that the trade was ruining British sailors, on whom the country depended for its prosperity and safety. The argument was just: sailors were often treated worse than slaves, because they were a liability (had to be paid) when a ship reached port, whereas there was no profit in a slave who was not alive and well enough to be sold.

Probably the worst feature, and certainly the most enduring feature of the Atlantic slave trade was racism. Originally African Negroes were simply indentured servants like many whites who came to the early colonies; they would serve for a pe-

* "The Death of Weake"—adapted from this book—appeared in *Harper's* (October 1962).

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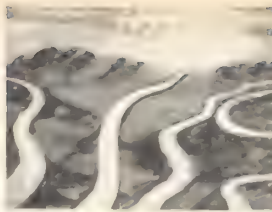
...hod of years or perhaps for life. But their children would be free. With the growth of perpetual servitude as an institution there also grew up a concomitant ideology that the African was fit for nothing more. Today that ideology, outlasting by a century the institution it was created to defend, is one of the nastiest things we have to deal with.

POSTSCRIPT

Polym J. Lasky's *Africa for Beginners* (Lippincott, \$3.50) largely concerns Ghana and Nigeria, the chief modern nations that have emerged in recent years on the old "guinea" coast where most of the slaves for the Atlantic trade came from, with an additional chapter on Ethiopia and the Sudan.

Lasky gives his book the subtitle "a traveler's notebook," and that is exactly what it is. There are snippets from the local press in countries he visited, interviews with politicians and intellectuals and students, odds and ends of observation of buildings, clothes, manners, and everything else under the sun. All of this is interesting and some of it highly amusing. An editorial from a Nigerian newspaper advocating the nationalization of witchcraft is a masterpiece of unconscious humor; it is delightful to read about earnest intellectuals discussing the evils of excessively high prices for brides.

Yet one wonders if collecting this jodgepodge of detail is as just a way of dealing with these hard-pressed new nations as they deserve. If a traveler came to America for a few weeks and talked in rapid succession with Norman Mailer, Mrs. Richard Nixon, Tennessee Williams, Robert Hutchins, and William Buckley, Jr., he might be able to put together a group of interviews that would show the United States as a country of absurd contradictions impossible to reconcile. He probably could not find an editorial advocating the nationalization of witchcraft, but he could come close to finding one dedicated to proving that witchcraft should not be nationalized. There is an instructive anecdote to this point in Evelyn Waugh's most recent travel book. He tells of going out to visit the region in East Africa where the post-



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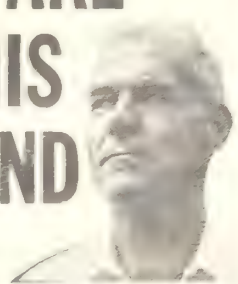
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THE NEW BOOKS

war British government attempted to raise groundnuts on a vast scale. After seeing the monumental waste there, Waugh dryly remarks that if such a scheme had been undertaken by any African nation, it would have been regarded as conclusive evidence that the natives were not yet ready for self-government.

All this is not to say that *Africa for Beginners* is not worth reading. It is both instructive and entertaining, a collection of observations by a man of acute intelligence, and a useful antidote to a certain kind of blandly reassuring writing that new nations often seem to occasion. Yet a reader who comes to it from the sordid story recounted in *Black Car-goes*, who realizes how recent the experience of shameless exploitation has been for these African regions, cannot help hoping for a reporter with a less darting and a less ironic eye.

A DYING TRADE

Kings, Courts, and Monarchy by Harold Nicolson (Simon and Schuster, \$12.50) is somewhere between a gift book and serious history. The volume has been lavishly produced—with abundant handsome illustrations, many in color—and elegantly though faultily printed. Nicolson sees himself as the chronicler of a dying trade; twice he remarks (he says a number of things more than once) that in his lifetime he has witnessed the removal of eight emperors, twelve kings, and fifteen minor dynasties. Since he is a man of aristocratic sentiment but democratic principle, he seems not to lament their passing very much, though he leaves no doubt that in its constitutional monarchy England has achieved the best of all possible political worlds.

Kings, Courts, and Monarchy is a chronological account of rulers from prehistoric times to Elizabeth II. It has little if anything new to say about monarchy as an institution, but it offers a good deal of picturesque detail, a certain amount of political analysis, numerous strong opinions, considerable wit and some malice, and occasional generalizations no less striking for being doubtful. For sustained malice nothing else in the book can touch the

account of Muhammad, but for an incidental example Nicolson's remark that Charlemagne was too manly to interest Gibbon will do well enough. The generalizations include the proposition that short men tend to be very suspicious and that tall men who are left-handed tend to be impotent. The source of these useful bits of information is not divulged.

The fun in *Kings, Courts, and Monarchy*—and in spite of this perhaps jaundiced report, it is an engaging book—is the fun of listening to the urbane talk of a worldly, widely experienced and widely read, rather cynical and highly opinionated man.

UNDER the title *The Fate of the Edsel* (Harper & Row, \$4.50) John Brooks has brought together a group of essays on recent business history. They are concerned with a variety of subjects—Clarence Saunders, founder of the Piggly-Wiggly stores, the first supermarkets; Walter K. Gutman, an art critic turned investment counselor; the way business is conducted in London's very old and very elegant banks; and what the price-fixing scandals in the electrical industry reveal about the structure of large corporations—but the best chapters are those that give the book its name, the amazing story of how the Ford Motor Company lost \$350 million in an attempt to launch a new make of automobile.

Just what that story proves it is not easy to say. Some have thought it demonstrates the uselessness of consumer research, but from Brooks's account it appears that the extensive use of such research in developing the Edsel was often misguided; in conception, and in practice disregarded in favor of some executive's hunch. For instance, after thousands of possible names for the car had been collected from many sources, including Marianne Moore, and some had been tested for their effect on prospective buyers, all were thrown out at the last minute in favor of a name that had apparently been discarded months before, simply because someone whose word "went" wanted to call the car the Edsel. Perhaps the most the account proves is that failure on a grand scale is still possible, and of that the

contemporary world already has a good deal of evidence.

Brooks tells his stories in a jaunty journalistic style, with a sharp eye for detail and considerable feeling for the personalities involved.

THE NEW DETERMINISM

MANY people who would reject out of hand any kind of historical determinism of society nevertheless have come to accept a kind of determinism of the individual based upon IQ, aptitude, and achievement tests. Since the introduction of large-scale testing in the first world war, it has become a major American industry, with a powerful voice (often the final voice) in deciding not only who gets into what school or college but also who gets what jobs in business, industry, the civil service, and so on. Now such testing is becoming increasingly popular abroad.

The power and prevalence of testing have been challenged by several books—*The Organization Man* and *They've Got Your Number* are among the best—and Banesh Hoffmann has recently produced another excellent discussion of the subject, *The Tyranny of Testing* (Crowell-Collier, \$3.95). This book will be of special interest to readers of *Harper's*, because much of it grew out of correspondence he had as a consequence of an article published in this magazine in March 1961.

Most of Hoffmann's criticisms are directed against the kind of questions asked on machine-marked tests, especially the very common multiple-choice questions. Through painstaking analysis of sample questions he shows that some questions which seem obvious to a superficial reader in fact present grave difficulties to the person of acute intelligence, the very person whom the test is designed to discover. Not all the examples are completely convincing, but most are, and anyone with experience in such matters can add examples of his own.

The problems raised by Hoffmann's book are very grave, and cannot be solved simply by making the tests better. We have a society that attempts to recognize and encourage and reward merit, and we have no sure way of identifying it. Perhaps the reason is that merit does not

exist: there are only merits. Some people can do one thing, some another. What we must avoid is the exclusive emphasis on one kind of gift. For some time "intelligence" has ruled the roost among the testers. Now "creativity" is coming into style, and before long we will have, if we do not have already, tests to locate a quality or gift that is even more untestable than intelligence.

Tests should be improved; in many instances they should be done away with. But over the years I have seen students selected for college admission, for scholarships and fellowships, by almost every system the human mind has devised, and I have found none of them satisfactory. All ways of making choice among human beings are arbitrary. We can and should endeavor to reduce the arbitrariness, but in the end we have to recognize it and live with it.

ANOTHER book that undertakes to locate weaknesses in American education is *The Community of Scholars* by Paul Goodman (Random House, \$3.95), an attempt to discover why our college faculties fall short of being the scholarly communities that they should be.

Like most of Goodman's work, this book is a mixture of stimulating ideas, acute observations, and nonsense; and since it would take another book somewhat longer than the one he has written to distinguish among them, one example must suffice. Goodman argues (or perhaps the word is pontificates) that college teachers should be "veterans," men who have had a period of experience outside the college in the fields they teach and who, when they turn to teaching, continue to carry on work in those fields, so that their students can be in effect their apprentices. It is a fine idea in some areas, especially the fine arts, but it is not easy to see what kind of practical experience would be available to a man who teaches Russian literature or genetics or history of music. Furthermore, Goodman wants the colleges more independent of society, and a faculty composed of men employed part-time in the community would be in no position to encourage independence; he wants college teachers to regain the initiative in college government from administrators,

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but men already busy with two jobs would not be able to give much time to college government. It could be argued that too many college teachers, at least at the larger institutions, already devote an excessive amount of time to outside work, to advising business or government, or doing their research. At present, thanks largely to National Science Foundation grants, the apprentice system is fairly well developed among science students, with rather mixed results.

Goodman is right, of course, that college faculties are not the communities of scholars they ought to be, but how many of his suggestions would advance their establishment is another matter.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Occasion for Loving, by Nadine Gordimer.

From the title to the last page this vital novel is a commentary on life in South Africa under apartheid. It is also a thoughtful and moving portrayal of the ways in which the deepest human feelings can be muddled and affected by the law. . . . It is not a novel of uprising and violence. It is about a middle-class English family living outside of Johannesburg. The husband is a lecturer in history at the university and his wife is secretary to an association of African musicians and entertainers. A Jewish musicologist, friend of the husband, and his pretty young English wife come to stay with them while he studies and collects the rapidly vanishing music and instruments of local tribes. The young wife falls deeply in love with an African artist. This illicit and dangerous affair in time affects everyone in the household and, since they are all good people, liberal and well-intentioned, the effects are anything but simple. There is no overt violence, no recital of the injuries of the downtrodden.

It is evident that Miss Gordimer is interested in the injustices and

the politics of South Africa, but her interest as a novelist is always in the inner man, whether it is the plight of the black man cut loose, through education, from his own background but not yet part of the white man's world, the plight of the cuckold husband who can't hate his wife's lover because he is black, or whether it's simply the complicated relationships in any family, black or white—husband and wife, children and stepchildren and their parents. Her perceptions are so penetrating and thought-provoking on little things and big that one reads slowly, marking passages, stopping sometimes for argument but more often for agreement. A thoroughly satisfying exercise. There is a passage, for instance, describing the magic charm of the black artist:

. . . This new magic belonged to those who held in themselves for this one generation the dignity of the poor about to inherit their earth and the worldliness of those who had been the masters.

Another passage on the young boy of the family confronted with the affair in their midst:

The boy was suddenly able to release before her his first comprehension of grown-up ethics, of the private moral structure that each man must work out to hold himself together if he abandons or breaks down the ready-made one offered by school, church, and state.

On the mother of the family contemplating the infinite complexities of the black-white friendship in Africa:

You had always to do things for them because they were powerless to do anything for you. But did this mean that there was no limit to it, no private demarcation that anyone might be allowed to make for another. Because he has no life here among us, must I give him mine? . . . All claims of natural feeling are over-riden alike by a line in a statute book that takes no account of humaneness, that recognizes neither love nor respect nor jealousy nor rivalry nor compassion nor hate. . . .

The book is full of searching questions and honest answers in the framework of an absorbing story.

Viking, \$5

The Moonflower Vine, by Jetta Carlson.

This unpretentious first novel begins at the end. It starts in the 1950s with the annual summer visit of three grown daughters, Jessica, Leenie, and Mary Jo Soames, to their parents' Missouri farm where they spent their childhood. It then returns dramatically, in a series of flashbacks about each member of the family (except Mary Jo, the narrator) as far back as to the father's youth, his marriage to Callie, the mother, and their first coming to the farm in the late 1890s. The opening chapter is completely self-contained, but I think that no one who reads the book will fail, when he is finished, to go back to read the first chapter again for the pleasure of seeing all the disparate parts fall into place with the knowledge of the past which the reading has provided. "So *that* was why," one says. "Now I see." It is also that one has grown very fond of these God-fearing, strictly brought-up folk who live by a stern code even when they break it, as nearly all of them do at one time or another. And there is humor of a pleasant, quiet sort: "One can repent of a sin and have done with it; but the wages of foolishness is the eternal recalling of it."

Only those who don't like the country and country living and simple people can be bored with this deeply felt American family saga, its pleasures and tragedies, moving slowly like the seasons but like them containing unexpected and dramatic tensions that keep the story constantly alive. No devils or beatniks or nihilists here, not even any intellectuals except the mind behind the writing, but no angels or namby-pambies either. Ugliness and beauty, good and evil, weakness and strength are here, and an author not afraid unsentimentally to praise love and delight, even in so quiet a thing as the magic summer blooming of the moonflower vine.

Simon & Schuster, \$4.95

Against the Evidence, by Lesley Egan.

An attempt to plant a brutal murder on a kindly but mentally retarded newsstand proprietor is thwarted by the intelligent thinking and hard work of those nice Los

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Angeles newlyweds, the lawyer Jesse Falkenstein and his wife Nell.

Harper & Row, \$3.50

NON-FICTION

Remember Me to Tom, by Edwina Dakin Williams, as told to Lucy Freeman.

Tom is Tennessee Williams' given name and this is his mother's embarrassingly candid story of her unhappy marriage and Tom's childhood, his unhappiness as an adolescent, his fear of madness, and his success as a playwright. It is both pathetic and bathetic, revealing infinitely more than it says. "I think it is high time the ghost of Amanda [in *The Glass Menagerie*] was laid," she says.

I am *not* Amanda. I'm sure if Tom stops to think, he realizes I am not. The only resemblance I have to Amanda is that we both like jonquils. . . . I never woke Tom up with that sugary chant, 'Rise and Shine, rise and shine.' Nor did I matchmake for Rose, who was quite able to find her own young men and, incidentally, I don't think marriage is necessarily the culmination of a woman's life, for some of the happiest women I know have never married. Nor did my husband walk out on me.

Some of the platitudes (whether the mother or writer is responsible one doesn't know) come out so flat-on-the-brush as to be hilarious:

While Tom cared for Hazel as a friend, I think the two enjoyed only a platonic relationship. Tom and I never discussed sex. When he became old enough to be told the facts of life, I took him to the family doctor just before he went to college, because I thought he had been shielded at home a good deal. The most difficult thing facing a parent is somehow to make sure his child knows the facts of life, although by the time most parents get around to this, the child usually does.

Little Me, that parody of dramatic autobiography now running on Broadway, can't have many lines much funnier than that. Yet it is indeed an unhappy story, too unhappy to be deliberately displayed in public, but Mr. Williams comes out of it very well, both as son and playwright, and if that is what his mother set out to do she has succeeded.

Putnam, \$4.95

Two on a Painter

Renoir, My Father, by Jean Renoir.

A touching, illuminating, and very readable story of the painter's life and work with many delightful photographs of him and his family, of his paintings of his family, and of several other well-known canvases. The intelligence and sensitivity of the son, a famous film director, make this an absorbing narrative of the artist's struggles (against criticism early on, and later with crippling illness) and an inspiring record of his intense response to life.

Little, Brown, \$8.95

Renoir: The Man and His Work, by François Fosca.

For obvious reasons, this scholarly book by a Swiss art critic and professor of art is less interesting as a personal biography. It is nevertheless an informative book, written of course from the art historian's point of view. It contains a section on the Impressionist movement, another short one on the prices of Renoir's canvases, and more than 125 reproductions of his work, many of them in color.

Prentice-Hall, \$6.95

Midwinter in Vermont seems to bring on nostalgia. January has at least two charming books to celebrate and/or question its value.

Nostalgia USA, or If You Don't Like the 1960s Why Don't You Go Back Where You Came From? by R. L. Duffus.

A witty and gentle book, affectionately recalling Vermont life at the turn of the century—its rigors as well as its delights, setting past against present in provocative fashion. By the author of *Williamstown Branch*.

Norton, \$3.50

The Winter Kitchen, by Louise Andrews Kent and Elizabeth Kent Gay.

This book, with icicles practically dripping from the eaves, is described on its jacket as "The menus and recipes which make winter so busy, sociable, and gay in the Vermont kitchen at Appleyard Center." Readers of *Mrs. Appleyard's Kitchen* and *Mrs. Appleyard's Year* need no introduction to the author, Mrs. Kent, who is, of course, Mrs. Appleyard. Mrs. Gay is her daughter and companion in cookery. Nostalgia is here in habits that are kept from

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95

Hollywood

The Stars, the Personalities Who Made the Movies, by Richard Schickel, designed by Allen Hurlburt.

On the jacket the publishers say with unabashed pride that this is "the most beautiful book about the movies ever published." It is in any case large and glamorous and fun to read and look at. It contains short biographical and critical sketches of more than one hundred of those set-apart beings who have made our movies from the earliest days—Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valentino, Mary Pickford—down to Elizabeth Taylor. Mr. Schickel has been a senior editor of *Look* and *Show*, and Mr. Hurlburt is art director of *Look*.

Dial, \$12.50

The Movies in the Age of Innocence, by Edward Wagenknecht.

Professor Wagenknecht's discussion of the early days of the movies—stars, directors, and technology—has brought praise from the film critic and curator at the Museum of Modern Art as well as from several of the stars themselves. He is a professor at Boston University in the field of English and American literature, and these critical essays are both literate and lively. The pictures are not as exciting or as excitingly displayed as in the volume above, but they complement the text and make it a book well deserving of a place in the film enthusiast's library.

University of Oklahoma, \$5

The Lioness Elsa and her Kind

On her way to show African wild animal pictures to the children at the White House (and to make a lecture tour around the country) Joy Adamson, author of *Born Free*

and the other Elsa books, stopped in New York to speak at a luncheon arranged by her publishers, Harcourt, Brace and World. I was lucky enough to be there and I learned a lot.

All the profits from the Elsa books go to a fund which is being raised to try to save the animals of East Africa, particularly of Kenya, where they are in danger of extinction in a very few years unless drastic measures are taken. Nearly all land where wild animals can survive is now being divided up for tribal reserves; the tribes need the animals; and three of them have already set aside some areas for animals since they know that for them, as for many other newly free tribes, the wild life and the tourist trade it brings is their only potential "industry," their only source of income. Other tribes could be persuaded to do this (African leaders are encouraging it) but it all takes money—money for transporting the animals, for building roads and lodges for tourists. There can be no profit until and unless capital is available. And apparently it must all be done very quickly or not at all.

I asked Mrs. Adamson about Elsa's cubs. I might have been asking about her own grandchildren. Her smile was as quick and eloquent as her words: Her husband had just found little Elsa (in the preserve where she and her two brothers were put last year) *with two cubs*. How had Mr. Adamson known her? The answer came right back. How do you know people you love when you see them at a distance. By the way they move, by their gestures and attitudes, of course. And besides, little Elsa had a weakness. She loved cod-liver oil, always given her in a pie tin. When she saw the pie tin Mr. Adamson held out, she came, bounding. Of course he knew her. The way Mrs. Adamson told it made me even more anxious to see her new book, *Forever Free*, coming in late March.

And if anyone wants to send a contribution for the animals—and indirectly for the tribes—of Africa, send it to:

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MUSIC *in the round*

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THE NEW WAY WITH CHAMBER MUSIC

A report on some flawless performances by Juilliard and other groups . . . with reflections on our contemporary distrust of temperament.

Like all other forms of music-making, the art of playing chamber music has steadily been changing for the last generation. The great groups of the 1920s and 1930s—Flonzaey, Pro Arte, Thibaud-Casals-Cortot, Lener, Roth, and so on—had, in common with many of the world's solo musicians, a relaxed and easy-going way with music. As individuals they were no less proficient than the musicians of today, but their attitude toward music was different. Many of them took liberties that leave the younger generation aghast. One thinks of Thibaud, in the great recording of the Schubert B flat Trio, meditatively winding his way through the violin part, and not too accurately at that. Tempos in those days were generally slower (is there a correlation with the slower way of life then?), and musicians were more inclined to "interpret." Which is to say that they not only looked into but looked through the notes, playing them with much more individuality than is encountered today.

For today the emphasis is on musicianship rather than personality. Performers look with distrust on splurges of temperament. The ideal is a scrupulous delivery of the notes, in accordance with what the accreditation of scholarship has been able to discover about those notes. Naturally the interpretations are going to be more objective. It also is a fact that they are much more accurate. In chamber music, a faulty bow or a lapse of intonation among the younger groups is almost unheard-of.

The modern school is exemplified

at its best by the Juilliard String Quartet, heard in a recent recording of the six Haydn Quartets by Mozart (Epic SC 6013, mono; BC 111, stereo; both 3 discs), so named because Mozart dedicated the set to his illustrious elder. Each of the Juilliard players is a crack instrumentalist, and they play together with steady rhythm, with complete integration, and in a direct, clear, intelligent manner. Each of the quartets receives a performance that, technically, is breathtakingly flawless.

And, in line with the present concepts about Mozart, the players strive for architectural and emotional balance. They use a restrained vibrato, thus avoiding any hint of "romanticism," and have planned each work so that details fit into an overall pattern. In its way, the album is a triumph.

The Budapest Quartet, which also has recorded these six quartets, is, on direct comparison, of a much older school. Which does not make it any less valid, and it may well be that the more relaxed and emotional approach of the Budapesters is the choice of many listeners, especially traditionalists. But not even the Budapest Quartet can approach the Juilliard in matters of ensemble, spit-and-polish tidiness, and the sheer mechanics of quartet playing.

An Infusion of "Guests"

The reduction of this volume of the modern style comes in an album named **The Heifetz-Piatigorsky Concerts** (Victor LD 6159, mono; LDS 6159, stereo; both 3 discs). Here those two redoubtable instrumentalists, with what are described in the liner material as "guests" (William Primrose, Leonard Pennario, Israel Baker, and others), are heard in five major chamber works—Mozart's G minor Quintet, Mendelssohn's Octet in E flat, the Brahms Sextet in G,

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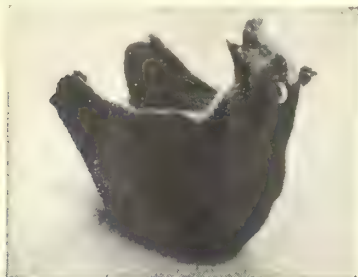
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Franck's Piano Quintet, and Schubert's Quintet in C.

That word “guests” is a tip-off. Can there be “guests” in chamber music, which above everything else is an ensemble effort from players who have been together so long that they automatically anticipate each other's mind? The use of the word “guests” brings to mind, rightly or wrongly, the picture of several visitors invited to sit humbly at the feet of the two great men, Jascha Heifetz and Gregor Piatigorsky. It so happens that these guests are top-notch musicians in their own right. Thus the results are not as bad as might have been feared. At least the performances reach a very high level of technical accomplishment.

But there is more to music than technique, whereas in these discs little but technique emerges. The performance of the Mozart G minor Quintet is a distortion. Despite the incredible polish, the tempos are so fast and the mood is so taut that the music is positively dehumanized. In all of the scores there is a succession after succession of clearly etched detail that somehow never fuses into a living interpretation. Of relaxation, charm, even of an indication that the players love the music, there is little. Modernism? It is almost an IBM objectivity, in which the notes are directly translated with inhuman perfection and inhumanity to match.

No Native Woodnotes Wild

Less perfect but more appealing playing is contributed by the Kohon Quartet in its recording of Dvorak Quartets, Vol. 1 (Vox VBX 49, mono: SVBX 549, stereo: both 3 discs). This is a most interesting album. Dvorak composed a large quantity of chamber music, little of which is played. Of the five quartets in this first of a projected series of all of Dvorak's string quartets, only one could be termed reasonably familiar. That is the E flat (Op. 51). The others, dating from 1874 to 1881, are in A minor (Op. 16), D minor (Op. 34), C major (Op. 61), and E major (Op. 80).

Dvorak today is considered primarily a nationalistic composer, with all the good and evil that entails. And, of course, he is one of music's great nationalists. But lost in the general admiration of his

evocation of a vanished Bohemia is the fact that he was a superlative workman with a strong classic bent—an “absolute” composer (like his friend Brahms) who could handle classic sonata form with strength and ingenuity. Dvorak being Dvorak, he could not escape his background, and these five quartets are full of nationalistic themes. But the composition is exceptionally secure. He was no naïf piping native woodnotes wild. He had an immense grasp of the structural principles of composition, and he also knew all there was to know about writing for string instruments. It is a tribute to that knowledge that despite the frequent thick texture of the string writing, almost to the point where a chamber orchestra rather than string quartet is suggested, balance is always maintained.

The E flat Quartet is a perpetual joy, and it is the best work on these records. But each of the other four contains moments of inspiration, and all are well worth knowing. Even in the early A minor Quartet, the essential health, vigor, and melodic personality of Dvorak shine through. The same can be said of the second movement of the E major Quartet, as enchanting a conception as the chamber music of this composer can show. And the strong, confident, rich writing of the C major Quartet may prove a revelation to those who know Dvorak only by his *New World* Symphony.

As for the performances by the Kohon Quartet, they are inclined to be rough-and-ready. These players do not have the polish of the Juilliard group. But they do have musicianship and, above all, a rhythmic spirit that carries them through the music in an exceptionally alert fashion. It might be added that the recorded sound (as in the Juilliard's Epic album) has a high degree of separation in the stereo version. The two violins are strongly at the left; viola and cello at the right. On good equipment the result is almost a point-for-point correspondence to what one would hear if the players were assembled in a living-room. Try the Epic album—the last movement of the Mozart A major Quartet, to begin with—for an illustration of the best in contemporary high-fidelity sound.

JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

ON TIME

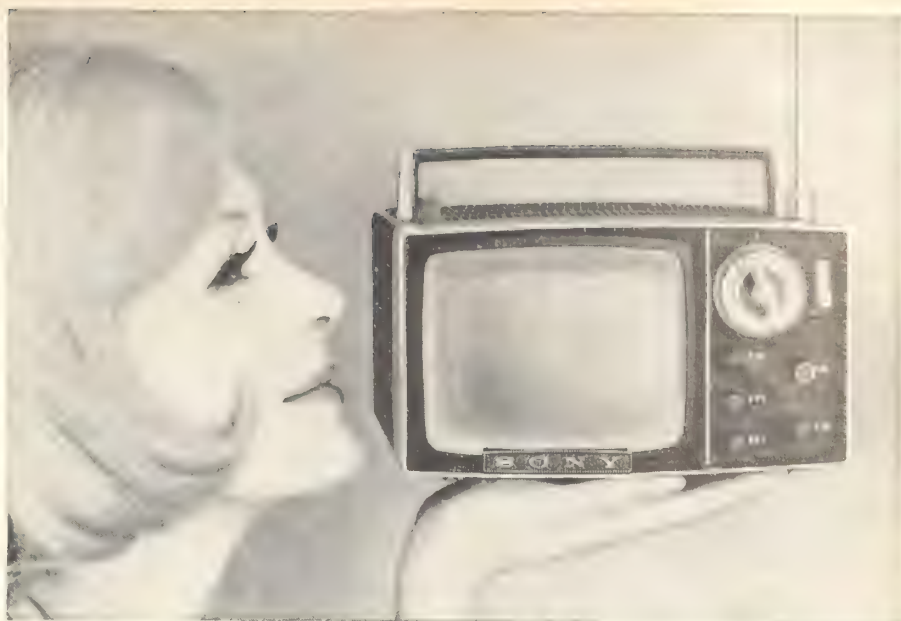
Originally the idea was that everything had to be in 4/4—in the even seat—oom-cha, oom-cha. This was supposed to be integral to jazz, because you had to have the beat there in the background in order to resist it, to work against the four-corner inflexibility of the even-numbered time signatures, not only to syncopate and superimpose melodies of one rhythm on the underlying beat of another, but also to exert that varying tension which is at the heart of swing. In jazz the changing rate of the variations takes on a rhythm of its own: march time is algebra, swing is the calculus.

No doubt it was historical accident (or so we now can see) that fastened marching tempos—along with the instrumentation of the European military band: oom-pah, oom-pah—onto the nascent habits and aptitudes of the American Negroes whose creation jazz was to be. But fastened it was, for all the retroactive subtlety of the scholars who can now find 5/4 beats in field hollers and note the loss of innate African rhythmic sophistication as jazz took hold. The music Americanized itself and became irresistible, by adapting to that omnipresent one-two-three-four which we have been habituated to from birth.

For jazz this was the great gain and loss—gain in simplicity and effectiveness, loss in flexibility and the power to grow. Time and again the classically trained critic who might have relished jazz has been put off by its rhythmic monotony. Jazz "compositions," pretentiously dressed up with symphonic openings, have sooner or later got around to the *um-stiss um-stiss um-stiss* of a drummer signaling that the real jazz part of the program has begun. Many were the arguments, about whether the four-four signature was necessary, but few were the demonstrations that it wasn't.

But a change is coming, one that could be unprecedentedly important. Dave Brubeck's three recent records abound in odd beats—9/8, 6/4, 3/4, 5/4, and even 7/4. He is trying to show that the thing can be done, provided only that the musicians (specifically he and his drummer, Joe Morello) have sufficiently educated ears. If he is right, then jazz can now free itself from its hitherto most galling limitation.

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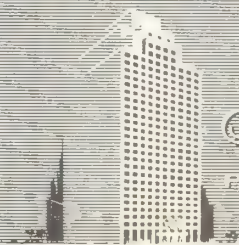
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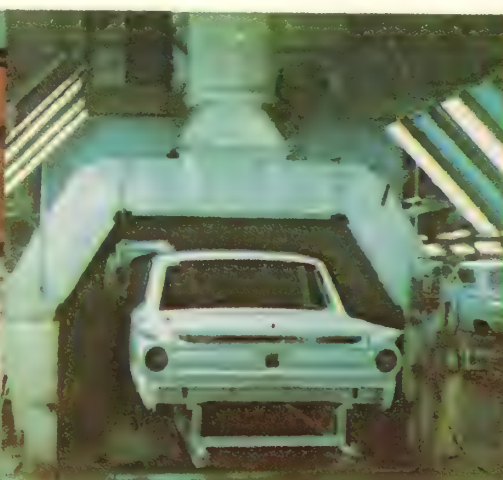
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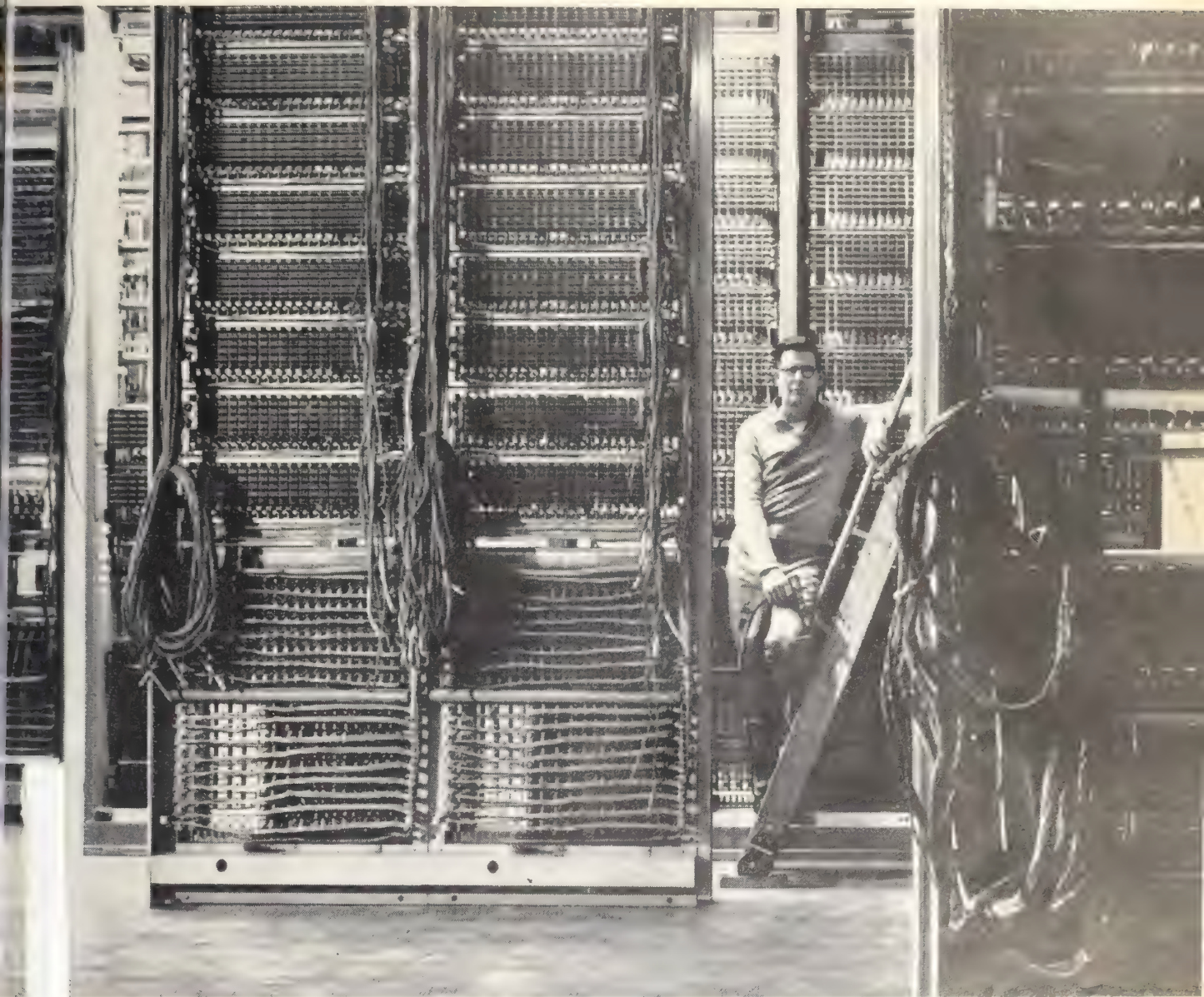
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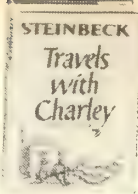
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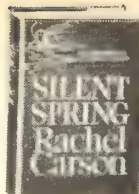




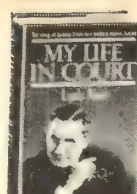
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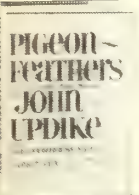
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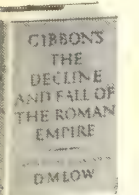
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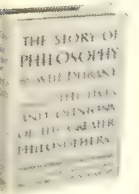
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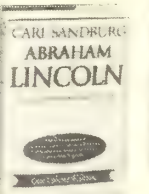
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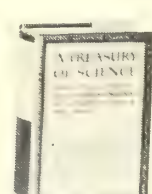
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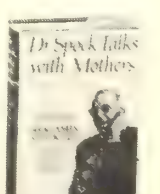
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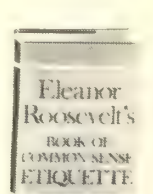
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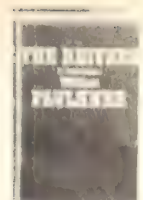
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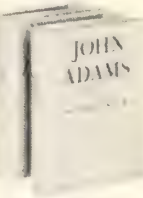
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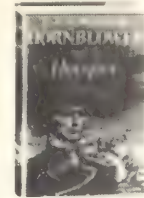
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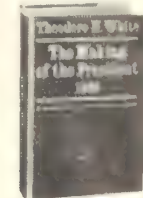
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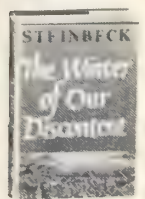
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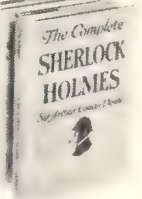
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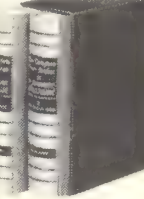
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Sea Dogs at School

TO THE EDITORS:

As a potential naval officer, I am insulted by the derogatory attitude . . . of David Boroff's article ["Annapolis: Teaching Young Sea Dogs Old Tricks," January] . . . which states that "One is justified in wondering, therefore, whether the curriculum is in sound alignment with vocational realities." The mission of the Naval Academy is to train dedicated naval officers who are prepared to realize a career in the Navy. . . . Does an education curriculum in a civilian institution prepare education graduates to be mechanics or engineers in case they decide to forsake teaching as a career? Neither does the Academy prepare professed career officers for any vocations other than those that can be fulfilled by their B.S. degree. . . .

JOHN O'NEAL
Midshipman, Third Class
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

I was surprised to see that Mr. Boroff listed so many of the same weaknesses that many of us here at school felt also. . . .

GORDON EDWARDS
Midshipman, Third Class
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

I would like to dispute Mr. Boroff's statement that [the midshipmen] "can't really pursue special academic interests." For the past three years I have been conducting a special informal seminar in advanced mathematics in which students enroll for two to three years of continuous study outside the regular and elective curriculum without benefit of grades, regular assignments, required attendance, or semester-hours credit, and you would be quite surprised at the kind of effort a student can apply when he is well motivated. . . . Already two have presented papers at meetings of professional societies which would be a credit to any undergraduate program. . . .

JAMES C. ABBOTT, Ph.D.
Prof. of Mathematics
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

We Annapolitans insist that Annapolis is not synonymous with the Naval

Academy. Annapolis is an historic city, founded in 1649, capital of Maryland since 1694. It was the capital of the U. S.—1783-84. Here . . . the Continental Congress ratified the Treaty of Paris ending the American Revolution. The Naval Academy was not established here until 1845. Annapolis is proud to be the home of the Naval Academy, but refuses to lose its identity as a city with a great historic past. . . .

GILBERT A. CRANDALL
Chief, Tourist Division
Maryland Dept. of Econ. Devlp
Annapolis, Md.

The idea expressed by David Boroff that anthropology is as relevant in the training of future officers as ordnance engineering is finding expression on the University of Minnesota campus. Our ninety Army and Navy senior ROTC students are required to take a special course . . . on "World Affairs in Anthropological Perspective." . . . So far as we know, this is the only course of its kind for ROTC students. We hope it is a model that will attract the attention of the Pentagon and spread widely.

MALCOLM M. WILLEY, Vice Pres.
Academic Administration
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minn.

I consider Mr. Boroff's objection to the use of the terms "Dago" and "Bull" by midshipmen to be trivial and misplaced. . . . All of the Academy graduates now in senior positions used the terms because they were part of the accepted argot, without thought of actually belittling the subjects of Foreign Languages and of English, History, and Government. In the same way midshipmen have always used nicknames among themselves for instructors. In my time we had . . . a "Teapot Dome" and a "Lord Plushbottom," both highly respected and well liked. I know of officers who suspected themselves of some shortcomings in not being honored by nicknames. . . .

JAMES H. WARD
Vice Admiral, U.S.N. Ret.
San Francisco, Calif.

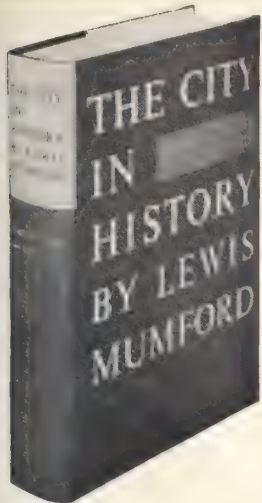
Women of Nippon

TO THE EDITORS:

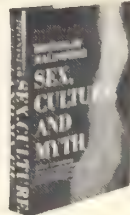
I read Maya Pines's "Lucky American Women: The View from Tokyo" [January] with delight and desire . . . to spend some time in Japan and feel superior. The equality in America

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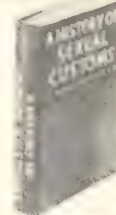
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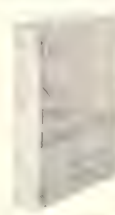
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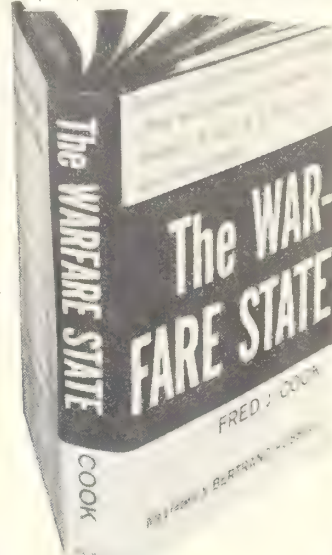
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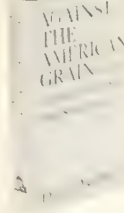
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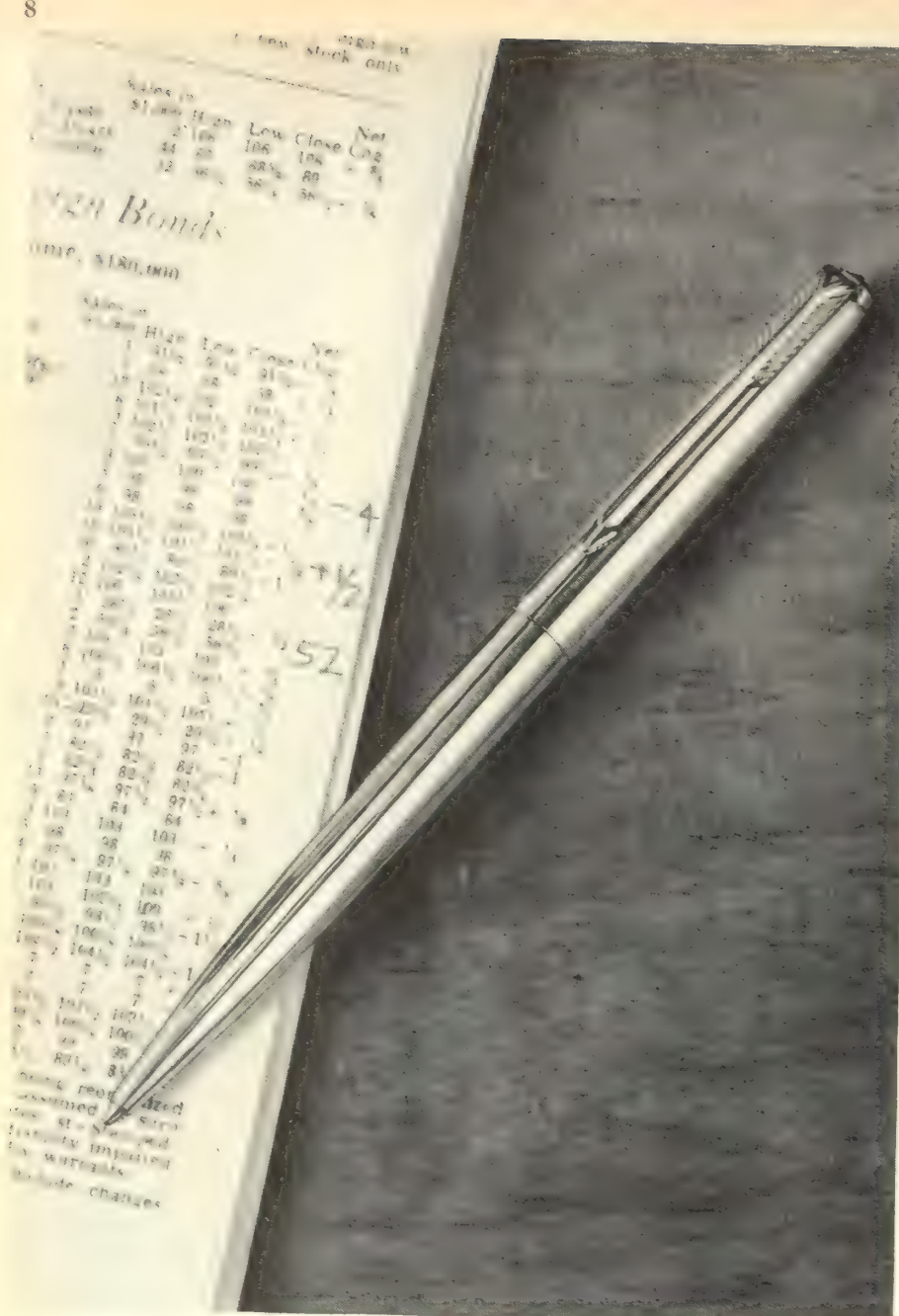
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makes it difficult to be a dominant male. . . .

PHILIP GLASER, D.D.S.
Rego Park, N. Y.

We lived in Hiroshima for two years, in a Japanese house with Japanese neighbors and a Japanese maid. My husband is a physician and was working for the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission there. We quickly learned the dos and don'ts of living in Japan. No matter how "Westernized" I considered a Japanese host, I would never be caught at an all-male party. Miss Pines spoiled the evening for all concerned. She was expected to refuse the invitation. The Japanese society is intricate but if you show that you care to learn and observe the customs while you are there, they will give the utmost respect in return. . . .

MRS. SAM SWITZER
Bronxville, N. Y.

Farewell to What Arms?

TO THE EDITORS:


P. M. S. Blackett's "The First Real Chance for Disarmament" [January] is a prayer of hope rather than a practical solution. Both he and John Fischer ["A 'Scientific' Formula for Disarmament?" Easy Chair, January] ignore the possibility that every nation will possess H-bombs by 1970. An agreement between the U. S. and U.S.S.R. on nuclear arms would be useless without agreement obtained from all nations, including Red China. . . .

H. P. HANNEKEN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Harper's performs a real service in featuring Professor Blackett's thoughtful article. . . . Until more of our opinion leaders can apply the spirit of the scientific approach in their discussion of world affairs, as Blackett does admirably, we will all keep being pushed toward the brink of nuclear destruction by our tribal hymn-singers.

CHRISTIAN BAY
Research Associate
Stanford University
Stanford, Calif.

It is very disappointing to see my old friend *Harper's* dishing out claptrap reminiscent of the nineteenth century. Talking about potential agreements on the old power-struggle basis is now as obsolete as a frontier musket. . . . The idea of world law is beginning to penetrate governmental circles, as indicated by the "Purpose Clause" in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency Act. . . . The United Nations should be strengthened to give it the power,



A large, white and black Polaris missile is being transported on a multi-wheeled crawler-transporter at night. The missile is mounted on a complex support structure. A person in a white protective suit is visible in the foreground, working on the transport system. The scene is illuminated by bright spotlights, creating a high-contrast, industrial atmosphere.

Free World deterrent: now the Navy has 144 Polaris missiles on patrol

Above is the 2500-mile A-3, newest version of the Polaris, now in advanced flight test at Cape Canaveral.

With a steadily increasing number of swift, deep-running nuclear Polaris submarines on patrol, the U.S. Navy has the world's most formidable, most impregnable deterrent to aggression.

Each submarine will carry sixteen Polaris missiles—which it can launch in as many minutes. And each Polaris missile launched will mean destruction for one of the aggressor's vital targets.

To build the Navy's Polaris fleet to its authorized strength of 41 submarines, a close-knit team of defense contractors is working day and night on

the hulls, power plants, electronics, rocket engines, and missiles that are needed. One of the major contractors is Lockheed Missiles and Space Company, system manager for the Polaris missile.

Working with the Navy's Special Projects Office, Lockheed helped develop a revolutionary method for speeding new weapon systems to completion.

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Result: a completely successful test vehicle only 28 months after the project began—followed rapidly by the operational 1200-mile A-1 Polaris and, a year later, the 1500-mile A-2.

When the 2500-mile A-3 Polaris joins the fleet in mid-1964, no target on earth will be beyond the reach of this mighty force for freedom.

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DONALD E. TWITCHILL
Cleveland, O.

There must be a willingness on each side to apply the same criteria of morality to its own actions as it applies to those of the other side. . . . We continually demand that Russia demonstrate her good intentions. When Khrushchev lied about missiles in Cuba, we claimed that this demonstrated again the impossibility of doing business with him. But not so long ago we lied just as readily about our U-2 reconnaissance flights over Russia. . . . As Mr. Fischer points out, we are the good guys. Let's be the first to mend our ways.

F. PETER GERSBACHER
Purdue University
W. Lafayette, Ind.

. . . If there is to be hope for the human race, confined as it is to this ever more explosive planet, national leaders will have to drop Mr. Fischer's simplistic view of the world as a place divided between good and evil forces and will have to recognize that their opposite numbers (though there are differences in character) are motivated by hopes, fears, and ambitions common to human beings everywhere. This does not make diplomacy a simple matter of reasonable compromise; the Russians are admittedly difficult to deal with. But the chance for agreement . . . does become greater when the other side is not expected to abjectly confess its sins and promise never never to be so beastly in the future.

JOHN LOFTON, Assoc. Ed.
Pittsburgh Post-Gazette
Pittsburgh, Pa.

MR. FISCHER REPLIES:

Mr. Lofton mistakenly assumes that the Russian national leaders are "motivated by hopes, fears, and ambitions common to human beings everywhere." If he would care to devote a little systematic study to communistic theory and practice, I am confident he would be convinced that this simply is not true. Indeed, any well-trained Communist would regard it as a rather insulting statement—similar to suggesting to the Pope that his religious views are at bottom much the same as those of a Hot-tentot pagan.

Teachers vs. Red Tape

TO THE EDITORS:

Martin Mayer is for an outsider amazingly knowledgeable and has done a service by calling attention to the conditions in the New York City school sys-

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VENICE

LETTERS

tem ["Welcome to 'The System,'" January]. . . . He has also emphasized the pivotal position of the school principal. . . . Indeed it would be a new day if the superintendent would consult with the corps of principals on policy-making, rather than merely inform them of decisions.

However . . . he suggests that a superintendent in effect undermine the Board of Examiners . . . and pick his own principals. Mr. Mayer does not recognize the peril inherent in this suggestion. [What] would really destroy the integrity of the New York City schools would be a system wherein supervisors could be chosen from among the politically acceptable white-haired boys who had served their term in central office jobs at headquarters before being shipped to the provinces as principals. . . .

Mr. Mayer's specifics can sometimes even a little silly. How will professional energies be released or instruction improved if teachers no longer have to punch a time clock or prepare a plan for the day or receive occasional written reports from supervisors or thrust through a curriculum bulletin?

LOUIS A. SCHUKER, Principal
Jamaica High School
Queens, N. Y.

California Vote-getting

TO THE EDITORS:

There is an error in Helen Fuller's interesting and informative piece on Jesse Unruh ["The Man to See in California," January]. . . . Jesse first demonstrated his political skills and partook of his political education in the second half of the 1940s at the University of Southern California (USC) and not at UCLA as the author states. Campus politics were indeed lively in those days of returning veterans and . . . Jesse Unruh became an acknowledged leader in that milieu. Many other political practitioners or observers (such as Art Buchwald) were Jesse's schoolmates. . . . Sure all of his schoolmates would rather jealously resist the literary removal of Jesse from our memories of USC.

JOHN L. HOUK (USC '44)
Assoc. Prof. in Research
American University
Washington, D. C.

Maybe Miss Fuller thinks that the plan for paying precinct workers he originated with Jesse Unruh; but I don't. I think it came from people who came from Massachusetts. I think the money came from there too.

I agree with Miss Fuller's characterization of Mr. Unruh; and, as a long-time member of the California Democratic

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SHRINKAGE

Henry James once said, "America is too large for any human convenience." Of course, that was before jet planes carried passengers from coast to coast in five hours, before one could sit in Boston and dial a friend in Los Angeles for a long-distance telephone chat, and before radio and television sped information and entertainment across the country and even around the world.

Not that James would have cared for such things. He preferred the more stately pace of life in Europe. But if he had been an investor, he might have appreciated the scientific marvels that make possible the handling of orders to buy and sell most stocks—from the placing of the order to the reporting of the execution—in a matter of minutes, regardless of where the buyer and seller are. Perhaps even James would have wondered at the electric and electronic miracles that are worked every day in the brokerage business as a matter of routine.

The financial community today is, in fact, a combination of the traditional and the modern, of long-established custom and newly developed facilities, and of contrasting points of view that James would have found fascinating if he had subjected it to his scrutiny.

And as for the inconvenient largeness of America, *nous avons changé tout cela.*



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LETTERS

Council, it gripes me to see a man of that type move in and take over the fruits of our labor. We are, of course, paying the penalty of success. We weren't bothered by those will-to-power types until we disposed of cross-filing and got the party designation on the ballot. . . .

RAY L. DODDS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Religion and Taxes

TO THE EDITORS:

I was quite astonished to see that Harvey Cox in his admirable analysis of certain aspects of Catholicism ["A Baptist Intellectual's View of Catholicism," December] scarcely mentioned the greatest cause of Protestant-Catholic conflict in the U. S. today, the drive of the American Catholic bishops for the support of their parochial schools out of the public treasury. Mr. Cox says: "I am perfectly willing to believe that most American Catholics want to retain the American system of separation of Church and State in its main outline." Possibly, if the "system" means simply religious freedom in the sense of no restraint. But Cardinal Spellman did not even wait for the inauguration of the first Catholic President to proclaim his belief that parochial schools and public schools are entitled to equal tax largess, and since then his demands have been officially approved by the Catholic bishops. In fact, since November 1948, the Catholic bishops, in direct and critical opposition to the Supreme Court, have championed a theory of the Constitution that would permit general tax support of sectarian institutions so long as the support could be labeled nonpreferential.

This is what most Protestants refer to when they say that the Catholic Church does not accept the separation of Church and State in the same sense that Protestants do. They see this issue as an organic part of the problem of religious freedom under the Constitution since they cannot understand how Americans can be free if they are compelled to pay for religious institutions whose tenets they do not accept.

It is true that this is not a pure Protestant-Catholic issue. Fortunately, the first Catholic President is on the non-Catholic side, along with the Supreme Court. And I think that 90 per cent of American Protestants are against the official Catholic policy on this issue, and probably 99 per cent of American Jews and 99 per cent of our seventy million unchurched would go along with them at least in opposing tax grants to parochial schools at the elementary level. A few concessionist Protestant leaders like Reinhold Niebuhr and John C.

Bennett, with their small magazine *Christianity and Crisis*, have taken a soft line on the financial separation of Church and State and have even contended that full-blown religious instruction inside the public schools would be constitutional. But I do not think that they represent American Protestantism any more accurately than the aging, tiny fragment of right-wing Orthodox rabbis represent American Judaism.

PAUL BLANSHARD
Thetford Center, Vt.

Educating Newsmen

TO THE EDITORS:

Dean Edward Barrett, in his letter published in your February issue, assumes a vast assignment if he, as he apparently does, undertakes to defend all schools of journalism. I was making the point, which seems to have escaped the Dean, that journalism cannot be taught, but only developed—in other words, there can be "education" (meaning as the Latin indicates, "a bringing out") and not "inducation" (meaning "inoculation").

Mr. Barrett offers some statistics—that my daughter and I and some seventy members of the *Times* staff are graduates of the Columbia School of Journalism. I might argue, if I were cynical, that this proves I am at least knowledgeable in the field.

But I am not cynical. Therefore I requote the quotes Mr. Barrett attributes to Herbert Brucker, editor of the *Hartford Courant*. "The 'theoretical ideal' is to get a first-class liberal arts education, work on the school paper, do summer work on a newspaper, take a full-time journalism job, and, after a year or more, go to a journalism school that offers graduate instruction." . . . I would accept Mr. Brucker's formula, adding only to the words "graduate instruction" this additional phrase: "in some area in which the journalist plans to specialize." I asked Mr. Barrett: how much of that "theoretical ideal" does any present school of journalism achieve?

LESTER MARKEL
Sunday Editor
New York Times
New York, N. Y.

To avoid prolonging the Markel-Barrett exchange, I shall make my replies brief: (1) There is more of the "theoretical ideal" achieved each year (at least in the School I know best); (2) I thought we were discussing education, not "inducation."

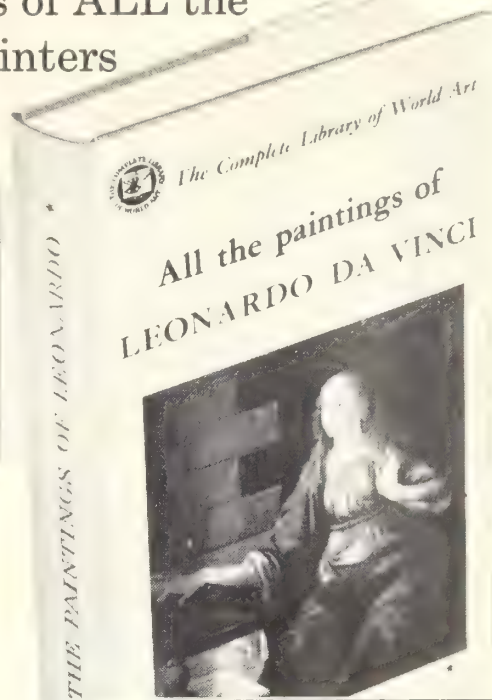
EDWARD W. BARRETT, Dean
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The Next Abbot:

A View of the World from 1,752 Feet

By John Fischer

FATHER JOASSAF thinks he will be the next abbot of the Monastery of Meteoron. I suspect that he may also be the last; but, for reasons to be noted in a moment, he does not agree.

His monastery sits on a shaft of gray rock which rises a sheer 1,752 feet above the Thessalonian plain, about two hundred miles northeast of Athens. Clustered within a radius of a few miles are twenty-three similar crags. The ancient Greeks believed they were fallen meteors, a theory which seems plausible enough in this lunar landscape. In fact they are remnants of a mountain range that was carved up, thousands of years ago, by the erosive floods of the Peneus River. They look like nothing else on earth, but you could get a rough image by herding together two dozen Arizona mesas and drawing them out thin and three times as tall.

This was bloody country in the Dark Ages, when pillaging armies from Serbia, Turkey, and Attica surged constantly back and forth across the prairies of Thessaly. So the peaceable men—mostly Greek Orthodox monks—looked for hide-outs; and in 1387 a Father Athanasios conceived the unlikely idea of building a refuge on the most inaccessible pinnacle. That he succeeded is something of a miracle, for even scaling the cliff was a feat for a trained Alpinist. By steps niched in the rock, and later by a crude hand-cranked windlass, Athanasios and his few companions had to raise every brick and timber, every handful of earth for their garden, more than a quarter of a mile straight up. It took them and their successors nearly 150 years to finish their work: a chapel, a library, a refectory, cisterns for rain-water, storerooms, workshops, and cells for fifty men. They stopped only when their structures covered the tabletop of their great rock—roughly two acres—to the very edges of the precipice. They christened it the Monastery of the Transfiguration, but the ordinary people of Greece still call it by its old name, the Place of the Meteors.

It did not prove as impregnable as Athanasios

had hoped—it has been looted at least three times, most recently by the Germans in World War II—but it was safe enough to attract imitators. Eventually all the neighboring pinnacles were crested with monasteries, and by the seventeenth century they sheltered some three thousand holy men—second only to their more famous rival, Mount Athos, as a religious community. Today nearly all are vacant and crumbling. Meteoron has only three monks left. Of these Father Joassaf, fifty-four years old, is the youngest.

Until fairly recently the only way to get into Meteoron was by basket. After you had climbed nearly to the top, the monks—if they approved of your visit—would lower the basket on a rope from a little bastion overhanging the cliff; you crawled into it and they would hoist you, swaying over the abyss, for the last 164 feet. When I called—with my family and Demetrios Stavrides, a Greek friend who served as our interpreter and guide—we entered more prosaically. A footbridge now runs from a neighboring mountain, which is (barely) negotiable by car, across the chasm to a shoulder of the rock. At its far end stands a gate tower, where we were met by the present abbot, Father Agathangelos.

A bearded, dark, bright-eyed little man, he questioned Demetrios at some length as we huddled on the windy ledge before the door. As he talked he scrutinized each of us, and only when he was satisfied that we probably would be decorous visitors did he welcome us inside. (Some recent visitors, he told us later, had behaved irreverently—especially women tourists from Germany and Scandinavia.)

The guest house to which he led us was luxurious by monastic standards. In addition to cots and a kerosene lamp, each cell contained a table, a wardrobe, and an unshaded 20-watt bulb that glowed for two hours every evening. There were no chairs, rugs, window shades, or heat, but the bathroom at the end of the hall did have running water.

At sundown the abbot invited us to meet his companions—or rather, as he soon made plain,



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The Monastery of Meteora (left) sits on a shaft of rock which rises above the Thessalonian plain.

his subordinates. They were gathered in the old hoist-room, a sort of porch jutting into space. For an acrophobe like me, the view beyond its unrailed edge, or between the loose floorboards, was a good deal too breathtaking for comfort; but the monks paid it no attention.

Indeed Father Pavlo—who is well into his nineties—paid little attention to anything. After a mumbled greeting he sank back into a doze on his bench along the wall. Father Joassaf was busy serving the refreshment which is a standard ceremonial throughout the Balkans: tiny glasses of *tsipouro*, a white brandy, and a saucer of Turkish Delight. Only the abbot talked.

His day had been an eventful one, he said, for he had left the monastery to visit another one a couple of hours' walk away. It is now inhabited by a single nun, Sister Kyriaki; and because it was the anniversary of her christening he had gone to pray and sing for her. "I am glad to do it," he said, "because she is a very austere woman. And perhaps she is sometimes lonely."

Then he repeated the song for us—a hymn to the glories of perpetual virginity. It was a wavering, high-pitched Gregorian chant, and as he sang he stomped his foot to mark the beat. Afterwards he turned to my two teen-aged daughters and delivered a little sermon on the proper role of women: humble, chaste, dedicated to God, and subservient to men. (They listened, to my relief, with a gravity equal to his own.)

IT was late that evening before I found a chance to talk with Joassaf. Immediately after evening prayers the abbot retired to his apartment, locking the door behind him with an eight-inch key; but Joassaf joined us in the guest dining quarters—a little arbor beside the garden—for olives, cheese, and a glass of Mavrodaphne wine. He was dressed in his working clothes: striped shirt, rope-soled sneakers, a dusty brown denim robe buttoned at the side like a woman's housecoat.

His beard, a little flecked with gray, was neatly parted and his hair was tied in back with a blue ribbon, pony-tail fashion. He seemed avid for conversation—perhaps, I gathered, because he was not on altogether cordial terms with his fellow cenobites. He began by telling us about the hardships of the monastic life.

His day starts at 4:00 A.M. when the abbot summons them to prayer by pounding out a complex tune on a wooden gong. (This is simply a rough plank, shaped something like a Brancusi fish, which hangs near the chapel door. When tapped with a mallet in different places it sounds a wide range of notes; I never did figure out its acoustic principle.) Other services, with liturgy and chants, follow at frequent intervals throughout the day, and in between Joassaf has to do most of the labor of the establishment: cleaning, maintenance, gardening, caring for the senile Pavlo. (The abbot apparently saves his strength for strictly ecclesiastical duties.) When he can find an hour to spare, Joassaf retires to his cell to work on the book, a commentary on the Scriptures, which has been his avocation for twenty-three years.

"I am not sure that I can ever finish it," he said, "because I have to work from my own poor library. The monastery has a famous library of religious works, but it has been locked for many years. Our churchly superior, the Bishop of Trikala, does not let us have the key."

(For good reason, as I later learned; an earlier generation of monks had sold some of the rarer volumes to antique dealers.)

"I am a social man," he continued. "I like a glass of wine and a talk with friends. But first and last I am a monk. I will not move one inch from the duty and the rules. For I know that though this is the hardest of vocations, it offers great rewards. I have, as you see, tranquillity. I am free from the distractions, the temptations, the trivialities, the ambitions of the world. So I

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"Besides, I serve my country. When I was a young man doing my military service, I wrestled with my conscience for three years before deciding to enter this holy place. Not for one moment have I had a regret." He slapped the table and repeated, "Not for one moment," with what may have been slightly excessive emphasis.

"Greece," he went on, "owes much to its men of the black cloth. We alone preserved its culture, its national spirit, during the dark centuries of Byzantine, Turkish, Frankish, and Serbian rule. To this very place came princes, kings, and sages who were eager to renounce their wealth and power for the saintly life.*

"It is true that nobody has come for a long time now. I was the last. The young people seem to be straying away from our holy church. For the present, at least, they do not realize that the monastic way offers the only sure refuge from wars, strife, confusion, and wickedness. But they will . . ."

Abruptly he changed the subject to ask us about tourists. How could they be attracted to the monastery?

"The abbot doesn't like them to come here, but the archbishop has ordered it and we obey. We turn away only those women—and they are many—who come in indecent clothes."

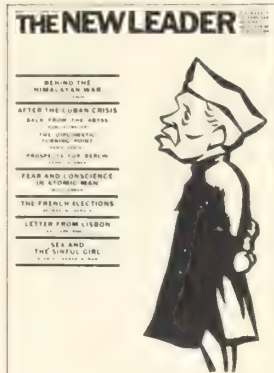
At one time, Joassaf explained, the monasteries had owned much land in the valleys below, but this had been seized by the government in 1922 and distributed to the tenants. So now the few remaining monks had to depend on a small stipend from the archbishop, plus the ever-dwindling "gifts of the pious." (Not always cash. The offerings lying on the shelf before the main icon in the chapel included a few coins, a candle stub, a button, and two bobby pins. Some of the farmers nearby give a little food,

* Not all of them carried renunciation that far. One prince continued to rule his domain for years after he became a monk at Meteoron, letting down his decrees by basket to the courtiers and captains who waited below.

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These readers do not always agree with our views. Even our contributors do not always agree with each other. The New

Leader shuns ideological togetherness. It is simply a forum where responsible writers are free to be candid, prophetic, indignant, and—on occasion—wrong.

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which is collected a couple of times a week by the elderly maid who cooks for the monks and their guests. That day she had come back with three eggs. A few weeks earlier she had been attacked by wild dogs while walking down the mountain, so now she insists on a donkey for her foraging—a grievous added expense.)

So far, the tourist trade has brought in little income. The journey over dusty roads from Larissa, the nearest city, is a discouraging one; the accommodations sometimes startle visitors who are accustomed to Hilton standards; and the abbot feels that he can charge only 35 drachmas, or about \$1.25, for a night's lodging. Besides Meteoron is suffering from the competition of a rival monastery, San Stefano, on a slightly more accessible peak a few miles away. (For centuries the strife between these two establishments has been a bitter one, occasionally leading to bloodshed.)

Their great hope, Joassaf said, is to raise enough capital—somehow—to repair the Byzantine frescoes in the chapel. Then tourists would come a long way to see them, because they are truly beautiful examples of fourteenth-century painting—the archetype for some of the famous frescoes in the Serbian churches a few hundred miles to the east. But they are in a sad state, and if the plaster continues to flake off the dank walls for a few more years they may be lost for good.

For Joassaf, at least, money is not the only reason for seeking tourists. Like so many of the trials sent by God, they may, he thinks, be a blessing in disguise.

“When Father Agathangelos is gone,” he said, “I will be the abbot. And what is an abbot without monks to serve him? I know it is not the will of Heaven that I should be alone, or be the last of the abbots to reign here. Perhaps some of the young men who come to see the Great Rock—and, yes, to smile at the ways of us poor monks—will gain a little understanding. A few then will ask to stay, and to learn the hard but joyous lessons of the monastic life. Who can doubt it, when one looks at the troubles of the world outside?

“When God is ready to send them, they will come.”



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by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

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"I love a rooster," Josh Billings used to say, "for two things: the crow what's *in* him, and the spur what's *on* him to back up the crow."

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Yet this you'll never know until you try. To you I recommend the open-mindedness of the old vaudevillian who, asked if he played the violin, invariably replied: "Don't know, I've never tried!"

It may well be that after your first bottle of OLD FITZGERALD the blandness of your present whiskey may be so pale on your palate that you will join an inner circle of Bourbon Elite who have made Old Fitz the final choice of their mature tastes.

If you will make this honest test, then write and tell me if my "crow" has been too loud, or—if you find it so, not loud enough,—I will return the favor by sending you our patented "Proof-Selector" jigger which measures out the desired amount of flavor from your bottle of OLD FITZGERALD.

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AFTER HOURS



THE PENALTY SHORT

By Stewart Beach

Mr. Beach, a non-commuting New Yorker and writer of fiction and criticism, is one of the editors of "This Week" Magazine.

FOR some years now I have been making a study of the penalty short. This is the slice of avant-garde abstraction that so frequently flits across the screens of the so-called art theatres in New York, where low-budget (under \$22 million) films are booked. Hands disembodied from arms dance across the screen to music. Blobs of light do the same, dividing and regrouping into bewildering patterns of incandescent ectoplasm. Lights of many colors erupt, fade, and weave into fabrics that would have shamed Joseph's coat.

What are we captive viewers expected to think? This is art? This is entertainment? This is *nonsense*. It is comforting to look around and find from their expressions that neighboring patrons in the cinematic dusk are as embarrassed and bored as you by these arty fancies. There must be some reason why they are imposed by theatre managers as the penalty for seeing an absorbing picture.

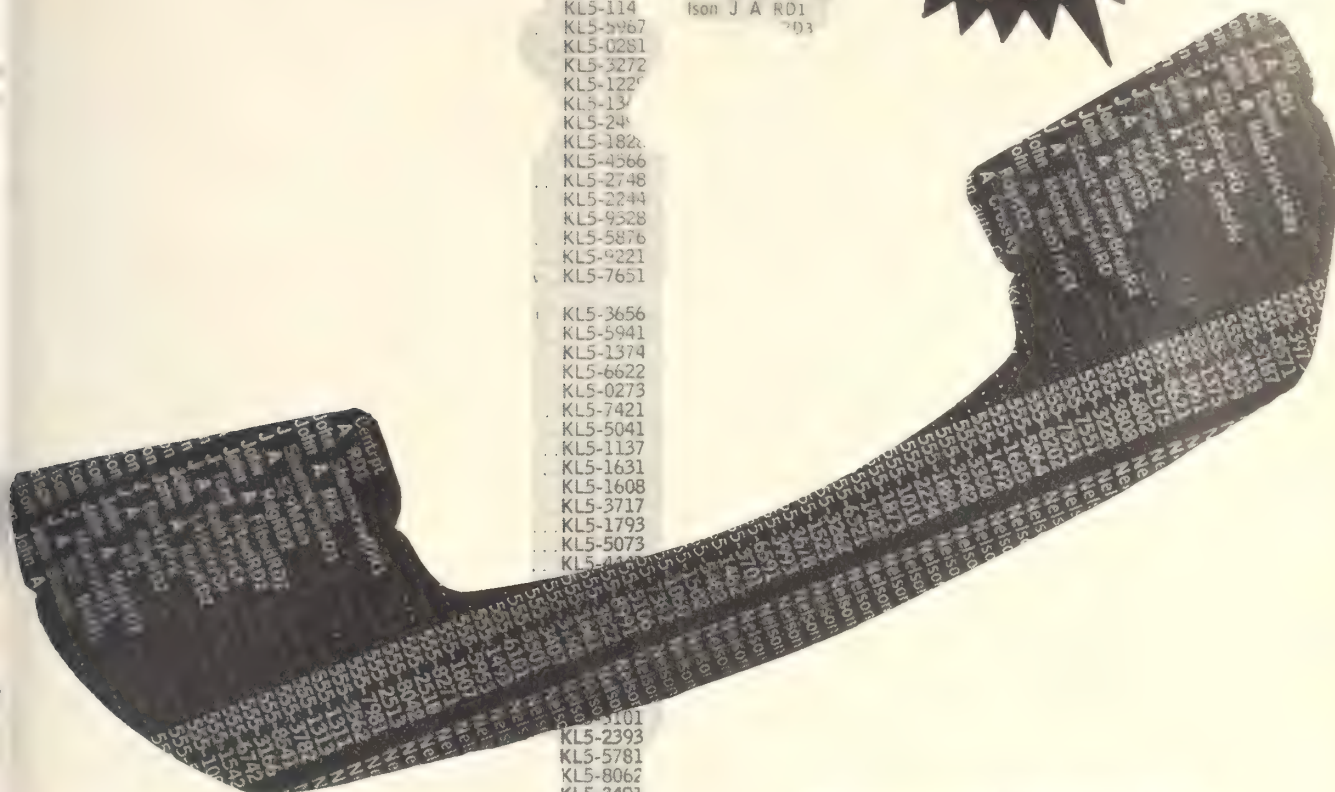
Without asking the reason why, platoons of moviegoers have found their own means of evasive action. Wary patrons will not step into a

theatre until they are assured the feature is about to begin. When it is finished, they get up quickly and escape to the street without being scarred by what they know is ahead for those who stay. It is this maneuver which is responsible for those misleading queues—often three or four abreast and extending around the next corner—which you see outside the theatre at two-hour intervals.

Such a line gives the false impression that the people have been waiting a considerable time, inching into the theatre as "a pair down front" or "one single" becomes available. But such calls are never made at the art theatres. The ushers know these people have no intention of coming in till the feature is about to start.

Until we learned the secret, these formidable lines kept my wife and me from admirable pictures we wanted to see. Each time we approached the box office toward feature time, the thick queue promised a wait of an hour or so, and we turned sadly away.

Then after dinner one evening when I was a summer bachelor, I decided to endure the boredom of waiting. I bought a newspaper and took my place half-an-hour before the feature. I thought it strange that the line did not budge. Stranger still, when the doors opened some ten minutes before the main film was to be shown, a flood of patrons poured out. Now there would be plenty of



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India's legends and true-life stories are rich with anecdotes of hospitality—wholeheartedly given and gracefully accepted. When a stranger stood at the threshold, he became an honored guest of the house. The tradition of centuries is even stronger today. The people of India wish to welcome visitors from other lands, and to share with them, even if briefly, the Indian way of life. To make it easier for you to meet them a special program has been developed.

The idea is simple and gracious—and, of course, costs nothing. Let's say you are a businessman, a teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or just a person who wishes to meet Indians with interests similar to your own. Before you leave for India, call upon the Government of India Tourist Office at 19 East 49th Street in New York City; 685 Market Street in San Francisco; 177 King Street W. in Toronto. Or after you arrive in India, upon the Government of India Tourist Offices in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta or Madras. Tell them your likes, your hobbies, your special interest in India. They will be happy to help you choose your Indian friends from a list of persons who will be looking forward to welcoming you in their homes, and to making your visit as full and as rewarding as they can.

Once in India, meet with your new friends, accept their invitation to tea or a meal with them in their home. There you will meet other members of their family, exchange ideas and glimpse their particular brand of humor. You may enjoy seeing the local sights with your new friends, or playing a round of golf at an elegant country club. Perhaps a day at a sunny beach or a cricket match, the cinema or a dance recital. Simple delights which heighten in pleasure when you enjoy them in the company of your Indian friends.

The people of India are very much like you, proud of their country and their traditions. They have a lively interest in knowing more about *your* country, how *you* feel about today's world and everything in it. Come to India—maybe this year, maybe the next—your Indian friends will wait for you.

AFTER HOURS

seats, but still the line kept steady. Not a soul moved to go inside. Taxis kept driving up, disgorging new customers, pedestrians hurried in from the avenues to swell the line, which stretched far back, turned the corner, and was out of sight behind a building.

The doors opened again. A much smaller crowd emerged—chastened, I thought—and presently the line moved smartly forward. When I got inside, the theatre was practically empty. After everyone was seated it was no more than three-quarters filled. The queue, then, was a fraud. These knowing people were simply avoiding the penalty short!

In an earlier day, the travelogue anticipated the penalty short, enriching the language with that incomparable cliché, "And so, as the setting sun warns us that day is almost done, we take our leave of exotic, mysterious Singapore (Calcutta, Saigon, Kuala Lumpur, Sydney, Ulan Bator, Manchester, England)." But the travelogue, at least, was often a minor scenic pleasure, sometimes educational and evocative as well. I am puzzled to understand what favorable emotion the modern abstraction is expected to arouse.

STILL, there is a kind of snake-like, beady fascination about these productions to which someone must have given his all. And I would not have it thought that I have any aversion to shorts. I am devoted to animated cartoons, even the lesser ones. I admire Walt Disney's nature films, and sometimes quite grand subjects are shown with skill and narrated in simple and humble appreciation. But I have also seen salutes to a city's beauty so entangled in fruity and poetic commentary that what might have been memorable for its photography becomes only embarrassing because of its pretentiousness.

Then there is the American documentary with playful running comment that is heavy with arch quip and pun. I have yet to hear these rewarded with anything but millstones of silence. And while I am a devoted admirer of most things British, I believe there is nothing duller to be found than an English sound track orchestrated with the uninflected BBC documentary voice.

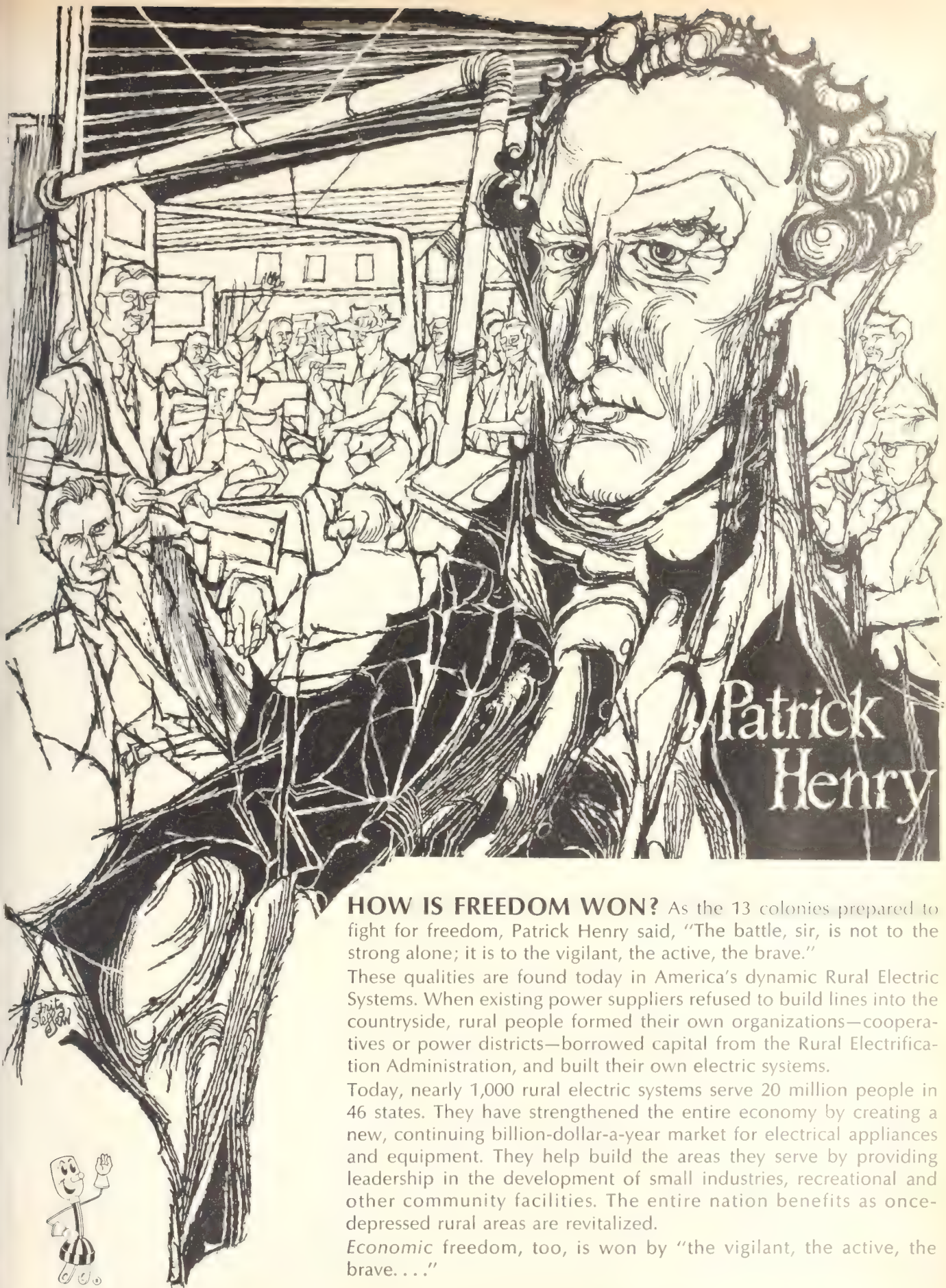
I remember such a film in the day before all the African colonies secured their independence. Our subject was a British children's clinic in Kenya. This film was a masterful exhibition of the unextended caption—that is, the voice declaiming what is visible on the screen. It went this way:

Shot of mother with baby approaching door of clinic. Voice: "The mothers bring their babies to the clinic." Long pause in sound track while mother reaches door and goes inside. Shot of doctor listening to baby's chest with stethoscope. Voice: "The doctor examines the baby's heart action and respiration in the surgery." Long pause while stethoscope is moved here and there. Shot of doctor giving small bottle of medicine to smiling mother. Voice: "If a disorder shows up during examination, the doctor may give the mother medicine to arrest the condition." Really long pause. Shot of mother leaving door of clinic. Documentary voice: "After the baby's examination, the reassured mother starts home with her child."

If it is a Peter Sellers or Terry-Thomas movie you are waiting for, you begin to wonder whether this may not be some antic prelude to the entrance of one of these splendidly comic gentlemen.

I have given a great deal of thought to the explanation for the penalty short. This must be largely inductive research, since theatre managers won't talk. But I think I have the answer, though it will probably be challenged. This is a clever move on their part to lure people from their TV sets. The penalty short is superior in dullness to a great deal of TV programming. What more calculated to make TV viewers feel at home in the theatre? They are schooled to endure vapid half-hours waiting for "Wagon Train." The penalty short becomes a similar proper preface for the bonus of a better-than-late-late-show movie to come.

But what about the rest of us? Well, those queues are not so bad. Unless it is raining we can read our newspapers. And however bad the weather outside, we know it is better than dodging the pelting blobs of light that are puzzling the unfortunate who are not in on our secret.



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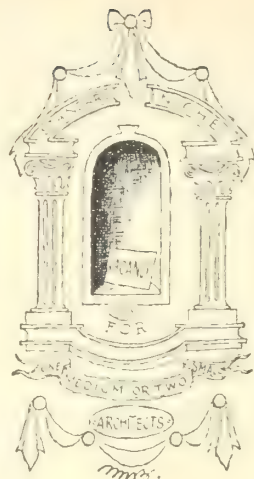
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AS HARD AS ONE CAN

By Russell Lynes

Mr. Lynes is managing editor of "Harper's" and author of "A Surfeit of Honey" and other books. Incidentally, his first article in this magazine (October 1945) was "Architects in Glass Houses."

EERO SAARINEN, who died on September 1, 1961, in Ann Arbor, Michigan, said, "The only architecture which interests me is architecture as a fine art. That is what I want to pursue. I hope that some of my buildings will have lasting truths. I admit frankly I would like a place in architectural history. Whether I do or not and how big a niche depends, in the end, on native talent and one cannot ask for more than one has. But one has to work as hard as one can."

All architects occupy after they have died—if they are distinguished in their profession and die at the peak of their productivity—suddenly glorified niches which are likely to diminish in grandeur rather rapidly in succeeding years. Few retain them. Since Saarinen died he has been awarded the gold medal of the American Institute of Architects, he has had an uncommonly handsome volume of his utterances (accompanied by excellently reproduced pictures of his buildings) published by the Yale University Press (*Eero Saarinen on His Works*, edited by his widow, Aline B. Saarinen), and there are a number of his buildings

still under construction or very recently completed and consequently much discussed. The spectacular TWA building at Idlewild, a sculptural embodiment of the idea of air transport with echoes of the concrete flights of fancy of the Barcelona architect, Gaudi, is one of the most astonishing pieces of romanticism to be created in our century. The Dulles International Airport in Washington (or as near it as a jet field can reasonably be) is quite different—a sort of Boulder Dam in its monumental, reinforced-concrete statement of holding nature at bay. Man against flight, perhaps? Or, more likely, flight has to be tied to the earth at either end, and this terminal is big enough and tough enough to do it.

Two new colleges at Yale University are another kind of romanticism, a sort of medievalism that is neither slavishly archaeological, like the collegiate Gothic of the 1920s, nor classically elegant like so much Gothic revival of the 1840s. It is romantic-collegiate that combines surprise and seeming accident with an almost monastic simplicity. It attempts to reconcile the 1960s and the 1920s, or this boom in Yale construction with its last one. On the other hand it would be difficult to find a less romantic solution to an architectural problem than the CBS building that Saarinen designed and which is now under construction in New York. It will be what Saarinen called "a dark building," built around "a rectangular doughnut." ("I think," he wrote of this building, "that everything—siting, planning, structural, mechanical systems, spirit—has been brought to its logical conclusion. They are clearly expressed and locked into one thing.")

With the exception of Frank Lloyd Wright, it seems to me, it is unlikely that any American architect of our time is more apt to have a "place in architectural history" than Saarinen. I would like to suggest that one of the reasons for this is that his architecture is wide open to criticism by the layman and elicits it. It stirs his glands. I know of no building that I have heard more belabored, for example, than Saarinen's American Embassy on Grosvenor Square in London. People simply can't stand it . . . or, on the other

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AFTER HOURS

and, they passionately defend it. The same seems to be true of the few colleges at Yale and of the "WA building at Idlewild. These buildings leave few people neutral. The same was true of Wright's buildings, and used to be true of Copius'. It is still true of Le Corbusier's. It is true of very few other architects of our time, many of whom one can admire or criticize with equanimity, but under no circumstances feel passionate about.

There are all too few architects in our era of architectural clichés who have the talent and the audacity to surprise. One of the pleasures of Saarinen's work has been that one was never quite sure whether one would heartily like or heartily dislike his next building. But, at the same time, there was never any question that one would have to respect

The reason for this is clear in *Eero Saarinen on His Work*, which is as lucid a series of statements on the art, craft, and science of architecture as has appeared in a very long while. No form is accidental, none devised entirely for its functional utility and none entirely for its aesthetic. An architectural solution which combines all the elements of aesthetics, utility, and firmness can be achieved, "But one has to work as hard as one can."

I heartily recommend *Eero Saarinen on His Work* to every amateur of architecture, whether he is a dilettante or a professional.



LETTER TO THE MAYOR

James Harper
Mayor of New York City

We are very much annoyed and affected every day of our lives by a number of boys who cluster together on the pavement at our front door for the purpose of pitching cents, and other amusements. The said boys sometimes shout out and fight cruelly, and at all times use such profane and bad language as is not fit to be heard. If you can send an officer a few times to disperse them, we shall be unspeakably obliged. . . .

June 4, 1844

Mr. George Coles
147 Crosby Street
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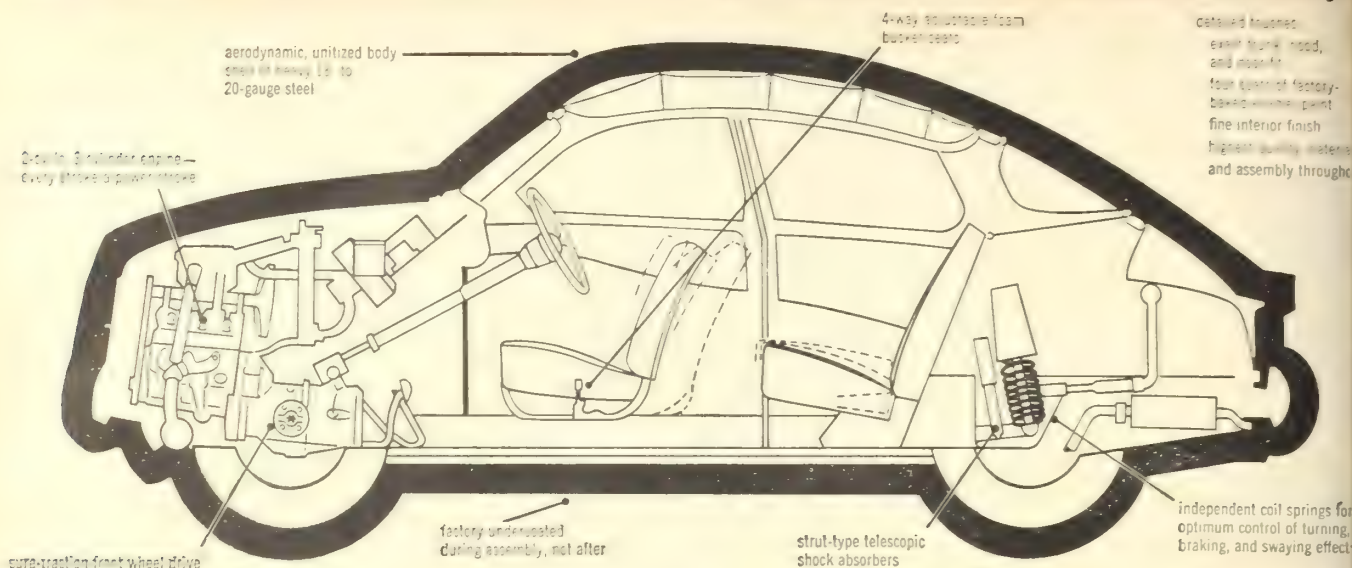


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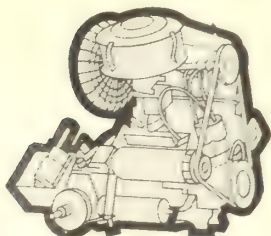
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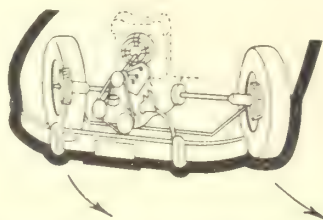
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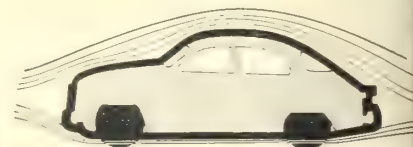
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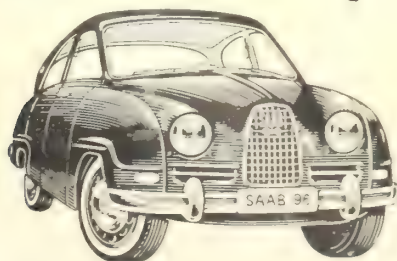
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MARTYRS ON THE MOON?

CARL DREHER

Unless we slow down our race to get to the moon, the first Americans we send probably won't come back alive. . . . A cold-eyed assessment by an engineer who has closely followed our efforts to explore space.

NOT long ago, Hans Thirring, the eminent Austrian physicist, made a \$1,000 wager with Fred L. Whipple, the equally eminent American astronomer, on the chances of man's reaching the moon during the 1960s. Thirring, normally an optimist, bet he wouldn't. The terms are that a man must set foot on the moon before January 1, 1971, and return to the surface of the earth alive. If he does not get out of a capsule while on the moon, the bet is a tie. There are no conditions as to the man's state of health after his return to earth, but "he must definitely be alive when he lands."

I wish Dr. Whipple luck with all my heart and, if he wins, I hope the successful astronaut will be an American, but I fear he has taken the wrong end of the bet. Men can get to the moon and back in a soundly planned and deliberately executed project, but the contestants in a race are inviting martyrdom and it matters not a whit

whether they are Americans or Russians. Martyrs to science if you like, or love of country, or just masculinity and dedication, but they will die. They will have a wide range of places, though not a choice: in takeoff from the moon, in the effort to rendezvous with the mother ship, or in the much more precarious attempt to "dock" or couple with it. If they do make it back to the mother ship, they may miss the earth on the return leg and be lost forever in an orbit around the sun, or re-enter too steeply and burn up at 25,000 miles per hour with their vehicle. They must re-enter in a forty-mile corridor at the end of an odyssey of 600,000 or 700,000 miles, or all is lost. There are still other formidable hazards, such as radiation exposure at a lethal level, but in that case the effects might be delayed sufficiently so that the men would at least have the consolation of living long enough to tell what they saw and felt.

Let me make it plain that I am not one of those opposed to the moon venture as such. I am in favor of it. Nor should we be squeamish about the certain loss of life in space exploration. We cannot build a bridge or a skyscraper without some fatalities—but we try to give the workmen all the protection possible. It is immoral to put a project of this magnitude, by far the greatest ever undertaken by man, on the level of a teenagers' drag race. Worse, it is stupid, for the chances of loss of national prestige are greater than the possible gain. The prestige is likely

to be captured by the side which takes its time and thus profits by the disasters of the side which takes the bigger chances.

The incorporation of the moon venture into the Cold War was the initial mistake. It is not too late to rectify it and we can do so unilaterally if we choose. One of the conditions for waging a war, whether by combat with weapons created by technology or by technology without combat, is that the forces on either side should be the principal menace to the other. When death from an external source overwhelmingly menaces both, the contest is idiotic.

Second, there must be a reasonable calculation of the chances of victory. The calculation may be wrong, as the Japanese, for instance, miscalculated before Pearl Harbor, but it must *seem* right at the inception of the conflict. The lunar race does not meet the second condition any better than the first. The unknown factors are so predominant that no one can make schematic assumptions with any confidence that they will stand up a year hence.

The third requirement for quasi-reasonable men to engage in a contest so hazardous for a few and so expensive for the many, is that the victory, if gained, should bring with it some tangible advantage. To use the World War II example again: fascism, as a threat to us and our allies, was crushed, if only for a few decades. In the lunar race the victory may last for only months, weeks, or days. Since it is a fairly open research and development contest—with each side duplicating the other's results—if we do manage to win, it can hardly be by a great margin. When the Russians duplicate the feat our victory will lose most of its value, just as the Soviet sputnik triumph would hardly be remembered, only five years later, if they had not been in a position to follow it up by their lead in heavy boosters—an advantage which is unlikely to recur.

If we made our moon operation less of a stern chase and more of an independent effort, our progress would not necessarily be slower. But assume it would. Then, no doubt, the Russians would win. But there is a very good chance they will win in any case. They have a two-year lead

in what we have decided shall be a six-year race.

The Russians might, however, be glad to slow down themselves and even work out some mutually profitable deals. One, in fact, has been concluded with scarcely any notice in the American press. On December 5, 1962, the United States and the Soviet Union announced a formal agreement to cooperate in studies of the earth's magnetic field, satellite communications, and satellite weather observations—all of which have potential military significance.

While the race has so far been no drain on U. S. technological resources and constitutes a positive benefit to the U. S. economy, for the Russians it means real sacrifice. Their industrial output does not approach ours and their agricultural productivity is a joke. The moon race is one of the factors helping to keep the Russian people poor, and as the cost mounts the rulers will be hard put to it to keep them from getting poorer. The people are proud of being ahead in space but it is a form of pie in the sky and they would also like butter and bathrooms here below. Contrary to an oversimplification current among us, the Russian rulers cannot do as they please. They are under pressure to show progress, fairly soon, on their promises to improve the living standard of the Russian masses.

THINKING "HIGH"

BUT what about military considerations? Don't these force us to race, no matter how unwise it may seem on other grounds? No. It is compounding folly with folly to play the game in this fashion. A somewhat similar situation exists in intercontinental missile competition. Writing in 1958 and using U. S. Air Force extrapolations, Joseph Alsop warned that in 1962 the Soviet Union would deploy 1,500 ICBMs, as against our 130. Early in 1963 it appears that we are ahead and will soon open up a wide lead.

Probably the Cold War will extend into space, and there is no guarantee that there it will remain cold. But it will not extend far, and the decisive weapons will still be ground (or sea) based. The moon has nothing to do with it.

The Air Force general who declared we "must seize the high ground"—the moon in his thinking being "high"—was misapplying his West Point indoctrination. The mean straight-line distance of the moon from the earth is 238,857 miles but a missile or spacecraft must fly in a curved path to intercept, increasing the distance to 360,000 miles, more or less. While we have spent billions of dollars on radar systems to obtain twenty

Carl Dreher, who is science editor of "The Nation," has been a consulting engineer and a writer of technical and political articles since 1936. Born in Vienna, he became a tester for the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America in 1917 and worked for RCA and other broadcasting companies. He served as a major in the U. S. Army Air Corps in World War II.

minutes' warning time to counter ICBMs fired from the Soviet Union, something between sixty and 120 hours will be required to reach the earth from the moon with anything more ponderable than a beam of light.

Sixty hours *versus* twenty minutes, and even twenty minutes is too high: our Western cities and missile bases are within 3,300 miles shooting distance from Siberian bases, and Soviet targets are within intermediate range of Polaris missiles. ICBM accuracy is obviously going to be much better over such ranges than over flight paths of the order of 300,000 miles. Also to the point: to fire a missile from the moon you must first get it to the moon. It takes 200 pounds on an earth launching-pad to deposit one pound of payload on the moon. To get one pound to the moon and back, 1,000 pounds launch weight is needed. In the present and foreseeable state of the art, the idea verges on lunacy.

PRESSURES ON NASA

THE agency in charge of Apollo, our moon project, is the civilian National Aeronautics and Space Administration, flanked by the Air Force. NASA has some very good men at all levels and, in a field of almost unimaginable intricacy, is doing about as satisfactory a research and engineering job as can be expected. But it is under the relentless pressure of a time schedule based, not on its own resources, ideas, and initiative, but on politically motivated orders from above. After an initially cautious approach the President, spurred on by the Vice President, has laid it on the line that we must try to get to the moon ahead of the Russians. That probably means 1968. In the background is the fear that the Russians may do it by 1966. And since 1966-70 is expected to be a period of increased solar-flare activity and dangerous bursts of radiation, if we don't get our boys to the moon by 1966, we may have to wait till after 1970.

This would be a blessing in disguise. But, unless the public learns the score, the race is likely to be stepped up rather than slowed down, and the peril to the spacemen will rise proportionately. Scientists and engineers are human and so are the astronauts. They try to do what the nation expects them to do, and that is what the President says the nation must do. NASA's announced philosophy—"a scheme of successive tests and missions, each of increased difficulty or complexity"—is sensible enough. But, in the space realm, even now, the philosophy is being followed more in theory than in fact, and the

incentives to recklessness (always in the guise of calculated risk) will surely increase as the race moves into the backstretch.

The fact is that, five years before the target date, there is still sharp disagreement on how Americans are to land on the moon and get back—if they can. NASA has switched preferred methods twice in less than a year. The primary consideration has been speed. Expense has come second. Safety has scarcely been mentioned.

When we speak of five years before flight, it must not be inferred that anything like five years is available for acquiring the vital technological data which will determine success or failure in the initial attempt. On the authority of NASA itself, a 1968-70 target date requires that primary data for the design of the moon vehicle be received by the end of 1964; for design modifications, by the end of 1965; for hardware modifications, by the end of 1966. We have less than two years for the research and flight experimentation necessary to obtain information on the conditions to be coped with on the way to the moon and on the moon surface itself. Our ignorance is enormous: we do not even have the precise knowledge of the moon's gravitational field which will be required for safe landing at a particular location from which takeoff may be practicable. Yet there is still controversy on the basic method to be used in trying to get the men up there and to return them alive.

The three modes of getting to the moon, each trailed by several submodes, are: direct ascent, earth rendezvous, and lunar rendezvous. Some elementary understanding is necessary if the public is to have any role except paying the bills and mourning the dead. Direct ascent is the most obvious method and the shortest in passage time, which is important not only because of lessened exposure of the crew to radiation, but because the liquid oxygen required for propulsion boils off in flight. Until last year there was little public discussion of any other means. But direct ascent requires a rocket so large that it could not be flight-tested much before 1970, and might require time-consuming development after that.

In order to have a chance of being first, NASA has had to find a way of cutting development time and overcoming the Soviet lead in booster rockets. Several varieties of earth-orbit rendezvous were accordingly considered. This scheme involves sending up the load in two (or more) sections and connecting them aloft. It has some attractive features. The booster rocket, though still large, need not be as large as for direct ascent. Loaded, it is only about 3,000 tons, the

JOHN BERRYMAN

A DREAM SONG

LIFE, friends, is boring. We must not say so.
 After all, the sky flashes, the great sea yearns,
 we ourselves flash and yearn,
 and moreover my mother told me as a boy
 (repeatedly) 'Ever to confess you're bored
 means you have no

Inner Resources.' I conclude now I have no
 inner resources, because I am heavy bored.
 Peoples bore me,
 literature bores me, especially great literature,
 Henry bores me, with his plights & gripes
 as bad as achilles,

who loves people and valiant art, which bores me.
 And the tranquil hills, & gin, look like a drag
 and somehow a dog
 has taken itself & its tail considerably away
 into mountains or sea or sky, leaving
 behind me, wag.

weight of a light cruiser or twenty-five fully
 loaded jet airliners. The rendezvous-coupling
 maneuver is pretty nearly fail-safe. If coupling
 trouble occurs the crew can break off and return
 to earth. If they are unable to execute this maneu-
 ver, a space tug or rescue ship might be sent up.

As late as February 1962, our leading rocket
 expert, Wernher von Braun, writing in *Astro-
 nautics*, mentioned only direct ascent and earth
 orbit as the alternatives. Direct ascent is now a
 last resort, and earth orbit has been relegated
 to second choice. But now a third method called
 "lunar rendezvous" has become the odds-on
 favorite and is getting all the publicity. It is ex-
 pected to speed up the schedule by six to fifteen
 months.

In lunar rendezvous the spacecraft takes off,
 goes into earth orbit, fires again to get into a
 moon trajectory, maneuvers into moon orbit,
 and drops a ferry vehicle ("lunar excursion
 module") with two men to the moon's surface for
 a day or two of observation. One man remains
 in the mother vehicle, orbiting. Then, according
 to the theory, the moonmen take off, orbit, ren-
 dezvous and couple with the mother ship. They
 crawl back into the main module, jettison the
 now useless ferry, and shoot back to earth.

The sponsors of this method point out that
 takeoff from the moon will be in a relatively

small vehicle and will require a minimum of
 rocket power. Coupling, also, will be at a lower
 orbital speed. They think this will compensate
 for the hazard of coupling far from earth, with
 little chance of guidance or rescue in the event
 of failure. This may be so, or it may be wishful
 thinking.

Dr. Jerome Wiesner, the President's scientific
 adviser, and Dr. Nicholas Golovin, Dr. Wiesner's
 space adviser, do not go along with NASA's com-
 mitment to lunar rendezvous. Last fall, at the
 Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Ala-
 bama, Wernher von Braun showed President
 Kennedy a prone first-stage rocket and intoned:
 "This is the vehicle designed to fulfill your
 promise to put a man on the moon in this
 decade." He paused and cried: "And, by God,
 we'll do it." Wiesner was unimpressed and, to
 the embarrassment of the assembled dignitaries,
 argued that lunar orbit rendezvous was "no
 good."

Before a final decision is made to commit men
 to the lunar rendezvous system, its equivalence in
 safety should be demonstrated to the satisfaction
 of an impartial science-engineering jury *not* con-
 nected with NASA, the Air Force, or the con-
 tractors of either. Its members should be ap-
 pointed by the President, with the advice of the
 National Science Foundation, the Space Science
 Board of the National Academy of Sciences, and
 similar bodies. If lunar rendezvous is really no
 more hazardous than alternative methods, there
 should be no difficulty in proving it.

This whole situation is in a state of flux
 and conjecture. In their Vostok 3-4 flights the
 Russians apparently got their two spacecraft
 within three miles of each other, but they did it
 in close earth orbit with all the elaborate facili-
 ties and skilled manpower of a launch installa-
 tion on the earth's surface. There was no penalty
 for failure. Nikolayev and Popovich did not try
 to couple their ships; this is a step which so far
 exists only on the scientists' blackboards. It is
 a very complex procedure. First there is the
 mechanical and electronic problem of obtaining
 coincidence of the two orbits, accurately align-
 ing the spacecraft, and bringing them together
 at the speed of a woman window-shopping, while
 each is traveling at a speed of some thousands of
 miles per hour. But that is not all. High-pressure
 gas lines and other systems must usually be con-
 nected, and—especially critical—a multitude of
 electrical connections must be reliably made.

The engineering headaches grow in com-
 plexity as the field is surveyed. *A Review of Space
 Research*, financed by NASA and published early

this year by the Space Science Board, contains such observations as this: "Absolutely essential to designing for the Apollo mission, is information concerning the hazard due to extreme surface roughness, the hazard due to deep or electrostatically charged dust or to extreme surface crushability, and the hazard due to shrapnel-like fragments from meteorite impacts." There is a possibility that travel on the moon's surface, whether on foot or by vehicles, may be impossible because of the tendency of the dust, when disturbed, to gather in thick layers on exposed surfaces. This is only one problem among many. Yet every problem must be solved before man can set out for the moon with a reasonable chance (say three to one) of getting back.

In such a situation political motivations are the worst possible guide. As Dr. L. C. Van Atta, director of the Hughes Research Laboratories, says in the Space Science Board report, "International competition and resulting political commitments have forced upon this complex mission a somewhat unrealistic timetable." It is an understatement.

WHAT WILL REPAY THE COST?

WE cannot rely only on technical difficulties to impose moderation. Opposition must be mobilized on grounds of not sacrificing human lives needlessly, and on the fact that the nation stands to lose rather than gain by the present approach. Opposition has included so many big names that at first one is puzzled by the slight effect it has produced. The fact is, however, that the opposition has been poorly conceived, not only from a public-relations standpoint, but in its intellectual and emotional content, and so the general public has quite properly ignored it.

Ex-President Eisenhower recently denounced the moon project as "a mad effort to win a stunt race." If he had stopped there and elaborated the argument on that basis, it might have got the attention it merited. But he went on to call the project a "cosmic boondoggle," thereby exposing an old-fashioned, mundane conservatism which the young people of today (and a lot of gray-haired scientists and engineers) don't go for. And more power to them! The universe is man's business. Especially the solar system, which is probably as far as man in the flesh can ever go. Kipling's lines, "For to admire an' for to see / For to be'old this world so wide," are outdated. The world is no longer wide. If he has the money a man can traverse it in a matter of

weeks or days, with no effort on his part and with airline stewardesses of various pigmentations, but all ravishing, ministering to his wants all the way. But in the solar system, airless and impersonally hostile, with death beating on the walls of the capsule every second, there is still room for adventure. For the vast majority of us the adventure will be vicarious, but we are willing to settle for that and to pay for it.

Of course it is not only a matter of adventure. The solar system is a vast repository of unknown phenomena. Some can be observed with instruments, but where man can go to see and feel with his own sensory organs, to experience with his own mind and nerves and muscles, he should and will go. And there are probable results in the way of scientific insights—including man's insight into his own nature ("the inner frontier") which alone may repay the cost.

Another possibility is finding extraterrestrial life. In the aforementioned report, published by the Space Science Board, the Working Group on Biology expressed initial misgivings: "If we limit our outlook to . . . dividends . . . that are certain and center our attention on the nonsense that a program like this must inevitably invite in its early stages, it is hard to escape cynicism about the vast sums that will be spent and a revulsion from the mixture of mediocrity, nonsense, and huge cost. . . ." Nevertheless the members concluded that we must go ahead. They feel that at stake is "the most exciting, challenging, and profound issue, not only of this century but of the whole naturalistic movement that has characterized the history of Western thought for three hundred years . . . the chance to gain a new perspective on man's place in nature, a new level of discussion on the meaning and nature of life." Revolutionary advances in astronomy and other branches of science are likewise in prospect. To ignore these expectations is to ignore twentieth-century reality.

The other principal contra-argument, which likewise has given rise only to yawns, is that the money could be better spent on earth. So it could, some of it, and indeed the expense could be reduced if the pace were reduced. But the point is secondary. The fact is that ours is a wasteful country and waste does not horrify us. A large part of the fifty billions spent annually on defense is wasted: it provides jobs and profits, not defense. We have five million chronically unemployed; at \$4,000 apiece, that amounts to a loss of \$20 billion annually, not to speak of what it costs to keep them alive. A basic industry like steel may drag its tail for years, operating at 50

or 60 per cent of capacity and still making money. Ours is a country of immense productivity and immense prodigality. Why should we boggle at the moon race?

Yet you can't brush off people like General Eisenhower, Dr. James R. Killian, Dr. Lee DuBridge, Dr. James A. Van Allen, Dr. George B. Kistiakowsky, Dr. Edward U. Condon, Dr. Warren Weaver, Dr. Vannevar Bush, Dr. Hans Bethe, Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, Dr. Isidor Rabi, Senator William Proxmire, former AEC chairman Lewis Strauss, Harland Manchester, and others who in one way or another have expressed opposition to the moon race. Properly focused and delimited, criticism can bring a measure of order into the situation. The way to do it is to argue about men first and money second, to discuss pace and ways and means rather than to say we shouldn't reach for the moon at all, and, above all, to show that the national interest is not served by the moon race, but will be served by a sober and genuinely scientific approach.

If it were not for the Cold War and the consequent conversion of the moon project into a prestige race between the United States and the Soviet Union, the attempt to place men on the moon would probably—and logically—be deferred until large manned space stations with fueling, launching, repair, and rescue facilities had been placed in orbit, and ferry service between these stations and earth bases had become a routine matter, no more hazardous than refueling aircraft in flight. These stations might be operated by an international authority. In an article in the *General Electric Forum* (the July-September 1962 issue was devoted to "Man's Opportunities in Space") Dr. Alan T. Waterman, Director of the National Science Foundation, made a plea for internationalization:

The rational answer to this question [of space exploration] is that undertakings of such magnitude should be shared among nations. Cost sharing would distribute the burden and it would also help to avert the real danger that hostile rivalry may tempt one nation or another to use its findings exclusively or primarily for military purposes or to pursue prematurely a course that might endanger all life on earth. Surely the advantages of world cooperation in space research and exploration are not only worthy of all our ambitions but also afford a most impressive means for uniting the peoples of the world in a common cause.

The peoples—much less the governments—are not ready to be united in a common cause from such sound and civilized motives. However, a more compelling reason for internationalizing moon exploration is beginning to emerge. As the

results of the U.S. high-altitude nuclear test of July 9, 1962, are evaluated, there are indications that any nation with nuclear and rocket capability can interdict movement of manned spacecraft at altitudes over a few hundred miles, simply by pumping electrons into the Van Allen belts with repeated nuclear explosions at appropriate altitudes. Radiation intensity can be raised to dangerous levels, and the effects appear to be long-lasting. Adding shielding to long-range spacecraft would further complicate design and entail prohibitive weight penalties. If this works out, whoever is behind in the lunar race can keep all contenders at the post as long as it suits his purposes.

If this sounds nasty, as indeed it is, there are easier alternatives in the direction of sanity and decency. In fact, one such alternative would surely improve the chances of the moon explorers to return safe and sound to their families and to the homelands where they are so admired, honored, and decorated. It was outlined recently by D. Brainerd Holmes, NASA's Director of Manned Space Flight and the chief engineer of the moon project, when he was asked, "What are the possibilities of a cooperative space program with the Soviets? Is it desirable?" He replied, "It would be desirable if we could cooperate in the whole approach to the way of life, government, freedom, and beliefs of man. . . . Until such time, the only feasible cooperation (as proposed by various heads of state) is in such areas as joint recovery of astronauts, general tracking stations, communications, etc." The first of these—joint recovery—is a key suggestion which should be followed up by our government without delay. Rescuing the other side's astronauts will not only provide incalculable prestige for the rescuers, but demonstrate that humanity is greater than its parts and that governments as well as individuals realize it.

Without entertaining millennial hopes, we can envision the possibility of enlarging such small areas of cooperation, step by step, and gradually weaning the leaders and diplomats of the rival bloc from the compulsion of locking horns on every issue. From such a reciprocal change in attitude a precarious détente might develop. This might in time be stabilized and peaceful coexistence could become a reality. If so, the lives that will be lost and the resources that will be expended in space exploration may be one of the best investments that mankind ever made. In the meantime, it will be folly if we let the pressures of the moon race needlessly endanger the lives of brave men.

GEORGE PLIMPTON

NEWPORT NOTES:

The Kennedys and Other Salts

*Some irreverent observations on
the most grandiose race of all . . . and the
yachting gentry who watch it . . .*

NEWPORT is a small Rhode Island center of excesses. To start with, its trees are enormous, outsized. Its magnificent estates along the Cliff Walk, most of which went up in the late nineteenth century in a competitive building splurge by wealthy New York families, are so large that in many cases they can be converted instantly into religious and educational institutions. The Newport Preservation Society has turned some into museums; others, in these days of certain limitations for most, have appealed to the style of the Texans: some are already installed in palatial residences, the word is out, and more are on their way.

Newport has been the place of the grand gesture—where James Gordon Bennett was so outraged when a friend of his was barred from the exclusive Reading Room for galloping his horse into the place, that he built his own club in Newport Casino, a huge dark-shingled edifice which now houses the tennis Hall of Fame.

But no activity connected with Newport is quite as resplendent and excessive as that synonymous with racing for the America's Cup—the great yachting trophy which since 1930 has been competed for sporadically in the waters offshore. It is a remarkable spectacle. Roosevelt watched the races in the 'thirties from the Astors' diesel yacht *Nourmahal*. Eisenhower saw them in 1958, and last fall President Kennedy was on hand to watch the competition whenever possible.

The Cup is yachting's most important trophy. It was won in an English regatta in 1851 by the

schooner *America*, and after nearly being melted down for inscribed medals, it was pulled half-forgotten from a carpetbag and deeded to the New York Yacht Club as a cup open to challenge from foreign countries. Up until last fall, seventeen challengers had crossed the ocean. Not one of them was successful. The America's Cup has not budged from the New York Yacht Club.

The trophy itself—it stands twenty-seven inches high—is actually of little practical or monetary value. It's missing its bottom. Melted into bullion it might command forty dollars on the silver market. And yet incalculable millions have been spent in its name without any hope whatsoever of return—an oddity among contemporary sporting events—except the pleasure and excitement of competition, the elixir of winning, and for the loser the despair of defeat plus a sizable kick in the pocketbook. Sir Thomas Lipton spent well over \$3 million on his five green-hulled challengers, all unsuccessful—except as advertising media for his tea, sales of which went up sharply in those years that Lipton challenged.

Last fall a new challenger was on hand in Newport for a best four-out-of-seven series—the Australian Sir Frank Packer's twelve-meter *Gretel*, sailed by Jock Sturrock. The American defender, selected after a summer of elimination races, was *Weatherly*, a blue-hulled twelve-meter, skippered by Emil Mosbacher and financed by a syndicate of Wall Streeters. The twelve-meters—now roughly 45 feet on the waterline—may have been something of a comedown for those who remember the great J-boats of the 'thirties, often over eighty feet on the waterline, whose single masts towered as high as a fourteen-story building, but that first day the spectator fleet—moving out past Breton's Reef lightship on a course for the America's Cup Buoy, nine miles out—was vast

W. R. P.

and colorful, numbering over two thousand craft by some estimates.

Just over a century ago the *Times* of London was moved to say of the fleet out to watch the yacht *Amphora* race around the Isle of Wight for the cup which bears her name that it was "such as the Adriatic never beheld in all the pride of Venice." The same could have been said of last fall's great fleet, and for the early arrivals at the Cup Buoy, looking astern and seeing that oncoming armada stream out from shore, it seemed as if catastrophe had struck and the land itself was under evacuation. Such a variety of craft was offered, particularly ancient designs, that one was often reminded of a vintage automobile show—as if each owner of a bizarre or antique craft had spent that summer calking her up to get her out on display that opening day—bugeyes from the Chesapeake, converted fishing smacks from Maine, early Herreshoff designs, a pair of brigs with topsails set, a 33-ton Boier cutter with massive leeboards, an infinite variety including a six-foot overall Sailfish, not much more than a surfboard with a mast, which bobbed furiously out of sight of land in a heavy chop close aboard the America's Cup Buoy.

In the cockpits of most yachts a Lloyd's Register was kept handy, along with the binoculars—to check who was who and what was what. An indispensable piece of equipment to have aboard was a transistor radio. Since the Coast Guard often shepherded craft as much as a mile from the competing twelve-meters, the radio was necessary to keep tabs on the progress of the race. Two stations carried accounts, the local Newport station, which did an excellent and authoritative job, and the Providence station WPRO, which periodically interrupted its mid-morning disk-jockey show to provide bulletins and on-the-spot reportage, including an occasional report from a man aloft in an airplane, whose voice was jiggled so by engine reverberations that he was largely unintelligible. These reports would give way all too quickly to the disk jockey. He utilized, in the manner of his kind, an hysterical machine-gun patter to introduce the hit records—of which *Sherry, Greens, and Blue Jeans*, *The Monster Mash* (that graveyard smash) were the favorites that week—the strains of these teen-age tonics incongruously caught and eddied on the wind.

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The disk jockey's remarks about the race itself indicated a rudimentary knowledge of yachting to say the least. On one occasion he speculated that the yachts raced around an *oval* course, like racing cars, a statement that so upset an elderly yachtsman who happened to hear it below-decks aboard Winthrop Aldrich's *Wayfarer* that he picked up the offending transistor, fiddled with it trying to throttle the disk jockey's voice, and, confused by its workings, hurled the instrument to a settee and slapped a cushion over it. The transistor murmured there, muffled, until it was resurrected for the next race bulletin.

The most remarkable message dispenser on hand was a Goodyear blimp. Broadcasters and newsmen used it during the day. At night it cruised above Newport, flashing down messages from a screen rigged aft of the gondola. One would hear the purr of its motors, far up, and look into the night sky to see the letters "WELCOME GRETTEL," in red, drifting through the Milky Way. Its vocabulary was not large. It liked the word "WELCOME." "WELCOME JFK," it proclaimed through the darkness the night the President arrived from Washington.

THE President and his family spent their vacation at Hammersmith Farm—his father-in-law's (Hugh Auchincloss') home, a large, rambling, dark shingled house whose architecture is especially busy—all angles, corners, turrets. A piazza looks out on a broad meadow sloping down to the narrow entrance of Newport harbor, and in the evening the sun sets directly opposite, beyond the bluffs of Conanicut Island. Just off the main channel an eccentric, many years back, built a house on a tiny island—overwhelming the island with a two-story gabled structure so large that it is difficult to distinguish the rock that supports it—so that at first glance the house seems to be floating serenely out to sea. It has been deserted for many years, and rats as big as terriers are supposed to scuttle through its timbers. But it is remarkably picturesque, and there was hardly a youngster passing by in the spectator fleets who didn't take a crack at prodding his parents into buying the place and taking up residence.

The President knows Newport well. He has spent many vacations at Hammersmith Farm, both as Senator and President. His predecessor, Dwight Eisenhower, spent the last summers of his Administration at Newport, first at the War College, then at Fort Adams. He went out to see one or two Cup Races in 1958, but for summer activity Eisenhower much preferred playing

the Newport Country Club golf course which is just across the road from Hammersmith Farm. On one occasion, Kennedy, then the junior Senator from Massachusetts, had his curiosity get the better of him and he came down the curving driveway from Hammersmith Farm and crossed the road to watch President Eisenhower's progress from the tenth to the eleventh hole. The fairway is shielded from the road by a thick screen of shrubbery, mostly honeysuckle, and through this barrier Senator Kennedy, using his hands to part the branches, peered briefly at the Presidential golfing party going by. Now the entrance to the Farm is guarded by a sentry box, and the Secret Service guards have moved across the road. They stand silently in Mrs. Auchincloss' gardens, by the rhododendron bushes, and at night their cigarette ends glow like fireflies.

President Kennedy took a more active interest in the Cup Races than his predecessor. Whenever possible, he went out to see the races aboard the destroyer *Joseph P. Kennedy Jr.*, Mrs. Kennedy with him, Caroline, and guests—the President and many of the latter wearing brown leather flight jackets bearing the Presidential seal and his name stenciled on the back. Air squadrons around the country offer him these jackets as souvenirs with their insignia affixed above the breast pocket; for most of the Cup Races the President wore one a helicopter squadron had given him a few days before. The jackets were fine for the crisp weather that turned up in the latter part of the series, and the guests wore them with some pride, particularly the girls, though from the back, seeing three or four of these stenciled dark jackets in a row, one took the wearers to be members of some organization, a roller-skating team, perhaps, called the “John F. Kennedy” out for a day on the sea. . . .

The Farm's pier stands far enough into the channel for the motor-yacht *Honey Fitz* to embark the Presidential party and transfer it to the *Joseph P. Kennedy Jr.* for the long trip out to the America's Cup Buoy. The *Honey Fitz* is a familiar sight in Newport waters—the *Barbara Ann* she was called during Eisenhower's tenure, and was used to ferry him from the War College for his golfing. Now, with its new name, a somewhat florid portrait of Kennedy's grandfather—the peppery Boston politician—hangs in the yacht's salon. A large leather chair has been installed in the after cockpit—like an ornate fishing chair—and when the President isn't sitting in it, the motion of the boat rocks and turns it spookily on its casters.

At the America's Cup Buoy, so many yachts were jammed into a small area of sea that they showed up on the *Joseph P. Kennedy Jr.*'s radar screen as a solid mass—the first time any of the men on the bridge had ever seen such a thing—as if their destroyer had grounded on a submerged reef at high tide and was now, at low tide, sitting up on an extensive shelf of dry land.

The big excursion steamers kept clear of this ruck—standing off as much as a mile from the fleet. Each had over a thousand spectators aboard, and their weight—crowded on one side to watch the twelve-meters—heeled the steamers over, quite perceptibly, in striking portents of marine disaster. Hundreds of transistors played bravely out there (“Sherry . . . won't-you-come-out-tonight?”), but then a belch of black smoke from her stack and a steamer would revive, apparently, and lopsidedly work in toward the fleet.

INTEREST in the start was intense. The relative performance of large yachts in the same class can often be gauged in those first minutes of competition. When the schooner *America* first arrived in England in 1851, the Royal Yacht Squadron had a representative waiting for her in the Solent, the crack cutter *Laverock*, whose function was to engage the schooner in a test of speed to see if she was as fast as reported. Commodore Stevens of *America* accepted the challenge, somewhat ruefully since he beat *Laverock* in their short informal run so decisively that British yachtsmen were scared off and he was unable to arrange lucrative races.

Similarly, the relative qualities of *Columbia* and *Sceptre*, the twelve-meter competitors in the America's Cup in 1958, were made markedly clear in the first minutes of their first race. *Sceptre*, the English boat, got the better start, but *Columbia* sailed through her lee with impunity and began to stretch out a lead. Commodore Vanderbilt, three times successful defender of the America's Cup in the great J-boat class, was watching from his motor-sailer, and he turned to Loël Guinness, one of the British syndicate backers of *Sceptre*, and said firmly, “Well, I'm sorry, Loël, but that's that.”

Guinness was dumbfounded. He had just arrived by plane from Europe the day before to watch a best-of-seven series, and after the first five minutes of the first race he was being told that as far as his boat's chances were concerned he might as well start repacking. Commodore Vanderbilt was right. *Sceptre* was routed in four straight races—and everyone was downcast.

The fact is that Americans are embarrassed about the Cup. This country has held it for over a century. In particular, the embarrassment stems back to the latter part of the era of Sir Thomas Lipton, the tea king, who challenged for the Cup five times over a twenty-one-year period with his *Shamrocks*—each with a potted shamrock below for luck—and each time was defeated. Sympathy for him and his “green ladies,” as he called his J-boats, was widespread. Americans pitched in and gave him a loving cup after each defeat, and following his fifth and last defeat in 1930 (which netted him a loving cup two-and-a-half feet tall) when he cried out “I cannot win! I cannot win!” there was, as Ring Lardner wrote, “hardly a dry eye in any American speakeasy.”

It has not always been so—such sympathy for the challenger. In the early days of the Cup defense, American yachtsmen went to extreme lengths to insure that the challenger would return home empty-handed. James Ashbury's first challenge in 1870 was thwarted when the New York Yacht Club sent a fleet of twenty-three yachts against his challenger *Cambria*. The Ashbury yacht came in eleventh (even *America*, who had brought back the Cup nearly twenty years before, beat her, coming in fourth), and yet the American public raised very little fuss about the injudicious odds. They wanted to keep the Cup. Besides, Ashbury was a dandy, a tall, pale fop with a habit of running delicate fingers through his beard. It got out that he bathed every night—and that was an excess that did not endear him to the Saturday-night-bathing American public.

Now, nearly a century later all this had changed. The Australians were not expected to fare well, but their people were very popular in Newport, their spirit and humor appreciated—they were less standoffish than the British four years before—and throughout the fleet waiting at the start, flags and banners offering support and good cheer to the Australians sprouted on boats from Marblehead, Rye, Annisquam, and other ports along the Eastern seaboard.

At the starting gun, as *Gretel* and the defender, *Weatherly*, moved out to windward on the first leg of the America's Cup Course, all eyes watched *Gretel*. She had been designed to pick up ground on the downwind legs. If she could hold her own on the windward legs—that is to say tacking for a mark upwind—then her chances were good. After ten minutes she had fallen off a bit to be sure, but not seriously, and throughout the fleet there was genuine excitement. Yachtsmen were relieved that at least they were going to see a

series of yacht races, not the sort of sailovers they had seen in 1958.

It was at the finish that this relief manifested itself most strongly. A fine salute of horns greeted *Weatherly* when she crossed the finish line. But when *Gretel* crossed the line, just under four minutes later, not an unsatisfactory showing, but still a loser, a fantastic din broke loose. Every horn in the spectator fleet seemed to have a thumb pressed on it, every whistle-lanyard seemed to be clutched—so that such a welter of sound boomed about that acre or so of yachts wallowing by the finish line that the Australians, some of them, working their twelve-meter, thought that perhaps they'd lost their senses, and they looked into each other's faces for assurance they'd lost the race. The din kept up for two or three full minutes. The destroyers—five of them—and the Coast Guard vessels were part of that salute, and even when it had died down, on the long haul back to Newport—nine or so miles away—occasionally a horn would erupt, imitated by others, then more, so that the entire flotilla flanking the in-going *Gretel* would join in yet another tribute of noise. When *Gretel* rounded Fort Adams into Newport harbor, an additional tumult of horns, bells, klaxons, whistles rose out of Breton's Cove where much of the New York Yacht Club rode at anchor, and when *Gretel* moved slowly to her dock position a crowd of perhaps a thousand, jammed on the wharf, even on the dock-shed roof, began to applaud.

The Australians clambering over their boat, getting her shipshape for the night, looked as one might expect under that inspection, and that wash of hand-clapping: abashed, and extremely confused.

THE New York Yacht Club held itself a cocktail party across the grounds and in the mansion of the Berwind estate on Bellevue Avenue—an ornate and massive edifice which fronts the avenue and in back looks out above a series of stairs and terraces to a vast expanse of lawn sloping gently to a distant row of trees bordering a formal Italian garden ornate with a few gazebos and a maze. “The Elms” this grand place is called, lately owned by the Berwind family, the last of whom was a sprightly lady, Julia, who well into her eighties could perform, and often did, a creditable high kick. She died just two years short of a hundred, and The Elms, after a worrisome tussle with contractors who would have turned the place into apartments, was snapped up by the town's Preservation Society, to preserve in its original state as much as



possible a Newport "cottage." Large porcelained and glistening rest rooms were installed in the cellar and The Elms was ready for tours, art shows, and debutante parties, and for just such use as the New York Yacht Club put it to with their cocktail party.

Yachtsmen in convocation produce an astonishing amount of noise—more decibels per large room than are offered up by alumni gatherings, American Legionnaires, or even New Year's Eve celebrants. Yachtsmen stand face-to-face and shout, often in concert, their wives close in beside them to lend effort. It isn't that the average yachtsman is necessarily hearty or vigorous—the outdoor prototype—or that his vocal cords are highly toned by yelling at his wife to trim the jib sheet. Such torrents of sound are caused by pent-up relief let go—in reaction, invariably subconscious, to getting one's craft safely to port,

moored and shipshape after the day's tussle with the elements. The more boisterous the weather, and the more extended the yachtsman, the more piercing and declamatory his clubhouse chatter is in the evening. The mildest of bank subalterns is so affected by the tonic of the day's racing that no matter what his subject of conversation—the care of apple trees—he stands amidst his fellows, his legs apart, the drink sloshing from his glass, his eyes sparkling behind his spectacles, his mouth ajar as he shouts into the ruddy, storming faces opposite him his considered views of insecticides and pruning forks.

By and large, the wives are similarly affected. There is hardly a vestige of femininity among them at a cruise gathering of this sort—their behavior hearty, their voices strident, and their clothes suitable for a ramble in the fens. A woman with any semblance of being fashionably

outfitted would be the wife of a motor-yacht owner or a "stinkpot skipper," as the sailing crowd would refer to him. Headroom below on motor-yachts is substantial enough to hang clothes their length and there is room for a mirror or two. The tackiest of the crowd are those off the small two- and three-ton sailing craft—where below-decks is as confining as a badger's warren. Whatever is worn is crumpled and strangely creased, as if pulled—which it probably has been—from a slightly damp seabag.

The wind had been brisk and steady that afternoon. Music was provided at The Elms party but it was impossible to hear above the tumult. The crowds swirled through the lofty rooms beneath huge canvases—themselves swirling with richly painted battle scenes, the immaculately garbed generals staring out from their proudly rearing mounts with fine disdain and withdrawal, as if the background scenes of carnage and cannonading were beneath notice, and what they saw in The Elms beneath dignity. Their contemporary counterparts in rank—the officers of the New York Yacht Club—moved below, far less resplendent in their dark blazers, black buttons with the anchor, and their barely visible black braid stripes of office at their sleeves. Some commodores touched up their drab dress for America's Cup Week: Winthrop Aldrich turned up with gold buttons on his blazer, a large and festooned crest emblazoned above one pocket, a handkerchief sprouting from the other. All officers, from the rank of commodore down, are proud of their yachting caps—a bit of braid, a crest—and these at The Elms party were carried by their owners rather than checked at the cloakroom; when the officers moved outside, through the French doors onto the terraces overlooking the lawns, the caps were slapped on with alacrity, and properly squared—as if perhaps head colds lurked in the warm fall afternoon.

Large stone statues dominate these terraces. The Berwinds enjoyed strife in their art—the battle scenes within and the statues on the grounds continue this motif: a large nude under harassment from a pair of satyrs, two stone lions, one carrying a dead bird, the other wrestling with an alligator. The sunset came, and for an instant it illuminated these friezes of combat and appetite—tipping the stone bird's plumage with a suggestion of its blood. Then the darkness fell to soften realism, and people set their drinks between the lions' paws.

Down at the end of the lawn, a subsidiary bar had been set up among the trees bordering the Italian garden. A favorite place for club officers

wearing their yachting caps. Lamps glowed there, and mosquitoes, fat and crippled into languor by the first cold snaps of the fall a few days before, rose up on their last raids in heavy swarms. Yachtsmen kept themselves busy whacking at them, catching them out of the air, stunning them off friends' collars and ears, so that viewed from afar, from the terraces, the crowd around the distant bar seemed engaged in violent argument—arms flailing in jabs and hooks. Everybody smoked down there, feeling the fumes might hinder the insect attacks, so that the feinting and flailing was carried on in heavy blue clouds of smoke—heightening the effect of combat.

Wearying all this, and Thames Street in Newport too—the harborside stretch of bars and restaurants, jammed all those nights of the Cup Race with celebrants from the New York Yacht Club. The Cameo was the Australians' favorite hangout—"The Royal Cameo," the place was christened after the Australians' victory in the second race. A riotous celebration was held there. The usual Navy Base clientele was crowded out—as it was throughout America's Cup Week—and went elsewhere, subdued by the ardor of yachtsmen ashore.

Finally, late at night, it is the sea itself—the dark mirror-calm reaches of it in Breton's Cove where the fleet of yachts lies at mooring—which snuffs out the boisterousness. There is nothing to echo the yachtsman's voice back at him—so that he is conscious as he bellows his farewells at dockside that his voice is taken in by the darkness and diffused. Then, suddenly utterly sober, he rows his dinghy for the *Springbok*, or *Argo*, or *Maltesa*, or *Sabrina*, or *Ulysses II*. His wife, sitting in the stern, points the way past his shoulder, and he adjusts his course accordingly. He rows easily, watching his oars puff up clouds of phosphorescence. In the smaller yachts the soft yellow light of kerosene lamps shines dully through the ports and vaguely up the companionway onto the underside of boom and furled mainsail. If the couple talk at all, they whisper, and as they pass they hear the tick of metal rigging high in the yachts moving imperceptibly but restlessly at their moorings. Once aboard his own craft, the owner checks the riding light, the set of the current, and the scope of his mooring before going below. The sea and its proper rituals have repossessed him.

THE Australians won the second race by 47 seconds—the first time a challenger has won a race in the America's Cup series since the Royal Yacht Squadron's *Endeavour I* won the

second race against *Rainbow* in 1934. The Australian boat, sailing on a broad reach, forged ahead halfway down the second leg of the triangular course in a move so swift it didn't seem to belong to yachting. She got an enormous following wave under her transom, kept it there, and seemed to coast along, downhill, like a surfer. It was an extraordinary thing to see. She caught and went by *Weatherly* in seconds. Ring Lardner has described yacht racing as about as exciting to watch as grass growing—and yet here, for one moment, at least, as *Gretel's* stern rose up and she went by *Weatherly* on that monster wave, it seemed as if a film clip of the two yachts was speeding through a runaway projector—and yacht racing suddenly took on the aspects of a hundred-yard dash or the twenty-four-hour car race at Le Mans.

On board *Gretel* one of her crew felt the yacht lift, tremble, and surge under him, and he let loose with a long bray of excitement, picked up and echoed by the rest—a wild cry that was swept across and heard by the inboard craft of the spectator fleet running parallel, certainly by *Weatherly* alongside; her crew, struggling with a balky spinnaker, looked up, startled, and saw *Gretel* planing by. Aboard *her*, at the wheel, Jock Sturrock was concentrating on his steering, and the excited shouting of his fellow Australians scared him; later he said that his first thought was of catastrophe—that the mast had gone out of his boat.

Despite the Australians' win, the spectator fleet diminished rapidly. Sir Frank Packer called for postponements after every race, stretching the series late into a second week, and yachtsmen—with regret, since the series was so evenly matched—began to pull out of Newport for home waters. Others, true yachtsmen for whom no other possibility existed, changed their plans, stayed on, and spent the lay-days at the slips, where they watched the competitors tinker with their yachts.

BAILEY'S BEACH, the exclusive beach club more properly known as the Spouting Rock Association, is situated on the curve of a small bay on the ocean end of Newport. Two or three hurricanes have swept in and almost demolished the low-lying clubhouse and myriad rows of cabanas, but the place has endured and last year expanded its plant with the construction of a large, controversial, and fancy swimming pool. Up to that time the members had been content with the ocean—though its temperature rarely gets into the seventies; it is com-

monly choked with long strands of kelp, and often sports a rich purple color which results from some bacteriological phenomenon—a true “wine-dark” sea. The swimming pool was installed only after an acrimonious debate between the traditionalists on one hand, who felt that such a thing would change the character of the club beyond repair, and a Young Turk contingent, which was done with emerging festooned with kelp from the cold, purple sea. The swimming pool, completed in July, two months before the America's Cup Race, had been a great success. Even the *grandes dames* of Newport, who with their parasols have walked the gentle curve of the promenade past the cabanas for decade on decade, now do their promenading around the pool.

President Kennedy would arrive at the beach with his children early—at eleven, a couple of hours before the promenading ritual—and the beach then, even on the most brilliant days, was usually deserted.

Of course, the Secret Service men were on hand—inconspicuous but present. Like chameleons they take on certain characteristics of their surroundings. When Eisenhower played at the Newport Country Club they fanned out ahead of his party disguised as caddies—carrying canvas golf bags which one could see contained two or three rusty irons and a wood alongside the wooden stock of a carbine. At Bailey's Beach, guarding Kennedy, they shifted into blazers and flannel trousers in order to blend in, but you could always distinguish them because they looked chilly—their blazers buttoned from top to bottom (to keep the armaments from view, presumably)—and somewhat forlorn . . . waiting for someone, it would seem, if one didn't know their function . . . waiting endlessly by the cabanas for some tennis date to show up.

The President usually stayed at the beach for a couple of hours, using his father-in-law's cabana, playing in the sand with his children. His son, John Jr., is at that stage where it takes very little in life to satisfy him. To be tumbled in the sand, or lifted in the air, or balanced on his father's knee is a thing of infinite pleasure. Walking, he kept his arms up to hold his balance, and he churned about rockily, usually wearing a large grin, with a tooth in it.

Caroline: another matter. She is bewitching. Far more successfully than the Secret Service, she has the gift of epitomizing, even emphasizing her surroundings—so that watching the Bolshoi at practice, for example, she is the essence of solemnity, and on the beach, her hair full of

sand, she is *its* creature—a *gamine's* moppet face, bright with high coloring, her eyes, large and blue, connected across the bridge of her nose by freckles brought back from the Italian sun that summer. Close to, these eyes inspect one with a sense of appraisal rather than curiosity, or the blandness that would be typical of her age, so that there is the tight feeling under her quick clinical scrutiny that one had better come up with something, and in a hurry—a rabbit, perhaps, produced from some inner pocket.

The President now found himself in this position—having to produce something for her to do.

Well, the President said (and one felt he was casting about), wouldn't it be fine if she raced down to the ocean and brought him back some seawater so he could test its temperature.

She set off instantly. She runs like a sprinter—back straight, head steady, only the underpinnings moving, and these churn at only one speed—top. She flew down toward the water, seventy or so yards away, calm that day, and purple as usual. She reached the water's edge, stooped, and came back across the sands, her hands cupped now—the seawater within, leaking out as she ran at top speed for her father. She reached him, went to her knees, and held out her hands. The exertion of her flight hadn't bothered her at all; she was hardly winded. The President leaned forward, put her thumbs apart, and peered in her palms.

A drop fell to the sand, the last of the seawater: the small open palms were damp, no more.

"Well, where's my seawater?" the President asked. He grinned at her.

His daughter looked at him. A torment was evident—frustration, perhaps, annoyance at being hoodwinked into what was evidently a Sisyphean task. She strained to decide what attitude to take—and then suddenly it came: the whole business was to be dismissed *instantly*. The past was to be put from mind, and only the future considered. She came up off her haunches, and said she wanted to show her father some "secret caves."

Where were these caves? the President wanted to know.

She pointed at a jumble of rocks at the end of the beach. She tugged at his hand.

The President looked and felt the "caves" were pretty far for him. He said he'd pay them a visit when she got them "cleaned up." Why wasn't that something to be seen to?

Reasonable enough that seemed, and his daughter hopped up on the cement promenade

and hastened past the row of cabanas toward the end of the beach. A friend joined her, and the two hurried along. On the walk, a few of the delicate parasols were out by then, swaying as their bearers turned to watch the two.

The President sat at rest in the sand. He watched his daughter move down the promenade; his section of beach was quiet. Then John Jr. appeared again—thumping sturdily through the sand toward his father. His grin, the tooth shining in it, was enormous. He fell down and got up again. The grin seemed to remain fixed throughout the tumble. But as he neared his father the grin suddenly vanished, his face worked briefly and it was evident he wanted to say something. His father leaned forward a trifle anxiously. Was there a request? A few words tumbled out past the single tooth, but they were unintelligible. Another attempt. Still unintelligible. The President seemed vaguely relieved. For a time, at least, a smile was all he had to cope with. Articulation was not yet there, though it would come, of course. The President lay back in the sand, lifted his child up on his knee, balanced him there, and looked up at him solemnly.

ON SUNDAY, September 16—a spectacularly beautiful day with a bright sun which sprouted dozens of parasols at Bailey's Beach—a race took place offshore, bitterly contested, part of it witnessed by the President, between the 27-ton Brigantine yacht *Black Pearl* and the 33-ton Boier cutter *Flevo*.

Ever since he's owned *Black Pearl*, Barclay (Buzzy) Warburton, has been stung by criticisms of his yacht's speed. ("Well, the point is can the damn thing go?") His yacht's lines are brave, she sports a square-rigged foremast, and Warburton is proud that in aspect at least it seems as if *Black Pearl* could well have served somewhere on the periphery of Henry Morgan's pirate fleet. He has tried repeatedly to rent her out as a pirate ship to motion-picture companies and can't understand why an enterprising writing team doesn't do a television series utilizing *Black Pearl* as heroine. It came as no surprise when Charles Wacker III, a Chicago businessman and master of the cutter *Flevo*, made some complimentary remarks at a cocktail party about *Black Pearl* ("Well, the point is can the thing float?") that Warburton, cut to the quick, offered to race against *Flevo*. He suggested as a stake a case of the "finest champagne," provided such a stake was equally matched by the *Flevo* people. Wacker—probably against his better judgment

since *Flevo* is of massively bulky design, sporting leeboards, and is described by some as a "gravy boat awash"—accepted the challenge, sent out for his case of champagne, persuaded the Marquis of Milford Haven to be his sailing master, and conscripted a crew which included Senator Pell of Rhode Island.

Mrs. Oates Lighter offered a cup to the winner providing that after the race it was used forthwith to dispense the stakes.

A race committee was formed. It hastened to point out in a directive handed both Warburton and Wacker that "there shall be placed on board the committee boat before the start two bottles of fair, amber Scotch whisky to insure a fair, if obscure, decision." The committee went on to say that it was open to a certain amount of bribery. Its directives were laden with regulations and restrictions, among them that neither craft could use for locomotion its engines, or powered bilge pumps; nor were flippered feet allowed to dangle over the side. Any failure to comply with the extensive rules meant that the offender would be sunk—the actual polite, if menacing, phrase used in the directives being "under penalty of loss of buoyancy."

The only interesting moments of the race were at the start. Warburton got *Black Pearl* on his opponent's tail—the favored position to hold—upon which Milford Haven tried to lure the deeper-drafted *Black Pearl* into shallow water—among the rocks—to shake him, if not to shipwreck him in there. But Warburton wouldn't bite, and with fine calculation he came away from his opponent so that at the starting-gun he held the windward position at the line, moving his boat steadily and well, and on the starboard tack.

"An absolutely classic start," he said a number of times afterwards, particularly when in the hearing of either Milford Haven or Charles Wacker, or any of the other *Flevo* crowd.

Flevo, despite her enormous mainsail, fell steadily behind at the start. She had some difficulty getting out of the trap she had laid for *Black Pearl*, and lost further ground when later, a few miles out, she had to tack frantically to avoid an incoming tanker which gave no indication of giving way. Both skippers have had trouble of this sort with ocean-going freighters and liners, and are beginning to think that ship's navigators take their antique craft for hallucinatory phenomena.

The course was a little over nine miles—to Beavertail Point, to Seal Ledge, and back to the Ida Lewis Yacht Club where the stake cham-

pagne was waiting, along with Mrs. Lighter's dispensing cup. *Black Pearl* crossed the finish line nearly fifteen minutes ahead of *Flevo*, which halfway down the last lap switched on her engines full-power—the excuse being that those aboard felt that extreme measures were called for to assure that they were on hand for the dispensing of stakes.

Senator Pell was asked to officiate at the prize ceremonies, to award the stakes, and be the first to utilize the cup. He declined, presumably on the grounds that his constituents might disapprove of photographs of him standing on a yacht-club lawn quaffing champagne from a silver tankard. When photographs were taken, Pell kept shrubbery between himself and the photographers. As for the champagne, he had that out of a Dixie Cup.

HOMEWARD bound, with one victory out of five races, the Australians could reflect on mistakes made during the series—some of them tactical, and one, which wasn't a mistake as much as bad luck, their decision to call a postponement or lay-day after every race, thus sacrificing, as it turned out, crisp sailing weather perfectly suited to their yacht's design.

Mainly, though, the Australians with fine justification can blame the loss of the series, not on their errors, but rather on the brilliant performance of their rival, Emil (Bus) Mosbacher, the American skipper.

Traditionally, for over a century, defending skippers have troubled the dreams of challengers. The figure of the great professional Charlie Barr—the laconic Scotsman who hand-motioned his enormous crews into action—was recurrent in Sir Thomas Lipton's dreams as destroyer of his lovely green *Shamrocks*. The towering J-boats *Rainbow* and *Ranger*, with Commodore Vanderbilt at the big-spoked wheel, discomfited the rest of T.O.M. Sopwith, owner and skipper of the two unsuccessful *Endeavours*. And now Bus Mosbacher—deeply-tanned under a long-brimmed yachting cap, his pleasant-featured face split with a bizarre grin of white grease smeared across his lips to keep them from blistering—has become the nightmare figure to plague the Australians.

And yet, as has always happened, these faces fade, to be replaced by the outlines of the ugly, odd-proportioned silver pitcher, bottomless, worthless even as a container, yet as beguiling nonetheless as a Siren, emerging to entice energy, time, money, and finally competition in its name off the shores of Newport. . . .

MIDGE DECTER

THE PEACE LADIES

They march (and weep and picket) for Peace with the noblest of emotions—but it isn't quite clear whom they are trying to persuade to do what . . . or how they picked up some rather curious company.

ON THE day following President Kennedy's announcement of the United States "quarantine" of Cuba, it was no surprise to find peace marchers gathered outside the United Nations. Nor was it surprising to anyone at all acquainted with the various peace groups that women representing an organization called Women Strike for Peace were among the first of these marchers to arrive. This particular group, during the year it has been in existence, had shown an impressive capacity for overnight mobilization, and by now its members well knew the way to Hammarkjold Plaza. Many of the women brought their babies and small children. They were opposed, they said, to unilateral action on the part of the United States; as for missile bases, they were against those all over the world; and they demanded that the Cuban question be brought immediately before the UN. They were demonstrating—as one of them explained—to help prevent a possible "nuclear holocaust."

In framing their proposals they had not seemed to find it necessary to consider either what Khrushchev was up to or whether the UN could in fact, as it had never done before, effectively settle a dispute between the Soviet Union and the United States. What they seemed mainly concerned to do was to register a protest against the dangers of the situation and to insist that these dangers must become the foremost consideration of American policy. This peculiar combination of energetic determination to act, political vague-

ness, and maternal emotionalism has characterized most of the activities of Women Strike for Peace.

The group came officially into being on November 1, 1961, with a demonstration in which some fifty thousand women in sixty communities throughout the United States took part. This first "strike"—or in the parlance of the peace movement, "action"—was a hastily, loosely put together affair, planned at the end of September by a small group in Washington who simply got in touch with acquaintances all over the country. The slogan for the demonstration was "End the Arms Race—Not the Human Race," and its main thrust was to announce that the mothers of America and undoubtedly those of the rest of the world were not going to stand idly by while governments deliberately pursued policies which threatened their children with disease and extinction.

No one who participated in this demonstration was asked to sign anything or commit herself to anything beyond the proposition that there must under no circumstances be a nuclear war. The demonstration in each community depended entirely on what the local group was willing and able to do. Some of them marched; some flooded Washington (and particularly Mrs. Kennedy) with telegrams and letters; some lobbied with local officials and government representatives; some took advertisements in the local press. All that was required was that they demonstrate simultaneously and call attention to this new voice of American womanhood.

Many of the women participating were already active members of established peace groups, like the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, or SANE. A number gravitated toward the Women's Strike from other liberal causes, such as civil rights and school desegregation. Many of the women, on the other hand, had never before been involved in anything more far-reaching than the local PTA. Very few had ever taken part in any public demonstration.

In Washington, on that first Strike day, no less than 750 women and at some point as many as 1,500 joined in the walk from the Washington Monument to the White House and the Soviet Embassy. They delivered a letter to Mrs. Kennedy and one to Madam Khrushchev, from "the women of America," appealing to them to join in the women's struggle for the survival of mankind.

The scope of the Strike apparently caught everyone by surprise, particularly those who organized it. And indeed, to have activated fifty

thousand women, even for one afternoon, by means of chain letters and telephone calls, without any formal membership lists, and in only a month's time, is a rather astonishing feat—one that in fact became the envy of the established peace groups. Nevertheless, if we look back to the late summer and early autumn of 1961, the women's response seems easily accountable.

It was a time for demonstrating. The world had just passed through the tensest moments of the Berlin crisis, moments that brought with them—for masses of citizens in the large metropolitan centers, at least—a new kind of hard confrontation with the possibility of war. During this time, many people first began concretely to visualize the consequences to themselves and their families of a nuclear attack. The air was filled with expressions of the feelings of powerlessness, and on the other hand, of the will to “do something.” The government announced its shelter program; and this announcement, though obviously intended more as a gesture in foreign and military policy than as a serious effort to find some way to protect the American populace, roused people to consider very directly the question of their own survival. And then the Russians resumed nuclear testing. Apart from dashing briefly nursed hopes that Kennedy would soon be able to effect a test-ban agreement with the Russians, this meant that there was going to be fallout to think about once more.

NO CRACKPOT DREAM

IT WAS to this general apprehension that the Strike made its appeal. “When I saw Dagmar Wilson’s ad saying, ‘Women Strike for Peace,’” explained Ruth Gage-Colby, a veteran member of the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom, “I said to myself, ‘This is different.’ If the ad had said Women for Peace, I’d have said, ‘God bless the ladies,’ and paid no further attention. But the word ‘Strike’ struck a chord with me.” Peace, it seemed, was finally coming to be seen as a genuine mass concern. The push toward disarmament was no longer to be counted as the crackpot dream of that lonely, marginal band of pacifists, guilt-ridden scientists, agitators, and do-gooders that to the popular imagination made up the peace movement.

The mood which the Women Strikers exploited so effectively had at the same time found the established peace groups somewhat wanting. Their years of being thrown so much upon themselves, in the midst of a hostile or at best indifferent public, had left them without that

looseness, that spirit of inclusiveness, that carelessness about specific issues which are necessary to attract masses of people in a state of high emotion and with a rather low level of political experience.

In addition, the women could count on the courtesy if not the sympathy of the press, police, and government officials: they were the mothers of America, acting out of anxiety for the welfare of their children. They might be considered misguided, but only a cad would impugn their motives.

Women Strike for Peace, then, was ideologically free to act quickly at the same time that it was sociologically in the position to remain respectable; and this gave it a very special opportunity. On November 8, 1961, a group of the leaders, with representatives from several cities, met and decreed that WSP would continue to exist in its present unorganized state. There would be “no national organization, no membership, no dues, no board; women [would] stay in touch informally and raise their own funds locally for local projects.”

The enormous waste of time and energy involved in this kind of anarchy was to be more than offset by certain advantages. The women would be free to work at the things, and with the people, most congenial to them. No one would be burdened with going “through channels” or struggling to impose her ideas on a whole organization. If the women in Detroit wanted to keep on organizing street demonstrations and marches, they were able to do so without having to overcome the disapproval of the national leader who announced, “It is time to stop walking and start working.” If the women of Evanston, Illinois, wanted to organize a project called “Pennies for Peace” whose beneficiary was to be the UN, they would not have to argue with someone who might feel this money could be better used elsewhere. If the women of Westchester decided to agitate for an eight-day consumers’ strike against milk after each nuclear test, they need not be deterred by a Philadelphia leader who thinks milk strikes both foolish and unfair, because “nuclear weapons, after all, and not the dairies create fallout.” In addition, members of WSP would be able to cooperate with other peace groups, or bring others in on their projects, without problems of jurisdiction.

Midge Decter's articles have appeared in "Harper's," "Partisan Review," and elsewhere. She has four children and lives in New York.

By far the most decisive advantage lies in the fact that if there is nothing to join and nothing to sign, there are no official policies to approve or disapprove and therefore no internal dissension—such as that which nearly tore SANE apart a few years ago when its national board required an anti-Communist declaration of all participating groups. (As one of WSP's Washington leaders put it, "We have some women who will only demonstrate before the Russian Embassy and some who will only demonstrate before the White House, and we can happily contain them both.") A woman, then, would be known to "belong" to WSP* simply if she said she did.

IDEOLOGIES UNLIMITED

IN January 1962, WSP "went" international, and became WISP. It is not exactly clear who its European affiliates are. By the women's account, international contacts, like the local ones, were made through letters and cables to personal friends abroad. WISP legend, however, appears to be carried a little too far at this point. The European "friends" are presumably leaders of peace groups in their respective countries and known through some established international group. In England, at any rate, the major contact has been Mrs. Diane Collins, the wife of Canon Collins, famous for his wide-ranging, if not promiscuous, sympathy with "worthy" causes.

On January 15 a year ago, there was an international women's "witness," celebrated as before in various ways in different places—but now including several European countries. The main demonstration was again in Washington, to which a peace train brought two thousand women, who marched around the White House in pouring rain, and then dispersed to visit their Congressmen. (Kennedy refused to meet them, but later said that he had seen them through the window and got their message.) Women in the rest of the country and Europe cabled, wired, and wrote. For WISP to become an international movement was a perfectly obvious development. Women who speak as women and mothers speak—by a logical extension—for the whole of mankind: if one's children are the issue, then matters of geography, political system, or even ideology seem irrelevant.

* The principle of decentralization seems to have been carried so far as to apply even to the name of the movement: some refer to themselves as Women Strike for Peace; others call themselves Women for Peace. For convenience I refer to the group—it is a single group—as WSP or WISP.

With at least one hundred communities in the United States boasting adherents of WISP, late in January 1962, a national monthly newsletter appeared. A twelve-page, legal-size, mimeographed publication, each issue carries a long editorial, usually on the larger social, economic, or spiritual implications of peace work, reports of the past month's activities listed community by community, national requests or announcements, appeals for cooperation and/or advice.

The monthly reports cover the whole gamut of activities available for peace work: demonstrations, political lobbying, organizing research and study groups, placing material in the press, inviting lecturers, raising funds, petitioning the President and Capitol Hill, distributing leaflets, letter-writing campaigns, and door-to-door canvassing. Each group has engaged in virtually all of these activities, with some specializing in a pet project: for example, the women of Mount Vernon, New York, have concentrated on the problems of radiation and food contamination, and have prepared studies, fact sheets, petitions with a view, among other things, to pressuring dairies and certain food packagers to install decontamination equipment.

The specific political content of all these activities, however, is left to the discretion of the women themselves. Consequently for most of the women there is no such content. In the words of Mrs. Dagmar Wilson,* one of the founders of WISP and by acclaim, if not by election, its national president, "Most women would probably rather be active in areas that affect their daily lives—the PTA, the local art clubs, and the like. But when your destiny appears to be decided in ways opposite from the way you want it to go, you've got to get out there and concern yourself with it."

Some of the women, to be sure, operate from fully developed political attitudes. In certain communities a leading member of the group may be a long-standing member of SANE. Elsewhere one will find a woman imbued with the kind of personalist radicalism that informs the Committee for Nonviolent Action (whose work carries the implications of a pacifist social order), or a woman committed to thinking through the radical technological and economic consequences of disarmament. For these women, working in WISP represents an opportunity to direct the restless energy of thousands of their fellow women to serious and substantial goals.

But by and large the women of WISP admit-

* As reported by Alvin Shuster in *The New York Times Magazine*, May 6, 1962.

tedly concern themselves with nothing but the prevention of nuclear war. It is this absence of political engagement from below and political policy-making from above—one of the group's most attractive features to its members and leaders alike—that makes WISP peculiarly vulnerable to a certain kind of unrecognized political appeal.

On Sunday, February 18, 1962, Madam Khrushchev in a broadcast appeal for peace specifically hailed WISP. In reply to an inquiry by NBC, Mrs. Wilson said: "We think that Madam Khrushchev made a sincere speech. Why should we not take it at face value as she did our words to her, instead of labeling it as propaganda?" There is no reason to suppose that Madam Khrushchev and Russian women in general want peace and fear war any less than their American counterparts. There was, however, much reason for the women to understand that the Russians would quite naturally respond to communications from WISP in terms of their own interests. Such an understanding could quite properly make no difference to WISP's—or any other peace group's—activities for peace; but it might have chastened some of the confidence with which the Washington women had on January 8 received a message from a group of Soviet women in Moscow under the direction of Madam Olga Chechetkina. The language of that message could not, to any experienced eye, appear as anything but propaganda. Paragraph four says:

Expressing the will and the interests of all Soviet people, our government, in recent years, has been bending every effort and continues to do so now in order to normalize the international situation and to put into effect general and complete disarmament under effective international control. The Soviet Union has repeatedly reduced its armed forces, liquidated its military bases in foreign countries, and did not conduct any nuclear weapons tests for a period of three years.

This is not the kind of message, one can safely assume, that WISP on its part would send to the women of Russia.

A further display of vulnerability—in this case, both political and female—took place among a WISP delegation to Geneva in April. This trip by fifty of its members from thirty-five communities in the United States was a crucial moment in the life of the group: there they came face to face with international politics and the problems of foreign policy.

In commenting on Madam Khrushchev's speech, Mrs. Wilson had also expressed her hope that Kennedy and Khrushchev would each ap-

point a woman to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, the implication being that women could more easily communicate across bloc barriers than men. When no official appointment was forthcoming, the women elected to go to Geneva on their own, for one week, and canvass the delegations. The Geneva peace plane was yet another tribute to the commanding vitality of WISP. For an organization so new, even though so enthusiastic, to have sparked the local raising of fifty times the \$350 fare (from New York City to Geneva) was no mean feat.

BIOLOGICAL PACIFISM

THE two "stars" of the delegation, at least for the press, were Mrs. Cyrus Eaton and Mrs. Martin Luther King. Each of them made a little statement before boarding the plane. Mrs. Eaton said that she had come to know many Russians and was confident that, with the right moves on our part, an agreement could be reached. Mrs. King, admitting that she had had no previous connection with WISP, explained that both she and her husband believed in the principle of nonviolent resistance. The fifty women were to be met in Geneva by fifty-one from England, France, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Canada, Austria, West Germany, and the Soviet Union.

They went to Geneva not so much as Americans, or as people holding certain beliefs, but as women. They went there to be heard from as representatives of more than half of the world's population; women, who are daily involved almost by biological definition in what are the true, deep issues of life—food, shelter, care of the young. Over and over again, WISP members use terms like this excerpt from a letter from Mrs. Christine Hughes of Claremont, California:

Before becoming a mother . . . I felt that the Hiroshima bomb was quite justified, that the Russians were pretty evil in intention . . . After a while some doubt crept into my mind . . . I sensed a futility about the situation and had nightmares about nuclear war. (This, after becoming a mother.)

The women had, of course, briefed themselves about the particular issues at stake in Geneva; they were preparing to speak to power in the way that power would respect. Yet this way was clearly not one for which they themselves showed much respect. Their strength, however small or great it might prove to be, lay with the simplicities of life and death and not with the complexities of policy. They visited all seventeen

delegations to the Disarmament Conference. They met with Ambassadors Zorin and Dean. They expressed their consternation at the mutual suspicion that was—so they were told by members of the neutral delegations—the major stumbling block to agreement between the Russians and Americans. They devised a plan for talking the American government into closing down a U. S. base near Russian territory ("Just one would give faith!" Semyon Tsarapkin was reported to have said in response to the idea) and converting it to an international cultural center. Madam Chechetkina was on hand to represent Russian women—still unrecognized in her time-honored and rather famous identity as an official of the secret police and the Party. And together with Madam Chechetkina and the Europeans, they drafted a statement which announced that they, "representatives of different ideologies and social systems," had met in Geneva to express the "hopes and fears of all women. . . ."

One cannot perhaps blame these women for their impatience with the details of policy and strategy, for putting things so simply. But behind this simplicity lies the possibility of another kind of simplicity—one well remembered from the 'thirties and early 'forties in this country and for which the liberal community subsequently paid a catastrophic price in disillusionment and demoralization. In a report on the Geneva trip which appeared in the *Independent Political Forum News* of Rochester, New York, Mrs. Mary Grooms recorded this bit of "human interest":

Later that morning Olga Chechetkina marched with us the two miles to the Palais des Nations to present the International Statement. She had explained that, in the U.S.S.R., they don't march. Yet there she was, trudging along with us "capitalist" women, led by an American Quaker in complete Quaker silence. I thought it must be difficult for her.

In addition to the tenderness of mind that is bred in a situation where everyone is equally free to make statements and everyone else free to feel no responsibility for them, there are certain intellectual indulgences that WISP members, simply as women, tend to claim for themselves. "We left Geneva," ends the account of the trip appearing in the newsletter for April 19, "feeling we had made Mr. Dean and Mr. Zorin, for a short while at any rate, aware of the grave responsibilities for mass survival."

Now, there is very little overt female chauvinism or "feminism" to be found in WISP. Naturally, some members like to point to the fact that men have always played irresponsibly with

human life while women have always protected it. Most of the women, however—and particularly the leaders—say that they have very little use for "ladies' societies" as such. The femininity of WISP, in their opinion, is simply an effective instrumentality: women have more free time for the work than men have and can make a more straightforward appeal; and, in the words of Mrs. Shirley Lens of Chicago, "They are not afraid of crying and don't have to take the posture of being 'strong.' And furthermore, they don't have to be logical, but can be emotional. This is an accepted image."

Nevertheless, collectively WISP has often brought itself to that pitch of rhetoric at which it can speak of bringing men and the world back to reality—or of having made the ambassadors of two contending great powers "aware" of "grave responsibilities." Any movement that speaks for mothers, it seems, is bound in some way or other to leave rather ragged the question of fathers. (At Idlewild on send-off day one placard bore the inscription, "Our Mommy is Going to Geneva 'Cause She Wants Us to Grow Up Not Blow Up. P.S. Our Daddy Feels the Same Way.")

In the end, their being a women's movement has not only served to make their motives unimpeachable in the eyes of, say, the press and police; it has come to make them so in their own eyes as well. It was a simple matter for WISP to send a letter of appeal to Soviet women and receive a reply; they did not have to consider that in their eagerness to sound the voice of woman-kind they might be offering an opportunity for the dissemination of someone else's rather crude propaganda. For them, all that mattered was that women who were "representatives of different ideologies and social systems" were able to get together and reaffirm their common humanity. Somewhere in all this there is the hint that the issues of international conflict are not only not women's business, but are something of a fraud.

WHAT MAKES THEM STRONG

THE deliberate abdication of political responsibility that is exemplified in the "Geneva spirit" of WISP goes hand in hand with the group's immense vitality. By making the right demands—or rather, by leaving exactly the right demands unmade—the movement has been able to hook into the issues of war and peace some of that enormous hoard of civic energy that had been dormant in the U. S. for two decades.

The past couple of years have witnessed a

rather sudden explosion of all those yearnings for activism that had been quelled by the complicated, gray years of the Cold War or sent into hiding by McCarthyism. Whatever the reasons for this—and there are several—it seems clear that WISP has hit on an old, familiar, and all too easily successful way of tapping this new source of energy.

Once before, in the declining days of the New Deal and during World War II, liberals depended on their good-heartedness and right-mindedness to take them through the knotty problems of domestic politics and foreign relations. At home, one could rest comfortably in the fervid support of such now firmly established social devices as trade unionism and government regulation; while abroad one had only to defeat fascism and further the causes of all those who spoke the language of social progress. Once before, liberals were complacent enough about the sheer nobility of their goals to permit everyone who called himself a friend to *be* a friend. Once before, liberals lived in that political Eden in which good and bad were defined by God and one had only to opt for the good to be relieved of the need to make any further distinctions. (One of the more depressing aspects of the current situation is how much it reminds one of the almost pathological incredulity with which large segments of the liberal community greeted revelations about such things as the Moscow trials and over a decade later Soviet espionage in the U. S. in general, and Alger Hiss in particular.)

In any case, the end of World War II found most "liberals" of this variety unwilling to face the reality of Soviet expansionism, and therefore utterly unprepared to think productively about America's position in the long, hard contention for power that followed from it. And the result, when the cold facts of power could no longer be evaded, was the eventual attrition and demoralization of American liberalism that contributed so much to the career of Senator McCarthy. For the Senator could only have been able to work his kind of terror on people already cowed and weakened by their own inability to recognize and admit their mistakes. This inability stemmed then—as it stems now among so many members of the peace movement—from reliance on a system of total righteousness: with the very first error, the whole system collapses; error must therefore be denied or one must give up.

In the several months that have passed since the return of the WISP delegation from Geneva, members of the movement have busied themselves with such things as propagandizing about

fallout, possible plans for disarmament, converting the national economy to peace, etc. Greater emphasis has been placed on distributing leaflets and literature—some of it the fruits of the women's own study—on these questions; sponsoring lectures, study groups, public discussions; and, in the recent elections, campaigning for the several "peace party" candidates.

Last December—probably as the aftermath of their posture during the Cuban crisis—some of WISP's leaders were summoned before a special subcommittee of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Several women made headlines by declining, on constitutional grounds, to say whether they were or had been Communists. Mrs. Wilson calmly told a UPI reporter that in a group as large as hers there were bound to be some current or former Communists taking part. But this didn't worry her, she said, because Communists "just like everyone else" are frightened over what might happen to the world if there is nuclear war.

Whatever one may think of HUAC's or WISP's position on this occasion, neither has helped illuminate the question that must trouble anyone in basic sympathy with the impulses behind the current peace movement—namely, what can such movements do that is both meaningful and beneficial?

One has heard it remarked, for instance, that even if the Russians were to accept the United States disarmament proposals, it is far from certain that the President could rely on the United States Senate's doing so. Under such circumstances, nothing less than a firm and enlightened and vocal public opinion could provide him with the necessary mandate. The creation of such a public voice in these times, however, is serious and responsible work—requiring at least as much of the dispassionateness that comes with knowing the conditions are real and the alternatives few as of the moral passion that comes with knowing *some* alternative must be found. The hurry, and the intellectual ease, with which the women responded last fall to the delicate and complicated question of Cuba will not serve to make them the kind of salutary influence on the public mind that they wish to be; more important, neither hurry nor ease is likely in the nature of things to serve the cause of peace in any way at all.

Precisely because the issue is one of life and death, the liberal dream of Eden becomes all the more dangerous. And least of all does it behoove Eve to claim the right of return to that vanished paradise of innocence.

How to succeed at writing by trying very hard

A British army officer converts himself into a best-selling American novelist—by learning en route how not to make a fortune out of short stories, and how to iron pleats in a little girl's dress.

On a rainy day in April 1948, while going about my business (drumming up clients for a tour of the Himalayas) I received word that *The New Yorker* would like to interview me for a possible piece in "The Talk of the Town." I had been in the United States two months, each day walking the streets of Manhattan and explaining my tour to ten or fifteen travel agents, each night sitting in my room in a humble hotel on East 31st Street, staring at the wall or writing to my wife back in England.

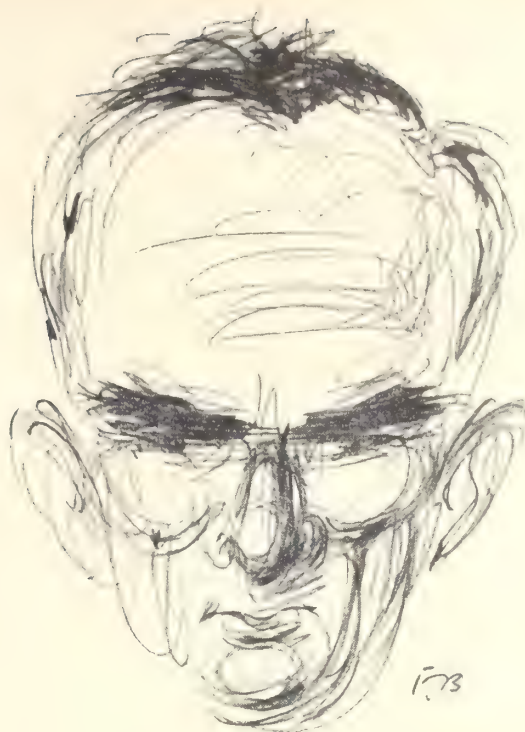
I telephoned an eager acceptance to *The New Yorker* and the next day, wearing my hairiest Harris tweed, met Rex Lardner in the Long-champs under the Empire State Building. Lardner was a good host and a good journalist. He stood me two martinis and a decent lunch, none of which I could then afford, and accomplished the interview with rapidity and no pain. Who was I? (Lieutenant Colonel John Masters, D.S.O., O.B.E., p.s.c., 4th Prince of Wales's Own Gurkha Rifles, on leave pending retirement; thirty-three years of age.) Where had I come from? (India,

by way of England.) What was I doing? (Trying to find a niche in civilian life, after fourteen years as a regular officer of the Indian Army. At the moment—organizing a conducted tour to the Himalayas.) How was it going? (It wasn't.) Why had I come to the United States? (Land of opportunity.)

His duty done, Lardner turned the conversation to more general subjects. We discussed movies, and the two martinis gave me a biting eloquence. I described that very specialized and peculiar world, the Hollywood Orient, with examples and apt illustrations. I wished I had spent my time there, instead of in the humdrum reality. Lardner laughed quite a lot, and said, "Why don't you write that up? It's pretty funny." We parted.

The First \$100

Nothing ever came of his piece for "The Talk of the Town," though I suppose he went back to his office and wrote it. I too returned to my "office"—my bedroom—and wrote a piece, but mine changed my life. Hollywood's bogus India was one of the reasons I could not interest people in seeing the real thing. My weeks of frustration found vent in two thousand barbed words. The next day I sent the piece to Lardner, asking him to forward it to his agent if he thought it worthwhile. He replied that he did not use an agent, but had sent the piece to a well-known one, whom I shall call George King. I put the whole thing



By John Masters

out of my mind and returned to walking my average of one hundred blocks a day, and explaining to one travel agent out of every three that the Himalayas were nowhere near Miami.

Three days later Mr. King invited me to call on him in his office, where he handed me a letter from Edward Weeks, the editor of *The Atlantic*. He was delighted to take my piece, and would pay \$100. I felt faint. The piece was very short and my only two previous attempts at nonofficial writing had earned me \$5 (*The United Services Journal*, India, 1937, for some thoughts about infantry dress) and \$20 (the *British Field*, 1938, for describing how I shot a tiger). Mr. King invited me to be at ease and offered me a cigar. Then, leaning back in his chair, he said it was his opinion I might be able to make a living by writing. He told me about the possible rewards and did not omit to mention the pitfalls, asked me to show him some more examples of my work, and escorted me to the elevator.

Back in the hotel I thrust my Himalayan files under the bed and settled down to think. Mr. King wanted more of my work. There was none, except a rather esoteric little thing entitled *The Handling of Machine Guns and Pack Artillery in Mountain Warfare*, and a few poems of the kind that every infantry officer keeps in his knapsack alongside his field marshal's baton. Very well, I would have to write something. But should I become a writer? I considered for a moment the counterpart of that question—*could* I become a writer?—but soon dismissed that as a waste of time. Only actual writing could answer it, so the

Since "*Nightrunners of Bengal*," mentioned in this article, John Masters has had seven other books published, including "*Bhowani Junction*" and his new novel, "*To the Coral Strand*." Born in India of English parents, Mr. Masters attended Sandhurst and returned to India to join the Indian Army. During World War II, he fought in Iraq, Syria, Iran, and Burma. He came to the U. S. after Indian Emancipation.

question fell back into its original form: should I write?

For many generations members of my family had worked only in pensionable employment. The economic insecurity of writing was as strange and frightening to me as the wars, mountains, deserts, loneliness, and separation which had been my habitat would have been to most other people. On the other hand, a writer was his own master, and that I liked. The army in my day was not a nine-to-five occupation. One worked very hard for a time, then very little. Above the lowest ranks a man had certain responsibilities but how he discharged them was his business. This applied with greater force to writing. . . .

But in the army I had dealt with men as well as words, with physical as well as mental hurdles. There had been hours at a desk, but there had also been hours in the open air, under the sun, in snow and rain. When I, or my superiors, or Fate, set me a task, I could exercise my whole personality in the achievement of it. I could write explanations and orders; I could harangue and debate and argue and plead; I could go out and

physically prove my point by demonstration or example. All my senses were engaged in my work—I could smell sweat and blood and cordite and oil. I could see dawns and dusks and the look on a tired man's face. I could hear bugles and the voices of men at play—the men to whom I was bound in a common purpose. I could taste rice and *dal* and dust and the rum ration. I could feel the pack on my back and the texture of a soldier's hand, helping me up some steep place. All this I must give up, to work only through words on paper.

Lesson Number Two

And yet through reading words on paper, I had sailed with Hornblower and felt the decks heaving under me; and prodded Modestine over the grassy slopes of the Cévennes; and grasped longingly at the enormous concepts Bertrand Russell had tried to put within my reach. Surely these writers, and a thousand others, had experienced fulfillment, knowing what they had given to such as me. Why should there not be an equal fulfillment for me in transmitting my own experience and imagination and thought to others?

In theory, then, yes, I would like to be a writer. But I had a wife and two small children to support. I had a small pension, \$840 a year. I also had a larger lump sum to compensate me for the loss of my army career and enable me to train for a new one. Together, they should enable us to live in the United States for about three years without earning another cent. Allowing six months to try for other employment if I failed, I would devote two-and-a-half years to succeeding as a writer—succeeding financially, I meant. No human being now alive, certainly no clique or single critic, had the power to award any other kind of success, for that is the prerogative of following generations. I did not for a moment consider taking some other job and writing in my spare time. I have a one-track mind, and if I were to do that I knew I would concentrate on the job, and never write.

I cabled Barbara, telling her to bring the children over in June; by then I would have a house in the country for us. I telephoned Mr. King, informing him that I was about to become a writer. Then I turned to the typewriter and began to write.

I wrote articles about India and my experiences since arriving in the United States. I satirized radio, advertising, and glossy magazines in the manner of my piece on the movies. I wrote short stories, mainly of violent action in the Far East. With one exception (a short story bought by *Argosy* for \$100, which no longer seemed so much money to me), they were all rejected.

I did not despair, though the unreasonableness

of the editors amazed me. Rereading those pieces I see that they were, as I thought at the time, at least as well written as work that did get published, but the editors must have found the subject matter and point of view quite baffling. I wrote with total objectivity. I knew that my characters were having thoughts and emotions, but I hoped to imply rather than explain them. That aim is a good one, but I did not have the technique to choose the acts which would carry implication as well as fact, and the editors found my work violent, abrupt, and pointless. (That is, when they bothered to give a reason for their rejection. I thought, bitterly and often, I wouldn't treat a delinquent second lieutenant the way editors treated unknown writers: a man's work deserves attention, however bad it is, and his faults deserve explanation, however harsh, or how can he improve?)

My short stories suffered from labored plots, and above all from plot twists or gimmicks, in the classic O. Henry or Maugham manner. I knew about mood pieces, of course—I had been reading *The New Yorker* since 1937—and sometimes wrote one. But selling the mood of a Gurkha soldier, or a British colonial, is a different thing, here, from selling the mood of an intelligent child in a Brooklyn slum or an Iowa farmhouse. My short stories also failed through my absolute inability to follow the obviously successful patterns. For months I studied the magazines. The fiction was, in my opinion, unspeakable. One women's magazine contained three short stories in each issue. One was always about a girl having trouble getting a husband, the second about a young woman having trouble with her husband's family, and the third about an older woman having trouble with her husband. It always came out all right. The pattern looked easy enough to follow, but it wasn't. It was impossible, for me, and God knows I tried. The valuable lesson I learned was that no one can write well unless he is involved with his work. There are writers who can involve themselves with what is essentially soap opera—the name of Dickens comes at once to mind—but I could not.

The Curious Ways of Publishers

Barbara and the children arrived, July arrived, and I had sold only the one piece. One twelfth of my available time gone and no discernible progress. My agent suggested I write a book. The idea frightened me. Short pieces took up only so many days each and the returns were rapid. But a book . . . that meant sinking months, perhaps years, into one project. And I had no idea how long it would take. Surely the laws of arithmetic—150,000 words divided by my daily output—did not apply to a real *book*, in hard covers? I had

too much respect for books to believe it. And the book might fail, after all my effort. But no one was buying the short pieces, anyway. . . .

Now, to tip the scales, Mr. King told me that a publishing house was interested in me. The firm was the Dial Press, and over lunch they explained their idea. I should write a new *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. They thought there was a considerable interest in India, aroused by the war and India's recent independence, added to the pre-existing nostalgia for Kipling-style heroics, Gunga Din, *pukka sahibs*, and the rest. I didn't altogether agree about the public interest, but they must know better than I did and perhaps the book buying public was different. I accepted at once, explaining that while I could not write *Bengal Lancer* over again, I could tell my own story, which in some ways was more exciting and varied than Yeats-Brown's . . . but there would be no yoga in it. I promised to let them have a couple of chapters, and a résumé of the rest of the book, within a month.

I rushed home to New City across the Hudson and started scribbling notes on all that had happened to me in India. But, to make a book—where to begin? What to put in? More important, what to leave out? What was the story I was trying to tell? If I could pin that down, it would solve all the other questions. I worked with such concentration that when Barbara called me to meals I would stand up, feel dizzy, and have to hold onto the table for support; but I had the two chapters, and the résumé, and a working title (*Brutal and Licentious*) ready in three weeks.

The Dial Press were pleased—not quite enthusiastic but definitely optimistic. My agent and I asked for a \$1,500 advance to enable me to finish the book. The publishers thought \$1,000 would be enough. I did not need the money at this time, but I did need assurance of a publisher's genuine interest. That meeting was on a Thursday, and it was agreed that we should have a decision on Monday.

On Monday the decision was No: not \$1,500—not \$1,000—nothing. I was hurt and angry. I had not been deceived, for no promise had been made or broken, but the sudden reversal from

definite interest to no interest was too sudden and apparently reasonless for me, innocent of publishing ways, to stomach.

There was a reason, of course, and George King ferreted it out a couple of months later. It appears that over the weekend the Dial people had been entertaining a British publisher, Victor Gollancz. They told him about me, and Mr. Gollancz frightened them with warnings that retired lieutenant colonels were two a penny, none of them could write, and most were probably neo-Fascists.

I decided that I would make Mr. Gollancz regret his advice, and make the Dial Press wish that they had had the courage of their convictions. I set to work with savage energy, buoyed up by revenge as well as hope, and finished the book in two months. It was then turned down by nine publishers in a row—a sort of perfect game, I guess. I put it away in a bottom drawer and considered the future.

Plan for Thirty-five Novels

I had learned that writing a book was easier, for me, than writing short stories or articles. I liked the space, the chance to develop situations and people and incidents in my own way. And in fact I was writing faster and better.

So I would write another book, this time a novel. What about? It must be a subject which interested me, or it would certainly be bad—this I had learned. It must stand a reasonable chance of interesting other people, or I would starve—this was self-evident, though I had noticed that a good writer could interest people in almost anything. Finally, it must not be a flash in the pan, a single book. To write one successful book and then run dry would be psychologically worse than total failure.

After weighing these factors I decided to write about the British in India. There was plenty of time—three hundred years—and plenty of space. There were many areas of conflict around which to build novels, into which to put characters. There was a great variety of themes, ranging from sheer adventure through politics and social



problems to mysticism and the occult. A quick survey gave me thirty-five possible subjects, certainly enough to assure me that I would not run dry. At the same time the idea came to me to give the novels continuity by linking them with the history of one family.

Now to choose the subject of the first novel . . . This decided itself. The Indian Mutiny of 1857 was the great tragedy of the whole British-Indian relationship; it offered tremendous scope for narrative, which I already knew was my strongest suit; and it would enable me to say much that I wanted to say about England and India, and about relationships between people and among people. My only doubt was whether I was ready to tackle so important a subject. I would have preferred to leave it until I was more assured and, I hoped, better. But a man in that position is not free to choose his ammunition: he must use the best available, the first time, or he may not survive to fire another shot.

I sat down and (as I always did—and do) reduced the object of the work to one sentence. In this case it was: "To tell an exciting story about the Indian Mutiny, which will also give an accurate feel of the time, and underline that hatred breeds hatred." Then I spent some hours finding a title that would combine the ideas of action, mystery, India, and the theme; and came up with *Nightrunners of Bengal*. Finally I wrote the book, completing it in about six months and three drafts. While writing it, my dizzy fits became more pronounced and I usually had to lie down for twenty minutes before eating, and then did not feel hungry. My working frenzy was largely due to Mr. King's accounts of the growing interest in my novel by Doubleday.

When the final draft was finished I wrote on the last page the words which I have since written at the end of every book, as a kind of talismanic injunction and prayer: "*Nunc dimittis*." . . . I also began now what has become another custom—before getting up from the table I put a fresh sheet of paper in the typewriter, and on it typed the title of my next book or a few words describing what it was going to be about, followed by the hortatory words, "by John Masters." Having thus offered myself a reassurance, a threat, and a promise, I rushed the manuscript of *Nightrunners* off to George King, Doubleday, and glory.

A week later, I heard that acceptance was assured. The editor who had read it was enthralled and the book had only to pass the editorial board. A week after that, I received word that Doubleday had rejected it.

This time I couldn't find a villain, except the publishing system. The editor had fought with might and main for the book, but had been outvoted. My reaction, not quite so illogical or unfair as it sounds, was to change my agent. The

trouble was that George King had the same values about writing in general and my work in particular that I did. He had felt as sure as I that the autobiography not only deserved to sell, but would sell. Neither the elevated expectations nor the shocking setbacks were his fault, but they had happened, and I could stand no more. I needed an agent of dyspeptic mien, uncompromising pessimism, and vanilla-American views. This is not at all what I got, for on the recommendation of a neighbor, A. J. Balaban, I went to Paul Small and he put me in the care of Miriam Howell.

Miriam read *Nightrunners*, thought it had possibilities, and started it on the rounds of the publishing houses. It came back, ten times. Now it was November 1949, a year and a half had passed since I started writing. I was well into the second novel (*The Deceivers*), we were using up money faster than I had calculated, and I had sold nothing more except a piece to *Field and Stream*, for \$300.

Breaking into the Films

I now did two things which had vital consequences. At tea in a friend's apartment, I met a young man who was in the Army Signal Corps Film Unit. He told me about some of the training films the Signal Corps were making. One of them, I recall, was on the embalming of corpses, and another on the love life of the rat, but most were on less recherché military subjects. It seemed to me that the men who wrote the films must spend a great deal of time learning what they were supposed to be teaching. Why, I asked, didn't they try it the other way round—hire a man who knew the subject but might have to be taught the writing?

A few days later, I found myself explaining my background and qualifications to a Signal Corps colonel. As a result the Corps commissioned me to write a training film on "Operations of the Tank Battalion in the Reconnaissance Role."

This I could have done in my sleep, as I had prepared half-a-dozen playlets, demonstrations, and maneuver situations on just this theme when an instructor at the British Army Staff College only two years earlier. I had to find out what the U.S. tactical doctrine was, details of organization and weapons, and, of course, the actual language used by an American officer where I knew that his British counterpart would pick up the microphone and say, "Hack on, old boy." For this the film unit sent me down to Fort Knox for a week, as they would have sent any writer on the project.

There I presented my outline script to a dazed and slightly suspicious committee of lieutenant colonels—I think they believed I was a spy—had it accepted, filled in the details, and went home, having earned \$800.

The importance of this episode was that it convinced me I could earn a living somehow, somewhere, in this great republic. The Signal Corps seemed pleased, and even if there were to be no more such opportunities—well, I could sweep the streets of snow, or empty trash baskets in a National Park. We all liked it here. We could manage, somehow.

My second decisive act, committed just after returning from Fort Knox, was to give the manuscript of *Nightrunners* to Keith Jennison. Keith had recently left William Sloane Associates and joined the Viking Press. He was a personal friend and I had so far not shown him any of my work, since I believe that friendship should not be taxed by professional duty. However, by now I was desperately convinced that *Nightrunners* was worth publishing, and that the publishing business was full of nitwits and scoundrels. After a few cocktails at a party I backed Keith into a corner and told him my tale. He agreed to read *Nightrunners*.

Nothing happened for a long time, and I made a point of asking no questions, as it soon became obvious to me that Viking was being rent by the same sort of internal schism that had troubled Doubleday and Dial. Meantime a garment-manufacturing friend had offered Barbara a job as secretary-receptionist, at a good starting salary. She is an excellent typist and a most capable woman, and, as our friend pointed out with a grin, it would do him no harm to have someone so obviously genteel and Gentile in the front office, if only as a conversation piece. But if she accepted the offer she must stay with the firm for at least a year. We asked for two weeks to make up our minds. To be ready for anything, Barbara taught me to darn, sew, and iron. (I

could already cook.) I enjoyed ironing, particularly after I had mastered the ironing of the pleats in Susan's dresses. Those pleats gave me a real sense of achievement. I might not be able to write, I might soon be living on my wife's moral earnings, but by God I could command an infantry division in battle and I could iron a little girl's pleats.

Viking accepted *Nightrunners*, and gave me a sizable advance, two days before the deadline for Barbara's accepting the secretarial job. She turned it down, with thanks and some regret.

A light had appeared in the forest. Barbara went back to ironing the pleats and I went back to *The Deceivers* on a whole-time instead of a part-time basis.

That spring, 1950, I saw advertised in the *New York Times* a seaside house for rent in Maine—\$120 the season. The band leader at the local country club offered to sublet our house for \$500 the season. Clearly, we could not afford not to take a holiday. Besides, Maine had always fascinated us, and on June first off we went in our new (used) car, with Susan in the back seat chanting, "God made the trees, God made the water, God made the land, God made everything . . . except our furniture."

On June 12 Keith Jennison telephoned from New York with the news that the Literary Guild had selected *Nightrunners* as their choice for January 1951. My share of the guarantee would be \$16,500. The little light in the forest now shone not from a log cabin but from a well-appointed Author's Residence. I had succeeded in my aim, with three months to spare. I would soon be the author of one published work, and that bound in hard covers. It remained to become a writer. I went out to dig some clams.

Situation Hopeless, as Usual

The last accounts from America are disastrous in the extreme for the Washington Government and the States it represents. The position of the Northerners has become one of great peril. A series of bloody and terrible defeats would appear to have placed them almost at the mercy of their adversaries. Their armies have been everywhere driven back after severe fighting and with heavy loss; all their Generals one after another have been beaten and discredited; and their capital is threatened with immediate capture and possible destruction. The Confederates appear to have crossed the Potomac; by this time they are probably in full possession of Maryland, and are in a position to attack Washington from the North and Philadelphia from the South. As our readers well know, we never believed in Federal success, but we were not prepared for such signal and decisive Federal failure. The subjugation of the South we always felt convinced was an utterly impracticable enterprise; but we certainly never expected that it would be in the power of the South to dictate the terms of separation as well as to insist upon the fact of independence.—*The Economist*, September 20, 1862

Congressman Aspinall vs. The People of the United States

How one stubborn man, entrenched in a powerful committee chairmanship, can defy the will of Congress and jeopardize a national asset of incalculable value.

THIS spring Congressman Wayne N. Aspinall of Colorado intends once more to use his position as Chairman of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs to frustrate the expressed will of the American people. Specifically, he is determined to block passage of the Wilderness Bill and to substitute his own personal plan for disposition of our public lands: a plan which, in the words of the *New York Times*, "Instead of helping preserve the unspoiled areas for future generations . . . would encourage their invasion and exploitation." He makes no secret of this; he has already revealed his strategy in an open letter to President Kennedy.

If you think that he can't get away with it—if you believe that a single Congressman can't defy both his colleagues and the public at large—you underestimate Mr. Aspinall. Last summer he did exactly that. Before his committee was a Wilderness Bill approximately identical to the one that passed the Senate in 1961 by the overwhelming vote of 78 to 8. Passage in the House seemed assured. What happened? Under Aspinall's direction, the bill was hog-tied and butchered in committee, and not even the spare ribs got to the floor of the House.

It could happen again. In this one-man war with the defenders of wilderness, Aspinall's chief ally is not so much public apathy as it is the apparent complexity of the problem. His master plan for 1963 is beautifully designed to confuse the issue to the point where clear judgment becomes impossible. Before the fog closes in, let us

look back for a moment and see what is at stake.

The need for preserving the American wilderness as a national heritage was foreshadowed as early as the days of Benjamin Franklin, when the Philosophical Society announced that "our stately forests are a national treasure, deserving the solicitous care of the patriotic philosopher and politician." In effect, the present Wilderness Bill makes Congress responsible for resisting the inroads of increasing population and mechanization on the wild lands of this country, by securing "for the American people of present and future generations the benefits of an enduring resource of wilderness." For this purpose, the bill establishes a "national Wilderness Preservation System to be composed of federally owned areas," which will be administered for the use and enjoyment of the people "in such a manner as will leave them unimpaired . . . as wilderness."

To realize the need for such a law, one must understand that in neither the National Parks nor the National Forests is there wilderness protected by Congress *as wilderness*. National Parks, of which we now have twenty-nine, are scenic areas set aside for recreation and conservation, administered by the Park Service in the Department of the Interior. They can be made and unmade only by Act of Congress. But the preservation of areas within the parks free from roads and other developments is a matter of administrative discretion.

The National Forests (not necessarily "forests" in the sense of being covered with trees) are administered by the Forest Service in the Department of Agriculture for "multiple uses" including lumbering, grazing, and mining as well as recreation and wildlife management. Certain sections of them have been set aside, presumably for all time, as "primitive" or "wilderness." Yet even these areas can be put to some other use by

administrative decision without public control. Only an Act of Congress can make wilderness preservation a statutory policy. In effect, the Wilderness Bill would superimpose an overall directive on the administrative agencies to maintain the wilderness character of lands presently committed to such preservation.

THE WORLD AS WE FOUND IT

THE philosophy behind the bill goes to the roots of our national culture. The very concept of natural parks "for the enjoyment of all the people" was born in America. Our fight to save wilderness does not represent a return to primitivism, a sentimental search for a lost Eden. On the contrary, appreciation of wilderness is a product of civilization, and a fairly recent one at that.

In terms of the individual, joy in wild nature, like joy in art, is a creative act; granted that the sleeping bag may have kept some business from the analyst's couch, packing into a wilderness area—as any camper can tell you—is the very opposite of escape from reality. In terms of society, wild country is a counterweight to urban sprawl. For scientific research, areas unmodified by man are as valuable as the fixed star to the navigator on the high seas. Above all else, we recognize the moral obligation to pass on to our descendants some part of the world as we found it.

The spiritual ancestry of the Wilderness Bill can be traced back more than a hundred years, to George Catlin's report from the prairies and Henry Thoreau's from the Maine woods, and more specifically to the summer of 1864 when President Lincoln signed an act to preserve the Yosemite redwoods. But the concept of wilderness areas is more recent, and that of the wilderness system is a product of the past two decades. These ideas arose within the Forest Service itself, when Aldo Leopold, Robert Marshall, and others conceived the idea of setting aside "primitive areas" exempt from lumbering or road building, and of establishing official regulations for wilderness protection. Involved in the program were fourteen million acres in eighty-two separate areas widely dispersed over twelve Western states. Most of these were first established as "primitive areas" between 1924 and 1939 and have had to be, or still are to be, re-examined by the Forest Service in the light of new regulations adopted in 1939. Some are now classified as "Wilderness Areas" (or "Wild Areas" if less than 100,000 acres). This reclassification is

a tedious process which is far from completed today, thus giving the opponents of the Wilderness Bill, as will presently appear, a splendid opportunity for obfuscation.

Meanwhile private initiative and government policy were joining in the common cause. As early as 1930 Bob Marshall wrote that our hope lay in "the organization of spirited people who will fight for the freedom of the wilderness." Five years later the Wilderness Society was launched. "Primitive America," Marshall wrote, "is vanishing with appalling rapidity. . . . There will soon be nothing left of those wilderness characteristics which make undisturbed nature the most glorious experience in the world to many people." The first "wilderness conference" was organized by the Sierra Club in 1949, and such conferences have been held biennially ever since. In 1951, the conference recommended a "national wilderness preservation system"; in 1955 a resolution was adopted urging national legislation.

Between 1957 and 1961 four bills were introduced in the Senate, with companion bills in the House. Altogether over five hundred witnesses were heard and more than two thousand pages of testimony printed. Controversial features of the original bill, such as the inclusion of certain Indian lands in the wilderness system and the formation of a "wilderness council," were dropped. The finally revised bill was backed by the Departments of Agriculture and Interior, and was "urged" on Congress by the President. As noted above, it finally was passed by the Senate in 1961. Which brings us to last year's parliamentary shenanigans in the House. Like any well-planned murder, it is not without a certain morbid interest.

HR 776, the victim, looked healthy enough when introduced by Representative John P. Saylor of Pennsylvania in January 1961, in the opening days of the 87th Congress. Similar to the Senate bill, it seemed destined for an equally successful career. But first it had to run the gantlet of the Subcommittee on Public Lands (of which Gracie Pfof of Idaho was Chairman and Wayne N. Aspinall of Colorado a member) and then of the full Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs (of which, owing to seniority,

Paul Brooks, editor-in-chief of Houghton Mifflin, expresses his love for the wilderness in taking camping trips and in writing about conservation. He will speak early in March at the biennial Wilderness Conference to be held this year in San Francisco.

Aspinall was Chairman). Aspinall, whose views echoed those of the grazing and mining interests, was determined to kill the Saylor bill. If it reached the floor of the House, it would undoubtedly pass. The chosen weapon against it was delay.

MURDER BY MANEUVER

WHEN the Senate Wilderness Act was passed, it of course went to the House, and the Interior Committee had this before it as well as Saylor's similar bill when Congress convened in January 1962. Aspinall's first move was to persuade the subcommittee to postpone action awaiting publication of the report of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission (set up by Congress in 1958). The report, urging Congress to "take action to assure the permanent reservation of suitable areas in national forests, national parks, [and] wildlife refuges" in their primitive condition, was submitted on January 31; a special report on wilderness protection followed in April. Yet not till August 9, after interminable postponements for lack of quorum, did the subcommittee report out a bill "amended" by striking out everything except the enacting clause, and substituting a bill so tailored to satisfy the commercial interests that conservationists felt it would be worse than no bill at all. It excluded wilderness within the National Parks. It excluded from the National Forest wilderness more than half of the original primitive areas; the remainder (believe it or not) would now have to be reviewed for classification not only by the Forest Service, but by the Army Engineers, the Soil Conservation Service, the Bureau of Reclamation, the Bureau of Mines, the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, the Federal Power Commission, the Rural Electrification Administration, and the Federal Communications Commission. In the unlikely event that the wilderness was still in existence when the time came, each such area would then have to be established by an individual Act of Congress. In other words, don't rescue a sinking vessel until you have an official report on its design, tonnage, radar system, horsepower, electric wiring, and value as scrap metal. And don't, for heaven's sake, scoop a single survivor out of the water until he has shown a passport and vaccination certificate, and convinced a majority of the rescue squad that he is worth saving anyway.

Congressman Aspinall had another amendment which he successfully put through his

committee. This innocent-looking addition—designated as "Title I"—was nothing less than a proposal to review the entire public-land policies of Congress: a subject far beyond the scope of the Wilderness Bill, not included in the bill passed by the Senate, and so broad and controversial as to guarantee that the wilderness legislation would be lost in the ensuing melee.

The final touch was masterful—but this time the master almost overreached himself. On August 30 the full committee reported out the substitute bill; and then, with the chairman's blessing, instructed the chairman to report it out "under suspension of the rules"—which means that there could be no amendments from the floor. In short, take the spare ribs, or nothing. Aspinall explained this extraordinary move by saying that it was to "avoid having emotions take over and undo the work of the committee." As Saylor, the original bill's sponsor, pointed out, he was saying in effect that "the House is not competent or should be protected from making decisions in which emotions might be involved."

For only the sixth time in history, the Speaker of the House—under a deluge of telegrams from indignant citizens—denied such a committee chairman's request. Now if the bill got to the floor, it could still be amended, perhaps even restored at the zero hour to some semblance of its former self. What to do? The House rules require the chairman to take all possible steps to bring a bill to the floor once it has been voted out by his committee. Aspinall's answer was simple. He went home to Colorado. During the three remaining weeks before Congress adjourned, no one succeeded in getting any action, and the bill was dead.

IF THE TROOPS LOSE HEART

WHERE do we go from here? New Wilderness Bills have once again been introduced in both branches of the 88th Congress: by Representative Saylor in the House and by Clinton P. Anderson in the Senate (the latter bill identical with the one passed in 1961). Public interest is aroused, as indicated by the bipartisan support for the previous Senate bill, and by the widespread indignation at its failure last summer to reach the House floor.

But time is on the side of the enemy in more ways than one. The rising tide of interest in wilderness preservation, which has now reached Capitol Hill, is not the outcome of some inevitable historical process; if it were, there would still be wilderness left in Europe. It is the

result of human endeavor; of devoted and often discouraging work on the part of many organizations and individuals. But there is a time limit to organized enthusiasm without results: you can't keep the troops forever at battle pitch.

Action depends on one thing above all: education—of the public and of those Congressmen who let Aspinall get his way. Again and again, persons indifferent or vaguely opposed to the Wilderness Bill change their position when they learn what it is—and what it isn't. For instance, it isn't a threat to the future of the lumber industry: the fifty-two million acres of our country now needing reforestation have twelve times the capacity of all the wilderness areas put together. It isn't opposed by the Western states in which these areas lie: the Senate committee that supported the bill was composed almost entirely of Westerners. It isn't legislation in favor of the few. Some half-million Americans use the National Forest wilderness areas—not counting the National Park wilderness—every year, and for many of them it may be the experience of a lifetime. And if you are counting, count the millions who will come after us; we are legislating not for the few but for the future.

The purpose of our federal agencies is no longer to help private citizens get the maximum dollar value from our remaining public resources. We can afford to save some of our inheritance for our children and grandchildren, not temporarily by administrative decision, but permanently by law. We can afford to put some of wild America into a trust fund for the future whose income we may enjoy while the principal remains intact. The securities (which are not subject to market fluctuations) are as well-diversified as those found in any good portfolio: the call of a loon, the splendor of a virgin forest, the blue of lupin on a mountain meadow, the wake of a beaver on a pond at sunset, the smell of a forest trail after rain.

Mr. Aspinall thinks otherwise. In a letter to the President and an accompanying press release, issued last October after adjournment of Congress, he revealed his new plan of attack on the Wilderness Bill. It is as bold as his previous strategy was devious. He graciously admits that he was wrong in tacking onto the House bill "the general question of the Executive-Legislative relationship in federal land use"; he now thinks that this should be settled far from "the emotion surrounding wilderness preservation." But he insists that "first things should come first" and that, "in the interests of orderliness," wilderness preservation should be *postponed* until this

broad question is settled. This new dodge to keep the bill from coming to a vote ignores the key fact that the two principal executive agencies concerned, the Departments of Agriculture and Interior, have already endorsed the Senate bill. It is patently designed to becloud the whole issue. And what an odd way of avoiding emotion! No one knows better than the experienced Mr. Aspinall that the questions he raises will start a fight on a broad front which may go on for years—while the Wilderness Bill is conveniently lost in the smoke of battle.

As one reads the small print, the enormity of Mr. Aspinall's proposal becomes apparent. He would not only sidetrack urgently needed legislation to protect wilderness; he would actually reduce the means of protection now at hand. For example, "Title I" of the butchered bill—which he has now separated out for prior consideration—provides that "no withdrawal, reservation, restriction, designation, or classification of public lands, national forest lands, and shelf lands in excess of five thousand acres . . . except such actions as have been authorized by Act of Congress, shall hereafter become effective until it first has been approved by Act of Congress." This would abrogate the authority which the President already possesses to establish national monuments and wildlife refuges. Is this Aspinall's price for allowing the bill to come to a vote?

Congressman Aspinall is right to be afraid of "the emotion surrounding wilderness preservation." He aroused emotion by his tactics last summer; he even allowed some to himself when he characterized supporters of the Senate bill as "propagandists," "lobbyists," and "extremists." Since the November elections, when several leading "extremists" were returned by handsome majorities, he must be aware that out in the wide West, as elsewhere in the country, a conservation platform gets the votes. Not even Mr. Aspinall can any longer claim with a straight face that his position represents the will of the American people.

Meanwhile, however, our remaining wilderness is disappearing. With an exploding population, we can no longer rely on saving individual bits of wild America when they are threatened with extinction, as in the past we saved Yosemite, Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, the Great Smokies, the Olympics, and other national treasures. Piecemeal action now is inevitably too little and too late. We need an overall wilderness system, such as the Wilderness Bill would provide. Are we going to be deprived of it by another parliamentary trick?

HIS FRIEND VANKA

A Story by HENIA KARMEL-WOLFE



AND how do we feel today?" Dr. Bosell asked. Jan lifted his eyes and looked at Dr. Bosell's wrinkled red face with its clipped gray mustache that made him resemble a huge, good-natured cat. His protruding stomach, on which the white coat wouldn't close, showed a gold watch chain dangling from a vest pocket.

Jan resented the patronizing "we." He mumbled: "The leg bothered me at night."

"Leg, what leg?" Dr. Bosell started to say, lifting his eyebrows, but he quickly added, "Oh, ya, the leg of course." He had remembered that Jan always referred to the short clumsy stump which only recently had emerged from the cocoon of white bandages as "the leg."

He was a strange boy, Jan. A farmer picked him up on the road only a few days before the war was over and the Russians marched into this part of Germany, and brought him, badly hurt, to the hospital. He was wearing a striped uniform of a camp or prison inmate. It was so filthy and full of lice that they had to dispose of it right away.

It was hard to say how old he was. He could be any age. His body emaciated, his hair cropped short; and his face, the color of the earth, with sunken eyes, was that of an old man. Only days later did Dr. Bosell realize that he was a boy of nineteen or perhaps twenty. He gave his name as Jan something or other, a typical Polish name

with a lot of "sz" and "cz" in it, though he was obviously Jewish. Not that Dr. Bosell really minded; he was never active in politics, and certainly he was not going to start then when the war was over and lost.

The real shock came when one day Jan addressed him in a flawless, educated German and, apparently amused by Dr. Bosell's surprise, quickly added an appropriate Latin quotation, watching his astonishment through half-closed eyes with mocking innocence, as if it were the most natural thing for somebody without an address, with a name no God-fearing person could even pronounce, to quote Descartes in the original.

Dr. Bosell described Jan with one untranslatable word: "Unheimlich." "I am telling you Martha," he would say to his wife. "this boy is unheimlich, simply unheimlich."

And now after three months he still couldn't figure him out. So he only cleared his throat and, carefully avoiding Jan's eyes, gave instructions to Schwester Lotte, then moved to the next bed where Vanka, the Russian soldier, was lying. With Vanka matters were much simpler. He fractured his arm while driving drunk, spoke Russian only, and did not hide his hatred for Dr. Bosell's being a German. In turn Dr. Bosell did not have to feel guilty for not liking him. Dr. Bosell looked at Vanka's chart, shook his head

approvingly, and rolled out of the room, Schwester Lotte tagging dutifully after him. She turned around at the door, flashed a bright smile at Jan, and reminded him that this was the day of his first walk outdoors.

Jan lay there awhile, looking aimlessly at the ceiling before reaching for the suit folded neatly on the chair next to his bed. He ran his fingers over it, and the tweed felt pleasantly rough under his touch. He tried to remember the last time he wore a suit, and thought how nice it was of Schwester Lotte to give him one. She was a good girl, Schwester Lotte. She would come in the morning, pull up the shades, and say: "It's a lovely day, isn't it!" Or: "We have rain finally. The farmers certainly can use some." She was always in good spirits, Schwester Lotte, and when she smiled her eyes smiled first, lighting up her whole face, and only then her lips parted showing a row of even white teeth. She would take a piece of cotton, put it under her nose, hold it there with her upper lip, stick out her stomach and say, imitating Dr. Bosell's deep voice: "And how do we feel today?" waiting for Jan to respond with a smile. Or she would tell stories like the one she told yesterday.

"Do you know," she said, shaking his pillow, "they finally caught him."

"Caught whom?" Jan asked.

"The thief of course, the one who broke into the bakery. They chased and chased after him, and couldn't catch him. Finally they did, in the next village, and guess what . . ."

"What?" Jan asked with feigned interest, because he knew very well what was coming.

"He had a wooden leg," Schwester Lotte concluded triumphantly.

"No kidding," Jan said, even though he knew Schwester Lotte had invented the thief, the burglary, and the manhunt. But he didn't mind at all because it was good to hear even if it wasn't true, and it was nice of Schwester Lotte to make it all up.

JAN started putting on the suit, uncomfortably conscious of Vanka's watchful eyes. He knew Vanka was sore; he always was when Jan talked to Dr. Bosell or Schwester Lotte. He considered it some kind of treason, a conspiracy aimed at him. Today Vanka seemed even more upset, because not only did Jan converse with Schwester Lotte but he also accepted the old suit from her.

The jacket was big and hung on him as on a hanger. He had to tighten the pants at the waist with a safety pin. Propping himself on the crutches he looked at his reflection in the window-

pane. He had almost forgotten how tall he was, tall and very lean. His brown hair fell unruly down his forehead. His face was pale, bony, and elongated, his features small and fine, and his dark eyes seemed enormously big in their sockets. The empty trouser leg hung limply and Jan thought of pinning it up the way he had seen the disabled veterans do it in Poland. But he dismissed the idea as soon as it occurred to him, for he came to the conclusion that this way it hardly showed at all, wondering why they did it in the first place. He started toward the door waving good-bye to Vanka who was watching his exit. "Don't forget to give my love to *all* the Germans out there," he shouted after him sullenly.

The hospital corridor, familiar by now, was smooth and friendly and didn't present any difficulties. It was only after he pushed the heavy door and found himself in the street that he felt scared. The street that had looked so nice and easy from the hospital window suddenly turned into an enemy, steep and uneven, full of obstacles, hostile. The crutches felt heavy after a few minutes and pressed painfully under his armpits. He had to stop to catch his breath and wipe the sweat off his face with his sleeve.

There was a small park two blocks away, and Jan headed toward it. But the distance didn't seem to diminish at all and grew longer and longer. When he finally got there he was extremely tired. But, it was a good kind of tiredness, with accomplishment in it, the kind one feels after conquering a mountain and looking for the first time from its peak into the valley. He put his crutches down, and carefully stretched himself on the grass. He folded his hands under his head and looked up. There was nothing but the sky above him, bright and blue with light feathery clouds flowing like a river. He watched them chasing each other and waited for two small ones to merge and form a big one.

He closed his eyes and felt the sun, still warm for October, caressing his eyelids. The warmth penetrated him and made him a little drowsy, kind of light and weightless. He felt a little the way he had after morphine, good, magnanimous, forgiving, and loving everything and everybody—Vanka, Schwester Lotte, and even old Dr. Bosell.

Henia Karmel-Wolfe began writing as a child in various concentration camps in Poland, and a book of her poems came out in this country. She has been busy since, bringing up her two children in New York. Her first published story was chosen for "The Best American Short Stories 1962." This is her second.

He took a deep breath and all of a sudden felt very happy. It was almost like the "Freedom" he had dreamed of all through those years. Just lying on the grass all alone with nobody watching him, the sun on his face, a breeze in his hair, and the air smelling of autumn and wet leaves. The smell suddenly brought back memories of the park in Krakow, of falling chestnuts, not quite open, with green prickly shells, and of Halinka.

HE COULD think about her now without the sharp pang of pain, without trying to chase her out of his thoughts. And he didn't have "The Dream" anymore. "The Dream" he called it, not "a dream," because it repeated itself with painful accuracy, just the way it happened.

He was locked up with the others in the men's camp because the women's barracks were being searched for jewelry. He could hear shouts and screams and shots all coming to him muffled by the screen of distance. He was standing at the window and looking at the camp. There was a woman lying right in front of Halinka's barracks. He stared at her intently but she was all blurry and he had to squint his eyes to see her better. And the more he looked the more she seemed like Halinka. He said to himself: "Oh no, it can't be Halinka, of course it isn't Halinka." And then he

said: "Good God, please make her not be Halinka." And then he spelled her name in his mind H-a-l-i-n-k-a W-e-i-n-r-e-b, and said to himself: "If the number of letters is even, it won't be Halinka." He counted them and it was even, and he felt stupid and angry at himself for feeling so relieved.

The moment the curfew was over, he rushed to the door pushing everybody aside, and flung it wide open. He ran and he ran, until he stopped because there she was.

She was lying with her face down and she didn't look sixteen at all: she was so small and frail, like a little girl. He knelt next to her, turned her over, and it wasn't hard at all for she was so light. She looked at him. Yes, she looked at him, for her eyes were wide open and there was no fear in them, only some kind of surprise. She looked exactly as she did yesterday when he said good-by to her. Everything was there, her eyes, her hands, her legs. Only she was dead.

He stared at her without understanding it at all when suddenly he remembered something he should do. Something he read in a book or maybe saw in the movies: The eyes of the dead should be closed. And he bent over her and closed them gently, and she didn't look surprised anymore.

Then he knew there was something else he



should do. He should cry for Halinka because she was his girl, because he liked her an awful lot, and because she was dead. That was also something he knew he *should* do, like the closing of the eyes, something he read about or maybe saw in the movies. And he tried but his mouth felt dry, and so did his eyes, and the tears would not come. So he just pulled down her skirt to cover her knees and got up and left.

Ever since, he had "The Dream" over and over again, and he would wake up, his face covered with sweat, sweat forming a little pool on his neck, feeling very tired as if she were extremely heavy, as if turning her over were just too much for him.

Only recently he had "The Dream" again. He was running toward Halinka. He knelt, he turned her over, only she wasn't dead. She was very much alive. As a matter of fact she wasn't Halinka at all, only Schwester Lotte, and she sat up, bared her white teeth in a smile and said, "Hi."

And when he woke up he didn't feel tired at all, only a little guilty and ashamed as if he had betrayed Halinka, and a little sad as if it were only then that he said good-by to her.

He wondered what Vanka would say about this dream. He hated the Germans, Vanka. He really hated all of them. The very first day they brought him to the hospital, Vanka told him what they used to do to the Germans, how they burned down the villages until nothing was left but a sign: "This is for Kiev," or: "This is for Rostov." Vanka told all this smoothly, without groping for words, and it was obvious he had told it many times before to anyone willing to listen. And Jan listened to him eagerly and with a touch of envy, wishing things were that simple for him, the matter of crime and retaliation, guilt and revenge. He thought a lot about it and, the more he thought, the more involved and confused it became.

Evenings Vanka's friends would come. Sasha who played the harmonica, Grisha, and the girls Olga and Shura from the Russian major's kitchen. Sasha would play and they would sing.

Jan loved to listen to their singing. The melodies were sad, full of nostalgia, and very beautiful, and they didn't quite go with the words about the red banner being redder than blood, and about Russia that was always referred to as "Mother." Vanka would join them in singing and his eyes would get misty, and he wasn't the hero anymore, the one who burned down villages "For Kiev," but a boy not older than Jan, who was sad and very homesick.

The girls would bring food from the major's kitchen, neatly wrapped in a white kerchief tied in a knot the way peasant women used to carry their wares. Vanka would untie it clumsily with one hand, holding the end of the kerchief in his teeth, and cursing his bad fortune half seriously, half jokingly.

The first time he opened the kerchief and spread it on his bed like a tablecloth, Jan gasped and stared transfixed like a child of the slums who for the first time finds himself on the threshold of a mansion. For Vanka displayed unbelievable treasures: a big loaf of very white bread, a heart-shaped farmer cheese with drops of moisture forming on it, a few eggs, and a long sausage. He felt saliva gathering in his mouth and he swallowed it, thinking how hungry he was, how still very hungry though the war had been over for almost three months.

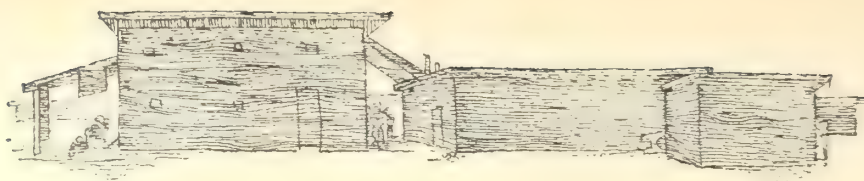
Vanka must have felt his gaze for he turned around, looked at him and said: "Hey, Jan, you hungry?" And without waiting for an answer, he cut a piece of sausage and threw it on Jan's bed. Jan hesitated a moment, then picked it up and bit into it. He closed his eyes, turned it with his tongue, caressed its taste, and held it in his mouth without swallowing to make it last longer.

And ever since it had become some kind of daily procedure. The girls would bring the food. Vanka would unwrap it, giving each motion the importance of a religious ritual, and after asking Jan if he was hungry he would share his food with him.

Jan would accept it silently, slowly building up a resentment of a have-not toward the one who has. And pretty soon he started displaying his own riches. He asked Schwester Lotte for books and kept them right on the top of his night table. He was always very busy reading when Vanka had company and he conversed with Dr. Bosell politely in his best German. Just to spite Vanka.

Now thinking back he realized how unfair he had been and felt that they could become real friends, Vanka and he, that he could teach Vanka some things he knew, and learn from him even more. How to be gay and laugh, how to get sad and sentimental over a song, and maybe even how to be real angry and curse. He decided to have a talk with Vanka and the decision made him very excited.

HE GOT up slowly, laboriously and started toward the hospital. The street now seemed easier, the cobblestones didn't bother him too much. Maybe because he was not paying attention to them, thinking about what he was



going to say to Vanka and how he was going to say it. He rehearsed it over and over, trying to find the proper words, patching up his broken Russian with Polish expressions and hoping Vanka would understand.

He entered the hospital, moved a little faster through the corridors, and stopped in front of their room. There were voices coming from it. It must have been some kind of Russian holiday because nobody ever visited Vanka during the day. Jan felt disappointed. He wanted so much to talk to Vanka alone. He opened the door carefully and entered the room. Sasha and Grisha and the girls were there. There was food spread on Vanka's bed, and a big almost empty bottle of vodka on the bedside table. Sasha was telling something obviously very funny because they were laughing loudly and nobody paid any attention to his entry.

There were chairs all over the tiny room and Jan had to squeeze through. In doing this he stumbled and pushed Shura with his crutch.

"Ouch," Shura cried out. They all stared at him now. Vanka propped himself on his good elbow and looked at Jan wildly.

"You," he yelled, "you better watch out, you, you bastard!" His eyes were dark with anger, he was drunk.

"Vanya," Shura said soothingly trying to calm him down, "let him be, don't you see he is sick."

"Sick," Vanka mimicked her in a shrill, high-pitched voice, "he is healthier than you and me, he is strong like a horse. A cripple, that's what he is!"

Jan stopped and just stood there unable to move as if glued to the floor. "He is right," he thought with sudden realization. "My God, he is right." He felt a throbbing and a swelling in his throat as if the tears he hadn't cried all through those years were gathered there and were rushing into his eyes. He opened them wide,

very wide, trying to imprison the tears and not let them escape. He looked down at his crutches, at the empty trouser leg. It was soiled and covered with mud. "So it wouldn't get dirty," he thought, "they pinned it up, so it wouldn't get dirty." The sudden answer to the question that bothered him earlier in the morning brought an unexpected relief. He straightened himself on the crutches, swallowed, ran his tongue over his lips, and said: "Excuse me."

But it didn't at all sound the way he wanted it to. Suddenly they stopped talking and the room grew very silent. Because even *they* knew it. They knew it wasn't the usual "excuse me." Jan wasn't merely asking them to let him pass, he seemed to ask forgiveness for the crutches, for the empty trouser leg, for his being there at all. They rose silently, pushed the chairs, and let him through.

HE WENT to his bed, lay down, and closed his eyes. He let the tears run freely and they felt warm on his cheeks, tasted salty in his mouth, flowed down his neck, and made his shirt collar wet. He seemed to be dissolving in them and he didn't mind, he didn't mind at all.

When he finally opened his eyes, he realized the others had left and there was only Vanka standing next to his bed, bending over him. Vanka's small brown eyes suddenly reminded him of the little dachshund he used to have when he was a boy, when he caught him misbehaving on the living-room carpet. There was a piece of sausage dangling from a string in Vanka's hand. He stood there staring at Jan trying to say something and finally stammered clumsily: "Jan, you hungry, eat Jan, eat."

Jan looked at him, at his pleading eyes, at the sausage swinging to and fro like a pendulum of an old-fashioned clock, managed a faint smile, stretched out his hand, took the sausage, and whispered: "Thanks."



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JAPAN TRIES FOR A SECOND MIRACLE

*Her economic recovery has dazzled the world . . .
and now she is trying (with a shiver)
to build the Orient's first "modern" society.*

JAPAN was almost overrun last year by Western economists, bankers, and industrialists who had come to study the "Japanese economic miracle." Arthur Burns, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Eisenhower, was there in the spring; he was so impressed, according to Washington reports, that he strongly recommended that President Kennedy adopt some of Japan's tax and money policies to spur our laggard economy. A little later the London *Economist* sent a senior editor on a three months' tour; the result was two supplements in the magazine last September, the first of which was called "The Most Exciting Example." Dozens of Wall Street analysts poked around Japan looking for "growth" stocks to recommend to American investors who were disenchanted with their own market. And there were industrialists from all over—from Germany, Italy, France, Canada, the United States, and Australia—searching for products to buy, for Japanese partners for joint ventures, or for Japanese markets.

The only people who did not talk about the "Japanese economic miracle" were the Japanese themselves. Their businessmen, economists, labor leaders, and government people fretted instead about the threat to Japan's exports and about "excessive competition" at home. They talked about the need to retrench and they complained about the growing "flood of American imports" that, they said, was about to drive entire Japanese industries to the wall. Most of this was just talking-poor, of course. Any competition in the home market is likely to be considered "excessive" in Japan, where for thirty years goods had

been scarce. Now, however, with four out of five Japanese families having TV sets, customers no longer stand in line, money in hand, to buy whatever the manufacturers turn out.

But poor-talk or not, Japan has fundamental decisions to make on the character and structure of its economy and society and on the nature of its political life—precisely because its economic success has made it the only modern nation outside the West.

The last decade in Japan has proved that the methods, tools, and policies of a free economy can generate very fast economic development on non-Western soil. It has also proved that with a free economy a non-Western nation can achieve an educated population and a high and rising standard of living. In the next few years, however, Japan will have to demonstrate that the social and political values of a free society (1) can generate effective and well-organized political forces, and (2) can resolve the inherited social conflicts of a non-Western culture and tradition. Already a technically advanced and highly educated Great Power—the only non-Western nation to attain this position—Japan now has to prove that it can become the first *society* to be both truly modern and fundamentally non-European.

CAUSE FOR CONFIDENCE

WHAT has happened in Japan since the end of the American Occupation in April 1952 is the most extraordinary success story in all economic history.

When the Peace Treaty went into effect and Japan regained her sovereignty, she had just barely worked her way back to her prewar levels of production and income. This was far above any level that could be called "underdeveloped"—as witness Japan's industrial output and technical performance in World War II. But the

Japan of 1952, like that of 1941, still rated only as a minor industrial country, perhaps twelfth to fifteenth among the industrial nations. Her dominant industries were those that typify the early stages of industrialization, for instance textiles. Her food shortages were chronic and apparently incurable; the two staples, rice and wheat, were still rationed in the spring of 1952. Even such recovery as Japan had made depended on American orders for the Korean War, and these orders were rapidly drying up. Inflation had been rampant and labor unrest that came close to armed insurrection was endemic. Joseph Dodge, the Detroit banker who had been the Occupation's economic adviser, said what nearly all the experts thought when he predicted in his final report that the Japanese economy was headed for collapse.

Now, ten years later, Japan ranks fourth among all nations in total industrial production. Only the United States, the Soviet Union, and West Germany are ahead of her, and she may actually be on the point of overtaking the Germans. Since 1952 her national income has tripled and her industrial production and industrial exports are five times what they were. This means that Japan has achieved an annual average growth rate of 9 per cent for national income and almost 20 per cent for industrial production and exports. No nation in recorded economic history has ever done this before.

To accomplish this astonishing feat Japan has in a decade managed to make massive breakthroughs on five different and distinct fronts—in new investment, in mass marketing, in agriculture, in education, and in health. Briefly, this is what she has accomplished:

First: Year after year the Japanese have put more than a quarter of their national income into new investment. It has been this, primarily, that has made possible the rapid spurt in industrial capacity and production.

Second: At the same time the Japanese have created the first genuine mass consumer market outside the Western World. Last summer, for example, the Japanese discovered to their amazement that only the United States has more consumer appliances per family than they have; they are better supplied with TV sets, refrigerators, and washing machines than the British or the West Germans (though the automotive revolution is only just beginning). What is more, along with her mass consumer market, Japan has created a mass stock market, a phenomenon known otherwise only in the United States. In prewar Japan only banks and big industrialists

owned shares in industrial companies; today every tenth Japanese family owns some common shares. (That is not to say that the SEC would approve of the methods by which these shares are sold.)

Third is the breakthrough in agriculture. Ten years ago half the Japanese population worked on the land, but Japan could not feed herself. Today only a third of the population is still on the land. But though the Japanese now have to feed a far larger population than they did a decade ago, they are about to acquire that fashionable national disease, an unmanageable farm surplus.

The fourth breakthrough has been in education. Only the United States and Israel have a larger proportion of their young people in higher education than Japan. Every third or fourth young man of twenty is now in college; this stands in marked contrast to Europe where the "educational revolution" is yet to come.

And, finally, in one short decade, life expectancy in Japan has risen from less than fifty years (which was high for a non-Western country) to seventy (which is equal to that of the most advanced countries of the West). Furthermore, Japan has managed to cut its birth rate to the Western level so that alone of all non-Western countries, Japan is not being overwhelmed by a "population explosion."

One would expect these achievements to be expensive, but while the Japanese were forging ahead on all these fronts their tax burden has not gone up. It has been Japanese budget practice to anticipate the economic growth for the year ahead, figure out what it will mean in higher revenues, and then cut tax rates enough to hold the tax burden down. (It was this, apparently, that so impressed Dr. Arthur Burns.) One might expect such a tax policy to create inflation, but there has been less inflation in Japan than there has been in Europe or America.

Even more surprising, perhaps, the tremendous economic growth in Japan has been accomplished with very little money from abroad. Since the Marshall Plan began in 1948, America

Last summer, Peter F. Drucker received an honorary doctorate from Nihon University in Tokyo, "in recognition of his contributions to Japan's economy and culture." He is the third American to be thus honored, the other two being President Eisenhower and Attorney General Robert Kennedy. Mr. Drucker is the author of "Landmarks of Tomorrow" and other books, and he teaches in the Graduate School of Business of NYU.

has sent \$25 billion in aid to Europe. In the same period Japan (with 95 million people, or one-third the population of all Europe including Great Britain) got at most one billion. Furthermore, Japan has been extremely wary of foreign investment and there has, consequently, been almost none—a marked contrast to Europe where the five to eight billion dollars of direct American investment have provided much of the fuel for the boom of the last few years.

In 1961 the growth rate in Japan actually hit 15 per cent. The government, afraid of inflation, stepped on the brakes—hard—and forced a slowdown. But a Japanese “slowdown” would be a gallop anywhere else—the economy grew by 5 per cent in 1962 despite credit restrictions and officially decreed “austerity.” (The U. S. growth goal is a rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent a year!) In 1959 the Japanese government predicted that the economy would double again in the ten years between 1960 and 1970. Last September the Ministry of Finance cut the period back to seven years; the growth from 1960 to 1963 alone had already added 40 per cent to the 1959 economic level.

Japan, of course, has one very special advantage—a very low defense burden. Though growing steadily, the budget for the Japanese “Self-defense Forces” still takes less than 2 per cent of the country's national income—as against a defense burden of 10 per cent of national income in the U. S. (Japan and West Germany should be a convincing answer, by the way, to fears of the economic effects of disarmament.) But even after making full allowance for this and a great deal of luck, the Japanese economic achievement is still a real “economic miracle.”

This sort of accomplishment ought to make the Japanese smug. On the contrary, they are deeply worried. A good many sane and unexcitable Japanese talk seriously today about what they call “a crisis of self-confidence.” Why?

... AND CAUSE FOR JITTERS

THE immediate cause of Japan's jitters is that in her own self-interest she has to open her domestic market to competition from the West and especially from Europe and the United States. Since 1900 when Japan first began to export manufactured goods in quantity, she has been a tough, aggressive competitor in international markets. But her home market has always been insulated—and neither economically nor socially is Japan prepared for competition in it.

Japan is thoroughly mercantilist. It is, indeed, the one example of successful mercantilism

which combines governmental direction with entrepreneurial vigor, and aggressive competition abroad with protectionism and imposed price stability at home. To do away with this protectionism at home is going to mean changing drastically both the entire system of industrial hiring and firing, and the long-entrenched but extremely expensive system of distributing goods.

Then why should Japan now, after her economic success, have to let the foreigners come into her domestic market?

Japan's entire postwar expansion has been in the new “advanced” industries—in machinery, synthetic fibers, and plastics; electronics, optics, and pharmaceuticals; trucks and household appliances. The “traditional” industries which dominated prewar Japan are no longer very important in the domestic economy today. Japan depends, for instance, less on cotton-mill employment than does our own Old South. But of her exports almost half are still in “traditional” goods—textiles, toys, footwear. On these exports depends Japan's ability to buy abroad the raw materials—above all, petroleum and iron ore—without which the “advanced” industries could not keep going for one day. And exports of “traditional” goods are shrinking—fast and inexorably. Japan is already outproduced and undersold in the “traditional” goods by such new, truly low-low-wage areas as Hong Kong, Singapore, the Philippines, or Pakistan. Within a very few years Japan will have to replace “traditional-goods” exports by “advanced-goods” exports. And the only possible buyers of these additional “advanced-goods” exports are the big markets of the European Common Market and of Great Britain, where Japan today sells practically nothing.

The problem of the “traditional” exports would have arisen anyhow—no one knew it better than the Japanese. The emergence of the European Common Market as a great economic power, however, brought it to a head a full decade before Japan was ready to face it. Suddenly last year, the Japanese realized—as we and the British did—that they must get into the European market fast or risk being out forever.

There is no economic reason why Japan's “advanced” products should not sell as well in Europe as they have been selling in the much tougher and much more competitive U.S. market. But the Japanese cannot even ask for access to Europe unless they offer the Europeans access on equal terms to their own lush domestic market of 95 million prosperous customers—which, after the U.S. and Western

Europe, is the world's third-richest market. This, however, means that the Japanese for the first time will have to be able to meet industrial competition on their own home grounds.

To Westerners, who have been used to stories of "Japanese low costs," Japan would seem to have nothing to worry about. It is hard for us to believe, for instance, that Italian or Swiss silks could undersell the Japanese product. Yet Tokyo's largest silk store last summer offered beautiful European silks 30 per cent or so below the price of comparable Japanese fabrics, despite a fat Japanese customs duty on such imports. For Japan's is a high-cost economy, except in its most advanced industries, and especially in its advanced export industries. Labor costs run two or three times as high on almost any manufactured item as they do in the West. And the Japanese customer pays almost twice as much for distribution as we pay here despite our vast distances and high transportation costs. These are costs demanded by the social structure rather than by economic inefficiency and accordingly require social remedies with all their potential political dangers.

KEPT ON TO DO NOTHING

LET me explain. The Japanese worker is as productive as any worker in the world. He is better educated and better trained than almost any other worker, and he works cheerfully, hard, and for long hours. Yet, in some Japanese factories it takes six times as many employees to produce the same amount of the same goods as in a comparable American factory. The reason is Japan's traditional system of "lifetime employment" with layoffs or dismissals only for very serious misconduct. As a result most of Japanese industry is grossly overstaffed, and thousands of people for whom there are no jobs are kept on doing almost nothing in the plant or office. Very few Japanese employers know (just as very few American employers know) that it costs three to five times a man's salary to have him on a job—in supervision, in space, in paper work and record keeping, in heat and light, in materials, and so on.

"Lifetime employment," in turn, means that a Japanese over thirty as a rule cannot change jobs. He is paid by his age rather than by the demands of the job he performs. He is assigned, however, to a job on the basis of length of service. A new employee over thirty, therefore, could be given only beginner's work—and would get twice the starting wage. It is small wonder that

no one will hire him. But then no one fires a man over thirty; the firm just keeps him on the payroll and invents work for him.

As a result, older industries and businesses bear the heaviest burden of overstaffing; and the coal mines and railroads, as they are everywhere else, are in the worst shape of all. New industries and new businesses also have high costs because an artificially created "labor shortage" steadily pushes up the wages that beginners can, and do, demand. Starting wages for school graduates have doubled in the last three years.

The younger managerial and professional people in Japan are beginning to move from job to job in increasing numbers, though still only if their original employers permit them to do so. And many different ways to make the manual worker mobile are now being explored.

Some companies are introducing the Western system of paying for the job itself rather than for age and seniority. Others are toying with the idea of splitting between the old and the new employer the wage cost of any worker who changes jobs. The new employer would pay the base wage for the transferring employee; the old employer would pay the difference between that and the wage appropriate to the man's age. The Japanese are beginning to understand that industry has to separate the guarantee of a worker's income—which ought to be maintained—from the stranglehold the job has on him. The worker ought to be freed from the restrictions that penalize him and make it impossible for him to move into a better-paying job in an expanding industry.

But lifetime employment is much more than a matter of money. Until World War II it was almost entirely restricted to white-collar workers. Manual workers didn't achieve it until after the war and then only through bitter labor struggles. To them it represents, therefore, status and acceptance by society. An emotional issue anywhere (as witness our steel strike of 1959 over "featherbedding" or the long and bitter fight of the Flight Engineers), employment security is pure dynamite in Japan. The longest and most violent strike in Japanese labor history was settled only two years ago, after virtually a whole county had stayed out for eighteen bitter months in protest against a management decision to retire with a generous severance allowance two thousand coal miners in an exhausted pit. Yet, according to a recent government study, there are another 60,000 coal miners—one third of the total—for whom there is no real work, though they all have "full-time jobs."

The problem of distribution costs is just as serious, and it too is as much a social as an economic problem. The distributive system of Japan is essentially what it was a hundred years ago—it is still a multitude of small middlemen who live on a pittance but who when laid end to end represent a staggering waste.

What adds difficulty to problems of employment security and distribution is the position of these issues on the Japanese political map. On the one hand, employment security is a sure-fire issue for the Left—indeed almost its only domestic issue with mass appeal. On the other hand, the millions of small wholesalers and retailers, who constitute the distribution system, are the solid voting core of the conservative government in power.

Yet these concrete social issues, as full of explosives as they are, frighten the Japanese less than the impact of foreign competition at home on their traditional mercantilism—which has all the force of an unwritten constitution. Opening the home market would surely upset the subtle three-way partnership among government, large business, and small business on which Japan's entire economic development has been based. It would force Japan to abandon the policy under which government prods industries to be productive and competitive for export, while it protects inefficiency on the home market. It would break up the peculiarly Japanese arrangement under which the large producers are hot and hard-hitting rivals yet maintain a price-umbrella for the small fellow. Above all it would force Japan to let the market decide what should be produced and how it should be priced—questions traditionally decided by political and national considerations.

OLD SLOGANS AND A NEW GENERATION

MANY Japanese leaders believe that their economy must become an integrated part of the world economy anyhow, and fast. They maintain that Japanese industry badly needs the challenge of competition. The costs of automobile production—and with it car prices—would drop a full third, for instance, if Japan's "Toyopet" had to compete with the English Ford, the French Renault, the German Volkswagen, and the American compact car. (Japanese heavy trucks and motorcycles—both export products—are already competitive.) These Japanese believe that their mercantilist economic policy, their employment practices, and their distributive sys-

tem not only have been made completely obsolete by Japan's economic growth but are fast becoming serious obstacles to further growth. They are convinced that Japan would immediately benefit from economic integration with the West as much as Europe has already benefited from the Common Market. And in all probability they are right. Unless Japan wants to choke off her economic growth and prosperity she will have to become an open competitive economy. But if she does, tremendous political pressures will build up that will challenge political courage, vision, and leadership.

There are precedents for political leadership of rare ability in Japan's modern history. One occurred in the late nineteenth century when, in one generation, a ruling class of warrior-noblemen voluntarily abdicated, abolished a tribal feudalism a thousand years old, and turned the country into a modern state. No such leadership emerged between 1890 and 1940. But after World War II Shigeru Yoshida, Japan's prime minister from 1947 to 1957, again provided leadership of high courage and vision.

But whether similar leadership emerges now or not, the shape of Japanese politics will inevitably change. The defeat of World War II created new institutions and new slogans, but few new values. Even those values of the past that were neither nationalist nor militarist were discredited. The great majority of Japanese found comfort instead in work and its discipline. As in Germany, the job of rebuilding the country became for the time being an end in itself. A much smaller minority, needing absolute beliefs and commitments, took refuge in the only available orthodoxy, which was Marxism. It is no accident that the very same groups that had been the most fanatical nationalists under the old regime—especially students and professors—became the most dedicated Marxists under the new.

Today, the Liberal-Democrats (as the conservative party is called) win every election with a monotonous two-thirds majority. But the static positions bequeathed by the defeat and the Occupation show every sign of breaking up. Japan today gropes for new political values and new political directions. This is true on the Right as well as on the Left.

Now the job of rebuilding the country has been done. While the great majority wants more worldly goods (and especially wants to be able to buy and drive an automobile) economic recovery is no longer the great national task. And the Marxists in Japan may be where our own American Marxists were in the late 1940s, after

the Henry Wallace campaign for President. Their god has been shown to have clay feet.

The president of the Zengakuren—Japan's Left-wing and fellow-traveling student federation, which staged the riots against President Eisenhower's visit in 1960—returned last August from a "Peace Rally" in Moscow with an amazing tale. The Moscow police, he said, took him and a number of his colleagues behind the Tomb of Lenin on Red Square, gave them a severe beating, and then hung them upside down for half-an-hour or so. All this for daring to stage a "ban-the-bomb" rally. It is hard to believe that even Communist police could be quite so stupid. But it is even harder to believe that Japanese students could be so naïve as to think that Russia would encourage a demonstration against nuclear testing which condemned indiscriminately U.S. and Soviet tests. Yet this is what Japan's Marxists (except for their very small core of hardened professionals) really did believe. And this belief is crumbling rapidly under the impact of the ideological conflict between Moscow and Peking which, seen from Tokyo, is hot, bitter, and irreconcilable.

This does not mean that the Japanese Left will cease to be anti-American. Indeed the less dependent on Moscow (or Peking) it is, the more dangerous it may become. It is its subservience to the Communists—and especially to the Russians—which, more than anything else, has kept the Left from gaining a majority of the national vote. Should the Left ever become genuinely "neutral" it may well get into power and the consequences for U. S. strategy and foreign policy in the Far East may be serious.

But if a split opened in the ranks of the governing conservative party—caused, for instance, by a fight over the future of the small retailer—it could be equally serious for us.

IN SEARCH OF CERTAINTY

RIGHT and Left may, however, look quite different in tomorrow's Japan. The most remarkable political phenomena in Japan today are not political parties or politicians but two religious sects, both of a strong fundamentalist cast: Ten Rikyo, a kind of Japanese Seventh-day Adventists, and Soka Gakkai, a schismatic Buddhist sect, somehow reminiscent of both the Mormons and Father Divine.

When the American Occupation took a religious inventory in the late 'forties, neither sect was even an independent, let alone a major group. Today each has millions of fanatical

members. Ten Rikyo is not directly active in politics, though its members are expected to "vote for what is right." But Soka Gakkai polled four million votes in the Senate elections last July.

Both sects fully accept modern industrial civilization and are, in general, "for progress"; both are strongly anti-Communist and professedly anti-nationalist. But they are concerned less with issues than with the ethical, moral, spiritual values of politics, and attack all existing parties as unprincipled. Indeed, "Soka Gakkai" means "creation of values." All experience with such movements in other countries would indicate that these two will come to grief as soon as they get into the practical and grubby business of politics—which is probably why Ten Rikyo carefully sidesteps any political responsibility. But such movements are a warning. Their rapid growth and their ability to attract members from all classes—students, for instance, and unskilled recent immigrants from the countryside into the big cities, the maids, chauffeurs, and laundresses—attest both to the yearning for values, for commitments, and to disenchantment with today's politics and parties.

To meet this real need and opportunity for responsible political leadership in Japan, there is an entirely new generation grown to manhood since the war. But there is also real danger. If Japan fails to integrate herself into the Free World economy—no matter whether it is the West or her own social problems that keep her out—she will be pushed toward close economic ties with Soviet Russia. Especially in Siberia, the Soviet Union has an insatiable appetite for the "advanced" products Japan has to sell, from chemicals and turbines to railway rolling stock, trucks, and transistors. The only trouble from Japan's point of view is that Russia does not have anything to sell back to Japan but wants long-term credits which Japan simply cannot give. Yet, if driven to the wall, the Japanese might begin to buy raw material from Russia even though the prices would be high and the supply quite unreliable. Or Russia might use her gold stock to pay Japan.

Trading with Russia would not require that the Japanese sacrifice any of their traditional politico-economic practices; they would not have to admit manufactured foreign goods to the home market, or change their methods of employment or reform their distribution system. It would actually strengthen Japan's mercantilist policy. For these reasons conservative groups, determined anti-Communists at home, send trade

mission after trade mission to Moscow, in the hope of finding an "Eastern alternative" to economic integration with the West, which they fear as a threat to their traditional practices and institutions. They are willing to admit that trade with Russia would stop Japan's further economic growth, but they may regard this as a lesser evil.

Such a shift in Japan's economic alignment, even if totally without effect on her foreign and military policies (which, of course, would be quite unlikely) would be a major catastrophe for Japan but an even greater one for the Free World. The balance of economic power—now heavily with the West—would shift sharply toward the Soviet bloc. Worse still would be the psychological impact of such a shift. Japan, as the only non-Western country that has actually accomplished economic development, is the test case for others. If even Japan cannot achieve membership as an equal in the Free World economy, what chance is there for the poorer and far less developed countries ranging from Yugoslavia and Peru to Nigeria and Malaya?

DO WE REALLY MEAN IT?

THERE is much the West—and especially the United States—can do to help Japan make the decisions that are right both for her and for the Free World. We can prevent stupidity and racial prejudice (especially of the unconscious and therefore doubly dangerous kind that is so common in Europe) from pushing Japan against her own economic self-interest away from the Free World. If we do not, there is real danger that the Europeans, if only out of widespread ignorance of Japan and of her economic strength, will exclude her.

Even more important is that we recognize Japan's importance to the West. Perhaps because postwar Japan has not been a "problem" our policy-makers have not paid much attention to her—less for instance than to India or to the new African nations. We have seen Japan primarily in the light of our own strategy—as a permanent American military base and as a potential military ally. We tend to forget that Japan is also a great power, an ancient culture, and a prime symbol of "economic development" to hundreds of millions of non-Europeans.

"The individual American who shows an interest in Japan—her history, her economy, her arts, her universities, her religion—may do more to tie us to the Free World than all the policies of your government," remarked a prominent

Japanese banker, inclined, as a rule, to shrug off such "intangibles."

Finally we need to realize that Japan is not a "European" country and neither can nor should try to become one. Every responsible Japanese gets the shivers when someone in Bonn, London, or Washington talks of the "Atlantic Community"; he knows that no semantic sleight of hand can make Japan border on the Atlantic or trace her culture back to the "Judeo-Christian heritage" of our college catalogues. No matter how Westernized her economy, how technically educated her people, how advanced her physicians and scientists—her roots of culture and history, art and religion, script, literature, and language are not European but Asian. A viable modern society in Japan must embrace both her Western civilization and her Asian culture.

There are signs that the Japanese begin to understand this—the appeal of the two religious sects discussed earlier lies largely in the stress they place on both ancient religion and ethics and modern economics, industry, technology, and science. There are signs that Japan can synthesize East and West. At least in painting—Japan's most representative and most truly national art—a whole generation of good young artists are now "abstractionists" in the Western sense and yet unmistakably "Japanese": "calligraphers" in the best Japanese tradition and yet, unmistakably, schooled in Braque, Matisse, or Jackson Pollock. There are other signs of this breakthrough—in the movies, in ceramics, in architecture. The West has never before had to accept a non-European culture and country as an equal, let alone as a leader. We do, of course, pay lip service to such equality—but Japan waits to find out whether we really mean it.

The big job from now on, however, will have to be done by the Japanese themselves. Of course, their success will depend on an expanding world economy which tends toward being more rather than less liberal. But more important will be Japan's courage and vision in the management of its own domestic affairs—in government, in politics, and in business. Most important: Japan must solve her problems in a manner both "modern" and "Japanese."

Tough as it undoubtedly is, the job is probably neither as big nor as difficult as what Japan has already accomplished since 1952. But it will not only be Japan that will be put to the test in the next ten years. Above all, it will be the West and its values that will be on trial in this new "post-Western" world of ours. Modern Japan is both leader and criterion.



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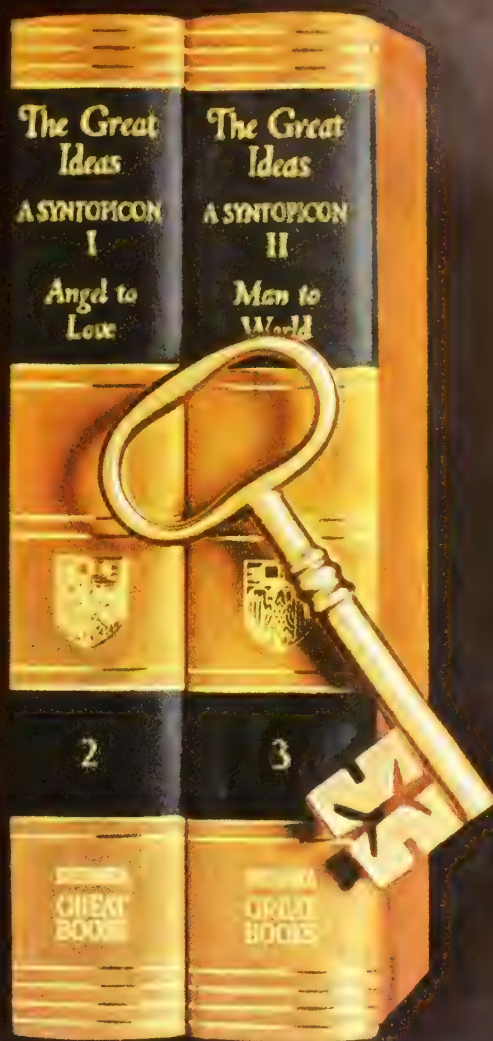
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sexual in the gay sense of the word. Applied to New York City's population, this estimate would indicate a homosexual population of about 100,000. The number may be much higher, since any large city, and especially New York, attracts deviants seeking a degree of privacy, anonymity, and gay life not available in smaller communities. It would be impossible to estimate the number who participate in New York's homosexual society more or less exclusively, since many persons are socially or sexually disqualified for various reasons and others take part in it only to a limited degree.

GAY BARS AND BEACHES

IN NEW YORK, as in other cities, bars are an important part of gay life, especially for young men who have just discovered homosexual society and for those new to the city who want to get acquainted. In Manhattan, about twenty bars cater to homosexuals exclusively and about twice that number are "mixed." They are scattered around the city with concentrations in the Greenwich Village area and the Upper East Side. In most cases they are located away from main business districts, and about the only thing which might distinguish them from any other neighborhood tavern is that their customers tend to be young, well-groomed, and well-dressed, and therefore not quite typical of New York neighborhood bar clientele. Lesbians have their own bars, but they are fewer in number and somewhat more obvious because all the customers are female, and at least some of them are "butch" lesbians, made conspicuous by their short hair, manly clothes, and generally tomboyish appearance.

A few gay bars have private back rooms where homosexuals can dance with one another. These, more than the other bars, seem to be dominated by a young crowd of regular patrons whom my guide referred to as "bar society," and the first one we visited proved to be fairly typical. It was an inconspicuous but very busy street-corner tavern near the Hudson River in West Greenwich Village. Although we went on a Thursday night, the back room was so crowded that many were standing, and the atmosphere was that of a speakeasy: dim lights, loud noise, cigarette smoke, music, and, I was told, a signal to stop dancing in the event of a police raid.

My reaction to the unusual sight of men embracing each other on the dance floor was one more of curiosity than aversion, probably because the dancers appeared so casual and others in the

room so indifferent. I was far more surprised to see no one who "looked" homosexual. A few were a little too well-groomed or elegant in their behavior, and a few were dressed younger than their age (though all looked to be under thirty), but otherwise the only noticeable difference was that everyone resembled the dashing young men in college sportswear advertisements. At other bars I did see a few obviously effeminate persons, but they were not flamboyant, and I was told that the better class of gay bar usually discourages conspicuous homosexuals in order to avoid police crackdowns.

Word spreads quickly once a bar becomes gay, and many are opened with the intention of catering to homosexuals who will keep a place busy until closing every night of the week. A new bar will sometimes raid another, hiring away a popular bartender who will bring with him a large personal following.

New York's gay bars are periodically closed by the police, but no serious effort has been made to eliminate them—either because the owners pay off the police (as customers widely assume, and as bartenders sometimes intimate in justifying their dollar-a-bottle price for beer in the back rooms), or because the police believe they can be more easily watched and controlled if a few are permitted to operate in the open. A police cruiser was parked in front of one of the dancing bars I visited and its driver was standing inside the door talking to the proprietor as I entered, but no one in the back room, where about twenty-five male couples were dancing, paid any notice to this.

Bar owners are not the only businessmen who cater to the gay trade. A number of smart men's shops in the Village and on the Upper East Side feature slim-cut and youthfully styled clothing designed to appeal to homosexuals. Some stores carry bikini-type underwear and swimsuits for men, and fancy silk supporters. Swimsuits of this sort cannot be worn on public beaches, but certain parts of Fire Island (and sometimes other beaches) have become the more or less exclusive domain of the gay crowd, and there they have more freedom to dress and behave as they please, and generally "camp it up," i.e., act "homosexually" without inhibition.

A number of restaurants, barber shops, tailors,

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gyms, athletic clubs, and Turkish baths also cater to homosexuals. Some stationers even carry a line of greeting cards for "gay occasions," and sometimes an apartment or rooming house becomes predominantly homosexual. Some homosexuals feel enough group loyalty to patronize mainly those establishments considered gay, usually because of their employees, but others are indifferent to the point of calling them "fruit-stands."

"DRAG BALLS" AND "SICK" BEHAVIOR

GAY social life takes many forms. Some men spend practically every evening in bars, drinking beer and exchanging news and gossip; others are continually holding or attending parties, which may range from sedate evenings of drinking, talking, and listening to music, to wild nights of orgy. Hundreds of gay parties take place during a New York weekend and the homosexual can usually find one open to him. The genuine orgy, however, is less common and regarded by some as rather jading and degrading, but still "okay if you like that sort of thing." A colorful—but not necessarily sexual—event in the gay world is the "drag party" to which guests may come dressed as women. Unlike genuine transvestitism, however, such masquerading is often done as a titillating joke, the idea being to dress like a ridiculous parody of the female in order to humorously exaggerate one's "perversion."

The term *gay*, which often strikes a heterosexual as inappropriate if not ironic, becomes meaningful at parties and dancing bars. Any private gathering is an opportunity to relax and "drop the mask" one wears in public, and there is usually an air of conspiracy and intrigue which is not without its appeal. Such conditions tend to promote a spirit of good-fellowship, and everyone tries to outdo each other in being friendly, sociable, and "gay." Part of this is artificial—the same sort of attempt at jolly behavior that may go on between males and females after a few drinks at a dull cocktail party. But no doubt homosexuals do feel a genuine exuberance in temporarily escaping the sense of rejection implicit in their frequent need to conceal their nature from employer, acquaintances, and family. The "gaiety" of many homosexuals is also expressed in a sense of humor, perhaps defensive, which often makes fun of themselves. ("Sorry I'm so late, dearie, but I kept tripping in my high heels.") Gay homosexuals I talked to frequently used such terms as *fag*, *fairy*, *swish*,

pansy, *screaming queen* (but rarely *queer*) to describe persons they did not like; however, they used the same terms often (plus the plain *queen*) in referring humorously to gay friends. One person introduced me to his roommate as a "queen for a day who is writing a fairy tale."

What I saw and heard of party life and bar life left with me the impression that the homosexuals, at least in those circles, are often quite lonely people who need to surround themselves with friends and stay continually amused. Some have virtually no heterosexual friends, serious interests or outside diversions, or long-range goals. They are content to support themselves through low-paying white-collar jobs, and otherwise are preoccupied with the intricacies of cliquish, competitive gay society.

About the only social event staged publicly for homosexuals is the "drag ball," at which so-called "drag queens" can legally impersonate women. These are held regularly in commercial halls and may draw a thousand or more persons, including a sizable number of heterosexual curiosity seekers. At the Exotic Ball and Carnival held in Manhattan Center last October, forty-four men were arrested for masquerading as women when New York Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy saw the group as he arrived to attend a policeman's ball on another floor of the same building. The charges later were dismissed since the affair was a bona fide masquerade party, but one man was booked for indecent exposure.

Some New York nightclubs feature female impersonators and other "gay entertainment," but these are strictly offbeat tourist attractions for heterosexuals.

Drag balls, and especially the nightclub entertainment, are objected to by some homosexuals who say that they oppose any type of public behavior or appearance that sustains the stereotype of a freak who minces, wears cosmetics, and speaks with a lisp. In fact, appearance and behavior, to a large extent, determine whether or not an individual will find acceptance in gay society.

By far the majority of homosexuals have no obvious mannerisms and can pass easily in heterosexual society, and many claim to regard the "flaming faggot" with contempt. Similarly excluded from polite gay society are the hoodlums who engage in male prostitution, shake-downs, muggings, or other antisocial behavior, as well as the "degenerate fag" who regularly risks arrest by openly soliciting in public restrooms and parks. Generally speaking, any behavior which attracts heterosexual attention is

disapproved, if for no other reason than that it is considered bad public relations.

Many psychiatrists trace effeminism to a deep-seated identification with the female sex, pointing out that effeminate mannerisms are not necessarily an indication of homosexuality. Effeminate homosexuals often believe they are "just born that way," but I heard other theories advanced. One was that mannerisms sometimes are acquired, perhaps unconsciously, by young men who try to find acceptance in gay life by adopting what they believe to be its conventions. Another held that the ostentatious queen was simply a "sick and neurotic" person who cannot adjust to his condition, and who compensates by "thumbing his powdered nose" at the society which rejects him. Blatant effeminism seems to be more prevalent among homosexuals of the lower socio-economic classes; if so, it may be that such men are more distressed by their loss of masculinity and less able to reach an intelligent understanding of it, and thus are more inclined to exhibit abnormal behavior.

Some sexual tendencies are unacceptable in gay society. The more flagrant homosexual sadists and masochists have formed their own little outcast groups on the fringes of gay life and are characterized by their penchant for leather, denim, or rubber clothing, and by their interest in matters of "bondage" and "discipline." Some cultivate a tough, masculine appearance—black leather jacket, motorcycle boots, tight denims, sometimes a symbolic piece of chain dangling from the belt or hooked around the upper arm. Some wear a Band-Aid on the hand to indicate masochistic inclinations. The two types are lumped together and referred to as S-Ms or "sadie-masies" by other homosexuals who seem to know little about them and say they do not associate with them.

Transvestitism and fetishism, too, are generally regarded as "sick" behavior. The ordinary gay person tends to think of himself as an otherwise normal individual whose sexual inclinations are merely reversed; but he will say that he considers other forms of deviancy to be genuine "perversions," insisting that such inclinations are not "normal" to either the male or female. This is especially true with regard to violent sex crimes, and child molesting.

If anything, the gay person is even more scandalized by violent psychopathic behavior than other people, since the police, the public, and newspapers tend to use the term "homosexual" in describing any crimes involving members of the same sex, thereby implying that homo-

Nor Long Remember . . .

. . . Above all, there was the noble example of General Robert E. Lee. Lee's public life is familiar to us all, but most of us know little of his life in his own parish church. . . . Lee was present in the church shortly after the war when a Negro churchman came to the altar to make his Communion. The other people in the church, confused and resentful, stayed in their pews. Then General Lee quietly arose, walked up the aisle, and knelt beside the Negro.

—Sermon, by the rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Oxford, Mississippi, October 7, 1962.

sexuals are inherently depraved. Ordinarily, criminal psychopaths who are homosexual have no wish to participate in gay life, even if they could find acceptance. Most of the people I talked to believed that homosexual child molesters and other "sex maniacs" were secretive and tortured men who were incapable of openly acknowledging their deviancy; hence they had no desire to fraternize with other homosexuals. I was told that many male prostitutes were homosexuals who refused to acknowledge their inclinations but used prostitution as an excuse to indulge in homosexual relations. Some, known as "rough trade," then beat and rob the "dirty queer" to preserve their own heterosexual illusions.

The bisexual—defined here only as a person who describes himself as one—is a kind of mulatto in gay life. He is rejected by conventional heterosexual society and sometimes by gay homosexuals who argue that there is no such thing as true bisexuality and that those who claim to be attracted equally to men and women are only trying to prove their masculinity to themselves. Bisexuals disagree vigorously, and criticize other homosexuals for being too narrow in their interests.

It should be kept in mind that homosexuals, like heterosexuals, do not always practice what they preach. Engaging a prostitute, extreme effeminism, associating with various "undesirables," accepting money, indiscreet "cruising" in public, and so on, are practices generally frowned upon in polite gay society, although an indi-

vidual may well indulge in them when his friends aren't looking.

Sexual satisfaction is usually seen as a matter of personal preference, and homosexuals tend to be liberal in what they consider respectable sex. A person may specialize in the active or the passive role, or in partners who are very masculine, very effeminate, younger, older, or blond and blue-eyed. Sexual eccentricities, even when socially unacceptable by gay standards, rarely are condemned as wrong or immoral. To some extent, attitudes toward sex divide along familiar heterosexual lines—one person being casually promiscuous, another insisting on only one "boy-friend" at a time and exhibiting jealousy in the event of competition. A few seek to elevate their relationships to an idealized level—the ultimate spiritual union between two faithful lovers in what they conceive to be the classic Greek tradition. (Some homosexuals manage to establish lengthy or even permanent relationships, but successful "marriages" seem rare. One obvious reason is the lack of legal and social sanctions: family disputes are easily settled by separation.)

FREUD'S REASSURANCE

THE homosexual's position in society is often precarious. Discovery can cost him his reputation and perhaps his career. He is aware that, according to New York law, every sexual act could cost him years in prison (though it rarely happens). He feels society hates him, and unjustly. Frequently he is guilt-ridden, aware or not, and lacks the self-acceptance he needs in order to live comfortably with his condition, which itself is thought to be closely related to an unhealthy early psychological environment. These factors, rather than homosexuality alone, are what some believe to be the main causes of emotional instability, effeminism, violence, and other problems commonly blamed on sexual deviation. Homosexuals themselves argue that while these problems are indeed widespread, they tend to be exaggerated by psychiatrists, the police, and other authorities whose work brings them into contact only with disturbed individuals; they insist that many homosexuals can be reasonably happy and productive people, capable of leading quite as fulfilled lives as heterosexuals.

Although psychologists are far from agreement on the causes and remedies for homosexuality, there is considerable support for this claim. In a letter to a despairing mother, written in 1935, Freud himself expressed a general view of the

problem which many analysts would no doubt affirm today:

Homosexuality is assuredly no advantage, but it is nothing to be ashamed of, no vice, no degradation, it cannot be classified as an illness, we consider it to be a variation of the sexual function produced by a certain arrest of sexual development. Many highly respectable individuals of ancient and modern times have been homosexuals, several of the greatest men among them. . . . It is a great injustice to persecute homosexuality as a crime, and cruelty too.

[You ask if we can] abolish homosexuality and make normal heterosexuality take its place. The answer is in a general way, we cannot promise to achieve it. In a certain number of cases we succeed in developing the blighted germs of heterosexual tendencies which are present in every homosexual; in the majority of cases it is no more possible.

What analysis can do for your son runs in a different line. If he is unhappy, neurotic, torn by conflicts, inhibited in his social life, analysis may bring him harmony, peace of mind, full efficiency, whether he remains a homosexual or gets changed.

Some psychiatrists do consider homosexuality a severe emotional disorder that both can and should be corrected—if the individual sincerely wants to change. The relatively few instances of successful treatment would seem to indicate most do not. Another view which seems to be gaining wider acceptance is that homosexuality may arise out of faulty differentiation of the male and female components in the "psychosexual" development of the individual, and thus should be considered a character or personality problem rather than a deep-seated neurosis. Such broad hypotheses subdivide into numerous and often conflicting theories. Some experts are now reconsidering the possibility that hereditary factors, which were once dismissed, may indeed play a role. There is however a fairly wide consensus that adjustment to homosexuality is sometimes preferable to attempts at cure.

Evidence that there may be no inherent connection between homosexuality and pathology has been gathered in a study conducted by Dr. Evelyn Hooker of the University of California and published in 1957 as a preliminary report on "The Adjustment of the Male Overt Homosexual." For the study, thirty apparently well-adjusted homosexuals were matched for age, IQ, and education against thirty apparently well-adjusted heterosexuals. The teams then were given a battery of psychological tests, the results of which were analyzed blind by two of Dr. Hooker's colleagues who found themselves unable to pick out which of the subjects were homosexuals. Nor was there any significant dif-

ference between the groups in overall adjustment ratings. Dr. Hooker does not present her results as at all conclusive, but she considers them ground for reviewing the theory that homosexuality and pathology are inherently related.

Many homosexuals have always contended they were no different from anyone else—just sexually left-handed. A few even argue that homosexuality would be an altogether superior way of life were it not for society's square attitudes. However, such militancy is more characteristic of the few "organized" homosexuals than of the rank and file. The New York Homosexual League conducted an informal poll among three hundred deviates, asking each, among other things, if he would want to become heterosexual if a safe, easy means were available. Ninety-six per cent answered no, but only three per cent said they would want to see a child of theirs homosexual. The attitude which seems to be most commonly held is that homosexuality is not the preferable condition, but there's nothing morally wrong with it, it even has some things to recommend it, and in any case one has to make the best of the situation. Out of this desire to make the best of it grows a gay community with a social structure specially adapted to homosexual needs.

THE EASY WAYS TO STATUS

STILL, the term *gay society* must be used very cautiously. If a fairly self-conscious and recognizable gay community can be observed in New York, it should be clear that its habits and standards do not apply to thousands of homosexuals who have little or nothing to do with it. Generalizations about gay "social structure" thus must be even more tentative than those about heterosexual society. Nevertheless, gay society does seem to deal with such questions as status and money in roughly consistent ways.

For obvious reasons, personal attractiveness and age seem the most important qualifications for getting ahead socially in the gay world. A premium is placed on appearing neat, fashionably dressed, young, and handsome, and anyone who is slovenly or physically unattractive is severely handicapped. Fashionable dress currently means slim-cut Continental or extreme Ivy League styles in suits, and well-tailored, collegiate-looking casual wear. The perfect dresser is extremely up-to-date, but careful to avoid styles so radical or grooming so fastidious as to be termed "faggoty-elegant." Homosexuals commonly dress younger and try to look younger than their years, but those who overdo it are

often ridiculed. Although one finds quite a few exceptions, young homosexuals generally prefer their own age group socially as well as sexually, and an older person who insists on a youthful sexual partner may have to turn to male prostitutes.

Wealth and family background themselves usually are not sources of status within the homosexual community, though their manifestations—possessions, manners, etc.—may be. Since most homosexuals have no dependents and only personal expenses, a modest income will usually provide the obvious luxuries of "sophisticated" city life, reducing the importance of real wealth. Most homosexuals who participate exclusively in gay social life have a relatively low income, so there exists no real moneyed class within the community toward which to aspire. A prominent family background brings little status since few homosexuals can afford to mix their gay life with their straight life.

A college education, as such, confers relatively little status within the community, but in many circles it is important to display cultural interests and a degree of cool sophistication or "hipness." The folklore of the gay world has it that homosexuals tend to be specially gifted in the creative arts. There is not much evidence to support this notion, although living in an "enemy" society of heterosexuals may well increase one's sensitivity and perception. Quite naturally, however, homosexuals tend to be attracted to creative fields, which are traditionally tolerant, rather than to occupations like law, engineering, or business management where disclosure could be ruinous. A young single man, moreover, can better afford the risks and financial insecurity of an artistic career. A few occupations such as clothes designing, window dressing, decorating, modeling, and hairdressing are considered gay trades and carry more prestige than office work and clerking. So do some types of performing (ice-skating, chorus dancing, etc.). For the most part, however, the homosexuals of the gay community are not notably successful people by the standards of the outer world. If they are gifted professionals or artists, for example, they will usually find their way to more complex and interesting homosexual, and mixed, milieus, and their lives will seldom center in gay society.

The gay social climber (like any other) considers address and neighborhood important, but he sometimes goes to extremes that would strike the status-seeking heterosexual as too obvious. Some will sacrifice every other luxury to live in a plush apartment in Sutton Place on a clerk's

salary, or pay high rent for a cramped room because it has an East Fifties address.

In gay society an individual is often typed (not always accurately) according to his neighborhood. The "East Side Snob" is described as an elegant, high-class dandy, or a bland, pseudo-sophisticated "organization man with a flair," and both tend to confine themselves to their own more private social circles. The West Sider is thought to be a lower-class, sometimes bizarre person, and the two extremes seem to meet in the Village where stereotypes mix. To some homosexuals, Forty-second Street between Sixth and Eighth Avenues is practically a taboo area because of the hustlers, hoodlums, and generally undesirable types who often congregate there. The West Seventies are said to be a "pansy patch" because of the number of obviously effeminate homosexuals, often Puerto Rican, who live there; and some areas of the Upper East Side are called "fairy flats" because they are supposedly inhabited by "conspicuously elegant types usually walking poodles," as one informant put it. Brooklyn Heights, just across the East River from Lower Manhattan, is thought of as a kind of homosexual suburbia popular with "young marrieds."

Despite the social discrimination and class distinctions operating at most levels of the gay community, upward social mobility is not only possible but fairly easy. The superficial nature of many status symbols makes them simple to acquire, and the most humble and unsophisticated rural bumpkin arriving cold in the big city can advance socially by adopting the right conventions and cultivating the right interests. A homosexual illustrator, complaining about fashion-consciousness in gay life, told me that a friend of his considered Vance Packard's *The Status Seekers* a valuable "get-ahead book," full of good tips.

Race is less often a deciding factor of acceptability in homosexual circles. Attractive Negroes and Puerto Ricans can sometimes use their homosexuality to enter various elite gay circles, particularly in the Village, and even many white homosexuals who will not accept Negroes socially nonetheless are "quite democratic in bed." Talking of racial as well as other distinctions, one man told me: "Homosexuals are terrible snobs, you know; but not sexually, at least when no one's looking."

Homosexuals who are not deeply involved in the gay community often criticize the conformity, phoniness, and lack of individuality they believe characterizes much of this society. There

are few interesting eccentrics or bohemians; most of the men seem preoccupied with "belonging" or getting ahead, and one is not aware of much depth of personality. These qualities may reflect the strong sense of rejection and insecurity, which creates a compelling need in some homosexuals to find personal acceptance. Responding to this need are a community and a value system which seem to diminish the homosexual's social handicaps by attaching status to objects well within his reach. Furthermore there are sexual considerations: homosexuals are reluctant to erect insurmountable social restrictions that would severely limit their sexual activities by excluding many personally desirable partners.

THE NEW PRESSURE GROUPS

SOME of the people I talked to believe the homosexual's lot is gradually improving. More and more novels, plays, and even movies are venturing into the subject, usually treating it with some understanding. Since the late 1950s a number of radio and television programs have explored sexual deviation, and talks on the subject are increasingly common, both by professional persons and by homosexuals themselves. In 1961, Illinois became the first state to exclude from its criminal code private homosexual relations between consenting adults, a revision now advocated by many legal, medical, and psychiatric societies. One conspicuous step toward toleration took place in 1950 when homosexuals first were able to form organizations, hold meetings and conventions, and publish their own books and magazines. Earlier attempts had failed, usually in the face of extra-legal and social pressures.

The most prominent homosexual organization, the Mattachine Society (so named after medieval court jesters who dared to speak the truth in the face of stern authority) originated in California in 1950 and later opened chapters in other cities. It was followed by One, Inc., and by the Daughters of Bilitis, a national organization for female homosexuals. Today there are more than a dozen national and local organizations for "homophiles," publishing *One Magazine*, *One Quarterly*, *The Ladder* (Daughters of Bilitis), *The Mattachine Review*, *The League For Civil Education News* (a biweekly newspaper published in San Francisco), and numerous local newsletters.

In New York, the local Mattachine Society (now independent of the California group) has around two hundred members and holds regular meetings and study groups at which psychiatrists,

lawyers, and other professionals speak. A new group called the Homosexual League was founded last year and is chiefly the work of Randolfe Wicker, a young man in his twenties whose main objective is to "bring the subject of homosexuality into the open" by speaking before interested groups and arranging for others to lecture on the subject.

Despite the increase in organizational activities, very few homosexuals belong to groups or subscribe to publications. Some are afraid to join or subscribe, and others oppose organizing on the grounds that it only attracts attention which will make things worse. The majority simply are not interested in crusading and want only to be left alone. Judging from the readers' letters published, the magazines are of greater interest to homosexuals in smaller cities who tend to feel more isolated.

Even though the organizations and magazines are not widely supported, they have exerted a subtle influence on both heterosexual and homosexual thinking. To city, state, medical, and other authorities they are tangible evidence that homosexuals are not altogether the either dangerous or laughable perverts that police arrests or locker-room jokes imply. Moreover, they document many aspects of homosexuality and examine its problems, and no doubt provide a

welcome source of information and understanding to many young persons suddenly confronted with the realization they are "queer."

Some authorities who hold that homosexuality is a neurotic symptom might warn against increasing its social acceptance, in the belief that this would invite latent deviants to become overt, and discourage the overt from seeking therapy. But those who consider it to be a type of personality disorder in which adjustment is often preferable to attempts at cure, believe that increased tolerance of homosexuality may help reduce the intense guilt that sometimes leads to seriously neurotic or antisocial behavior.

In any case, even a superficial inquiry into the community life of homosexuals should make two things clear. First, the term *homosexual* itself means little unless it is carefully qualified. The latent homosexual, the transvestite, the child molester, the lone wolf, the gay person, and so on, may all have very different problems and social roles, deriving from radically different causes. Secondly, the isolated life of the gay community may be seen as a reflection of the dominant social order itself. Our society has been quick to adopt defensive and mocking attitudes toward homosexuals and painfully slow to acquire a humane and mature understanding of their condition.

JOHN RATTI

HANDS IN A FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH

Our father, when he stopped cutting
life from marble with his long, fine
hands, tended currant bushes growing
on a terrace, beneath the pine
forest. He gathered the berries,
red and white, and to please
us held out his hands, two filled bowls,
so that we might see the harvest.
The night deer, their eyes burning holes,
moved quickly down through the forest;
our father, watching the sharp pain
of their grace, carved them into his brain.

Our mother, long after we were
gone from the house, searched for us, deep
in the night; not finding us there,
lost in her loss, she fell down the steep
varnished stairs.

Her fingers came awake
first and, on the smooth, wet tread, felt daybreak.



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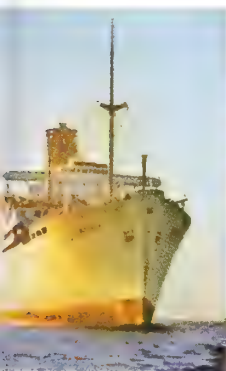
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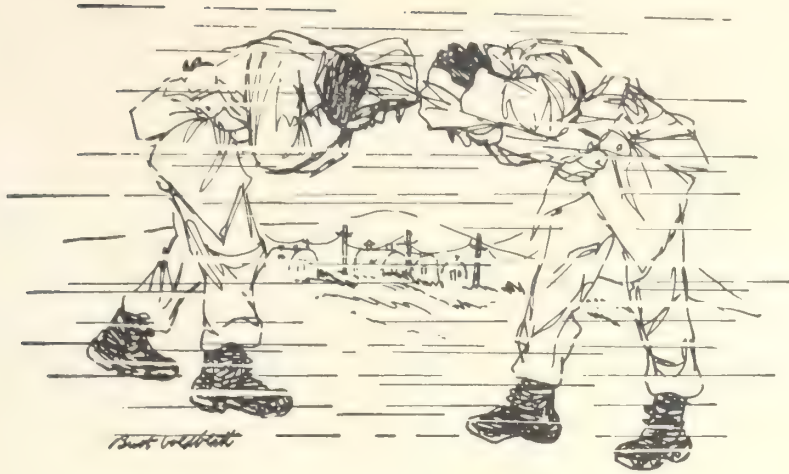
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“UNHAPPY TALK”

A non-psychologist, with an honorable discharge, reports on the quaint speech patterns among sex-starved, unrelaxed island dwellers.

I GREW up in a family given to very little, if any, swearing. My father, who had forsaken the bluegrass of Kentucky for the sagebrush of the Pacific Northwest in the days when things were still rough and rowdy out there, clung to the gentleman's code which forbade the use of profanity within earshot of ladies. Since our household, in the peak years, contained six of those, he was constrained to keep a civil tongue. It must not have been difficult, because he never swore much around men, either. At home, “Oh, the dickens!” was about as far as I ever heard him go. “Shoot!” he might say when really vexed. Or, “Well, if that doesn't beat *all*!” His most scornful phrase was “Oh, you don't know *beans*,” a shortened version of “Oh, you don't know beans with the sack open.” No biological epithet ever passed his lips, and if he had any fluency in classical, deocentric profanity, he concealed the fact.

My mother and my grandmother, also both Southerners, would come out with a timid “Ah, tut!” or “Oh, piffle!” in moments of disgust or anger, and my grandmother, when disobeyed, shocked, or disappointed, would say something

that sounded like “Lawd-ham-mussy” or just “the Law-w-wd,” in a protracted, breathy monotone. (When disobeyed, she always threatened to “go get a hickory,” which was certainly a bluff in that softwood section of the country.)

Shoot, dickens, piffle, and tut. In such a prim and proper milieu, then, I shot up to six feet, got a good start on my complexion trouble, and was well into my teens before anything racier than gosh, golly, and darn came out of me, and darn was reserved for really daring moments. I heard cussing at school and on Boy Scout hikes, but I didn't take it up at all until I entered college. Even then, I was a repressed, self-conscious *profanateur*, a benign Little Boy Behan amidst some accomplished foulmouths.

Not until World War II, when I found myself on what the Army accurately called “isolated duty,” did I become competent in all forms of swearing. Living with small detachments of men, jammed together in Quonset huts or barracks on various islands of the Aleutian chain, off the coast of Alaska, I tossed all upbringing and inhibition to the incessant, hundred-mile-an-hour winds, and for three years cussed everything and everyone in sight. I may have been late blooming, but I was full flowering, and it would have taken more GI soap than the U. S. and all her allies had to wash out my mouth.

I was moved to reflect on my slow but sure progress toward profanity when the *New York*

Times recently described the activities of Helen E. Ross, a British psychologist. Miss Ross, it seems, went off with a group of bird watchers on an expedition to Arctic Norway. Her interest lay in words, not birds. She carried a pocket counter, and ticked off the number of times her companions swore. When she got home she totaled up all the goddamns, etc., analyzed the motivations that had prompted their utterance, and, like scientists everywhere, published a technical paper.

"The words used," she wrote, "were blasphemous rather than obscene, as is to be expected among the middle classes." Swearing among bird watchers, she concluded, "increased noticeably when they were relaxed and happy and, though it also increased when they were under slight stress, it decreased when they were really annoyed or tired."

At the risk of sounding pedantic, I must say that Miss Ross's findings surprise the hell out of me. I can't believe that swearing increases when people are "relaxed and happy." I never knew a man in the Aleutians who was relaxed and happy, and yet I never knew one who wasn't swearing every breath. We weren't relaxed; we were *tense*, to put it euphemistically. And as for happiness—well, that had been left at home. There was nothing now to be happy about, nobody to be happy or even slightly amused *with*, and so what did we do? We swore.

The Japanese invaders had long since been driven out, so there was no interesting warfare with which to while away the hours. Even the monotony-breaking air-raid alerts had dwindled in number. Duties were dull and routine. The weather was unvaryingly foul. There were very few fresh vegetables. There was no milk. There was practically no liquor, and for many months no beer. There was no place to go, nothing to do, and save for a few nurses, a glimpse of whom was reserved for the hospitalized or the high-



ranking, there were no women. Every man, then, was constantly glum and unhappy, and when he opened his mouth, what emerged was not what anyone could call "happiness swearing."

We hit our best swearing stride whenever we were required by Army regulations to sit through official movies dealing with the prevention of venereal disease. If you are a man, and if you have not even caught sight of a woman for perhaps eighteen months, movie scenes of slinky prostitutes lurking in doorways, followed by stern, governmental warnings not to be lured inside, have an effect somewhat different, surely, from that intended by the creators of these 16-mm. morality dramas. To be forced to view a poor GI Special

Service actor who *had* yielded to temptation, and who was now stripped naked before the cameras, demonstrating for us *precisely* how to carry out the directions in his Prophylactic Kit, was not our idea of a lovely way to spend an evening, and we used to stand up and say so, loudly and profanely. The words we used, I could tell Miss Ross, were both blasphemous and obscene—as is to be expected, I might add, among the sex-starved middle classes. (If the Army had taken an opinion poll among us, it would have discovered to its dismay that most of us, at that point, were Not Opposed to venereal disease.)

In the Aleutians, we had no birds to watch, beyond an occasional gull or ptarmigan, and as the late naturalist, Dr. Robert Benchley, once pointed out in connection with horses or cows in a stable—when you have seen one, you have seen them all. In the Aleutians we had nothing to watch, except each other and the weather, and we grew weary of both. We had to be careful, too, lest we be caught watching too intently, a sure symptom of the condition known to the Medical Corps as "Aleutian Stare." I had a buddy who developed this. He started staring too intently at the water in Dutch Harbor. He used to stand, watching the chill, gray-green waves as they splashed up on the rocks. He got so he did this every day, for hours at a time. One day it occurred to him that the only thing separating him from his wife, in Laguna Beach, California, was that water. He stepped out into it fully clothed, walked farther and farther out until he got cold and swam back to shore. When

Hayes B. Jacobs' first published work was a "Harper's" short story that, like this essay, reflected his war years in Alaska. A free-lance, he writes for numerous publications, and teaches writing at The New School in New York. "New Voices '63," a short-story anthology he edited, will be published this fall by Macmillan.

he told the medics about it next morning, they arranged for a short furlough.

SOME men used to sit and watch the rain. Aleutian rain does not come down, as rain should; it comes across. It is blown by the ever-present wind, the raging *williwaw*. When you watch horizontal rain day after day, your unhappiness increases, you become very unrelaxed, and you swear. These men, like Lear, addressed their remarks directly to the elements. They talked to the rain, attributing human qualities to it, endowing it with all manner of undesirable creature frailties. They told the rain, just as they told each other, that it was illegitimate, sexually perverted, given to incestuousness (the worst *kind* of incestuousness), and that in spite of its horizontal path, it was headed for hell, or should be. (Because of postal regulations I am beating around several bushes here, but if readers wish to communicate with me I shall send them, by courier, a long list of exactly what those men said to the rain. I can also send, on request and in a plain envelope, a wind list, a snow list, a hamburger-patty list, a draft-dodger list, a stalled-jeep list, and even a powdered-milk list, though the last is sketchy. Toward the end we ran out of vile things to say about powdered milk. Finally some illegitimate PFC was ordered to move every last perverted and incestuous barrel of powdered milk out of our goddamned mess-hall pantry and into an adjoining, perverted Quonset hut, where we wouldn't even have to look at it. Powdered milk is pretty good now, but the stuff we had then was everything we said, and more, and any stupid, perverted, incestuous offspring of an unwed mother seen trying to drink it was denounced as being out of his perverted goddamned mind. Any day, he could be expected to express a fondness for Spam.)

Objects that were not perverted and incestuous were, at the very least, said to be "a crock." This is a shortened version of a longer phrase; GIs in previous wars probably stated what the crock contained, but our implication, I think, was reasonably clear. Every Army regulation was a crock. Every morale-building pamphlet or training film was a crock. Bond-promotion placards were a crock. Any state-

ment, direction, or order made by one's superior was automatically a crock. Any explanation or excuse from one's inferior was a crock. Nearly everything that came over the Armed Forces Radio Network, except perhaps Jo Stafford and Glenn Miller, was a crock. Explanations for the late arrival of our mail were a crock. Stale, chocolate-chip cookies, sent to us in coffee cans, were a crock. USO shows were not a crock, but it was a hell of a goddamned long wait between bookings. V-discs were certainly a crock. Do you know about V-discs? They were the phonograph records, specially made to improve the morale of U. S. armed forces overseas. They were issued on a Rush-Priority basis, I guess, because we got V-discs six months before we got a phonograph. V-disc recording artists would always say a few morale-building words, and then announce what they were going to play or sing. We had one in Adak that said "Deece eece Gregor-r-r Piatigorsky end I em heppy to breeng you deece Ve-e-e-disc. I weel play for you . . ." Secretly, many of us were happy to have that record, but we wouldn't have dared admit it. We said it was a crock. V-discs, after all, were made by ———, ———, ——— civilians!

I can't conclude without reporting one of our choicest phrases. If we were not calling someone incestuous, we were telling him to "blow it out," an imperative that does not relate to birthday candles. In fact, since the war is over, I'd best not dwell on blow it out, except to note that it had extended forms, some incomprehensible even to us, such as "blow it out your barracks bag." In one version or another it came to be used on almost any occasion, and even as a friendly greet-

ing. Two men, bundled in parkas, trudging, heads down against the driving *williwaw*, would meet on a path and glance up at each other.

"Blow it out," one would say.

"Yeah?" the other would reply. "You blow it out."

It should be apparent why I cannot agree with Miss Ross's analysis of those bird watchers and their profanity in Arctic Norway. She may rest assured, though, that I no longer talk the way I did during the war, and when I read her statements in the *Times*, all I said was "Oh, piffle."



On Broadway and Off

A midseason view of the current plays

By John Simon

The 1962-63 New York theatrical scene is an extremely promising one—if we are willing to evaluate it at the depressingly low standards set by the last few seasons. In these, the average number of outstanding Broadway productions has been two; the off-Broadway average, two and a half. Yet before this season was half over, we already had two deserved Broadway successes—*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *Beyond the Fringe*—and two and a half off-Broadway achievements—the Eric Bentley version of Brecht's *A Man's a Man*, *The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker*, and one item on the double bill of Pinter plays. Thus the full, measly quota has already been met.

Or has it? The number of important plays in any given season, anywhere, may not exceed a slim handful; perhaps, indeed, it need not. But what makes one particularly dispirited is the appallingly low level of most of the other plays produced; the lack of critical perception and sternness on the part of the daily and weekly reviewers which allows quite a little trash to prosper; and, inevitable perhaps but saddest of all, the existence of a large and vocal public for some of the most dismal musicals and plays.

Typical of these plays that can be called average fare is Sumner Arthur Long's highly successful comedy, *Never Too Late*. It is a situational comedy based on one joke: in a household

consisting of a crusty new England autocrat in his sixties, his charming but oppressed drudge of a wife, his messily flighty daughter, and an ineffectual, barely tolerated son-in-law, a bomb-shell explodes. Mother is going to have a baby! Presently everything changes: mother becomes emancipated, daughter has to take on the drudgery, son-in-law helps out the old man when his pregnant mate threatens to leave him. The old man is by turns incredulous, outraged, martyred, frightened out of his wits, and, finally, humanized. Eventually son-in-law is given a position of respect in the business, wife takes over the house but will get a maid at last, daughter will become a proper wife and mother, and old sourpuss is to be henceforth a nice old sourpuss. The joke, then, is the joyous miseries of late-middle-aged virility and middle-aged motherhood.

An audience of predominantly middle-aged people roars ecstatically at seeing itself represented with a dance or two left in it yet. Younger members of the audience take equal pleasure seeing their elders as juvenile buffoons—for the play has, characteristically, no point of view and can be made to signify, as one pleases, everything or nothing. The whole thing is staged with the same slickness George Abbott has brought to the eighty-one other plays he has directed on Broadway, from at least seventy of which it is totally indistinguishable.

Now the really interesting thing about this trivial play is the almost undivided praise it got from the daily reviewers, who, with a few minor reservations, treated it as a completely delightful work full of witty insight and warm sympathy. Actually, the whole thing is predicated on the notion (evidently not unjustified) that having a baby is something mildly titillating and, if it happens to an older couple, positively spicy. Typically, when this tired plot turns up in a French boulevard farce, the pivotal element is the townsfolk's doubts about the old man's paternity and his own suspicions of his wife's fidelity, but this motif is barely hinted at here and promptly dropped. In short, *Never Too Late* is yet another example of "the clean dirty play" or "the sex comedy without sex," a favorite atrocity of the American stage, calculated to please both the prurience and puritanism of our arbiters and audiences.

Three further more or less successful Broadway productions illustrate other aspects of the triumph of the formula over even the most modest form of incisiveness or invention.

In *Seidman and Son*, the same old Jewish jokes seem still infinitely funny to the same Jewish spectators who have yet to learn (as Negroes, commendably, have done) that affectionate stereotypes are stereotypes nonetheless, and an obfuscation of the truth. Also in the same play, the presence of a beloved star, Sam Levene, even though giving one of his less distinguished performances, appears to justify for the audience every conceivable platitude in the writing.

In *Calculated Risk*, the most superficially observed characters with stock reactions and standard wisecracks are happily tolerated for the sake of a suspenseful plot. The outcome, however, is entirely predictable. To satisfy the naïve values of the playwright, virtue will triumph over everything: from the main issue—a ruthless business shark *versus* reputable businessmen in the American grain—down to various corollary issues such as a marriage gone stale, another marriage gone adulterous, treacherous cupidity in one member of the board of directors, and drunken ineffectuality and corrupt politics in a

couple of others. Serious consideration of moral, political, and sexual issues yields completely to the creation of suspense by an interminable sequence of stratagems, counterstratagems, and red herrings.

In *Little Me*, we have a large, lavish, gimmicky musical, hiding—sometimes quite successfully—the second-rate quality of each component taken individually. And the heroine, an unscrupulous trollop on a sexual odyssey, is presented as a lovable hoyden barely involved in a series of cute peccadilloes: Messalina and Little Lulu are sisters under, and even at, the skin. Once again the sexless sex comedy, and already we have come full circle.

Free-floating Forms

Why, we should ask ourselves, cannot such standard fare show some modest imagination? A musical comedy like *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*, though hardly distinguished in any way, makes an effort to apply vaudeville, cabaret, and pantomime techniques to the musical-comedy genre. As a result, one can at least enjoy the potentiality of the free-floating form even while watching its mediocre application. Off-Broadway, William Snyder's *The Days and Nights of Beebe Fenstermaker* provides a good example of how inventive dramatic devices can bolster a simple, naturalistic play. In the third act, the now defeated and morally decomposing heroine, and the likable simpleton who is her most recent casual pickup listen to a recording of a long-past Fenstermaker family reunion. The meeting is not only that of past and present, but also of vanished grace and present squalor, of Beebe's childish world of hopefulness and a lonely woman's small, desperately untidy apartment. The way in which the voices of two worlds brush each other—a grandmother no longer living, an amiable nitwit not yet a lover and never to be a love—creates a stage image of deep, natural, and universal poignancy. It is something the good, solidly middle-of-the-road theatre should more often achieve, or at least reach for.

Instead, however, we are usually treated to preposterous nonsense when the middlebrow theatre tries to talk big. The most popular mode of this is to adapt some well-known work of fiction for the stage—either a real classic like *Moby Dick*, or a so-called classic-to-be like C. P. Snow's *The Affair*. The plot and ideas of Snow's novel are old and elementary; what value it has lies in the evocation of life in faculty rooms,

John Simon made a special round of the New York theatres for this article before and during the newspaper blackout. He is drama critic for "Hudson Review" and movie critic for "The New Leader." A collection of his criticism, "Acid Test," will be published this spring.

clubrooms, and the like. Most of this descriptive and sprawlily conversational matter cannot be fitted into the compass of a play; what can be, has no particular dramatic vitality. As for *Moby Dick*, it is the sheer slow cumulative fury and pity of it all, as it builds over hundreds of pages encompassing everything from metaphysical speculation to cetological lore, that gives it its greatness. Any attempt to focus on its highlights, even if they are cunningly ensconced by Orson Welles in the framework of a troupe of traveling actors doing a stage version of *Moby Dick*, can only result in reaffirming how much the form of a work of art is its content. This is a simple truth which the hacks who would make themselves playwrights by the back door of adaptation understandably disregard; what they should not be able, or allowed, to disregard is that adaptations almost invariably fail at the box office. Thus Welles's *Moby Dick* lasted about a fortnight; *The Affair* hung on for three-and-one-half months by dint of desperate advertising which framed the ambiguous title with phrases like "For Adults Only" and "The Boldest Play of the Day."

Another way of aspiring to quality is to put on a theatre classic. This is what David Ross has been doing for some years now with Ibsen and Chekhov (two labels which, like General Motors and General Electric, are, presumably, always dependable). His most recent venture was *The Cherry Orchard*. Mr. Ross assembled a motley cast and pitiful sets and costumes; elicited the most haphazard pace and uncertain intonations (including accents ranging from road-company British to full-blown Bronx), no ensemble acting and no overall concept of the play; and couched the whole in a dated, unwieldy translation. Is this supposed to be reviving a classic: to make a desolation and call it a masterpiece?

It is possible also to unearth a yet unproduced play of true artistic merit. But Thornton Wilder's *Pullman Car Hiawatha*, though it was never professionally put on in New York, is scarcely a buried gem. Or if buried, it is buried in every other anthology of short plays, American drama, plays for amateurs, and what have you. That it has not received professional production here hinges on the simple fact that it is a five-finger exercise for *Our Town*, and that the fingers playing it have hardly time to unstiffen before it is all over. To spread this awkward trifle clear across a large arena stage as José Quintero has done at his Circle in the Square, serves only to demonstrate how wide the gap is between classroom and theatre, between textbook and prompt-book.

The point of the foregoing remarks is that putting on a dramatic work of literary distinction—revival or discovery—is no guarantee of anything; there remain the big questions of who picked the work for a masterpiece and how it is being done. But the American public and professionals alike are all too willing to take, not only the intention for the performance, but also any sort of performance for the author's intent.

Corn on the New Frontier

Before going on to the avant-garde and its splendors and miseries, let us look briefly at the *arrière-garde* and its melancholy rear-guard action. Broadway did not get to see a new play by Marc Connelly, briefly tried out at Purdue University and apparently laid to rest in an eternal home in Indiana. But Sidney Kingsley's *Night Life* proved itself in a few weeks an open-and-shut case. Kingsley's outlook and concept of dramaturgy are both products of the 'thirties, and are, as such, marked for life. Here was a play set in an ostensibly utterly contemporary key club; the *dramatis personae* ranged from a big-time labor racketeer to a nymphomaniacal and lesbian international movie star, from a squabbling middle-aged and middle-class couple to a sweet young singer at the club about to marry the monstrous racketeer to forget a fine young lawyer grown cynical at the sight of the world's horrors. It soon becomes apparent that plot, characters, dramatic devices, and style all have their almost exact analogues in plays like Sherwood's *The Petrified Forest* or Barry's *Hotel Universe*. But those plays—however naïve they now seem—were relevant to their own periods, while Kingsley's product has petrified in the mold of a past age.

S. J. Perelman used to write lowbrow film scenarios for the Marx Brothers and highbrow humor for *The New Yorker*. But times change. *The New Yorker* descends a brow or two, and the Marx Brothers, like other honest old-time movie nonsense, become the lost paradise of film comedy, morsels for the connoisseur, in short, highbrow. Mr. Perelman, who so successfully bestrode various brows—one conquering foot on each—suddenly feels the ground being reshuffled under him. So he writes *The Beauty Part*, supposedly superlative fun for all brows rolled into one. It is a set of revue skits deviously strung together, and purporting to be social satire covering every aspect of cultural and moral fakery. But the subjects are either old hat (pseudo-intellectual

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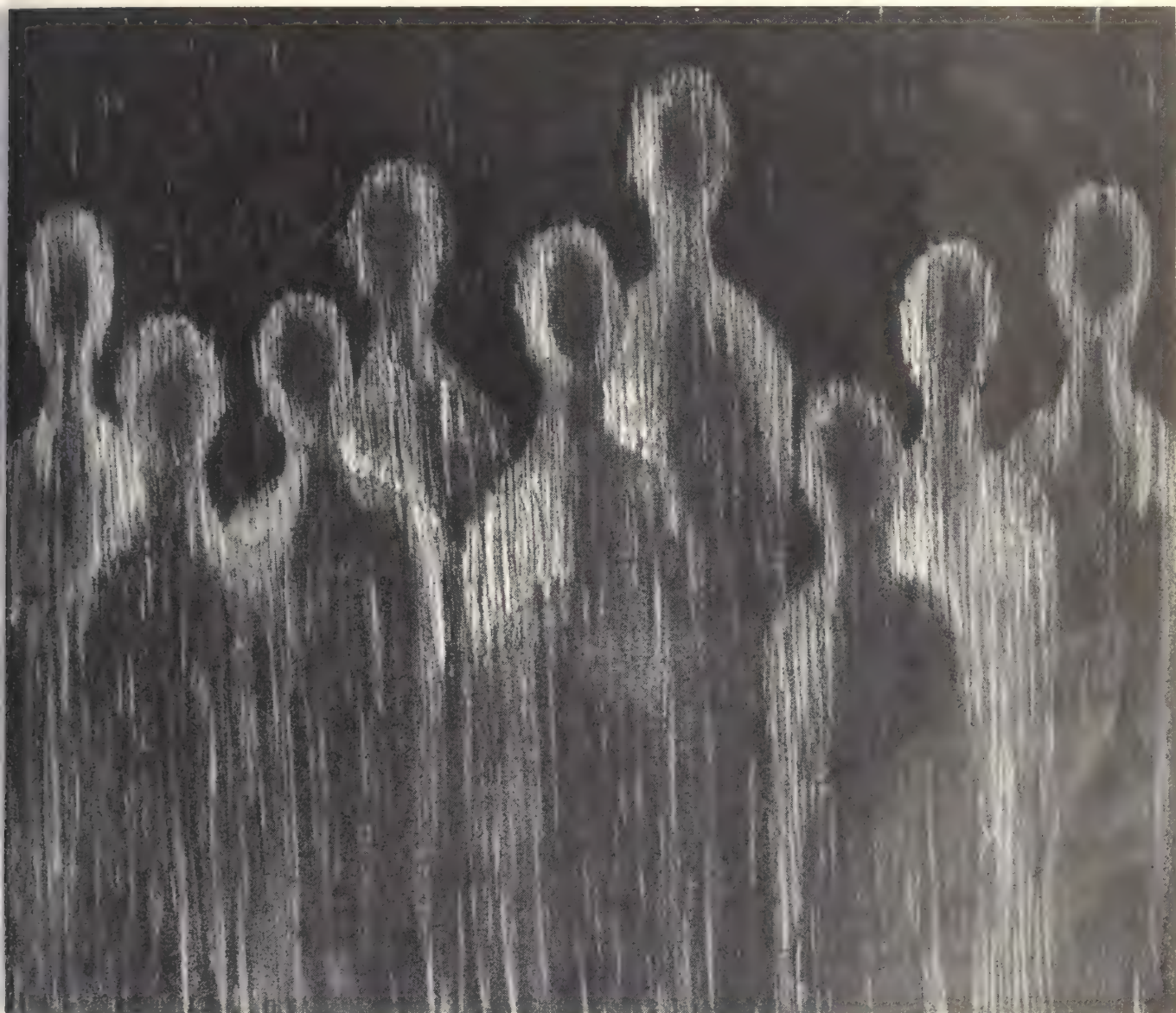
These research areas cover the

varied life and physical

sciences and engineering systems which are involved. They

range from psycho-physiological analyses to the actual plan-

ning of the establishment and support of cities on the moon.



Development of improved man-machine relationships and detailed planning of the giant vehicle systems that are involved in space exploration are among more than 500 research and development programs now under way at Douglas.

DOUGLAS



parties, phony art patrons, no-talent movie stars, illiterately pretentious film producers, hack writers, etc.) or their own best satire (a judge dispensing photogenic pseudo-justice over TV), so that the jokes are either too tardy or too feeble for their subjects. Trying to spatter every obvious area of cultural deficiency with frenzied burlesque gags coming like buckshot (and buckshot pretending to be cannon balls) produces the effect of would-be satire not in the least superior to what it is trying to satirize. In other words, disaster.

A play like *Lord Pengo*, by S. N. Behrman, fares a shade better. Though its psychology and sociology are very much those of the 'thirties and early 'forties, and though there is little or no drama involved, Behrman's imagination latches on in the protagonist to the mythic figure of the gentleman scoundrel, the heroic rogue full of exquisite wiles, who has fascinated us from Odysseus to Felix Krull. But—in contrast—the old outlook proves totally useless and even profoundly offensive in a musical like *Mr. President*, with book by the once much esteemed Lindsay and Crouse, and music and lyrics by Irving Berlin.

"Corn has got to be right. You've got to feel it. If you mean it, and the audience feels it, it's good." Thus spake Irving Berlin in an interview. I am not sure that corn is ever much good, but at least it must have the sense to stick to areas of our nonbelief like Old Vienna or the South Seas or the Wild West. The New Frontier, one would like to think, has not yet entered this category, and our relations with Russia and the other nations of today's world are hardly translatable into corn, however felt it may be. To see a fictitious President of the United States, depressed by world affairs, cheered up by his wife and children performing for him an imbecilic charade called "Laugh It Up," or to witness issues of survival dealt with by flag-waving and platitudes is intolerable. Our age, precariously flirting with calamity, must make its comedy meaningfully cleansing, or innocently frothy, its serious drama informed and imaginative. It is with horror that I contemplate the advance sale of over two million dollars which will keep this piece of senile lyric-and-music-making, coupled with a book as unaware as it is tasteless, before the public for months and months of undeserved incumbency. The public, however, deserves to be bored and exasperated by having to sit through *Mr. President* in order to learn not to fall, ahead of any serious appraisal, for big names and pure dross. It must learn also that old dogs who cannot learn new tricks will produce only "dogs."

One segment of the avant-garde has received in the last couple of years a shot in the arm from rather unexpected quarters. When the group of Chicago youngsters whose show bore the name of their nightclub-theatre, *The Second City*, appeared in a Broadway theatre last season, no great success greeted them, yet theatrical history was made—or something even better: cultural history.

Something new had clearly been coming: one could see it in the success of the so-called sick comedians, or of teams like Nichols and May (Miss May herself a product of *The Second City*), in the sudden upsurge of intimate and highly topical off-Broadway reviews, in the announcement of *Monocle*, a magazine of political satire, and a variety of similar symptoms. Lost inside a large theatre, *The Second City*, despite accolades from the critics, had to close on Broadway. But it transferred its activities to a Greenwich Village nightclub, where it has taken over indefinitely and is thriving. An important feature of this group, and many others like it, is the improvisation on topics suggested by the audience and often taken from the news of the day. Indeed, even the non-improvised material in these cabarets is of immediate social and political relevance. What this may ultimately lead to is political and social satire in the American theatre, a genre represented during the last few years chiefly by a couple of inconsequential plays by Gore Vidal. There is strong justification for the complaint of several serious literary and dramatic critics that American writing has become overwhelmingly personal and psychological in its concern: if a play deals at all with the political animal, it turns out to be a gossip column like *Advise and Consent*, or a comic strip like *Mr. President*.

Zanies with a Poison Pen

Coming in the wake of all this, the merciless satire of the British *Beyond the Fringe* is accorded great and well-earned ovations. In it, four brilliantly disdainful—rather than angry—young men make fun of every aspect of British society, politics, religion, culture, education, mores, and whatever else there is. The fun is sometimes faintly surrealistic, a few times merely dazzling, but for the rest, mordant, maniacal, and, again and again, quietly deadly. What is done to Harold Macmillan, for instance, shouldn't be done to any chief of state, not even if he has been a publisher, and yet it needs doing: if anyone after

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The professor?

Endowments and gifts produce a substantial share of the income supporting higher education. Dwindling profits tighten budgets on the campus.



The government employee?

Government services come chiefly from taxes on profits of corporations and earnings of individuals. As profits go down, tax revenues feel the pinch.



The consumer?

Only profitable businesses can do the research and development work which bring new products, lower prices, and better things for better living to the consumer.



The union leader?

His constituents benefit when business is profitable. There can be no collective bargaining with bankruptcy.



The plant worker?

The security of his present job and his opportunities for advancement depend on the profits that stimulate employment and expansion.



The newspaperman?

His personal welfare depends substantially on the profitability of his paper—ask any man who works on a heavy loser.



The family?

The security of the employment of its wage earners depends on the profitability of the businesses they work for.



The mayor?

He knows that civic development can be realized effectively only when local business is operating profitably.



The baby?

Will its future be bright or dismal? Rising population demands vigorous economic growth, which in a free society can be powered only by profit incentives.

Who cares? All of us. Whether we recognize it or not, we are all affected, seriously and personally, by the profitability of our business enterprises. Indeed, only irresponsibility or indifference could characterize those who don't care. For quest of profit is the essence of national growth and national survival and an inseparable characteristic of the free society.

THOSE WHO CARE enough to explore further may obtain, without charge, a new 32-page booklet on profits which has won an enthusiastic reception among readers. The coupon below will bring a copy to your door. Address Department P-E, The Du Pont Co., Wilmington 98, Delaware.



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this can still cherish or respect Macmillan, he does so having heard the worst—which is exactly the way all political allegiances ought to operate. It is in this sense that satire, however savage, has a truly therapeutic function. Yet one wonders how our audiences would take anything comparable leveled at, say, the Kennedy family, for, needless to mention, compared to these four apocalyptic horseplay-makers, Vaughn Meader and his crew are very small beer indeed.

There are other stirrings from the avant-garde. Off-Broadway offers two plays by Harold Pinter, *The Dumbwaiter* and *The Collection*, on the same bill. With *The Dumbwaiter*, Pinter bores us much as he did with last year's *The Caretaker*: whenever he imitates Beckett, he lacks the meaningful symbolism of the master, for which he substitutes much gratuitous grotesquerie; and neither Beckett's profound though barbed humanism nor his horror, shifting from existence to essence and back again, is fully available to Pinter. Yet in *The Collection* he does achieve an aura of understated, civilized, sex-grounded menace: something much talked about but unspoken, something to do with who has slept with whom that he shouldn't have, something involving brutality that does not show above the waterline and yet can sink the proudest ship—this something is omnipresent in *The Collection*, a smooth, funny, ugly, and genuinely disturbing play, to which the current production does full justice.

But the most darkly dazzling play of 1962 is Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* It is, by implication, a dance of death on the grave of Western culture as we know it; explicitly, it is a violent denunciation of many of today's marital relationships, amusingly bitchy at the surface but murderously vicious underneath. Still deeper down, the two married couples of the play are held together by a pathetic, grinding need of each partner for the other; but the author seems to suggest that this cowardly need at the bottom scarcely justifies the layers of virulent cruelty with which it is overlaid—that the game is not worth the candle, or, more precisely, the blowtorch.

Poetry of Hate

There have been several major objections hurled at *Virginia Woolf*: that it is a play about sado-masochistic male homosexuals disguised as a supposedly typical husband and wife; that it is too full of hatred and shows no conjugal love whatsoever, and is thus one-sided and less than

believable; that, though incontestably witty, it is essentially a light play, having nothing much to say. There is, perhaps, something to all of these charges (though I would be prepared to argue seriously only the second), but they fail to consider that Albee has written a play that successfully operates as a prolonged battle of wits, in which wit becomes a cross between a malevolent caricaturist's pen and a ruthless X-ray machine. We are given here the contemporary form of the battle of the sexes, exacerbated and distorted beyond what it was in Shaw and Strindberg: the battle is as definite as ever, but the sexes are considerably less so. The man may attack with femininely devious subtlety, the woman with masculine arrogance and bludgeoning. And when the weapons become sneakily unpredictable, the wounds become uglier and deeper below the belt.

Yet Albee mitigates the squalor, not only by the funny repartee, but also by using the same devices as the lyric poet—high-flown imagery, refrains, incremental repetition, incantatory rhythm—in the service of detestation instead of love, achieving a poetry of desperate embattledness. And even if an occasional trace of former closeness between Albee's George and Martha could not actually be glimpsed, their very rage, which can proceed only from love to hatred turned, would strongly imply past propinquity—just as the day's hot radiance can be conveyed in a film by the utter blackness of cast shadows. Moreover, Albee creates unusual stage effects, as when, in the last few minutes of the play, almost every utterance consists of only one to three monosyllables, and those few speeches which are longer are scarcely so. This yields a fiercely syncopated stichomythia and, coming after torrential verbiage, the most whimpering of dying falls.

The most interesting generalization to be made about current drama, both off and on Broadway, is that the Rosy Plays (to use Anouilh's terminology) are all extremely weak compared to the Black Plays—whether the blackness be that of the internecine warfare in *Virginia Woolf*, of the hilariously sardonic grimaces in *Beyond the Fringe*, of Brecht's thesis in *A Man's a Man* that anybody can and probably will be corrupted by the way of the world, of the resigned desperation in *Beebe Fenstermaker* or the acquiesced-in contemptibility in *The Collection*. Clearly our theatre finds it even harder to deal with goodness than to be good—which is saying quite a bit. But which is it: is the theatre giving us the only world it is fit to mirror, or is the world getting the only theatre it deserves?

the new BOOKS

BENJAMIN DEMOTT

Designs for the New Politics

AFTER thirty years of brooding, the architects of the new theoretical house of politics seem at last to be settling on a design.

Protestants all (of a sort), they were from the beginning in essential agreement: the mansion thrown up by nineteenth-century utopianism and social gospel was pretentiously nonfunctional—a chaos of gingerbread and golden oak, with a dozen chapels, infirmaries, and soup kitchens on every floor, and no room for council chambers except in the basement. And to a man they were minds of remarkable force. (Among the great names were Camus, Popper, Niebuhr, Hayek, and Sir Isaiah Berlin.) But neither their gifts, nor their conviction that the old showplace would have to go, obviated the need for exact elevations and specifications. And only in the last decade have the latter begun to come forth.

Their key feature, as Hannah Arendt's *On Revolution* (Viking, \$6) testifies, is a conception of politics as a thing in itself—an item possessed of a unique and admirable quality which deserves inviolable shelter of its own. And the matter excluded from the new chambers, as would have been expected, is that which gave the old ones their peculiar clutter and warmth—social questions and humanitarian aspirations. Nothing is “more obsolete” now, Dr. Arendt contends, than “attempts to liberate mankind from poverty by political means”; indeed “the lesson to be derived from all revolutions that tried to solve the . . . predicament of poverty by political means [is that] nothing could be more futile or more dangerous.” And from this it follows that an ideal house of politics is bare of irrelevancies, free of follies that tease the eye into mistaking abundance for freedom—a place wherein the separateness of political progress from social progress can instantly be grasped by legislators and sightseers alike.

The methods by which this design is justified in Dr. Arendt's book are both ingenious and, from an historical viewpoint, reprehensible. The author recreates three great revolutions—French, American, and Russian—on her own terms, which is to say on terms that unrelentingly emphasize

the incapacity of revolutionary leaders to keep the lines clear between effort to found a new body politic, and effort at easing the misery-ridden lives of the masses.

The American Revolution, as Dr. Arendt acknowledges, cannot quite be fitted to this pattern. The Founding Fathers were able to create a new body politic and to know, through that act of creation, the experience of freedom; necessity in the form of overwhelming poverty did not force them to translate political issues into social terms. But the passage of generations in America at length blurred the distinction between politics and social welfare. Once the American of middle condition became wealthy, he ceased to treat the world of politics as a place of self-realization, and thought of it merely as a helpmeet to conspicuous consumption, with the result that no post-revolutionary renewals of political energy occurred here. Elsewhere the confusion between politics proper and socio-economic matters was evident almost from the start—and, as indicated, Dr. Arendt justifies the Purer Politics in part by dramatizing the ruinous consequences of this confusion.

The other part of her method—it will be familiar to readers of her earlier book, *The Human Condition*—depends upon the establishment of political enterprise as an exalted independent value. Dr. Arendt's responses to revolutions are governed by belief in the dignity of the aspirations that launch them, and her summaries of political ideals are offered without reductive irony. (“Freedom” is no affair of moral relativism or credit cards; it is that activity of political persuasion and decision-making which alone creates and recreates a body politic from generation to generation. And the “free man” is not a juvenile Nietzsche but a participator in the management of public affairs—one who, through this participation, has released his own passion for distinction, and confronted his own need to excel.) Common phrases like “public happiness” are used in the book in a manner that makes them point at the “pleasure” of individual politicians engaged with their peers in a gorgeous pursuit. And Dr. Arendt's intense appreciation of the political actor in his place

enables her to write with compelling sympathy, even with a kind of love, of figures as dissimilar as Robespierre and the signers of the Mayflower Compact. The effect of these celebrations of the political motive is to set almost beyond doubt the appropriateness of a house of politics standing in solitary grandeur in the island of its own purity.

As should be said, the author is not at every moment absolutely convinced of the validity of the themes described. The direction of her argument for the delimitation of politics, her responsiveness to undistracted labor at founding new governments, would seem bound to lead her to an uncritical version of the American Revolution—but again and again she checks her enthusiasm, speaking of this event as one that took place in an “ivory tower” and had little influence, and even complaining of the “weightlessness” of much of the Founders’ thought and prose. Her admirers will read this inhibition as evidence of an endlessly complicated mind; carpers with a respect for history will call it a sign of a sentimental desire to have politics both ways—elegantly abstract and compassionately aware of human problems.

And the carpers are not easy to dismiss. *On Revolution* is exhilarating in its appreciations of political action, brilliant when it is engaged in psychological analysis (the book’s tour de force is a superb analysis of attitudes toward hypocrisy during the French Terror). The writing, which offers no jellybeans whatever to the frivolous, is sometimes verbose and humorless, but more often is trenchant and generously demanding, and occasionally leaps high into moving tragic intensities. And the author earns awe for her capacity to body forth, page after page, without affectation, morbidity, or obliviousness, a genuinely contemporary “best self”—aware of human darkness, yet beautifully animated in its passion for light. But there are traces of arrogance, and of sterility as well, in the ideal she creates. A product of the enormous disillusionment with utopian politics, *On Revolution* drafts a political edifice which, although superlatively clean and well-lighted, will be exceedingly difficult to heat: some readers may find it as forbidding to men as to germs.

NO JOB FOR CHRISTIANS

AS a political theorist, and a kind of post-political liberal, Dr. Arendt would seem at first glance unlikely to have much in common with writers whose politics is theologically oriented: religion *per se* has virtually no place in her book. But, surprisingly, there are significant points of contact. Walter James’s *The Christian in Politics* (Oxford, \$5) is an historical treatise on the relations between Christianity and politics from the early church to modern times. Although the

writer, who edits the London *Times Educational Supplement*, concedes the politician’s influence, he is ill-disposed to the notion that arguing, persuading, and legislating are ultimate modes of self-realization. He insists that “it is difficult to see how a Christian can regard politics as a human activity of the first order,” and remarks about speech-making (an activity that stirs Dr. Arendt to the heights of her own eloquence) that it “is a great stimulus to pride.” At no moment in his book is it inapparent that he is a church architect first of all, concerned that the House of God should not take on the appearance of the House of Parliament.

What emerges in his study of political issues in old eras and new, however, is a version of the truism that buildings cannot be designed in isolation from each other. To say that the Church should not look like Parliament is to say that Parliament should not look like the Church. And the most powerful sections of *The Christian in Politics* are those written in support of the latter argument, which is, in essence, an argument against Social Gospel. Dr. James speaks of this gospel as “a secular interpretation,” and claims that its roots lie not in Christianity but in humanitarian utopianism:

The perfectionist hopes of the nineteenth-century reformers, with their grand idea of human progress (which supplied Communism with its own hope of the earthly paradise of the classless society and the withering away of the State), have worked themselves into the heads of some Christians, but have no foundations in Christianity.

Had he stopped here, his accomplishment would have been simply that of ruling social questions out of Christianity—but he does not stop. He advances to a vision of “evil . . . which cannot be eradicated from political action,” and thereby “proves” the falseness of the hope for redemption of any sort through politics. In the homely metaphor of renovation Dr. Arendt might be said to have removed the soup kitchens and brightened the walls; Dr. James clears away the altars and opts for The Shabby Look—but both have the effect of deprecating belief that social hope can be realized through politics. For the one writer the enemy of that hope is economic necessity, for the other it is sin—yet neither thinks the enemy can be outstripped by politics.

CONSERVATIVE’S CONTEMPT

Conservative minds, of course, long ago ceased worrying about which enemy is the more devastating; sin and necessity grind our aspirations with equal viciousness, in the conservative view, and a fair aim for politics, therefore, would be to teach us not to aspire. The strongest living mind of this cast is that of Michael Oakeshott, whose *Rationalism in Politics* (Basic Books, \$6.50)



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And coming on March 5, **Four Portraits and One Subject: Bernard DeVoto** by Cath-

erine Drinker Bowen, Edith Mirrieles, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., and Wallace Stegner. Four portraits of a man at once an editor (what longtime Harper's reader will forget DeVoto's presence in *The Easy Chair*?), Pulitzer Prize winning historian of the American West, gadfly crusader for conservation and essayist of consummate wit — remember **The Hour**?

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THE NEW BOOKS

defines politics as "attending to the arrangements of society" and hints that its chambers ought not to be more pretentious in appearance than, say, the ticket office of the New Haven Railroad at South Station, Boston. Oakeshott's papers are marked by hostility to rationalism (it is equated with ideology, technocracy, and ignorance of the past), and by the opinion that the arrangements of society are fixed in a tradition of behavior which it is the politician's duty to fathom, not to reshape.* For people who think of politics in terms of programs and goals he expresses mixed pity and contempt.

A writer of great literary distinction, Oakeshott manages to lend impressive dignity to unoriginal ideas. His person is unvaryingly stately; his language is donnishly remote from that of the society he addresses; and his capacity for grave and measured development of familiar metaphor produced (in his famous Inaugural Lecture at the London School of Economics) passages that able young political scientists here and abroad already have by heart:

In political activity, then, men sail a boundless and bottomless sea; there is neither harbor for shelter nor floor for anchorage, neither starting-place nor appointed destination. The enterprise is to keep afloat on an even keel; the sea is both friend and enemy; and the seamanship consists in using the resources of a traditional manner of behavior to make a friend of every hostile occasion.

The tone of these sentences is unlike the tones of Dr. Arendt and Dr. James; there is a grim hint of satisfaction in the skeptical swell, and a deliberate refusal both of tragic idealism and of Christian waspishness. But the writer, whose predecessor as Professor of Political Science at the London School was Harold Laski, plainly is of the company that seeks to purify politics of social aspiration. And whatever the final value of that effort, his decision to

* The notion of the politician as a follower rather than leader comes, of course, from Edmund Burke. Oakeshott writes of politics as "the pursuit, not of a dream, nor of a general principle, but of an intimation." In 1777 Burke wrote that "the true end of legislature" is "to follow not to force the public inclination. . . ."



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—From the author's Prefatory Note

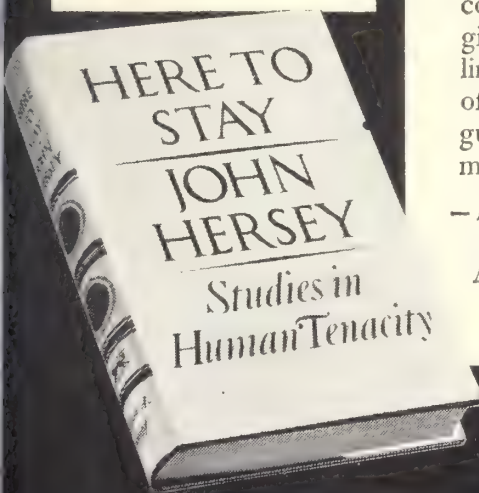
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contribute to it has yielded two or three of the subtlest political essays of the century.

HOPE OF NEW NATIONS

NOT all political writing is theoretical, as everyone knows. But the theorists' efforts at purification do have a counterpart in the work of those who deal with immediate issues or engage in empirical research. Consider for example Robert L. Heilbroner's *The Great Ascent* (Harper & Row, \$4). This book's aim is to destroy naïve stereotypes of the underdeveloped nations, and its central argument is that "democratic capitalism, as a model for economic and political organization, is unlikely to exert its influence beyond the borders of the West, at least within our lifetimes"—in fact, "the political processes of development" are not even discussable "in an American political vocabulary." A respected economist, and a briskly persuasive writer, Heilbroner describes at some length the economic steps that must be taken before development of any sort can occur, and, in addition, the inertial forces that resist change. He notes that people living in "highly underdeveloped political environments" cannot be expected to endure sacrifice and pain—concomitants of changes in social and economic organization—except at the bidding of charismatic leaders. And he concludes that the "price of development is likely to be political and economic authoritarianism."

To repeat: *The Great Ascent* is uninterested in the theoretical implications of its assumptions about the political patterns of development. Its target is less the wishful contemporary liberal than those "powerful private voices that continue to give lip service to the pieties . . . of free private enterprise and democracy in a situation in which all too frequently both are not only totally inapplicable, but would spell chaos or even retrogression." The author is certain that the "great ascent" can be achieved, provided support is forthcoming, here and elsewhere, for "enlightened executive policies" toward collectivist or even dictatorial regimes. He is convinced, as Dr. Arendt might not be,

that the ascent is worth achieving even at the price of such regimes. And, as a confrontation of an urgent international issue, his book is an effective and important document. But it is a delimiting document. Adapting to its purpose the theory of the obsolescence of efforts to "liberate mankind from poverty" by the politics of freedom it characterizes free political institutions as obstacles to economic development. And at its center lies a conception of the uselessness of old style revolutionary politics that is not out of harmony with anti-utopianism.

As for the empiricists: their contribution to functional political architecture has been to intensify the formalist preoccupations of political research. In older days practical political study, though wary of "general history," was a shade more entangled in historical and partisan circumstance, a shade less eager to abstract political processes from time-bound problems and policies, than it is at present. (Currently fashionable inquiries focus on various governmental roles—the role of the legislative counsel of the Congressional committee, for instance, or of the President's Cabinet—and of the patterns of use, over long periods, of such institutions as the Presidential press conference.)

An example of the tendencies mentioned is *Inside Politics: The National Conventions, 1960* (Oceana, \$6), edited by Paul Tillett. As the title indicates, the book isn't free of the curse of "current events." In 1960 the Ford Foundation sponsored a project with the National Center for Education in Politics and the Eagleton Institute of Politics at Rutgers, under the terms of which twenty-four university teachers of political science were selected to attend the 1960 political conventions and write papers on their experience; the work at hand is a selection of these documents.

Many of the observers have an eye for details of trading—the exchanges, for example, of the term "sit-in" for the term "lunch-counter" during the civil-rights squabble of Republican platform writers. And some provide telling evidence that for most men the political process currently lacks reality. (A useful paper by Aaron

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Wildavsky of Oberlin notes that common attitude among delegate was that of the spectator—"The convention is so interesting. I like to see the way things work out.")

But despite their taste for particulars, the observers concentrate mainly on process, not on issues, not even on principles. The impression left is that for the insiders of *Inside Politics* the world of social consequences is, on the whole, insubstantial. Candidates are assessed solely as political technicians, never as men of conscience. ("The proceedings were smooth, the aisles were not filled with wandering negotiators, and no note of disharmony rose to meet the public eye," says the reporter about a moment of the Republican Convention that immediately followed the Nixon-engineered "sit-in-lunch-counter" trade. "... Richard M. Nixon had earned the right to the accolade of leadership represented by the Presidential nomination.") And in assumption and tone the sense of politics communicated is dry, routinized, neutral.

FOUR-PARTY POLITICS

NOR is it true that the stance and attitudes described are features only of group research. James MacGregor Burns's *The Deadlock of Democracy: Four-Party Politics in America* (Prentice-Hall, \$5.95) is very much a one-man book, and, at that, a work which on its face is deeply concerned about legislative stalemate. Professor Burns argues that, as a result of our attempt to combine the Madisonian system of checks and balances with the Jeffersonian concept of majority rule under parties, America now bears the burden of a four-party system: the two "Congressional parties," Republican and Democratic, represent interests wholly different from those of the Republican and Democratic "Presidential parties." (His account of the exacerbating points of conflict—institutional, ideological, and electoral—between the Congressional and Presidential parties is especially shrewd and witty.) And, after recounting the historical evolution of this system, he offers a series of reasonable proposals—about the design of the ballot, party membership, fund-raising, Congressional leadership, and the Electoral College

—aimed at revivifying majority rule in America.

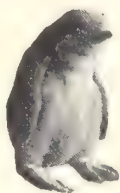
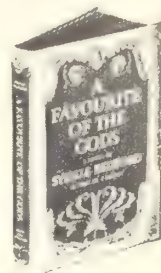
Although trivialized at moments by *Time*-style narrative, nervous sprightliness, and an indisposition to look beyond politics proper for the causes of political apathy, *The Deadlock of Democracy* is a valuable book, filled with ideas worth the attention of professional politicians. It is not, though, a work that persuades its reader of the urgency of issues. The author is at pains to establish that he wishes to develop the power of both parties, conservative and liberal; his enemy, as he defines it in his opening pages, is "the vast boredom with politics" that now rules this country; and he is engaged throughout with technical problems. Doubtless his purpose isn't to create a situation in which the acts of each party while it is in power cancel out the acts of the other while it is in power. But his absorption with pure political process does indicate a measure of sympathy for the position that identifies the health of this process with social justice itself.

MR. SCHLESINGER

AS may not go without saying, a few bookish political voices can still be heard defending the mishmash mansion of yesteryear in tones that suggest hostility to politics emptied of humanitarian aspiration, and impatience with study of political process in the abstract. And not the least curious circumstance of the present world of political thought is that the most famous of these old-fashioned voices—that of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.—should belong to a member of the young, glossy, super-modern Democratic hierarchy of the moment. *The Politics of Hope* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5) is a collection of competent if unexciting pieces on public issues and public figures—Whittaker Chambers, Walter Lippmann, Reinhold Niebuhr among them. And occasionally the book echoes the well-known Administration prejudice against the "messianic vision" and the "final solution." But this prejudice does not dominate it. Almost alone among recent political commentators, Schlesinger sets store by the theory of cycles (his preface thanks

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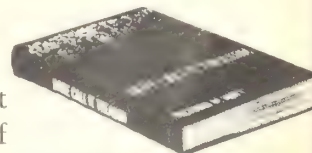


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THE NEW BOOKS

"John F. Kennedy for vindicating the cyclical theory of American politics"), and upholds the idea of politics as an instrument of social hope. More important, he claims that ground for resurgence of faith in that instrument is already in plain sight.

In the ears of those who are fearful that the promised machines for political living will be occupied by passive politicians in love with tragedies they might have prevented, Schlesinger's argument makes a comfortable sound. If his purpose is no more noble than to provide house organ good cheer to the lads on the staff, his book is at least not caught up in the academic game of Absolute Bifurcation (politics here, social needs there), and it is a reminder of the homey, lived-in qualities of the old political hangout—before the wreckers came. But when this is said, it needs to be added that the idiom of the politics of hope is, on the evidence of the work at hand, a tired idiom, one that rides lazily on clichés. "Somehow the wind is beginning to change," writes the author of *The Age of Jackson*. In the 'sixties "Government will gain strength and vitality from... fresh people and new ideas." There is a "New Mood in Politics." And "the beginning of a new political epoch is like the breaking of a dam."...

It is true, of course, that if politics is not religion, neither is it poetry. That the wreckers, purifiers, and process-definers have at the moment a near-monopoly on political wit and passion; that so far as writing itself is concerned, the mansion or cathedral seems to have dwindled of its own will into a ticket office—these facts can be assigned more significance than they possess. But surely they are not totally meaningless. Implicit in the flaccidity of the old political style is evidence that does lend weight to the cause of the reforming architects and technicians: proof, as it were, that the full aspirations of man cannot be convincingly uttered now in any political language. The new-style house may never go up, old-style humanitarianism may never go out—but the probability is that changes will have to occur in the literary situation in politics before any genuinely new Liberal epoch can begin.



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BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Party, by Rudolph von Abele.

"The party" is a reception given by the Marshall in his chateau in Bavaria near the end of World War II. From the descriptions of his paintings, his mistresses, and his attitudes, the "Marshall" is obviously Goering. The protagonist of the story is as unpleasant and pathetic a piece of manhood as one is likely to meet—a young German wounded on the Russian front, now serving as a Colonel, an overseer at a slave labor camp in the Bavarian mountains. He can't bear to see suffering in the smallest insect, so of course he can't bear his job; he can't bear himself; and the final test of this weakling comes at the hands of the Marshall's mistress, as dawn breaks after the riotous night. . . . The writing is vivid, turgid, intellectually discursive, and interesting for those who can stand to review again from all angles the dreadful and insistent questions as to what makes men behave as these men did. The answer for Mr. von Abele is weakness, and the book is indeed a shocking study of it, brilliantly portrayed. The narrative of this novel is, however, anything but compelling in spite of its flamboyant episodes—from champagne fests to jocular discussions of torture with the local pastor, to early morning boar hunts, to a lurid seduction. It will not be everybody's dish. By the author of *The Vigil of Emmeline Gore*.

Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95

Satan, Have Pity, by Martha Wiley Emmett.

The trouble with most stories of schizophrenic breakdowns narrated by the sufferer (fictional or otherwise) is that nothing happens except in the mind of the patient. In this one almost too much happens. A TV hero, on *The Martian*, has for his publicity man as nice a suburban commuter (Cedarton, Connecticut) with as nice a wife and family as could be imagined. It's the wife who

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

has the breakdown after the miscarriage of her fourth child. The analysis that follows is as convincing as and more interesting than most in fiction; but right along with it we have the story of the Shakespearean actor *manqué* who plays The Martian; and also the story of an insane artist who first drew the comic strip from which *The Martian* was taken and feels that for psychological reasons far beyond the financial loss he must revenge himself on all connected with the TV show. We have also a violent end of the major analysis and so many minor psychoanalytical examinations of motives that occasionally one wants to cry Hold, Enough. But the several story threads, as they play against each other, are very exciting, balanced in tension against the well-handled flashbacks of the analysis; the two main characters—the husband and wife—are as likable a fictional pair as I've come across in a long time; so is the analyst; and the author's ear for dialogue is remarkable. A first novel of intensity, tenderness, and violence which says a great deal about the human condition and whose impact is considerable.

Atheneum, \$5

The Crime of Honor, by Giovanni Arpino.

Mr. Arpino's first novel, *The Novice*, was something of a sensation when it was published last year. "Only the theme of this story, that of a nun in love, may be shocking to some," said the *Library Journal*. "The treatment is poetic and delicate . . . very moving." And the *Christian Science Monitor* wrote: "There is a decency about the relationship between the man and the girl in this novel that is affectingly conveyed by the Italian author."

This year's novel is about a forty-year-old American-educated Italian doctor—well-known in his small town south of Naples, where his family has owned land for years—who marries a young girl socially beneath him. I'm afraid I find in it no poetry and very little decency. The young girl is uneducated and has been a barmaid but he sees in her an end to loneliness so goes against his family's wishes to marry her. On their wedding night—a sadistic little scene if I ever read one

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

—he discovers that she is not a virgin. What follows in the way of cruelty, corruption, and pompousness may be comprehensible in terms of south Italian vendetta convention but it surely is hard to swallow with any sympathy or conviction. It is economically and lucidly written but the characters tend to become caricatures, except for the un-virgin bride. If this is what the author intended, then as a satiric joke it goes on too long.

Braziller, \$1

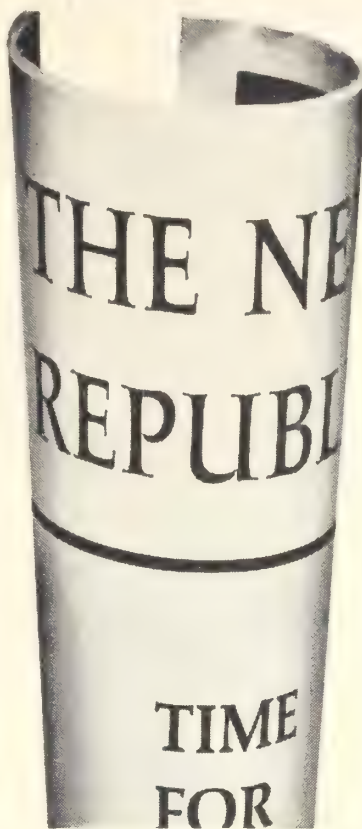
NON-FICTION

The Autobiography of Margot Asquith, edited and with an introduction by Mark Bonham Carter.

Reading this autobiography today, with interest, amusement, and occasionally raised eyebrows at its egotism, arrogance, and frankness about people now long since dead, one can readily imagine the *succès de scandale* that it was in 1920-22 when it was first published (in several volumes) and when so many of those people were still alive. Mrs. Asquith was an egotist all right but as Mr. Bonham Carter (Asquith's grandson) says, "Margot liked great men and she wanted those whom she liked to be great," and she knew well almost all the great men in the English Society of her day. Her book includes brief personal portraits of five of the seven Prime Ministers she knew—the other two were her husband and Lloyd George, whom she, with a reticence rare to her, says she could not describe, "though no one knows them better than I do."

From start to finish it is a remarkable book. Margaret Tennant, notoriously dashing sixth daughter of a wealthy Scottish industrialist, was forever amazing London Society (she discusses her escapades freely, her hunting, her beaux) but she never surprised it more than when she announced that she planned to marry the quiet Henry Herbert Asquith, then Home Secretary, a widower, and the father of five children. Well, all in all, it is a fabulous recreation of a fabulous forever-finished era—the end of the Victorian, through the first world war. Many of her attitudes (toward working girls, for instance) seem postposterous but one

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

feels that they reflect with accuracy what *was*. She kept a diary all her life and much of the book is direct quotations from it. The resulting effect is partly a brilliant, egotistical, immediate reaction to an experience just finished, mixed with the judgments and bright sayings of an extremely worldly and sometimes wise woman. One small quote will give, perhaps, some of its flavor. In a letter to Gladstone—then Prime Minister—who had written a poem to her (she was in her twenties) her concluding sentences are:

You must believe me to say that you are not such a dream. It is impossible to believe that you will be eighty tomorrow, but I like to think of it, for it gives most people an opportunity to see how few live should live lived without being spent.

One can forgive wit a lot of sharpness and self-aggrandizement if it also knows moments of grace like this.

Houghton Mifflin, \$6

The Fire Next Time, by James Baldwin.

In passion, poetry, hate, and love, but especially love, in the highest sense, Mr. Baldwin explains what it means to be a Negro in America. It is too great and beautiful an essay to try to give its essence here beyond saying that, with clarity and understanding that really passeth understanding, he explains why we, white and black, must face the realities of ourselves and of our past, if we are to "achieve our country" or have any future at all. In the course of it he gives an extraordinary portrait of the Black Muslim leaders and describes with such understanding what the movement means that his anguish is translated to the reader. If ever there was a compassionate and eloquent sermon for our time, demanding the most agonizing self-examination from anyone who reads, this is it. All but the introductory letter appeared in *The New Yorker*.

Dial, \$3.50

The Fate of the Edsel and Other Business Adventures, by John Brooks.

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Harrison Salisbury on "the special magic" of *VOICES IN THE SNOW*

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Four Portraits and One Subject: Bernard DeVoto, by Catherine Drinker Bowen, Edith R. Mirrieles, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., Wallace Stegner. Introduction by Mr. Stegner.

The occasion for the writing and delivering of these four papers was the opening to scholars and to public use of the Bernard DeVoto Papers, now all under one roof at Stanford University in California. It must have been a moving ceremony. Whether because of the dynamism of the subject—"Benny" was "historian, novelist, pamphleteer, teacher, essayist, short-story writer, and critic" and author of *Harper's* "Easy Chair" for twenty years—or from the depth of their feeling for him, or more likely a combination of both, these highly literate and devoted friends each contributed, it seems to me, a sample of his or her best writing: Mrs. Bowen, on "The Historian"; Miss Mirrieles on "The Writer"; Mr. Schlesinger on "The Citizen"; and Mr. Stegner on "The Personality." All in all, a remarkable and readable document on the problems of writing in our times, even if one does not know DeVoto and his work.

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The Enterprising Americans: A Business History of the U. S. A., by John Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain, who from 1939 to 1947 was chief book reviewer for *Harper's* and who is now on the staff of the *Wall Street Journal*, writes from great knowledge and with a journalistic (in the very best sense) ease and lively narrative excitement of the great men and moments in American business—from the time of the old whalers through the business legislation of the New Deal.

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FICTION

PALE FIRE by Vladimir Nabokov Putnam's
SHIP OF FOOLS by Katherine Anne Porter Atlantic-LB
THE GOLDEN SPUR by Dawn Powell Viking
MORTE D'URBAN by J. F. Powers Doubleday
GOING AWAY by Clancy Sigal Houghton Mifflin
PIGEON FEATHERS by John Updike Knopf

Judges: Elizabeth Hardwick, Harry Levin, Gore Vidal

NON-FICTION

SILENT SPRING by Rachel Carson Houghton Mifflin
HENRY JAMES Vols. 2 and 3 by Leon Edel Lippincott
O'NEILL by Arthur and Barbara Gelb Harper & Row
CONTEMPORARIES by Alfred Kazin Atlantic-LB
THE ROTHSCHILDS by Frederic Morton Atheneum
CHEKHOV by Ernest J. Simmons Atlantic-LB
JOHN ADAMS Vols. 1 and 2 by Page Smith Doubleday
THE GUNS OF AUGUST by Barbara Tuchman Macmillan
PATRIOTIC GORE by Edmund Wilson Oxford

Judges: William L. Laurence, Walter Lord, Harry T. Moore

POETRY

FOR LOVE by Robert Creeley Scribner's
THE DRAWBRIDGE by Donald F. Drummond Alan Swallow
IN THE CLEARING by Robert Frost Holt
THANK YOU AND OTHER POEMS by Kenneth Koch Grove
THE NEXT ROOM OF THE DREAM by Howard Nemerov Chicago
ALL MY PRETTY ONES by Anne Sexton Houghton Mifflin
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TRAVELING THROUGH THE DARK by William Stafford Harper & Row
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MUSIC in the round

BY DISCUS

VARESE AND BARTOK

An estimate of where they stand today—and a guess at where they will be two generations from now.

Edgard Varèse is a man going on seventy-eight. He looks twenty years younger: is stocky, has a big, pugnacious chin, clear skin, a crown of white hair, and a defiant look. Definitely not a man to be taken lightly. He is a French-born composer who has lived in New York since the 1920s and has written only a small quantity of music. All of that music is avant-garde. Many consider Varèse to be one of the twentieth-century masters. Indeed, his mastery is an article of faith in some quarters. Men like Aaron Copland or Virgil Thomson take for granted the fact that a score like *Ionization* or *Offrandes* is a masterpiece in the same sense that *Le Sacre du Printemps* is a masterpiece.

If he is a master, though, Varèse is a master only to a very small circle. His music is well-known in avant-garde circles, but has never made much of an impression on the public. Varèse was one of the first to concern himself with sound as sound. Melody did not interest him; but rhythm and timbre certainly did. Generally he writes for percussion orchestra; and when he uses conventional instruments, he uses them as often as not in a percussive manner. Harmony, counterpoint, sonata form—out! The trappings of romanticism, or any vestige of sentimentalism—out! Even square rhythm of all music from Bach to Brahms—out! Varèse's rhythms are polyrhythmic. His most famous score, *Ionization*, is a melange of sirens, discontinuous percussive tappings, wild masses of dissonance, and complicated rhythm set against complicated rhythm.

Ionization can be heard on a Columbia disc (along with *Octandre*, *Density 21.5*, *Intégrales*, and *Poème*

électronique) on Columbia ML 5478/MS 6146, issued about two years ago. That was Vol. I of his complete works. Now comes Vol. II, with *Offrandes* (1922), *Arcana* (1927), and *Déserts* (1954). The musicians involved are Dona Precht, soprano, and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Robert Craft (Columbia ML 5762, mono; MS 6362, stereo). *Offrandes* and *Arcana* are early works, and hence not as advanced as the more recent ones, though in Varèse's case, "advanced" is a rather relative term. The 1922 *Offrandes* are song settings in which the voice is subjected to some wide and unconventional leaps that stem from Schoenberg and his school. *Arcana* uses a huge orchestra, in sharp contrast to the Varèse of the 1930s and thereafter, but even here the entire concept is avant-garde, and the music is as "modern" as almost anything written these days.

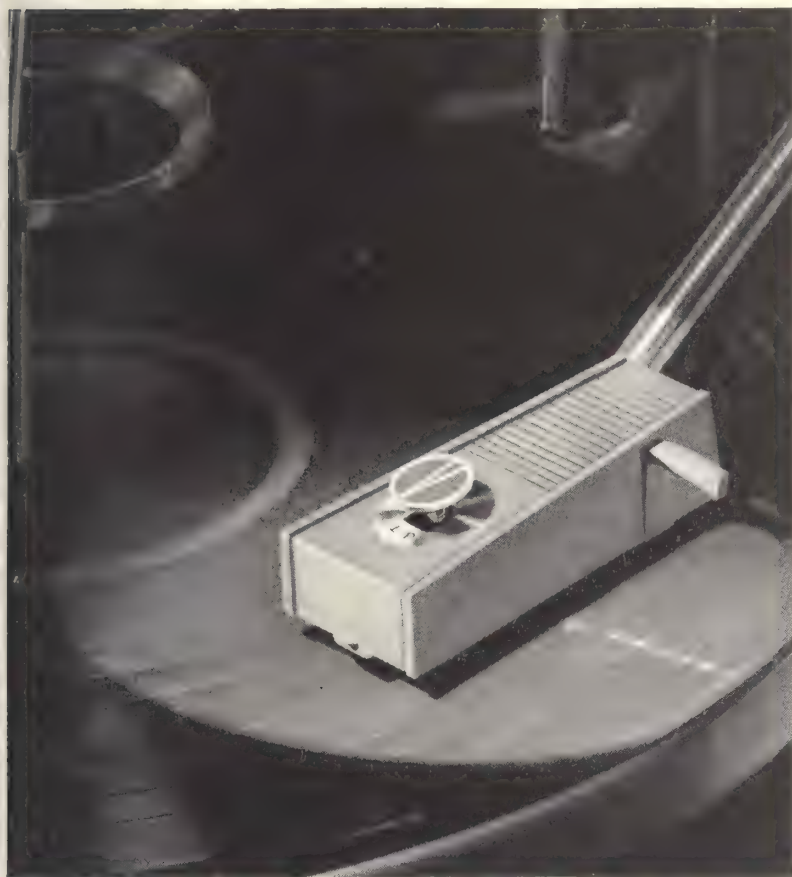
Déserts, though, is way-out. It is a score for orchestra and tape. Varèse was, in effect, writing tape music (i.e., music composed on tape with sounds manipulated or actually synthesized by electronic equipment) before there was any such thing as tape music. *Ionization*, after all, is pure sound, and entirely new sound at that, and anticipates tape music by a generation. Naturally when electronic music became the postwar phenomenon it was, Varèse was one of the first to investigate the potentialities of the new medium. On this recording, *Déserts* has two sound tracks (on stereo equipment it sounds like the "sound spectacular" that the record jacket loudly promises) and will plunge most listeners into a new world of sound.

A Father on the Left

One wonders, however, where Varèse will stand two generations from now. There is no doubt that some of his experiments have been followed with almost hypnotic fasci-



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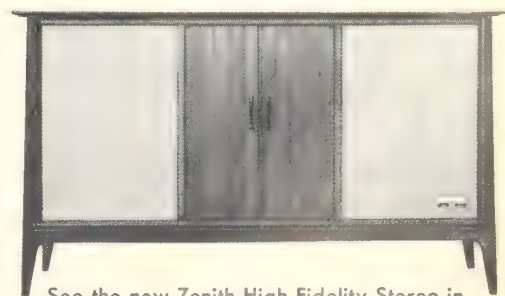
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

nation by all of today's musical left wing. And the members of that circle have not hesitated to adopt many of his devices. If ever there was a father figure to them, it has been Varèse. He is the begetter of most of them; and, even at the age of seventy-eight, he can still kick up his heels and lead the pack. His ear remains as sharp and as selective as ever, and in his particular type of writing he has more authority than all the Luenings, Ussachevskys, Stockhausens, and Blomdahls rolled together. And yet . . . and yet . . .

Will his music live; or will he be a note in the history books as an experimenter with sound? One begins to suspect the latter. Fascinating as Varèse's sounds are, they remain sounds. One says this in full consciousness of the fact that Varèse has organized those sounds into certain formal patterns. Nevertheless, the end result remains sound as sound, rather than sound as expression. He may handle his medium better than anybody else around. Yet, after repeated hearings of any given work, the shock value begins to wear thin, and one can become rather irritated at the basic emptiness of content. This may be arguing a line of thought that condemns the music for what it is not, rather than for what it is; for Varèse could not be less interested in "content" in the orthodox sense of the word. But, whether or not he is, and whatever the aesthetic principles that motivate his work (he himself has stated those principles quite clearly), can music have much validity where only one aspect (sound) is of importance? And, in Varèse's case, is there any significant emotional development between *Ionization* of 1931 and the *Poème électronique* of 1958?

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Repeated hearings dull the music of Varèse, and one ends up thinking it precious. But repeated hearings do not dull the music of Béla Bartók, and Westminster has brought out two discs of Bartók scores that grow more and more worthwhile on acquaintance. One of those discs is devoted to the *Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 2*, with Kornel Zempleny as soloist in No. 1, Tibor Wehner in No. 2, and with the Hungarian State Orchestra conducted by Janos Fer-

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

encsik (Westminster 19003, mono; 17003, stereo). The other contains the *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta* (one of the great scores of the century) and *Three Village Scenes*. On this disc Gyorgy Lehel leads the Budapest Radio Orchestra (19004, mono; 17004, stereo).

Bartók could be just as dissonant as Varèse, and his rhythms just as complicated; and, indeed, his instruments almost as percussive-sounding. But he did work within the framework of conventional instruments and more or less conventional forms. The two concertos are bracing music, especially the jolly, strong, and sportive No. 2. Excellent performances here, though the recorded sound is a good deal less than the best in contemporary high fidelity. The *Village Scenes* are rather early (1917) works, with chorus, and are charming sketches based on Bartók's researches into folk music. He was one of the greatest of all national composers, and there is scarcely a note of his that does not have its evocation in the rugged Hungarian rhythms and melodies. Even in so abstract a work as the *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta*, the Hungarian *melos* is ever-present.

But also present is the spirit of the Beethoven of the Quartet in C sharp minor, the introduction of which surely must have been in Bartók's mind when he composed the first movement of the *MSPC*. This is not a score that is going to open its secrets at one, or even a dozen, hearings (no more than the Beethoven will). But it repays all the listening one does, and it will reward in direct ratio to the concentration the listener puts into it. And what a reward!

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The *Songs and Dances of Death* are one of music's colossal conceptions, and for this the talented Devrath needs a larger body of tone than she can summon. But she is an artist who makes the most of her resources, and the other works on this disc are well done. The *Nursery* cycle, indeed, is presented with unusual charm and style.

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JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

SOME GIRLS

In the category of vocalists (female) there are not many who truly sing jazz and, even as to the few there are, there are endless arguments. The reaction to jazz singers (female) is intensely personal, as though their ability to evoke desire, pain, or a remembered mood were high among the standards they are judged by. Criticism of them tends to be confessional, short of the outer limits of candor set some years ago by George Frazier in a prose poem he wrote in praise of Lee Wiley.

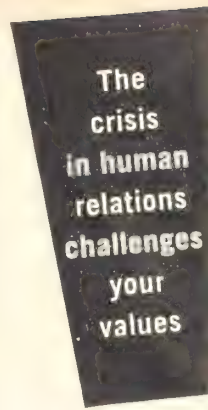
For a long time I have been setting aside records that came in by singers I didn't actively dislike, hoping a pattern would emerge to cover them. It hasn't; the list below is simply made up of the survivors. Describing them would be easier in terms of the ones left out—all the latest little-girl voices, the folk singers *manquées*, the fake-champagne chanteuses, the Misses Hit Parade of Ten Years Too Late, and various other graduates of the school of blues-without-bother. These at least have the merit of being quickly recognized.

But what can one say, even in varying degree, of those that remain? They have, hopefully, some measure of native voice quality and rhythm, and are in accord with jazz modes of expression. They are able, as the critical jargon has it, to "sing like a horn"—to use their voices as solo instruments, phrasing and embellishing (and, on occasion, extemporizing) along with the other musicians. Beyond this point, however, all paths part; one man's siren is another's Florence Foster Jenkins.

Rather than evade the issue entirely, I have put the two at the top who seem to me most satisfactory, Helen Humes and Nancy Harrow, one a veteran, one a newcomer, both aristocrats of their exacting craft.

Nancy Harrow, *Wild Women Don't Have the Blues*. Candid 8008. Helen Humes, *Swingin' with Humes*. Contemporary M3598.

Lorez Alexandria, *Early in the Morning*. Argo LP 663. Ernestine Anderson, *Hot Cargo*. Mercury MG 20354. La Vern Baker Sings Bessie Smith. Atlantic 1281. Eartha Kitt, *St. Louis Blues*. RCA-Victor LPM-1661. Abbey Lincoln, *It's Magic*. Riverside 12-277. Carmen McRae, *Carmen for Cool Ones*. Decca DL 8738. Anita O'Day Sings the Winners. Verve MG V-8283. Sarah Vaughn, *In the Land of Hi-Fi*. Mercury MG-36058. Lee Wiley, *A Touch of the Blues*. RCA-Victor LPM-1566.



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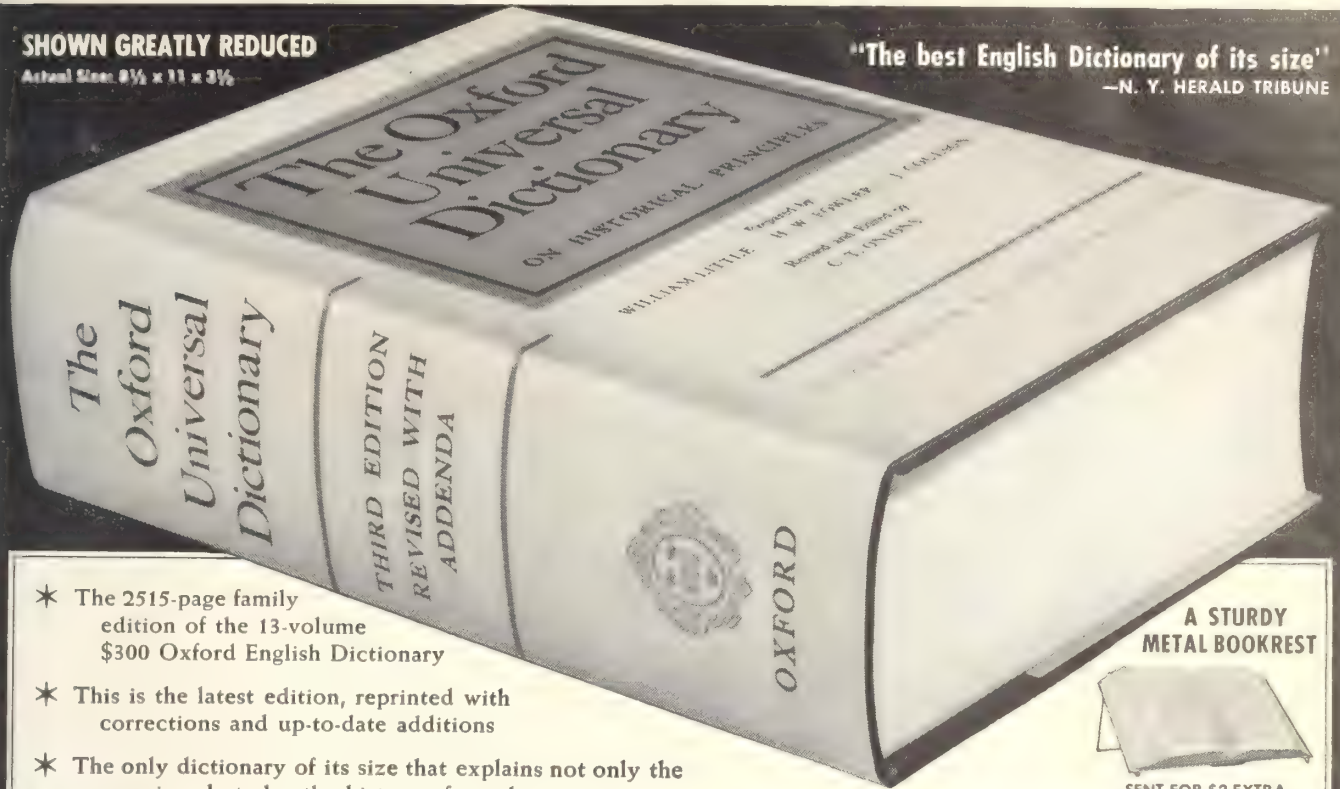
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today's busy home-
maker, who takes an ac-
tive interest in more
things than any other
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automatic dishwasher
is one of her most valued
electrical servants.

Dishwasher model comparison:
SU70T (1960) vs. SD403 (1963)



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(than the 1960 model)



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LETTERS

A.A.: Assault and Defense

TO THE EDITORS:

I have been in A.A. for over eight years; at least I thought I had, until I read Arthur H. Cain's piece ["Alcoholics Anonymous: Cult or Cure?" February]. The organization I belong to bears little resemblance to the one he writes about. A.A. has no illusions about its being a final solution to the problem of alcoholism and most of the members I know are interested in learning about (and often supporting) scientific research in the field. I have run into occasional A.A. fanatics, but . . . more typical is the A.A. member who recommends psychiatry or other treatment for the alcoholic who still has serious problems after trying the A.A. program. More typical also is the member who, rather than scorning another alcoholic who has failed to achieve sobriety, continues standing by without reproach or disgust (sometimes for years) in the hope that his friend may make the grade. . . .

AS A.A. MEMBER
New Milford, Conn.

For the past six years I have been a member of A.A. . . . Thanks for an excellent article. If intelligently and thoughtfully taken, it could help to recover some of the good spirit A.A. had before it became proud of its humility.

NAME WITHHELD
Chicago, Ill.

Arthur Cain's assault on the cult of A.A. was needed. . . . The A.A. program has become a hostile, fundamentalist religion. The fanatics who prevail in certain chapters . . . are intent on preserving their sacerdotal role and preaching their theology that only the alcoholic understands the alcoholic. . . .

MRS. ELIZABETH WASTAK, R.N., B.S.
Head Nurse, House of Correction
Chicago, Ill.

As a female alcoholic with A.A. for the past ten years, I would like to comment on . . . that expression that Mr. Cain refers to as "The A.". Smirk." I'm sure he has been looking at me, Sir—that expression you see on my face resembling a cross between the enigmatic smile on the *Mona Lisa* and the grin on the Cheshire Cat is simply there because, through the help of my fellow members

in A.A., I've managed to get a firm stranglehold on my own personal devil—alcoholism.

E. S.
Ridgewood, N. J.

I'm married to a Boring Blabbermouth also known by the kinder title of Alcoholic Anonymous. . . . Now that the myth of the Golden-hearted Prostitute has been gently laid to rest, it's about time somebody tackled the Omniscient Ex-lush. There really are a few of life's problems they don't understand—foremost being the spouse, living on the day-to-day ragged edge of keeping some Superior Sinner from taking that first drink. . . .

NAME WITHHELD
Washington, D. C.

Of the Al-Anon [the A.A. group for spouses of A.A.s], Mr. Cain writes, "they insist that anything is better than living with a practicing alcoholic." That really rocks me! With divorce having achieved popular status there is no necessity for anyone to unwillingly undergo such constant mortification. The Chronic-Alcoholic-Spouse, however, wallows in it . . . [and] enthusiastically attaches to the Practicing Alcoholic on whose lack of ego he/she voraciously feeds to implement his/her own lack. The Chronic-Alcoholic-Spouse needs to dominate, to be parental, to have a scapegoat, to suffer, to have that suffering regarded. . . .

R. S. PICARD, M.D.
Shreveport, La.

Because A.A. is based on the principle of anonymity, we are withholding the names of members out of respect for that principle.

THE EDITORS

Flight to the Right?

TO THE EDITORS:

The findings of modern psychologists (G. W. Allport, T. W. Adorno, Else Frankel-Brunswik, etc.) indicate that the type of training David Boroff describes in "Air Force Academy: A Slight Gain in Altitude" [February] . . . tends to produce a type of personality with a decided affinity for right-wing political beliefs. The hazing fosters an intensely clannish togetherness in the hazed group which is easily transferable to racism ("us whites," "us Gentiles," etc.). . . . It stimulates a habit of scapegoating, of sadistic release of accumulated aggression against "permissible" targets (Third Classmen against Doolies, "patriots" against "traitors"). . . . The athleticism

puts a premium on physical strength and toughness and thus prepares the mind to accept more readily a philosophy of violence and brute force to gain one's ends. . . . Add all these psychological effects together and you get excellent material for a potential Joseph Welch [or] General Walker. . . .

T. PETER PARK
Garden City South, L. I., N. Y.

The United States Boroff Academy, like Kafka's castle, is a very strange place. It is a substitute for the service academies which were classed as second-rate by the professor from New York University. . . . A Boroff cadet has long hair and a *Kenyon Review* manner. He is also a certain species of Brother Rat. He is definitely not a bright, dutiful boy. At his most aggressive, he is probably querulous. . . . The faculty at Boroff is first-rate. All instructors are doctors of philosophy. . . . Passionate independent study is allowed, and no two specialties are alike. This promotes genuine intellectualism so that, come war, there will be as many strategies as there are civilian technipols to insure national disaster. . . .

Boroff's academy must go. . . . The service academies have proved their worth as effective educational institutions. . . .

LT. COL. S. B. MORRISSEY
U. S. Military Academy, Class of 1940
Fort George G. Meade, Md.

Dixie Theology

TO THE EDITORS:

"How to Tell a Baptist from a Methodist in the South" [George Harmon, February] was by-and-large an excellent evaluation. However . . . his statement that, to a Baptist, conversion is undergoing the "often-emotional experience of accepting fundamentalist theology" is in error. The conversion experience is not accepting . . . theology in any form. It is a commitment to (or acceptance of) Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. I am speaking as a man who grew up in a Methodist church but became a Southern Baptist by choice. . . . We are a conservative group certainly, but conservative out of conviction and not out of blind allegiance to the past.

THE REV. ROBERT L. CATE
First Baptist Church
McRae, Ga.

A copy of your February issue has been passed around our Methodist Woman's Society of Christian Service, and Mr. Harmon's article has brought on some lively discussions. Some of us voted on whether we saw ourselves in his description—the vote was ten who did

INNOVATOR

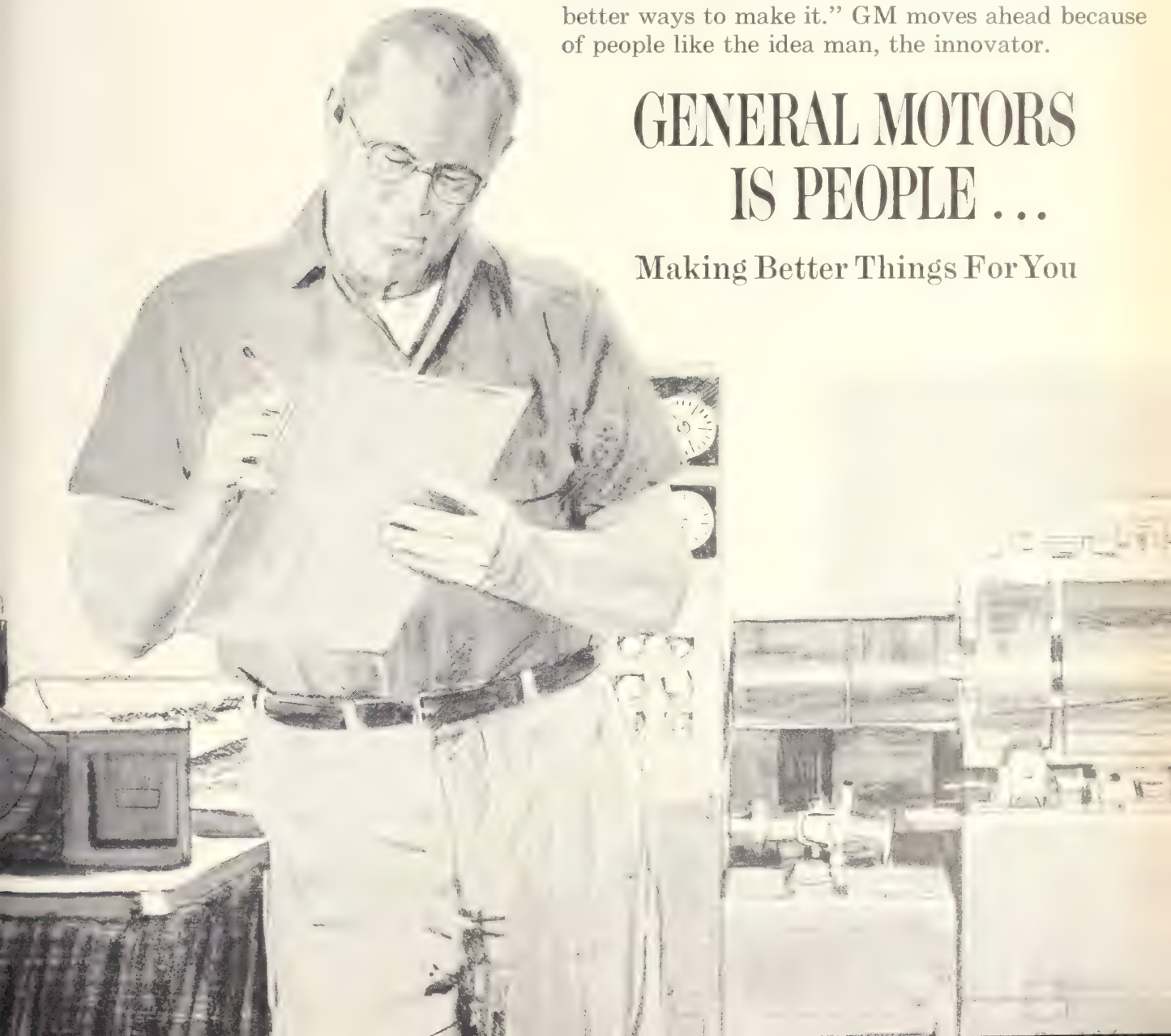
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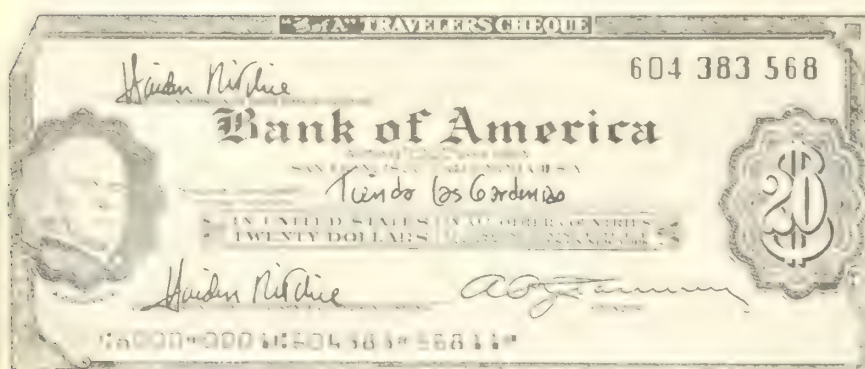
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LETTERS

and three who didn't. The three are dragging their heels on integration but they agreed they want fair treatment of the Negro. We have never known any Negroes except our servants and cannot picture ourselves going to church suppers, etc., with them. . . . Our minister keeps prodding us, though, and we are trying to be better people, in the "Here," where Mr. Harmon says we are.

MRS. MABEL SPINIS
Jacksonville, Fla.

Doctors for Everyone

TO THE EDITORS:

Thank you for publishing Richard M. Titmuss' article, on "What British Doctors Really Think About Socialized Medicine" [February]. . . .

Mr. Titmuss correctly puts his analytical finger on the problem of medical quality. On the East Side of Manhattan in 1963, you can find standing side by side three medical schools, several hospital medical centers, and assorted hospitals, clinics, and offices. Yet the quality of medical care rendered is from the best in the world to absolutely the worst. . . .

The image of the doctor as a dedicated, highly motivated individual is tarnishing in our present [American] society. The complexities of modern medical care are costly and require constant surveillance of quality. Unless the medical societies, the medical scientists, the medical schools, and the concerned governmental agencies effectively explore the future, we will continue in our present medical free-for-all. . . . The Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare should appoint a committee of outstanding individuals representing medical practice, research, and teaching. They should be charged with the responsibility of formulating a national health program. . . . In Britain and in other countries I have visited, the benefits of an organized, rational health scheme far outweigh the recognized disadvantages. . . .

BERNARD M. WAGNER, M.D.
Prof. and Chmn., Dept. of Pathology
New York Medical College
Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals
New York, N. Y.

A *Review of the Medical Services in Great Britain*, published by Social As-say, London, a report by representatives of . . . every principal medical organization in Britain, concludes that the British National Health Service has been a tragic blunder: . . .

"The events of the past fourteen years [the report says] have tended to discourage private practice. . . .

. . . the medical faculties of British



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counts as shown on the firm's books.

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LETTERS

universities are now lagging considerably behind those of many comparable countries. . . . It is becoming more and more difficult to give to our undergraduates all that is desirable to prepare them fully for the practice of medicine. . . .

“We have noted with alarm many indications of a growing shortage of doctors. Hospitals are depending upon post-graduate doctors from overseas to fill . . . junior posts. In several important specialties there are vacancies at all levels of seniority. The Armed Forces are facing a serious shortage, and there is a lack of recruits in the Public Health Service. In industrial medicine and research there is a need for expansion. General practitioners have great difficulty in finding assistants. . . . the majority of doctors in all sections of the health service are severely hampered by an excessive burden of work.” . . .

MICHAEL BRUSER, M.D.
 Mall Medical Group
 Winnipeg, Man., Canada

Aid to Latins

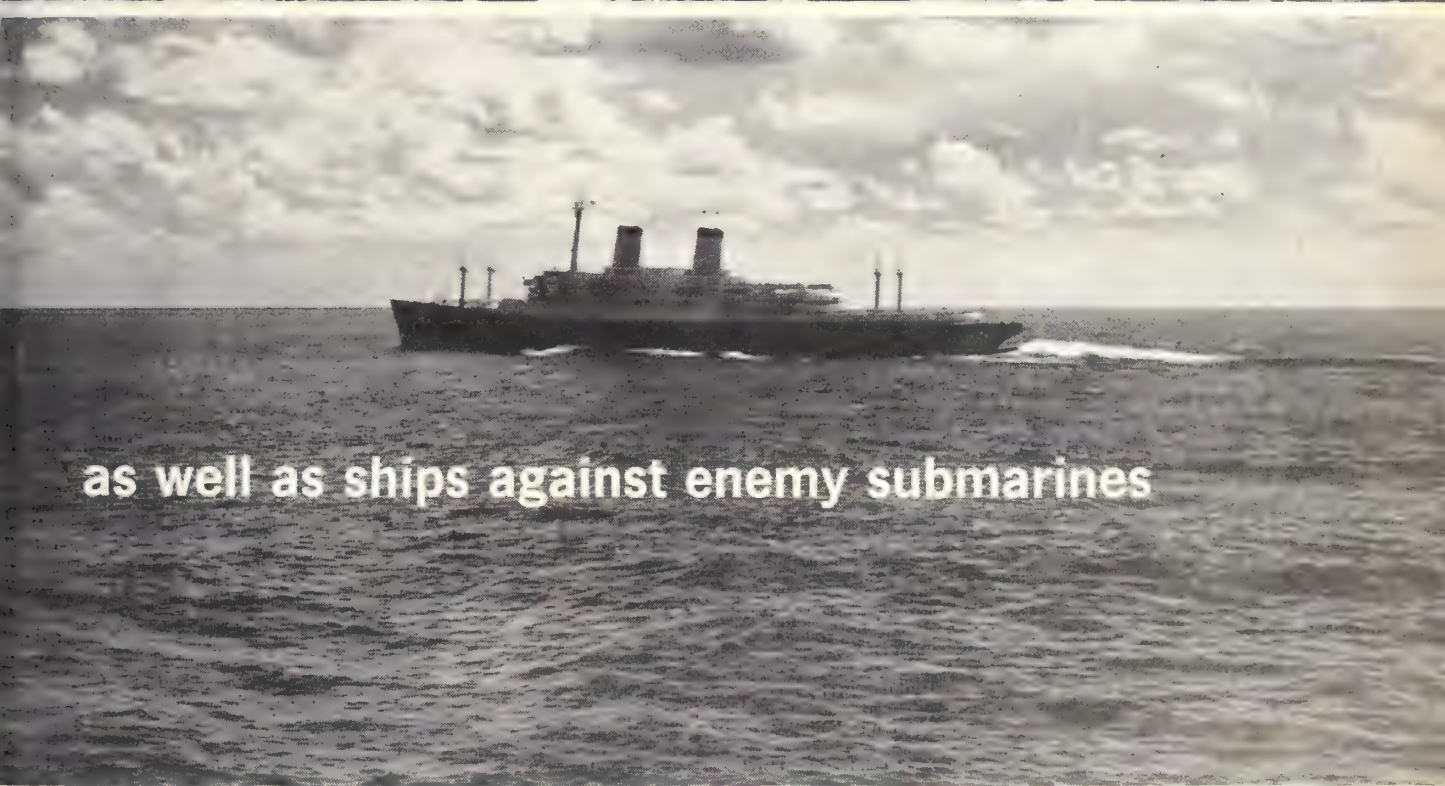
TO THE EDITORS:

I have some corrections concerning the Latin American part of Joseph Kraft's article, “Foreign Aid: Saved by the Bell?” [February]. Disbursements of close to 40 per cent against an appropriation in any given year represents a very high level. Many of the commitments we undertake are for long-term projects for which disbursements are made over a period exceeding two or three years. The total disbursements in Latin America in fiscal year 1962 against authorizations of that year, as well as against previous appropriations, totaled \$1,036,600,000. This means that the money actually pumped into Latin America in fiscal 1962 was almost at a par with the total committed. . . .

Another point that calls for comment is the per capita income gain in Latin America in 1961. . . . A study was made for the Mexico Conference of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council last October. The report of the Ministers on the first year of the Alliance says that: “Total production in Latin America in 1961 increased at a rate of slightly more than 5 per cent. . . . Taking into account the population growth (from 2.6 to 2.7 per cent) the production and the per capita income for the region increased at approximately 2.5 per cent, the minimum rate stipulated in the Charter of Punta del Este for the achievement of the objectives of the Alliance for Progress within a reasonable length of time.”

This was accomplished in spite of the fact that the Charter . . . was only signed August of 1961, that actual opera-

Double jeopardy: Now the Navy must guard cities



as well as ships against enemy submarines

Today the U.S. Navy's Anti-Submarine Warfare mission is more complex than ever before. On the high seas, our ships face the threat of more than 500 potentially hostile conventional submarines (remember what enemy subs did to Allied shipping in World War II).

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To help the Navy find better ways

to detect, identify, track, and destroy these undersea marauders, Lockheed's Anti-Submarine Warfare & Ocean Systems Organization is coordinating a corporation-wide effort that runs broad and deep—from the depths to the surface to the aerospace above.

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scores of problems, ranging from underwater communications to the mysterious behavior of many denizens of the deep.

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DEAD AS A DODO?

We sometimes think of the dodo as the only thing in nature that has become extinct in relatively modern times. But there are many other birds, not to mention other animals, that seem to have disappeared—the Carolina parakeet, Leguat's starling, the Hawaii oo, the Labrador duck, the great auk. And we all know from the press how few whooping cranes are left.

Far-fetched as it may seem at first, there's probably a lesson here for investors. Since the choice of companies whose stock they can buy is wide—some 1100 on the New York Stock Exchange and many more on other exchanges and over-the-counter—it behooves investors to choose with care among them, to select those which seem most likely to thrive. For just as there were once dodos and oos and great auks flourishing in their respective habitats, so were the companies manufacturing kerosene lamps and trolley cars and buttonhooks once promising investments.

The moral, we think, is twofold. First, investigate before you invest; then, follow the fortunes of your company to be sure that it keeps pace with the times—modernizes its facilities, improves its products, expands its market, and generally continues to be a good investment for your purposes. In other words, keep on investigating *after* you invest.

And if you want our help, just ask for information about any stock in which you have an interest. It's free for the asking.



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LETTERS

tions under the Alliance did not get into full swing until close to the end of the year. It is therefore not too valid to judge performance of the Alliance by developments of the year 1961.

Why are people so impatient up here? The Puerto Rico program, which has been rather more successful than most, took several years to pick up speed.

TEODORO MOSCOSO
U. S. Coordinator
Alliance for Progress
Department of State
Washington, D. C.

S.F.'s Coy Culture

TO THE EDITORS:

I learn with delight in "The Sculptor Who Embarrasses San Francisco" [Donovan Bess, February] that Beniamino Bufano is still stirring up San Francisco, as he was when we lived there in the 1930s. . . . It is too bad that former Mayor Roger Lapham, himself a free-wheeling individualist, did not see to it that Bufano received his true dues. The present Mayor is too busy looking under rocks for voters to raise his eyes to the vision of a beautiful city further beautified with Bufano's sculptures. . . .

CYRIL E. PAQUIN
New York, N. Y.

Two recent projects might provide a happier ending to Donovan Bess's fine article. . . . A Bufano Society of the Arts has been formed "to acquire, preserve, own, and perpetuate the artistic works of Beniamino Bufano." . . . Bufano's latest (and largest) statue to world peace is nearing completion at Timber Cove, California. . . . With a Society of his own and a statue that can be seen for twenty miles out to sea, Benny will be "banqueted" and "bragged about" even more. I, for one, think he deserves it.

ALAN W. CUNDALI
Tiburon, Calif.

Donovan Bess's article should dispel the ridiculous myth that San Francisco is more cultured or civilized than the rest of the "wilderness" west of Chicago. . . . San Francisco, lacking even a semblance of living culture and pretending that ability to purchase constitutes taste, has so established its mythology that virtually everyone is convinced the city is the greatest refuge of civilization since Alexandria perished. . . . I do not claim that the southern part of the state is superior; only that our pretensions are less overblown. . . . Our paeans are frankly raised to the virtues of suburban sprawl and the forty-year mortgage. We may be vulgar but we're honest about it.

THOMAS J. CUMMINS
Long Beach, Calif.

COMING IN

Harper's magazine

AMERICA GETS AN UNEXPECTED BREAK

Why de Gaulle's mischievous behavior may turn out to be a big favor to us. By one of the ablest younger members of Congress . . .

Henry S. Reuss

OUT OF THE TYPEWRITERS OF BABIES

An exclusive report on a startling educational experiment. Using a unique "learning machine," two- and three-year-olds teach themselves to read—and love it.

By Maya Pines

LETTERS FROM A JOURNEY

The problems and perceptions of one of America's leading writers as he traveled from Paris to Israel to Turkey.

By James Baldwin

THE GOP UPSURGE IN THE SOUTH

And how it may result—paradoxically—in a more liberal Congress.

By Virginius Dabney

LAST ACT FOR HAITIAN DICTATORS

By Berkeley Rice

MUSIC IN THE AGE OF ZAK

How to recognize the real thing, by using your ears.

By Hubert Lamb

ALLSTON WHEAT'S CRUSADE

One dedicated American discovers the most insidious viper on our body politic. A morality tale.

By Mark Epernay



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What Women Can Do for Peace

By John Fischer

A CHARMING and intelligent woman has objected that Midge Decter's article, "The Peace Ladies," in the March issue of *Harper's* was not very helpful. She agrees with Miss Decter that the present activities of the women's peace organizations—picketing, mass demonstrations, and such—are largely irrelevant, and sometimes actually harmful to their cause.

"But," she says, "a great many women, including me, feel strongly that we have to do *something* to prevent another war. This is a primitive, powerful emotion. It has to find an outlet somewhere—and if it can't be channeled into some constructive direction, it is bound to boil up in irrational ways."

She has a point. The following suggestions are submitted, therefore, in hopes that they may help her and other concerned women to focus their considerable energies and talents in a more useful way.

So far these ladies have concentrated almost entirely on disarmament, and especially the abolition of atomic weapons. The results have been frustrating, because picketing cannot help in a delicate diplomatic negotiation any more than it can in a brain operation. Moreover, the ladies have no way to put effective pressure on the Kremlin, Peking, and de Gaulle, who are the chief obstacles to a disarmament agreement. Their basic mistake, however, is their assumption that arms are the main, if not the only, cause of war.

There is remarkably little evidence to support this assumption. I do not know of any case in which an arms race was the underlying cause of a war—though in the years before 1914 it certainly did something to inflame more deep-rooted rivalries. The most common historic reasons for conflict have been national ambitions, messianic ideologies (ranging from the Sword of Islam and the Crusades to modern fascism and communism), racial hatreds, a ruler's dreams of glory,

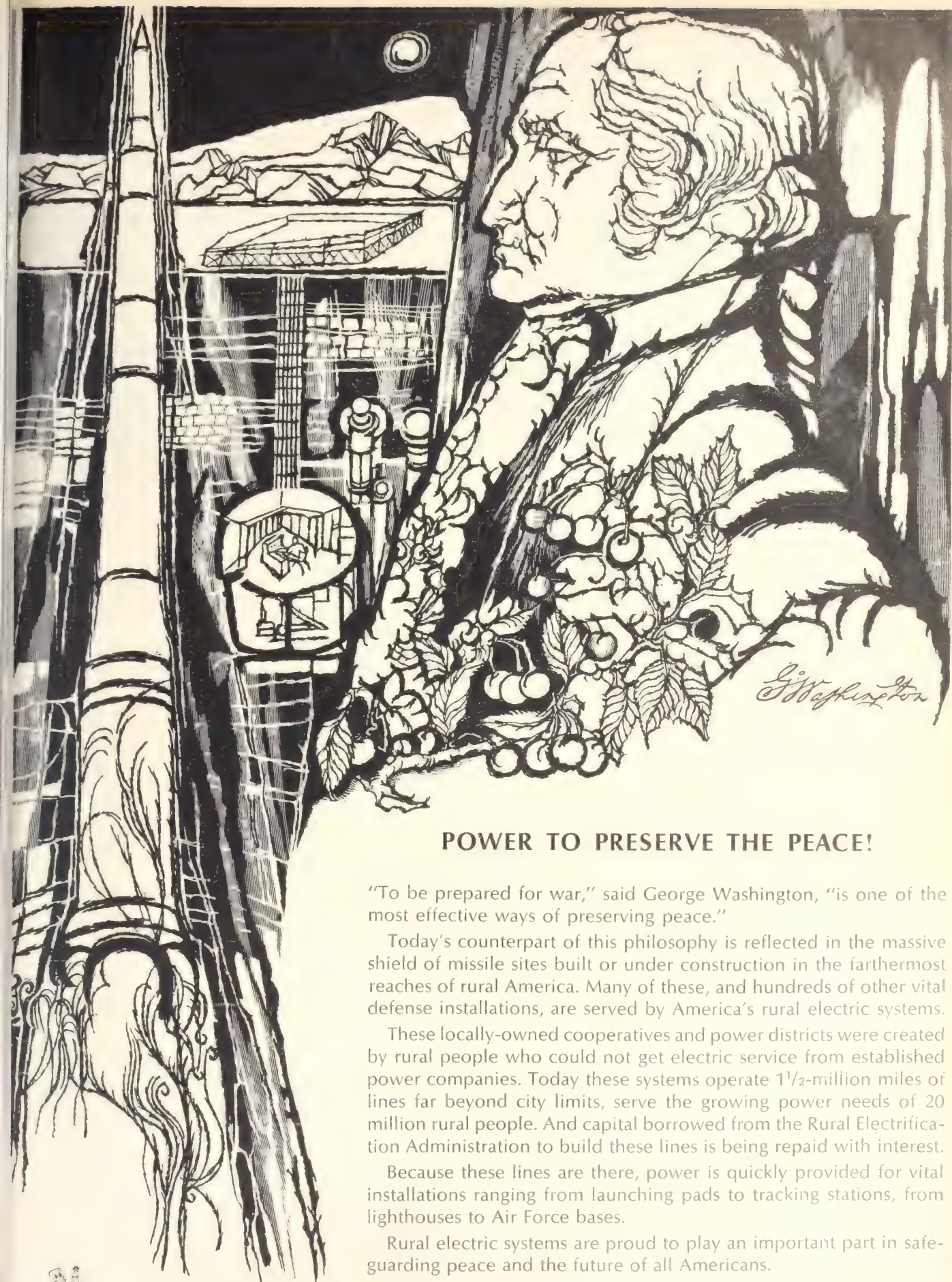
or (as with the Vikings and Homeric Greeks) simple lust for loot. And when people bent on killing can get no better weapons, they do quite well with clubs and stones—as India's Hindus and Moslems demonstrated when their subcontinent was partitioned after World War II. In that flare-up of religious and racial passion, something like a million and a half men, women, and children were slaughtered without benefit of modern arms.

Nuclear weapons would of course make another war unimaginably worse than anything in human experience; but it is not clear that they make it more probable. On the contrary, there is a growing belief in Washington that at least for the moment the nuclear stalemate may be a positive, stabilizing force. It would be a fine thing, of course, if an arms-control agreement can eventually be achieved—if only for the enormous savings in money and resources. But it would not be a sure guarantee of peace.

IN the future the chief danger of war seems likely to come, not from an arms race or even from the classic causes, but from an element new to history: the pressure of population. Indeed, if the earth's population continues to rise at the present rate for another forty years, major wars appear to be inevitable.

Overpopulation has of course led to war in the past. It was, for example, a main reason why the ancient Greeks invaded Italy and Asia Minor to found colonies, and why the Goths, Mongols, and Huns flooded west from the Asian steppes in successive invasions of Europe. But never before has the pressure of population risen, all over the globe, so rapidly and steadily as it is rising today. If it keeps up, an explosion is inescapable—just as it is when the steam pressure in a boiler climbs above the bursting point.

A glance at the accompanying chart shows why this is so. For many centuries the number of



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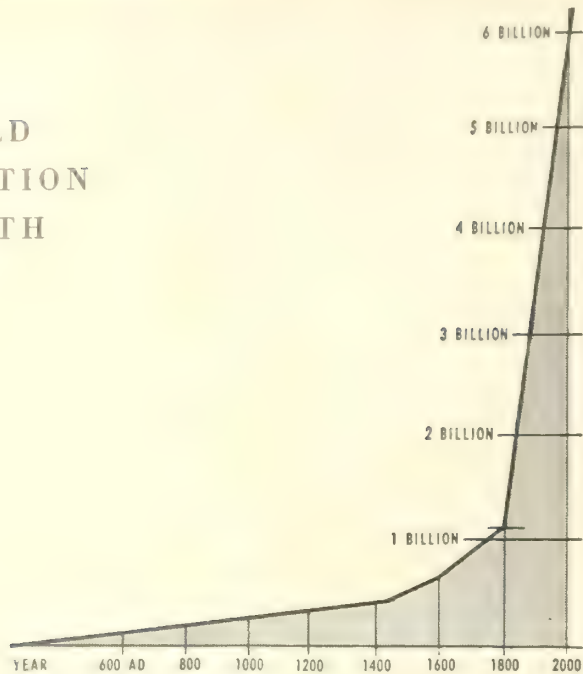
Because these lines are there, power is quickly provided for vital installations ranging from launching pads to tracking stations, from lighthouses to Air Force bases.

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WORLD POPULATION GROWTH



human beings increased very slowly. Then, about 1800, it began to shoot up like a rocket. In roughly a million years between the first appearance of man and that date, the total reached about one billion. In the century and a half since then, it has leaped to nearly three billion. In the next forty years it seems certain to double again. The explanation has been documented in countless books: how modern medicine and sanitation sharply cut the death rate—especially deaths among young children—while the birth rate kept right on.

So what? Up till now—so the Micawbers among us say—we have managed to take care of a trebled population pretty well. Maybe something will turn up before it trebles again. God will provide. . . .

Such happy optimism is hard to maintain if you look at a few facts. In 1800, fertile continents were still largely empty—most of North America, Australia, and Latin America. Today no continents are left. Small patches of not-yet-overcrowded land still survive, here, in Canada, Southeast Asia, Siberia, and a few other places; but they are filling up fast. Nor is it true that the world's multiplying population has fared reasonably well. While living standards have risen since 1800 in this country and Europe, in other places they have fallen. Most Indians and Chinese, for instance, and many Latin Americans don't eat as well now as they did then.

For it takes two acres of land to feed a person adequately. (Not well—just "adequately.") Yet we have only about one acre of food-producing land for each person on the globe—and we are adding 55 million hungry mouths every year. We

can't possibly add farmland that fast. Every new acre now has to be won, at heavy cost in labor and investment, from the deserts and swamps; while at the same time other acres are being lost through erosion and overcropping. In fact the Food and Agriculture Organization of the UN reported last October that there had been little if any increase in world farm production during the previous year, so that somewhat less food actually was available per capita. That means that a third or more of the world's people already are hungry most of the time—but not as hungry as they are going to be.

Conceivably by heroic effort and yet-unimagined scientific breakthroughs—the creation of edible algae, perhaps, and the large-scale harvesting of seaweed—mankind could double food output in the next forty years, thus keeping barely even with population growth. But even if this improbable feat could be accomplished once, it obviously cannot be repeated indefinitely. Since the surface of the globe is strictly limited, the "Standing Room Only" sign will have to go up eventually—and much sooner than most of us realize.*

CHINA, where such facts press the hardest, has now become the most dangerous nation. Already it has a fifth of all the people in the world, and it adds 22 per cent every decade. They are crammed inside a territory which is barely

* Other planets? No. None in our solar system will support human life, and not even the most imaginative scientist has ever suggested that we will ever be able to export people in substantial numbers to other solar systems.



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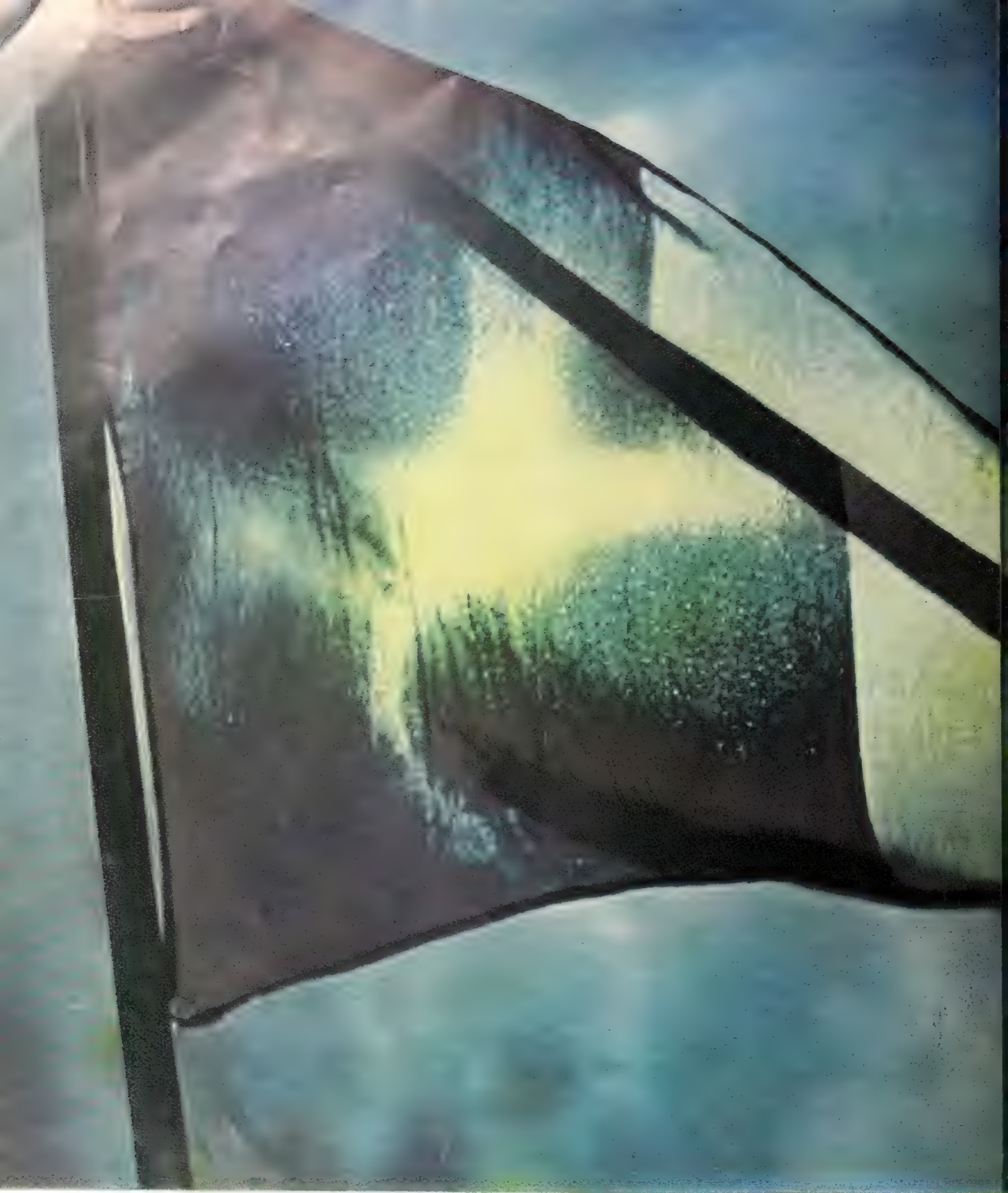
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even planted flowers all the way from Paris to Nice so we'll be coming up roses. In other words, we hope you'll have a wonderful time. If there's anything we can do, any literature you need, just write Dept. HA-A,

Box #221, New York 10. Or see your French Government Tourist Office in New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Miami, Montreal. Or see your own travel agent. We'll all help you in every way.



When they grow up, will language still be a barrier?



As modern technology makes the world smaller, the need for understanding between peoples grows more pressing. But the barrier of language still hinders our efforts to communicate with each other. Even today, only a small fraction of the world's information ever passes beyond the frontiers of its original language.

How can we broaden the flow of information from one language to another? One answer may lie in the growing versatility of computer technology. For instance, a tech-

nique for automatic translation is now under development at IBM. Russian, French, and Chinese technical literature has already been translated into English at electronic speeds. The recent success in translating technical Chinese—a language that has no alphabet—indicates that all languages eventually may lend themselves to automatic translation.

Through new kinds of information systems, IBM is helping to meet the need for better communication in today's world.

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able to feed them in a good year; a bad year means famine. So they press outward as inexorably as a glacier—into Korea, Tibet, India, Southeast Asia, tomorrow perhaps into Outer Mongolia and Siberia. Their Communist faith gives an extra edge to their belligerence, but they would still be dangerous if they had never heard of Marx. For when a hungry man has to choose between starvation and grabbing his neighbor's garden, he is likely to grab. (It is noteworthy that Chiang Kai-shek's government-in-exile has not repudiated Red China's claims either in Tibet or in India.)

Indeed Mao may be speaking the literal truth when he proclaims that he does not shrink from a nuclear war. He may figure, in his icy way, that the extinction of some 200 million people is the only means of reducing China's population to manageable proportions; that it would still remain the most populous nation, even after such a holocaust; that more industrialized states would suffer still worse devastation; and that Chinese expansion thereafter would be all the easier.

So at least believes a veteran and levelheaded Polish diplomat, who has had long experience with the leaders of Red China. "The frightening thing about them," he told me recently, "is that they don't plan in years or decades. They think in terms of centuries. And they have no scruples whatever, so far as I can detect, about human life."

AND Asia is not the only continent where population pressure has reached the bursting point. Too many people scabbling for too little land has led to the tribal fighting in the Congo (where several little civil wars have spluttered along quite independently of the big fight over Katanga). The same thing lies behind the unrest in northeast Brazil, in Haiti, in Bolivia, in Chile and Peru.

Even in Mexico, which has carried out the most successful agrarian-reform program in Latin America, land hunger is again causing ominous rumblings throughout the countryside—as it must so long as the population continues to grow at 3 per cent a year.

Nor is this country exempt. For a

long time we won't face a food problem, and it is hard to imagine our changing into a bellicose nation like China. But even now the pressures of population are threatening both our living standards and our foreign policy. As Adolph W. Schmidt of T. Mellon and Sons, a conservative and eminent financier, recently pointed out, within the next forty years "everything about us must double if our present living standard is to be maintained . . . houses, apartments, roads, office buildings, schools, the endowments of your colleges, universities, and hospitals." He added with some reluctance that "I do not believe that we in Pittsburgh will double everything around us during this relatively brief period. If we do not, a number of people will have to do with less in the year 2000 than they now have." Another equally respected economist and businessman, Marriner Eccles, has predicted that our problems of unemployment, rising taxes, urban congestion, and education are all insoluble unless our rapidly growing population is curbed.

For the past twenty years our foreign policy has been built on one key idea: if we can help the rest of the world to become prosperous, it will then become stable, peaceful, and maybe democratic as well. In Europe it worked; so it seemed reasonable to hope that some counterpart of the original Marshall Plan might work in other continents too. What we overlooked is the fact that population in the underdeveloped countries is growing three times as fast as it is in Europe. The result was summed up by Eugene Black, former president of the World Bank, in his 1961 annual report to the United Nations: "Unless population growth can be restrained, we may have to abandon for this generation our hopes of economic progress in the crowded lands of Asia and the Middle East."

He might have added Latin America; and he should have noted that in the next generation these hopes will be slimmer still.

OUR obvious course, if we want to salvage our foreign-aid program and our hopes for peace, is to do all we can to bring the population explosion under control. (And not



For the woman who dares to be different

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merely in distant and impoverished
lands, until we control our own
growth rate—which is higher than
that of Europe, Japan, and some
other countries—nobody is likely to
take our advice seriously.)

This indeed is precisely what has
been recommended by the Draper
Committee on foreign aid, by Eugene
Black, by Senator William Fulbright,
Chairman of the Senate Foreign Re-
lations Committee, and by scores of
other responsible citizens who have
learned the facts at first hand. Yet
Washington does nothing. Most
politicians are afraid even to men-
tion the subject out loud. "Probably
never in history," James Reston re-
ported in the *New York Times*, "has
so obvious and significant a fact been
so widely evaded. . . ."

The reason, as we all know, is that
our politicians are afraid of offend-
ing Catholic voters. But here, as in
so many other matters, our politi-
cians may be victims of a cultural
lag; for Catholic opinion on popula-
tion problems has been undergoing
a remarkable change in the last few
years.

As long ago as 1951 Pope Pius
XII approved "the legality of the
regulation of births" for "medical,
eugenic, economic, and social rea-
sons." Since then an increasing num-
ber of Catholic spokesmen—*Com-
monweal* magazine, Father Louis
McKernan of *Catholic World*, Father
John A. O'Brien of Notre Dame, to
mention only a few—have published
serious discussions of population
problems. As Father O'Brien has
pointed out, "substantial agreement"
already exists "between Catholics
and non-Catholics concerning the
overall objectives of family plan-
ning." The chief remaining differ-
ence concerns methods of birth con-
trol.

The Church so far approves only
two means: abstinence and the
rhythm method—the latter not yet
altogether dependable. But Pope
Pius XII expressed hope that "sci-
ence will succeed in providing this
licit method with a sufficiently se-
cure basis"; and Father O'Brien has
urged the federal government "to
launch a crash research program to
render the rhythm method 100 per
cent effective." Moreover, an emi-
nent Catholic physician, Dr. John
Rock of Harvard, has been urging

research into "entirely new ap-
proaches" to develop "a number of
effective methods which all religious
groups can accept."*

Perhaps, then, we already are with-
in striking distance of the goal pro-
claimed by Father O'Brien: "to take
the birth control issue out of poli-
tics."

EVEN now there seems to be no
reason why women of every faith
should not work together on the
really basic peace issue: How can
we check the world's population pres-
sures before they explode into war?

It is an issue which they can attack
with unique effectiveness, since chil-
dren and family have always been
primary feminine concerns. When
women speak on these matters, they
carry an authority greater than they
can ever hope to have on questions
of weaponry and arms control. In
this field, moreover, they have before
them specific, urgent tasks, which
will yield concrete results much
more quickly than any amount of
"Ban the Bomb" agitation. For ex-
ample:

(1) The greatest need is to discover
methods of birth control which will
be effective, acceptable to all re-
ligions, and simple and cheap
enough to be used by the poorest
and most primitive people. Many
promising scientific leads have not
yet been followed up, simply because
not enough money is available to fi-
nance a crash research program. If
Congress would authorize the Na-
tional Institutes of Health to spend
a mere one per cent of their budget
on such research, "there is every
reason" (to quote Father O'Brien,
again) "to believe that the problems
of family planning and population
control could be solved." Incident-
ally, this would be a tiny fraction
of the cost of a single Polaris sub-
marine.

(2) Our foreign-aid people should
be directed to supply help in popula-
tion control to any foreign country
requesting it.

(3) The laws in a few of our states
need changing so that birth-control

*Both the scientific and political as-
pects of the question are explored in
Dr. Rock's book, *The Time Has Come:
A Catholic Doctor's Proposals to End
the Battle Over Birth Control*, to be
published this month by Knopf.

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information can be freely supplied to anyone wanting it. (A number of Catholic clergymen have endorsed such changes, as Father O'Brien noted in an article in the October 10, 1961, issue of *Look*. And the Gallup poll has found that they are favored by three out of four members of the general public.)

(4) Public hospitals, health services, and welfare agencies should be authorized to provide birth-control information, treatment, and materials to their clients upon request—in each case following the methods approved by the client's own religious doctrine.

(5) An immense amount of education is needed to bring home to the ordinary citizen, here and abroad, the desperate urgency of the population crisis. Many responsible, well-educated people who are vaguely aware of the population explosion apparently are unable to connect it with their own lives. How else to account for the college graduates who cheerfully—and with no sense of sin—produce four, five, and six children? What they do not grasp, evidently, is that the question is a moral one. To put it baldly, anyone who increases the total number of people in an overcrowded world adds to the likelihood of war.

Once this simple mathematical truth is widely understood, it may lead to the acceptance of a new commandment, ordained by natural law: Thou Shalt Not Produce More Than Two Children.

It might be called the Commandment of Survival—because God does indeed provide, whenever any species outbreeds its environment; though not in the way the Micawbers have in mind. The Adirondack deer starve, the Australian rabbits are wiped out by myxomatosis, the Norwegian lemmings rush into the sea. Thus if human beings cannot find a rational way to control their numbers, Providence will do it for them in the immemorial way: by famine, pestilence, and war.

We shall have, therefore, only ourselves to blame if some future historian (assuming that one survives) records as an example of Divine Providence that nuclear weapons were invented just in time to keep the world's population from spurt- ing entirely out of control.

Shedding those excess pounds is never easy, but you'll enjoy a longer life if you succeed

OBESITY HAS BECOME a major health problem in the United States. It is estimated that more than 20 per cent of the adults over 30 years of age in this country are obese, with a much higher percentage being classified as overweight. The mortality rate increases as excess pounds accumulate. Among people who are 25 per cent or more overweight, the mortality rate is 50 per cent higher than for people of normal weight.

How people become overweight is a matter of simple mathematics. If a person consumes 500 calories more per day than needed for energy expended, at the end of the week there is another pound of fat tucked away in those embarrassingly conspicuous rolls around the mid-section of the body. And it isn't difficult to toss those 500 unneeded calories down the drain. Three martinis at a businessman's luncheon will do the job, or, if your taste runs to things sweet, a quarter pound of fudge serves the same purpose.

We know *how* we get fat, but many times we really don't know *why*. Some of us develop childhood eating habits that can only result in obesity if we don't change them. The old tale that a fat child is a happy child should be forgotten, and parents should consider one of their primary obligations to be to teach their children to consume diets that are well balanced in both quality and quantity.

Many of us overeat to satisfy psychological needs that we may not understand and which we have not learned to handle in more satisfactory ways. Eating is seldom simply a matter of stoking the furnace to keep the fires burning. We attach much psychological value to food and to the process of eating the food.

Obesity is a National Health Problem

Obesity is a major health problem and must be attacked energetically if millions of Americans are not to cut their lives short and to live out those shorter lives less happily than their less weighty fellows. Today it is increasingly embarrassing to be a "fatty." The age when "everyone loves a fat man" is dead and gone, and we'll all be healthier for it—if we learn to keep weight under control.

Speaking purely from the mechanics involved, there are two ways to lose

weight. You can reduce total food intake to the point where the body fat is called upon to supply calories. The other way to shed pounds is to increase physical activity enough so that the calories expended daily exceed the calories consumed in the food. It now appears that, for most people, a combination of these two methods—less food intake and increased physical activity—works best.

Plan Sensible Weight Control Programs

There are several very important points to keep in mind if someone in your family is concerned about weight reduction or weight control:

1. *Motivation:* Assuming that the overweight person does not have psychological problems which may require treatment first, everyone in the family can be important in providing the motivation needed to change eating habits to lose weight. There are many positive goals toward which the weight reducer should move. He can concentrate on reducing the risks of early death or serious illness arising from overweight. He should be encouraged to consider his personal appearance and how it might be improved. Weight controllers need help and encouragement, and much of this can be furnished by the family. A start might be to list all the reasons in favor of losing weight.

2. *Medical Supervision:* Weight can be controlled without the help of the family physician, but there are many good reasons why medical supervision of the weight control program is the wise way. Your physician knows you best, from the health point of view, and can help you set a reasonable goal for your weight. He can check your general health and make sure that you are losing weight without damage to your general health.

3. *Exercise:* Any person not physically handicapped, and whether worried about weight or not, should have a regular program of daily physical exercise. The human body functions better if the muscles are used regularly.

4. *Well Balanced Diet:* Avoid the crash and fad diets for losing weight, for they

seldom succeed in keeping weight down. Often they are dangerous because they do not provide necessary food nutrients. A well balanced diet is one that provides all the different food nutrients—protein, minerals, vitamins, fat, etc.—needed for good health, but *balance also means quantity as well as quality*. You don't need special foods on most weight control diets. You should eat every day from the four basic food groups: (1) milk and milk products; (2) meat, fish, poultry; (3) fruits and vegetables; (4) breads and cereals. Select from all these groups, adjusting total food intake to the number of calories necessary to maintain or to reduce weight, depending upon your goal.

Dairy Foods Fit Well In Weight Control Diets

Some people think they must reduce or eliminate milk and other dairy foods to lose weight. If you are interested in losing weight *healthfully*, keep this in mind: *two 8-ounce glasses of milk per day provide for an adult man 25% of the protein he needs, and this is very high quality protein; 71% of the calcium—adults, like children, need calcium to maintain good health; 46% of the riboflavin; 15% of the vitamin A; 10-12% of the thiamine; plus other nutrients in less important quantities.* (These are among the essential food nutrients listed as recommended daily dietary allowances by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council.)

Milk provides all these *essential adult nutrients* at a calorie cost that is low when compared with other foods that would supply equivalent amounts of these nutrients. Two 8-ounce glasses of whole milk supply about 320 calories. If your doctor has recommended an extremely low calorie diet for you, skim milk, which has about 90 calories per 8-ounce glass, may be substituted. Ordinarily this is not necessary in the weight control diet designed to establish a new eating pattern.

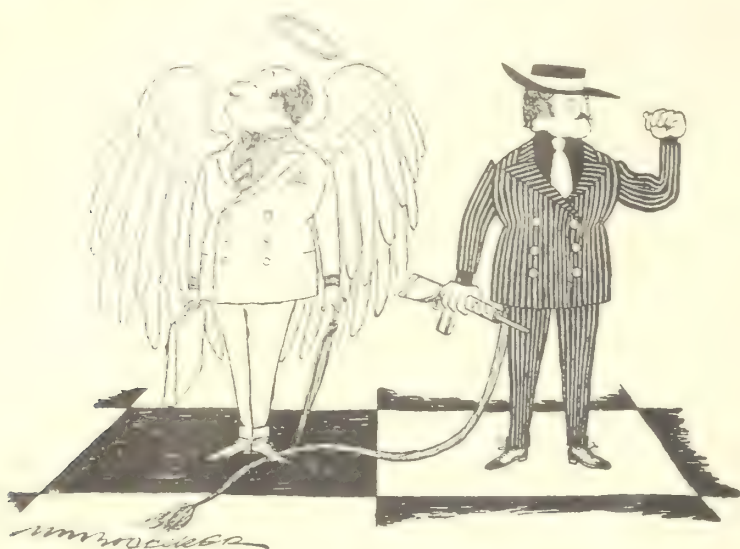
Reprints of this statement and a booklet, *Family Feeding for Fitness and Fun*, are available at no charge. Write to American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois.



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"Voice of the Dairy Farmers in the Market Places of America"

AFTER HOURS



White and black Mafia

MEDITERRANEAN MOSAIC

By Herbert Mitgang

Mr. Mitgang first went to Italy with the Army's "Stars and Stripes" during the war, and he has been on the "New York Times" since. His new book, "The Man Who Rode the Tiger," is about Judge Samuel Seabury.

Rome: Coming. From the air, the color of peace is green. Along the Mediterranean littoral, the greening ground is plowed up to the mountaintops, every foot of rocky soil conquered by vines cultivated by hand, each by each. No wonder some of these wines are called, affectionately, rough. A panorama below the plane without propellers unfolds hues of blue-green where the beach meets the sea, and patches of clay-green where houses are clustered in self-protection into villages, and forests of dark-green, the revered pines of Rome and the Lombardy poplars, sticking spears into the sky. Here and there, men and women, straw hats and kerchiefs from on high, are bent over in ancient postures, gleaners in the fields. They have no story of importance to tell: except that peaceful figurines such as these bring the earth a green neutrality in many

Pozzuoli. In the waterfront bar in the Gulf of Naples, a jukebox blared that special dated jazz more hot than cool. Pairs of pre-teen boys danced, spotted an American, and shouted proudly, "Hey, Gianni, twist, twist!"

"We are famous in Pozzuoli for two things," said the Neapolitan woman, watching the dancers from her table. "Sophia Loren grew up here and the children of Pozzuoli stole an American tanker. Oh, yes, it is one of the proudest feats of the black market. Right after the war, it really happened. There had been many thefts of smaller objects such as jeeps and trucks but, you may well demand, is it not difficult to hide a Liberty ship? Of course, but this one was too tempting to resist. It was loaded with provisions, food, and clothing. And it was a Sunday when most of the crew were on shore leave.

The young boys came on board and conveyed orders from the port commander to move the ship out of the dock for unloading on the far side of Capri. And so the American crew still on board obeyed these false orders and sailed out of here to the island. On Capri, others in on the scheme quickly unloaded the ship,

and then disappeared with the goods. When the captain came down to this pier, he looked around and said, 'Where is it?' So he reported a missing ship, and the harbor police looked all over the Gulf of Naples until they discovered it, tied up behind Capri. It was sailed back to Pozzuoli, much lighter, of course, much. Naturally, the United States Navy never broadcast the theft—it was embarrassing, understand? But in Pozzuoli we still talk about it, and sometimes you can see children walking by, wearing a dyed pea jacket, and you know that it is a *ricordo* of the day their fathers stole the American tanker."

On the road to Trapani, Sicily. Where a crossroads commands the valley, an old bunker remains, its empty eye slits no longer menacing, a reminder of the years when time was counted in new Roman numerals. On a half-limbed building nearby, a fading but still visible sign admonishes the faithful to work, duty, sacrifice. The words blend into the landscape, ignored; only the sun will finally mock Mussolini.

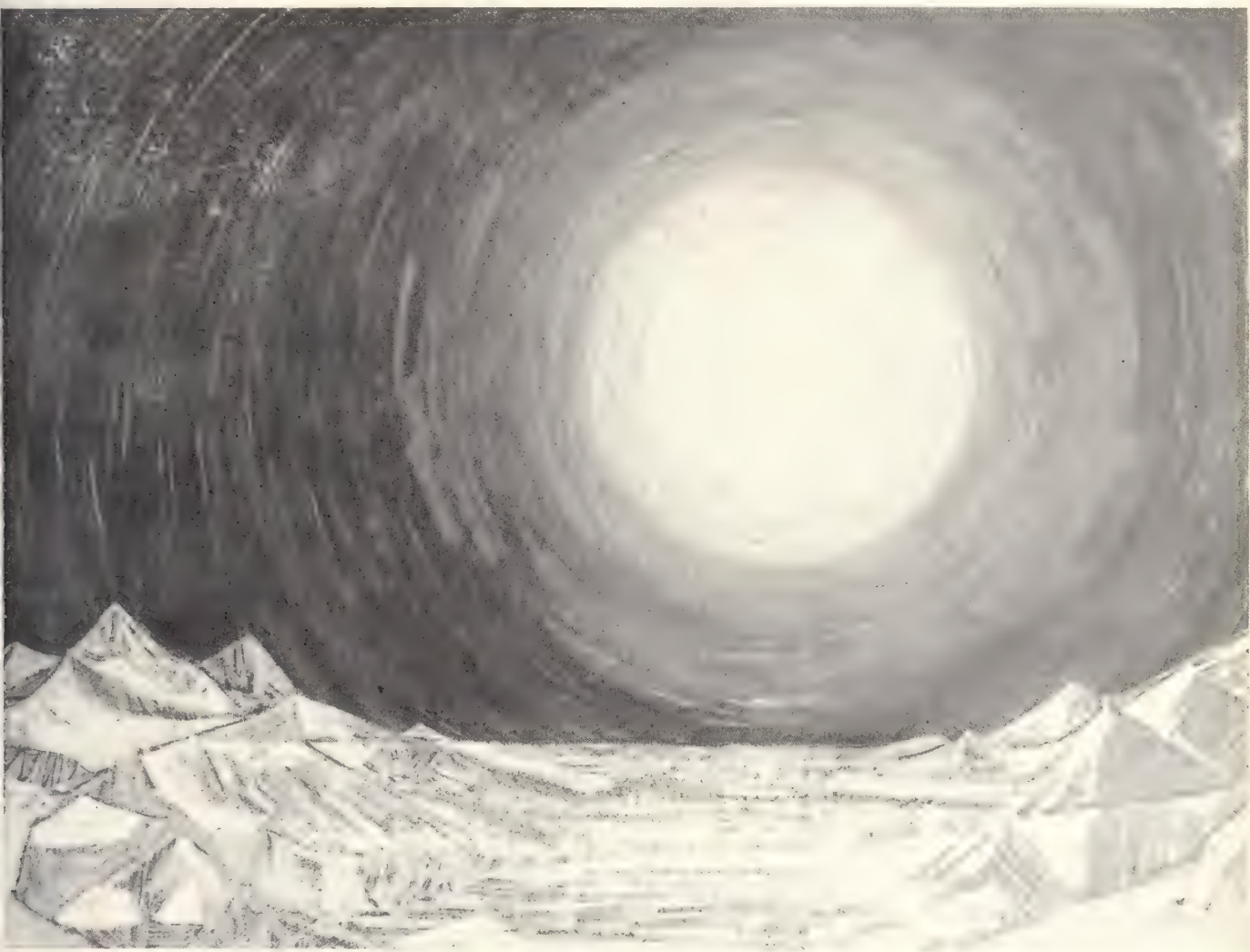
"Say what you like about the old regime," the Sicilian joke goes, "but you can't say they used bad paint."

Vagrant marriages. "If you look closely behind the reasons given for remaining here year after year," the longtime American resident of Rome said, "eventually a marriage problem will emerge. Good problems, mind you, as well as bad ones—happily sloppy remarriages as well as strings of abandoned wives. See that gray-haired fellow two tables over, sipping the *birra* Peroni? He's supporting four households. The first wife, in Georgia somewhere, a wartime mistake. The second wife, living in England now, from his London period. The two children from the second marriage, growing up and going to school in Paris. His own little room and a half where he works but seldom sleeps, actually. He's in love again with a fine Roman lady. But he can't afford to get married because it would disturb the delicate balance and might lead to five households. Besides, divorce is not possible for her in Italy. A very nice guy, by the way, not a philanderer at all. Happy, but complicated, like so many other domestic arrangements here."

Scientific predictions indicate that solar activity will be at a minimum between July, 1964 and July, 1965. This has been designated as the International Year of the Quiet Sun, and during it a world-wide magnetic survey will take place. □ The Douglas Space Physics and Planetary Sciences Group is studying scientific experiments to be performed on satellite and space probe missions during this period. Instruments to be used will be among the following: magnetometers; ionization chambers; G-M detectors; scintillators; solid state detectors; and spectrometers. □ The present Douglas Antarctica Riometer Station program for the study of cosmic rays will continue through this "Quiet Sun" period and

THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN ...AND WHAT DOUGLAS IS DOING ABOUT IT

will provide important data relative to solar cosmic ray and auroral events and the geomagnetic K-index. Douglas was invited to participate with the National Science Foundation in this program.



Preparation for the Year of the Quiet Sun world scientific survey is one of more than 500 research projects that are under way at Douglas. Some of these relate to the solution of problems on programs of today and tomorrow. Others range through development and research programs whose effects may not be evident until ten or twenty years in the future.

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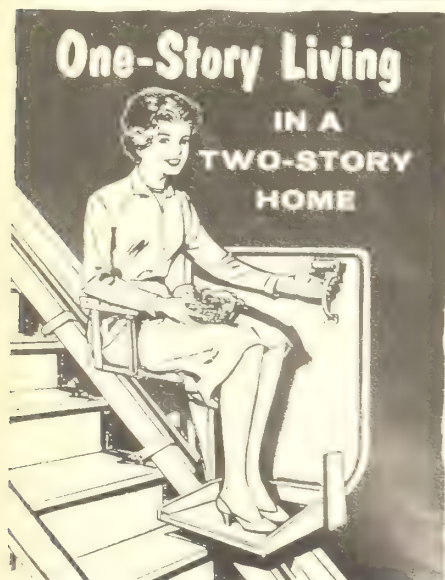


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AFTER HOURS

Montelepre, Sicily. This is mean land, all sharp turns and rock hills and steep drops. No wonder it took so long to penetrate the Guiliano country and track down the Sicilian bandit in these hideout mountains. Driving through the narrow street, nobody moves out of the way. The black stares are on two levels: eye-level, in the cobbled street: first-story-level, from shuttered balconies. The fronts of these houses can be slammed shut in an instant, keeping out the sun and the stranger—and clamming up the town. The Carabinieri still patrol on horseback because so many places cannot be reached by scooters, and they travel in pairs. A little farther to the west, there has been a recent incident. A roadblock of fallen trees cuts off the road, a dozen cars are held up by masked men swooping down from the hills, but all the jewelry and wallets produce a haul of only twenty thousand lire. However, the haul of cars is nice; the occupants are left standing on the road while their cars are driven away. No, the police report, this isn't a Mafia job—it's just some local boys from the neighborhood making believe that they are big-time bandits. Neither the cars nor the boys are seen again.

Black Mafia, White Mafia. Is there, then, a Mafia? Yes, says the Rome Parliament, authorizing an investigation. No, says a member of the regional Palermo Parliament, these are merely brigands. Of course, says the Sicilian prince, but have no fear if you rent my villa—you can leave the door open, if you wish, because I am protected by them. No, says an American diplomat, there are only local shakedown boys who may cut up territories but no big interconnected network, certainly not international.

Well, says a Palermo political writer, there is confusion because there are two Mafias—the white Mafia and the black Mafia. The white Mafia are the big shots, in high places, who control the protection, who have government friends doing favors for them and, in return, get favors done, what you in Washington call fixers, I think? The black Mafia are the ones who get their hands dirty, the stink-bomb throwers, the arm-twisters, and the murder-

ers. The black Mafia is the one you read about—but the white Mafia is the one that counts.

New Middle Class (Two Views). "I'm leaving Rome for sure by the end of this year," said the American woman who was a year or two older than Mrs. Stone of Tennessee Williams' *Roman Spring*. She had hung on for twelve years, but now the blush was fading fast. "I can't stand it any longer. Rome has become amoral. No, not *dolce vita* but the rise of the middle class has ruined it. You cannot get a servant any more. You cannot get anything repaired on time. There is no longer pride in craftsmanship. Everybody is after money. Five years ago these people were charming, but now they are cosmopolitan and greedy. I blame it on the nouveau middle-class rich. Mark my words, I won't be here by next year."

"What I like about Rome," said the newly arrived young American mother, "is the feeling that we're all in the same boat." She and her husband had decided that life was too short to delay a dream, had packed up their youngsters, and had flown now, hoping not to pay too severely later. "When I came over during my junior year, there were two classes, rich and poor. Now the middle class is all over the place, going out to dinner with the children, driving in their Fiat 600s, living more openly. That's the big change I've noticed—the rise of the middle-class families. We're sympathetic. I like it, because poverty depresses me."

Anzio-Nettuno. From this height, speeding between the hills, the beaches suddenly come into view. An old Mauldin cartoon line insinuates itself: "There we wuz and here they wuz." Beachheads are beaches; pill-boxes are candy-striped bathing houses; but the water is unchanging. Under the Mediterranean sun, if one closes his eyes for a moment, the landing barges fill the water, coming in ramps down, through a screen of vague and shifting smoke. . . .

Rapido to Napoli. The fast train is pleasantly jammed with weekenders, families and businessmen heading into the southland, and they all seem absorbed in their books and maga-

AFTER HOURS

ines. Has literature at last come to the once-illiterate provinces below Naples? A middle aged gentleman flipping his fruit crush at the same time is digesting a 300-lire paperback entitled, *Una Ragazza e Una Pistola*. The author is none other than Sig. Mickey Spillane. Across the aisle, a young mother feeds her restless five-year-old daughter with a pacifier of cartoons entitled, *Paperino*, featuring Donald Duck di Walt Disney. And the fashionable couple two seats forward reading *Oggi* flip page after page of movie stories starring Liz and the Nile Look, Lancaster as The Leopard, and Lee Remick as the girl of the week. (Melville, Poe, and Faulkner are very popular though not in this car; perhaps on the next train.) All this is important for culture if not vocabulary because Signorina Remick's story introduces a new Italian word into the lingua franca of girls. Her headline reads: "Lee Remick, *Sex-appeal*."

Fiat Heaven, I. "Their whole nature comes out in their driving," said the American who had worked in Rome for five years, as he observed the Fiats daring each other at 1:00 P.M. in the Piazza Colonna. "They do not like to be overtaken—it arouses their blood. It is insulting. Every week there are killings, and not just plain accidents. I mean revenge on the road. The other day a father was following his son. A car pulled in front, after giving him a horn. The father saw this as an affront to the family honor. He gunned his own car, overtook his son, and smashed the stranger's car into a culvert. Both father and son drove off. But that is not the end of the story. When the father's car was traced through paint marks on the fender, he denied all. Then the father, who really didn't like his son anyway, asked him to say that he was the driver of the incriminating car. The father got off with a small fine, the court somehow agreeing that the family honor was at stake. But now father and son don't speak."

Fiat Heaven, II. "I am not inclined to let a Fiat 600 pass me," said the Italian gentleman, otherwise mild-mannered, as he won out in a contest of chicken on a crossroad leading



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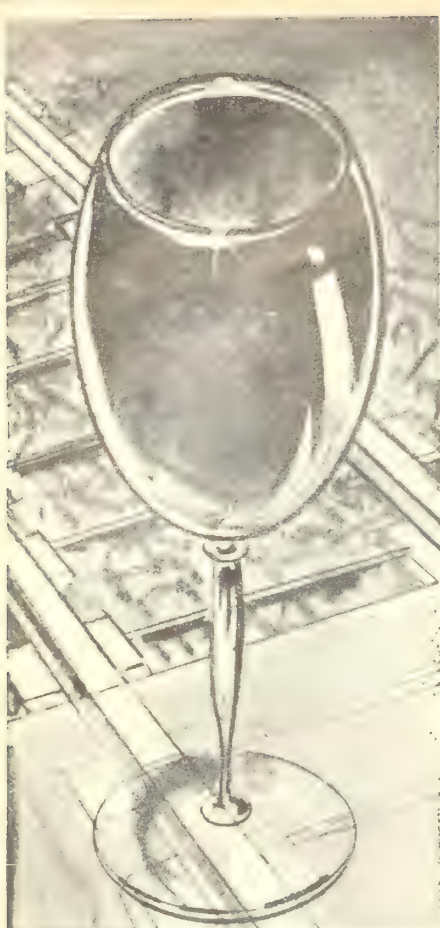
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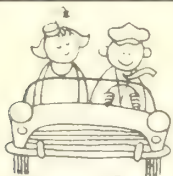
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AFTER HOURS

from Palermo to Mondello Lido. An American passenger, accustomed only to the whims of New York taxi-drivers, wiped his brow in terror. "After all," the Italian gentleman continued, "I am driving an Alfa-Romeo. How would it look?"

Caesar's daughters. On the other side of the Tiber, where the Via Flaminia bordered the Borghese Gardens, the streetwalkers walked the streets in cozy pairs and laughing groups. When a car pulled over to the curb, the well-fed, well-dressed eventual conquerors peered inside, counted the occupants, and divided the spoils among themselves. If only a loner was on the prowl, the groups dispersed, leaving one, as if to say, barbershop style, "You're next." The more affluent among them drove their own chariots (streetriders instead of streetwalkers?), cruising slowly, and at midnight their cars seemed to be animate, their headlamps winking, their otherwise well-designed bodies beds on wheels, inviting car-sex.

Lacco Ameno. "Before I became a married man," said the "carròzza boy" in the Ischian village on the northern coast, "I was indifferent in my tastes for the tourist girls." He stood by his *carrozzella*, a three-wheeled covered motorcycle that sounds and goes like a rocket, with its passenger hanging on in the back. Riding one of these hot-rod miniature taxis becomes an intimate experience. He continued talking, while waiting for his lady passenger to complete her thermal bath, about some national characteristics, as seen from his end of the *carrozzella*: "The English girls, they have very good figures. Also the Scandinavian girls. The Swiss girls are very friendly; so are the Swiss mens. The German girls are very, very warm—some German ladies, sixty and seventy years old, are still looking for friends among the *carròzza* boys; but their mens are cold. The American girls, only after drinking much, *capisce?*"

Capisco.

Segesta. From Alcamo the road wanders in a valley, then climbs again through open fields of uncultivated hills, covered with tall shrubs of asphodel, and nothing moves on

AFTER HOURS

the landscape. In the distance, over silent kilometers, stands Monte Várvaro, and adorning its gentle slopes is a toy temple; it cannot be real.

This is the westernmost temple of Greece abroad, begun in the second half of the fifth century B.C. but never completed; this remote hill was the scene of constant wars centuries before and after the modern era. On this island, the largest in the Mediterranean, much of Greece's history of conquest and defeat was written—from colonization through Punic Wars through slave revolts. Over the centuries sixteen foreign powers have conquered Sicily. The last invasion was by the Allied forces, from the sea and the sky.

Approaching this shell of a Doric temple, one gets from the perfection of its architectural lines a sense of timelessness: a feeling of looking backward in a preserved moment of history. A few hundred feet from the temple, a farmer offers his horse to make the climb, but somehow that seems sacrilegious. Head-on, the columns have a rough majesty. The plinths of the capitals still show the material used to secure the corners, and the shafts of the columns are unadorned by fluting. The stone temple has been eaten by the wind; only lizards thrive here.

Then one climbs down and up again over the barren slopes, and from on high the blues of the Gulf of Castellamare float through the filtered sunlight hanging over the island. The ocher and pocked-travertine temple at Segesta is not the most handsome of its kind close up but its setting and silences are astonishing. Like the inhabitants here it can be considered a triumph: not of glory but of survival.

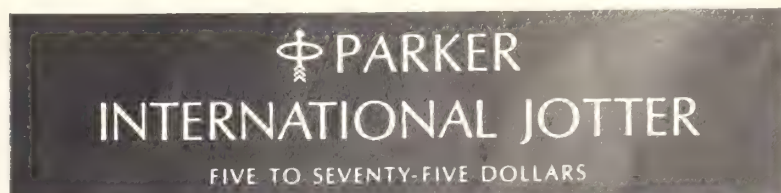
Cassino: Going. "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," said the chic hostess in the open-toed sandals, translating from the Italian. "Breakfast is being served. We are flying at three thousand meters. If you look out the window on the right side of the aircraft, you may observe Monte Cassino Abbey on the high mountain."

Was that haze obscuring the view, or hadn't the artillery smoke yet settled? It all depended—neutral greens, memories red—on how long your view was.

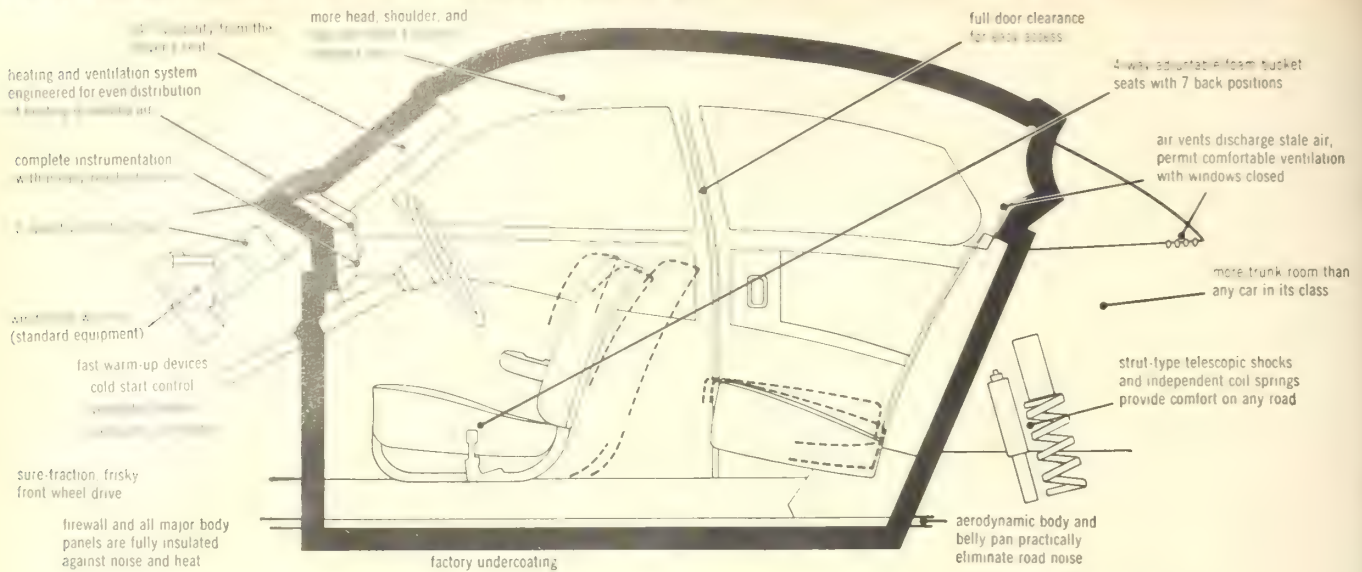


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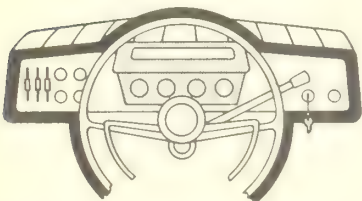
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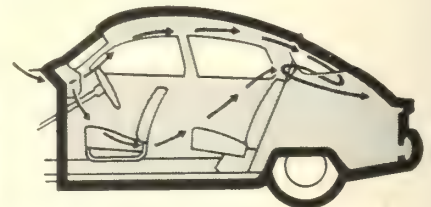
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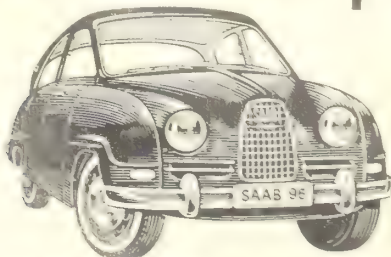
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LEARNING TO BE UNEMPLOYABLE

EDWARD T. CHASE

Good auto mechanics . . . plumbers . . . business-machine repairmen are hard to find. They will be even scarcer in the years ahead unless we stop training young people in obsolete skills and start preparing them for real jobs which remain unfilled while millions are unemployed.

THE biggest failure of American education is not its inability to produce more scientists than Russia. It is the way in which it is turning millions of young people into unemployables. This fact is as little understood as it is shocking. Because of it, job-hunting youths face a grimmer prospect in the 1960s than their elders did in 1933 at the depth of the Great Depression, when the unemployment figure stood at a record 24.9 per cent.

Already today, in many cities, unemployment among youths equals—and is often double or triple—this Depression rate. And the outlook is worsening. In the closing days of 1962, while general unemployment remained at a fixed level, the number of young people out of work leaped

upward by 100,000. And another 100,000 increase was recorded in the first figures on unemployment for 1963.

This menacing situation is a direct consequence of the gross imbalance in our educational system. Its attention has been overwhelmingly concentrated on the 20 per cent of students who go through college. The vocational future of the other 80 per cent has been either ignored or sabotaged by an archaic system of job training. It is a system that produces unneeded farmers, cabinetmakers, and weavers, while the demand is rising for business-machine repairmen, chefs, auto mechanics, and electrical servicemen—to mention only a few of the skills in short supply.

A self-serving lobby of vocational educationists perpetuates this training in moribund trades; at the same time it has intensified the youth unemployment crisis by tightening the standards of admission to vocational schools. In the academic high schools, on the other hand, there is, in the main, not even the semblance of preparation for work. Ninety per cent of all U. S. schools offer no training for jobs in industry; 95 per cent offer none in selling or merchandising although there are now more job opportunities in these fields than in production; only about 18 per cent of high-school students in urban areas are getting any sort of preparation for work. Indeed the federal government spends ten times as much on

the National School Lunch Program as on vocational education—which commands only 4 per cent of all current expenditures on public education.

For years this national scandal has been swept under the rug. There is, however, now some hope that the shortcomings of our job-training efforts will be aired—and even that steps will be taken to remedy them. For our archaic vocational-education system has suddenly become the vital tool in a massive national effort to train unemployed people for new jobs under the Manpower Development and Training Act passed by Congress at the last session. It is in our long-ignored vocational schools—in afternoon and evening classes—that men and women who may have been out of work for months will, it is hoped, be taught trades that will make them self-supporting. Large sums of federal money will be poured into this program. And in the process local school boards, employers, and many other Americans who have never worried about what went on inside vocational schools will be brought face to face with their inadequacy.

Fortunately this is happening at a time when we are beginning to understand the nature of the so-called “structural unemployment” of which the youth unemployment crisis is a part. This understanding has dawned very slowly. Only a year ago the prevailing view among Washington policy makers, including the Council of Economic Advisers, was that there was no unemployment problem which could not be cured by a rise in our economic growth rate.

We now know that this is not the case. Economic growth, to be sure, is important, but it is no panacea for the kind of unemployment that at present confronts so many Americans.* For this is a two-sided problem. There is, on the one hand, the demand side—the availability of job openings. And then there is the supply side—the availability of people capable of filling those openings. To date the two sides have not matched, because the unemployed people did not have the right skills or were not located in the right places.

The number of job openings fluctuates with the business cycle; they were relatively plentiful,

* We need at least a 5 per cent growth rate just to stand still. Since 1946 it has taken between 3 and 4 per cent fewer persons annually to produce the Gross National Product. So to keep the same number of people employed, we have to expand our overall product by this same 3 to 4 per cent each year. But the population of the labor force also expands, between 1.2 and 1.5 per cent yearly. Hence the need for the roughly 5 per cent expansion.

Award

Lincoln University in Jefferson City, Missouri, recently presented its Award for Significant Contributions to Better Human Relations to *Harper's Magazine*. Lincoln was founded in 1866 by the 62nd and 65th U. S. Colored Infantries, and is supported by the State of Missouri. The award was presented March 28, 1963, during the 15th Headliner Week of the Department of Journalism.

for instance, at peak periods such as 1948, 1953, 1957, and May 1960. But in these same periods two to three million Americans were out of work. Among them is the group of hard-core unemployed (out of work fifteen weeks or more) who will not find work even in a boom year. This is a standing army of 1,153,000 today. They will not be helped by manipulations of monetary or fiscal policy. For these people lack skills—often even the elementary ability to read and write—which most jobs require. Dire as is the plight of these adult “unemployables,” the more terrifying fact is that we are adding to their numbers each year many thousands of boys and girls who drop out of high school—or graduate—without a marketable vocation or trade.

The need to halt this wasteful neglect becomes increasingly urgent as the demand for unskilled workers continues to shrink.* Unskilled jobs today account for only 5 per cent of all U. S. employment. In the 1960s on the average some 2.5 million jobs will be eliminated annually by automation. Most dismaying is the yearly loss of a quarter of a million “entry” jobs, the kind whereby youth matriculate into the work world. Simultaneously there will be a spectacular explosion of young men and women from fourteen to twenty-five years old into the labor force—50 per cent more of them than in the 1950s. But few of them will find work unless we take emergency steps to prepare them for the kind of

* The unskilled still dominate Western Europe's labor force, largely because of the relatively sluggish rate of technological change. A third of Italians are still farmers, a fourth of the French. The “economic miracle” of Western Europe and Japan has obscured the fact that a U.S. factory worker produces three times as much in an hour as a European, seven times as much as a Japanese. One American miner produces as much as seven European miners; one American steelworker doubles the output of a Japanese. The U.S.A. is the only nation with more white-collar than blue-collar jobs and more people in service-producing than in goods-producing industries.

jobs that will need doing. Difficult though this may seem, it is by no means impossible, for a good deal of precise information is available as to the technological and occupational changes that lie ahead.

Projections provided by the Division of Manpower and Employment Statistics of the U. S. Department of Labor show, for instance, that we will need 50,000 new carpenters annually in the 1960s, 5,000 new tool- and die-makers and appliance servicemen, and 10,000 new plumbers. We will also need many times the current supply of technicians—aids to engineers, guards, dry cleaners, policemen, and waiters. We will need more stenographers and secretaries but fewer typists (more copying will be done by duplicating machines). Similarly there will be a decline—due to technological and social changes—in the demand for refrigerator mechanics, lithographers, machinists, cashiers, paperhangers, and telephone linemen.

Projections like these should, one would think, be a matter of vital concern to the people who run our vocational-education system. But if you visit almost any vocational school, you will find its program incredibly irrelevant to the facts of work in the 1960s. To understand why this is so, one must pause for a brief look at the little-known history of vocational education—or “vo-ed” as it is known in the shorthand of the educationists.

BLUE-COLLAR PEDAGOGUES

KEYSTONE of our vocational-education system—unaltered to this day though other laws have supplemented it—is the Smith-Hughes Act, which Woodrow Wilson signed in 1917. At that time, about a third of all American workers were farmers and the accent was heavily on training for agriculture. It still is—even though only one eighteenth of our labor force now works on the farm (and often not in full-time jobs). Today, as in 1917, nearly half of the annual \$7 million of federal money provided under this basic legislation (it is given to the states in perpetuity on a dollar-for-dollar basis) goes to farm training. This law and its supplements are very precise about just what this means. States cannot be reimbursed for training in such things as food processing, marketing, maintenance of farm machinery, or irrigation—all fields that now employ more rural people than actual farming does.

Across the country a third of all vocational-education funds—federal, state, and local combined—are still spent on training farmers,

although at present only one young applicant in ten can hope to find a job on a farm when he leaves school. Even New York City is the beneficiary—if that’s the word—of farm-teaching funds. The city maintains and is expanding a farm school in Flushing, a semi-suburban area half-an-hour by subway from Times Square.

The official headquarters of the vo-ed world are in Washington, D. C. on the fourth floor of 1010 Vermont Avenue, N. W. This is the modest base of the American Vocational Association and, more importantly, the lair of M.D. Mobley. He runs the AVA as its executive secretary and is (correctly) reputed to be Washington’s most successful lobbyist. “M.D.” (short for Mayor Dennis), as he is known to Senators and other influential types, belongs to the educational breed called “vo-ags.” They are teachers of agriculture, champions of the Smith-Hughes Act and of the continuing dominance of farming in vocational education. The vo-ags are the biggest single force within the American Vocational Association, a body which a prominent member of President Kennedy’s Committee on Youth Employment described to me recently as “the greatest obstacle in American education.”

M. D. is a Georgian (as were both sponsors of the Smith-Hughes Act). When you meet him he is instantly identifiable as your true friend, and a born conciliator blessed with an uncritical mind that blandly ignores the anachronisms in our vocational-education system. Back in 1919, M.D. was the only boy in his rural Georgia county to graduate from high school. He then went on to take a degree in agriculture at the University of Georgia and later taught poultry farming. He was named “Man of the Year” in 1940 by the magazine *Progressive Farmer*.

This barnyard background is belied by M.D.’s current sartorial splendor. He sports an expensive watch with an ornate silver and gold wristband, bejeweled ring, tiepin, and cuff links and has an overall polish, accented by an F.D.R.-type cigarette holder, which presumably would render the average bumpkin speechless. Nonetheless, he is the darling of the vo-ags and their undeviating protector. “There’s not a thing wrong with vo-ed legislation,” he told me earnestly.

Edward T. Chase, consultant and writer on public affairs, has written for “Harper’s” on the Port of New York Authority and the politics of organized medicine. This article is a by-product of research for his book-in-progress on the political repercussions of automation.

Clearly his constituents agree with this dictum. At their national convention last December in Milwaukee the AVA enthusiastically resolved to "vigorously oppose any effort to repeal or modify those provisions of the [Smith-Hughes] Act which earmark funds for agricultural education. . . ." The convention went on to applaud the establishment at Ohio State University of "a center for advanced study and research" in vocational education. The specialty of this pioneering center? Farm teaching.

M.D., in the course of our talk, made it plain that nothing in recent years has so irked him as the 1962 farm report of the Committee for Economic Development which called for a de-emphasis of farm training in vocational education. Prodded by M.D. the House Committee on Agriculture subjected the CED to hearings that can fairly be described as inquisitorial. One must go back to McCarthy days to find a rival to this hearing for sheer yahooism. It was the uproar over the CED report that moved the AVA convention to its anxious support of an unmodified Smith-Hughes Act.

This anxiety, M.D. said, in a pungent evocation of his farming past, is due to the fact that vo-ed "always gets the last tit on the sow." By this he means that vocational training gets a small slice of the overall educational budget. This is true. But it is also a fact that M.D. is consulted on the writing of all federal educational legislation. And quite apart from the gifted Mr. Mobley, the vo-ags are a potent group. Unlike city vo-ed teachers, they enjoy high status in their home territories. Many of them have degrees from A and M colleges and often are the best science and math teachers in rural schools, which have few college-trained teachers. Since their own salaries depend on federal appropriations, many of them make it their business to maintain close contact with their Congressmen and any other groups likely to influence vocational education. In 1961, for example, a Presidential Panel was set up to review and reevaluate vocational-education laws "with a view toward their modernization." Although technological change was obviously the most important item on the agenda, the panel report urges that "the vocational agriculture program under federal reimbursement should be broadened."

"A pure sop to the vo-ags," one Washington expert called this recommendation. Nor, alas, are the vo-ags the only doughty diehards within vo-ed. Their equally militant allies are the home-economics teachers. Under the Smith-Hughes Act, while nearly one-half of the annual federal

grant goes into teaching Adam to delve (or its equivalent), 20 per cent is allocated to teaching Eve to spin. To be sure, home economics has progressed a bit beyond spinning and weaving. But most of the courses consist of disorganized, mediocre instruction in skills that have little relevance to the age of supermarkets.

Dr. Chester E. Swanson, Director of the Presidential Panel, when I talked to him in Washington not long ago, called the present stress on home economics absurd. Most enlightened educators agree with him. Yet for years home economics has enrolled the largest number of students in the federally reimbursed vocational-education program. Indeed, some home economists are now urging that boys too should devote part of the school day to "the homemaking arts." Admiral Rickover should really have a talk with these ladies.

HARDY THOUGH MORIBUND

VO-ED, as it is practiced today, is not only fantastically biased in favor of farming and home economics. It also teaches skills and uses equipment which are often hopelessly obsolete—even in such categories as "trade and industrial education." Dr. Swanson recalled, for instance, that in the 1940s when he became a school official in Allentown, Pennsylvania, cabinetmaking was the rage. On investigating he discovered there had been no jobs for cabinet-makers in Allentown for years. However, teachers of this trade had tenure and expensive equipment. He was up against a stone wall when he tried to reduce the staff and beef up more pertinent parts of the vo-ed curriculum.

In addition, federal money goes to training in certain specified occupations. The broadest category is "trade and industrial education," which includes the needle trades, carpentry, drafting, firemen, and similar traditional fields. Other categories are "distributive occupations," meaning selling and retailing, practical nursing, and fishing. Since 1958 the training of a few technicians has been supported under the National Defense Education Act, but it is due to lapse this year.

The limitation of federal aid to rigid occupational categories is a great mistake. One result is that no federal funds are available for instruction in typing, filing, stenography, and other office work, a field employing ten million people. Similarly the many service jobs which are ideal fields for less gifted students are too avant-garde to receive federal vo-ed support.

But even if freed from these straitjackets, vo-ed as now constituted cannot prepare students for real jobs. So archaic is most of the training given in vocational schools that unions in the printing, plumbing, food, and other trades refuse to give credit for it. Graduates of vocational schools must start from scratch on apprenticeships often running from three to five years.

Small wonder that a penetrating survey by the Taconic Foundation (published last year) concluded that "it is extremely questionable and certainly has never been demonstrated whether the training absorbed by vocational high-school graduates is useful to them in getting employment and advancing on the job."

In part this dismal record reflects the extreme difficulty of recruiting competent vo-ed teachers (apart from the vo-ags and homemade pie bakers). City vocational high schools have come to be increasingly thought of as dumping grounds for morons and delinquents—between a third and two-thirds of whom vanish before graduating. Most vo-ed teachers are at the bottom of the pedagogic hierarchy. Often they are not even allowed to join the regular teachers' associations. Lacking prestige in a society that esteems the white-collar professions, the blue-collar teachers became identified over the years with the drop-outs and washouts—the school failures.

Some years ago, the vo-ed lobby began to worry about this stigma, which, they foresaw, might jeopardize their future slice of the school tax pie. The solution they chose was not the difficult but socially vital one—of reshaping their programs to meet the needs of the majority of students. Instead they began to upgrade their clientele by tightening admissions standards. The less promising were shunted off into the "general curriculum" of academic high schools to pass the time and learn virtually nothing.

Curiously, there has been almost no public outcry against this antisocial policy. Instead, for example, the latest report of the State Education Department on the New York City schools smugly and typically observes that "admissions to programs of skilled trade education should be limited to those students who, on the basis of interest, aptitude, and ability give promise of succeeding."

What then is to happen to the less promising—to the one million jobless out-of-school youth whose ranks will swell to 1,325,000 by next year? Even if some kind of Youth Conservation Corps succeeds in Congress, it will at first serve only 15,000 boys. And what is to become of the millions of adults who, because of the pace

of technology and automation, must expect to work at a half-dozen different kinds of jobs in a lifetime? These questions are unanswerable in vo-ed's anachronistic terms. But some new answers will have to be found if the new manpower retraining program is to come close to its objective—which is, in essence, the rehabilitation of our hard-core unemployed. As never before in its sheltered history, vo-ed is in the limelight.

A NEW CATALYST

THE Manpower Development and Training Act program is a special separate project designed specifically for the out-of-school jobless. It provides that \$435 million be spent in the first three years to cover both the cost of instruction and an allowance to the trainees equivalent to unemployment insurance. Some 400,000 men and women, it is expected, will be enrolled. Training is not confined to the traditional occupational categories but a given course of instruction will be undertaken only if jobs requiring that particular skill are known to exist. This is a wise provision, as has been demonstrated in past retraining efforts under the Area Redevelopment Act and in programs sponsored by some of the states and by industry.

Although the MDTA program is separately financed and is carried on after school hours, it is, as a practical matter, dependent on the vo-ed teachers and the facilities of existing vocational schools. This is why one worried federal official recently said to me: "The vo-ed boys will make us or break us, and it's even Steven it may be the latter."

What may also make or break the program is geography. The present appropriation does not include funds for relocating retrained workers in areas where they can find jobs utilizing their new skills. This is a piece of incalculable foolishness, for labor mobility is crucial today when new industries are burgeoning and old ones vanishing all over the country with unprecedented suddenness. But even if funds for relocation were provided, workers themselves know little or nothing about what jobs are plentiful in other sections of the country or even about future prospects in their own communities.

The logical source of this vital information is the U. S. Employment Service. Unfortunately, its absorption with handing out unemployment-insurance checks has overshadowed what should be its main business—finding jobs or advising workers on how to go about getting them, and its information is largely confined to local or intra-

state use, with little attempt at national coordination. There is, for instance, practically no way for an unemployed miner in Pennsylvania to find out what job he might qualify for in Oregon (assuming he could pay his way out there). With notable exceptions, for example in Arizona, Wisconsin, and New York, USES's 1,900 local offices are spectacularly unequipped to deal with technological change and, as a key Presidential adviser on employment described them to me, are "cesspools of mediocrity."

Clearly the U. S. Employment Service must be invigorated if the MDTA program is to come even close to its goal. A step in the right direction would be the mandatory listing of job vacancies. Industry, also, should help the government to make a realistic job-outlook study. This calls for candor about impending automation and resulting unemployment. Testimony before the House Subcommittee on Unemployment and the Impact of Automation showed that many companies refuse to make such information public for fear of tipping their hand to competitors. In the months ahead it will become increasingly clear that the present MDTA program cannot possibly vanquish the problem of hard-core unemployment, including the problem of unemployable youth. It is, nonetheless, a valuable program—and not merely because thousands of workers will in fact be retrained for new jobs. The experience gained will, I hope, bestir Americans to get to the bottom of our manpower problem.

So far this has not happened.

For example, not long ago in a small Northeastern city I visited a vocational high school whose facilities are being used to retrain the unemployed under MDTA. This class was for would-be auto mechanics. The pupils looked older and shabbier and half were Negroes. But otherwise they appeared to be not too different from the daytime students. The teacher started out by describing the school's superior parking facilities, apparently on the assumption that in our affluent age even the jobless have cars. He then went on to explain that if any student failed to progress satisfactorily he would be dropped. Subsequently I discovered that some of the students had dropped out of this same school when they were teen-agers. I also learned that a number of applicants for the class had been turned down because they could not meet the entrance requirements.

Now I am not suggesting that anyone can become an auto mechanic. What is evident, however, is that we cannot turn our backs on those

who do not immediately qualify for training in this or any other skilled or semi-skilled occupation. The one fresh note sounded by the Presidential panel under Dr. Swanson was a call for a federally aided program for "high-school youth with academic, socio-economic, or other handicaps that prevent them from succeeding in the regular vocational-education programs." This recommendation deserves top priority. For we know, from actual experience, that such handicaps can often be overcome—though not by the classic techniques of vo-ed as it exists today.

A WORKABLE FORMULA

THE chief "handicap" of unemployable young people and adults today is not necessarily lack of intelligence. Often it is lack of functional literacy (ability to read at the fifth-grade level). In Chicago a substantial number of relief clients have been able to find work after receiving basic instruction in reading and writing at evening and summer classes sponsored by the city welfare department. Elsewhere it has been found that young people brought up in city slums who drop out of schools geared to middle-class children are not necessarily stupid. And often they are extremely responsive to realistic job training, linked with actual work experience.

This can be accomplished in several ways. About 5 per cent of our colleges now offer what are known as cooperative or work-study education programs. Similar programs exist in academic high schools, chiefly in the business-education departments for girls. Often one job is shared by two trainees, one of whom works for part of the year while the other is at school; on graduating, almost all the trainees get jobs with the companies involved. But except for sales training and in new locally devised schemes, such programs are the exception in vo-ed. Instead, the federal reimbursement formula requires that students' time be divided concurrently and equally between "practical" (shop) and "related" (academic) classwork—a ritual often unworkable for the many students who can't be taught in classrooms. Frustrated, they drop out. (Labor Secretary Wirtz aptly calls them "push-outs.")

What is most urgent is that business and labor unions alter their stance in the new age of technological unemployment. The business system is, after all, on trial more than any other institution. It must bear part of the novel social costs arising from technological change with a new resourcefulness and awareness of changing social needs. As a basic starting point, management

and the unions must expand apprenticeship programs. Instead of expanding, they have grown steadily smaller (231,000 apprentices in 1950, 166,000 in 1960). Labor must also end its racial discrimination in apprenticeships and abandon its old myopic view that by obstructing entry into the trade—entry being the very thing most necessary for our floating unemployed youth—it will be possible to guarantee jobs for insiders. One of the important breakthroughs of the past year was by New York Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. It enrolled two hundred Negroes and Puerto Ricans in its thousand-man training program. Far more unions should be moving in this direction.

Furthermore, business must develop programs for retraining both its own employees and youth in or just out of school. This was the chief lesson which emerged from a National Committee on Employment of Youth conference which I attended recently. Several businessmen observed smugly that a high-school diploma is becoming meaningless because their companies' employment standards are so high. "These young graduates can't even qualify for our company training," said a banker. A school superintendent, Mary E. Meade, leaped to her feet. A large, wonderfully

plain, almost Victorian figure of the no-nonsense breed, she is in charge of New York City's minute but highly successful work-study project. This program, financed by the Ford Foundation, enables some high-school students to get work experience in municipal government jobs. Miss Meade suggested that maybe business should alter its attitude toward the young and join with the schools in preparing them for useful work. This is still a novel idea although, to be sure, in a few places—all too few—business is beginning to assume some responsibility for training and retraining at least its own workers. The most exciting venture is the new plan developed by the Kaiser Steel Corporation and the United Steelworkers of America. Each worker displaced by automation is placed in a pool, where his wages continue, and he is then either given a new job or is retrained for one within the company. He is not abandoned; he is the company's responsibility until he retires—unless the company suffers grave loss of business or actually folds.

Those who are fainthearted about the possibilities of solving our worsening manpower problems through vocational education and retraining should acquaint themselves with what has been accomplished in rehabilitating the physically

QUARRY, PIGEON COVE by Maxine W. Kumin

THE dead city waited,
hung upside down in the quarry
without leafmold or pondweed
or a flurry of transparent minnows.
Badlands the color of doeskin
lay open like ancient Egypt.

Frog fins strapped to my feet,
a teaspoon of my own spit in the mask
to keep the glass from fogging,
and the thumbsuck rubber air tube in my mouth,
I slid in on my stomach,
a makeshift amphibian.

Whatever the sky was doing
it did now on its own.
The sun shone for the first fifteen feet going down,
then flattened, and petered out.
I hung on the last rung of daylight,
breathing out silver ball bearings,
and looked for the square granite bottom.

I might have swum down looking
soundlessly into nothing,
down stairways and alleys of nothing
until the city took notice
and made me its citizen,
except that life stirred overhead.
I looked up. A dog walked over me.

A dog was swimming and splashing.
Air eggs nested in his fur.
The hairless parts of him bobbed like toys
and the silk of his tail blew past like milkweed.
The licorice pads of his paws
sucked in and out,
making the shapes of kisses.

After that,
the nap of the surface resettled.
Mites danced on both sides of it.
Coming up, my own face seemed beautiful.
The sun broke on my back.

disabled—the maimed and paralyzed. In 1961 more than 100,000 disabled people entered gainful employment as a result of the state-federal program which cost \$17 million. Before retraining they had been earning \$47 million a year; now they are earning \$205 million, and the federal government will collect ten dollars in income taxes for each dollar invested in rehabilitation.

This is wonderful. But the best therapy is always preventive. So far as manpower is concerned, the place to start is with the transformation of our system of vocational education.

ALLENTOWN TO DENVER

THE immediate change required is to end the absurd overemphasis on farming and home economics. We need to launch a program of practical training for real jobs in a vast national effort. By way of a start, we might well make sure that every urban high school has an auto-mechanics shop, in the hope of turning out the 40,000 new mechanics we must produce every year to maintain the present meager ratio of one mechanic to every eighty-seven vehicles. Another basic requirement is a continuing, up-to-date inventory of jobs and skills in demand in every section of the country. To make this inventory a useful practical tool the United States Employment Service will have to take on new functions.

To do this will cost money. M. D. Mobley is dead right about our national parsimony toward vocational education, however cockeyed he may be on farm training. We will have to spend at least the \$400 million a year recommended by the Presidential Panel on vocational education. In addition, we need many more vocational schools, especially the so-called area schools, large enough to be well equipped, and they should be open the year around, free to anyone who needs to acquire a skill. The schools must be supplied, not only with skilled teachers and modern equipment, but also with sufficient guidance counselors to help students make a wise choice of vocation. Less than one per cent of federal funds is spent on guidance: the ratio of counselors to students is an impossible one to five hundred; fifteen-year-old youngsters are forced to make career choices unassisted. I heard a boy who had left school address a prospective employer as "Hey, Mac" and respond under questioning that his ambition is to be a "nuclear physicist."

In a few isolated spots, there is convincing evidence that vocational training really can work. In Allentown, for instance, local industries cooperate closely with the schools in an outstand-

ing vocational program. Milwaukee, which puts more money into vo-ed than any other city its size, has a model central vocational school. Cincinnati has dealt with the dropout problem by establishing fourteen vocational-training centers throughout the city. Denver's Griffith Opportunity School is a celebrated "skill center" offering free instruction to students of any age.

In these cities, vocational education has, for various reasons, become a matter of major local concern and is vigorously supported by the community. Such sporadic local achievements are widely and justly publicized. But this acclaim is unfortunate if it diverts attention from the central fact, namely this: Unless interest in vocational education is awakened on a massive national scale, the United States will lose a crucial lap in "the race between education and catastrophe"—in H. G. Wells's annually more apt definition of history.

Unemployment is both a prime cause and a symptom of the country's alarming economic torpor. Recent economic studies, stemming from the work of Arthur Burns of the National Bureau of Economic Research and from the University of Chicago's Milton Friedman, demonstrate that investment in education rivals investment in physical capital (factories, machinery) in stimulating economic growth. Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, has said that such investment in "human capital" has accounted for half of our economic growth in the twentieth century.

Now this hardly seems too difficult a concept for the American people or even Congress to grasp and to act upon. But maybe homelier considerations can be more compelling: the fact, for example, that the loss in production in the United States caused by unemployment in 1962 was greater than the loss caused by the strikes in the last thirty-five years; or that, to the average man, the loss of only one year's income due to unemployment is more than the total cost of twelve years of education through high school. However one may dramatize the issue, the essential point is that education, employment, and economic growth are inextricably linked. Today rational education must include training pertinent for the 80 per cent of all young Americans who enter the labor market without college degrees. To ignore their vocational training is a reverse twist on the Eskimos' fabled custom of pushing their unproductive senior citizens onto the ice pack. That practice at least has a certain economic logic. Our system is managing to be at once inhumane and economically suicidal.

Heaven had better be good

by
Hildegarde Dolson



A chronic optimist finds you can take it with you—but only over your lawyer's dead body.

Until recently the only provision I'd made for my death was to insert a few quarters in the insurance slot-machines in air terminals every time I went on a plane. This wasn't because I distrusted flying; my head is so often in the clouds that when my body goes too, I feel all the more at home. But I liked the mysteriously promising click of the quarters dropping in, as if I might hit the jackpot and have streams of silver coins splash out. Already I had distributed vast potential sums to my family (\$5,000 apiece is vast to us) to be called for in case of *absentia*. So far, I'd always brought myself back alive, but I liked to think that if someday I shouldn't show

up again, then the flight-insurance money would arrive as a counter-distraction, a kind of "Cheer up and buy something nice." And I could picture the scattered members of my family saying in fond disbelief, "Dear Hildegarde. Imagine her thinking of insurance. She was always so vague about money, and so optimistic."

We have always been a very close, affectionate family, but there've been times when I suspect they found my optimism enough to choke a bluebird. Just once this was put into words, when my sister Sarah, who is red-headed, said through clenched teeth during some emotional crisis in her teens, "If you tell me, 'Cheer up, other people have troubles too,' I'll *kill* you." She sounded rather as if she meant it.

But for the most part, my family and friends tolerated this distorted outlook as they would a squint in a loved one. I forget how old I was,

maybe in my twenties, when I first heard the name of what I'd caught. A friend said, "The trouble with you is, you've got chronic euphoria." The dictionary said *euphoria* was "an exaggerated sense of well-being," but I thought the word had the soft, light rushing sound of happiness.

It was a symptom of the "exaggerated sense of well-being" that I never worried in any sustained way about what would become of me when I was old or unable to work. I would think vaguely, "Well, I can always be a baby-sitter. They get a dollar fifty an hour." The one thing I was determined about was that I'd never be a financial burden to anybody else.

The first intimation that I might be a terrible expense to people after I was dead came on a Sunday afternoon in June when I was sitting with friends in a city garden, with the soot and sunlight dappling our faces. One of the women was talking about the death of some in-law of her husband's, and she said resentfully, "It's rotten carelessness for anybody over forty not to have made a will. All the funeral expenses and the last bills to pay—somebody has to advance the money and wait years for the estate to repay it, unless there's a will."

I was horrified at the idea of sticking anybody for a post-mortem loan. The next morning I went to my bank and talked to a small-mouthed official who sat behind a desk as if he were soldered there and had known me for years, mostly to *tsk* at. "If I die suddenly," I told him, "you must cash a five-hundred-dollar check for my sister Sarah to pay for cremation, and the phone, gas, and light bills. I'll leave the check all made out, and she can bring it to you after I'm dead. If there's not enough in my checking account, then transfer the money from savings."

I rather thought he'd congratulate me on being so businesslike and foresighted, but instead he urged me in a hushed voice to sit down. Then he probed with questions, carefully, as if he didn't want to blow a fuse that would hasten the end. When he was convinced I wasn't suicidal and had no incurable disease, beyond foolishness, he said, "To cash a check that way is illegal. As soon as the depositor is dead, the account is automatically frozen."

"But if Sarah cashed it before you knew I was dead, you wouldn't be breaking any law," I pointed out. "After all, my own sister would know I was dead before you did."

"Your sister would be honor-bound to tell us." He permitted a slight smile to ruffle his façade. "Anyway, we'd see your obituary in the *Times*."

This was the first time I'd thought about making the *Times* obits, and I was dying to know what they'd say. I said to Pinch-mouth, "Oh, I doubt if the *Times* would cover my death," but already I was writing an obit in my head that would cover me like a tent. Finally, finally, that great newspaper's readers would know what a rare little ninety-five-pound genius had been hidden under a bushel. My distinguished admirers, who had been well hidden too, would send flowery tributes which the *Times* would quote in two columns. Or would they quote from my books? And if so, what sections? Maybe I should begin scribbling broad hints in the margins, such as, "This is the best thing I've written," or, "How true! This author can portray character like Dostoevsky only daintier."

The banker's voice interrupted this trial run into immortality. "Why don't you go to a lawyer and make a will? That would solve all your problems."

I didn't like to tell him that the idea of letting a lawyer into my life was the opposite of the way I've tried to live—that is, as simply and directly as possible, without many possessions. Already he was offering to give me the names of several good legal firms. I thanked him nicely and fled, but the damage was done. Passing an open manhole, I made a wide detour, thinking, "Watch out. You can't have a fatal accident yet." Finally I got the name of a lawyer from the friend who always kept my plane insurance, and after phoning for an appointment three days ahead, I was careful how I crossed streets or slid in the bathtub.

The lawyer had suggested over the phone that I might jot down a brief memo, listing the main bequests. "Gives us a framework to go on when you come in," he'd said.

I got to work on the memo around midnight the night before the appointment. First came a few sentences of practical instructions, and naming my sister Sarah to decide on anything I'd forgotten that had to be decided. "Whatever is left after the bills are paid is to be divided equally among—" I listed the members of my family and, as replacements, their children. They were also to divide up the few good family pieces I had.

Hildegard Dolson has written several books, including "We Shook the Family Tree" and "The Great Oil Dorado." This article will be part of her forthcoming collection, "Guess Whose Hair I'm Wearing," to be published by Random House in June. She has published often in "The New Yorker" and other magazines.

I started to write that they were to dispose of the rest as they liked, but then I wondered if it wouldn't be nicer to designate certain things for certain people. I wandered around the apartment, trying to decide who would want what, and in a rare fit of realism, I saw that almost everything was battered or faded or cracked. It wasn't a question of who would want what, but why they'd want the stuff at all.

Finally I managed to list a dozen small clumps of possessions for my family and closest friends. One was a pewter coffee service I'd bought in London. I had just paid my first visit to Madame Tussaud's, and had peered at a wax face thinking, "Who is that attractive man? He must have been a lady-killer for sure," then had bent to read the name-plaque: "Calvin Coolidge." This had put me into such a rollicking humor I'd gone right off to buy myself a present from that smasher, Calvin C. And in the hundreds of times I'd used the pewter since, that ludicrous delight still came back to me. But now I noticed again that the handle of the coffee pot was broken and the sides were dented as if the cleaning woman had kicked it for a gong.

All the other mementos seemed just as shabby as the pewter. It wasn't that the people who received them would object to shabbiness. But they had often worried about my not remembering to eat at regular hours, or being alone when I was sick. And if they received these ratty objects as a last keepsake, wouldn't they be depressed, feeling I'd ended up with so little, instead of remembering how much I'd had? If only I could leave them a reminder, I was thinking anxiously, so they wouldn't feel dreary. Just then I thought of a bequest that would take care of everything, and I grabbed at the memo pad as poets clutch the paper on which they'll scrawl a deathless line.

The law firm's offices were on Madison Avenue, and the multiple name sounded so much like a parody I wondered if the partners were chosen by onomatopoeia. In the waiting-room, there was a portrait of a whiskered old gentleman done in the same ocher-to-rusty black tones as dead fish on a platter.

My lawyer, a Mr. Wadley, surprised me by being very crewcut. He was even wearing a seersucker suit, as if to offset the ponderous desk and plushy oriental rug in his office. He sat me in a Jacobean armchair, lit my cigarette, and said, "How is Blank these days?" naming our mutual friend who had sent me. I said Blank was fine, and took the typed memo out of my bag and handed it over. Mr. Wadley glanced at

the first few lines and said jovially, "Well, this seems very clear so far. Now all you need is to have me muddle it up with Latin terms so nobody can understand what we're getting at."

I laughed in relief. Evidently modern young lawyers thought the Latin mumbo jumbo was as idiotic as laymen did. Mr. Wadley went back to the memo, smiling, then glanced up again. "Now here, where you refer to your sister's and brothers' children, I believe we'd be safer to designate them as *per stirpes* rather than *per capita*." When I looked baffled, he gave so kind and full an explanation of how one's nieces and nephews become *per stirpes*—and why—that when he finished and said, "That's clear to you, isn't it?" I couldn't bear to say, "No."

I was also confused when Mr. Wadley said, in a doubtful tone, "Do you wish to waive bond for your sister?" It sounded as if Sarah had pleaded guilty to something, such as knowing a Communist or bribing a basketball player. Mr. Wadley made it clear he only distrusted my sister on legal principle. "We always have to ask that," he explained. "The lawyer must prepare for every eventuality." I had a feeling that Mr. Wadley himself wouldn't waive bond even for a St. Bernard.

There was still another minor snarl when the lawyer read aloud from my memo: " 'And to my sister-in-law ———, I leave my jewelry, such as it is.' "

"We can't say a thing like that," he told me reproachfully. "Why not say just 'My jewelry,' or 'My jewels'?" Remembering the Macy-cultured pearls and silver doodads in an old candy-box lid that served as my jewel safe, I insisted on the modifying clause.

"Then I'll put 'such as it is' in French," Mr. Wadley said. "It will sound better." I expected him to burst out laughing, but he was looking very grave. "Will that be satisfactory?" I assured him it would. "I'll tell my sister-in-law to brush up on her idioms."

Mr. Wadley had already returned to his reading, muttering a word now and then so that I could follow his progress. I was glad he was approaching the final bequest, the one that had seemed to me, in the intensity of after-midnight thought, the crux of the whole will, and even of my whole life: "*My family and friends are requested to remember that I inherited a fortune in happiness and have set aside a generous share to take with me. The balance of my euphoria is bequeathed to the people I love.*"

As I was thinking of this, and congratulating myself again on having devised it, Mr. Wadley

made a choking noise. I thought that for the first time he sounded really moved. I was moved too, and waited for him to speak. "Uh—this is very nicely put," he said, in a strangled voice. He looked at the ceiling, then at the memo. "But as your lawyer, I strongly advise you to omit the euphoria clause. It doesn't mean anything—er, that is, it has no real validity."

"It means everything," I said, and was mortified to feel tears in my eyes. "I can't possibly leave it out."

"But—well—you see—" He flung up his hands, and the memo fluttered onto the desk. "The hitch is—now suppose somebody wanted to contest this will."

"Nobody will," I said coldly. I was through with wanting to cry, after this aspersion on my family.

"That's what you think and hope, but you've engaged me to make sure." Before I could say that wasn't at all why I had engaged him, he went on, "Now I know you're sound of mind—ha ha—but suppose somebody seized on this euphoria irrelevancy."

"It's not an irrelevancy," I said. "The money's the irrelevancy."

He gave me a nervous glance that suggested already he was regretting his chivalrous snap judgment on my sanity. "Let's be sensible," he said, almost pleadingly. "As your legal adviser,

I must tell you this euphoria clause is a trouble-maker."

"What's so troublemaking about wanting my friends to be happy?"

"Well, tell them you want them to be happy, but for Heaven's sakes don't put it in writing, or at least not in a will, as a bequest."

"Telling them isn't the same thing," I said tiredly. My resentments had a treacherous way of petering out, leaving me stranded in the midst of an argument. "Please, even if it seems silly to you, couldn't I do it my way?"

My saying "Please" so sadly must have struck some illegal emotion, in the seersuckered *corpore sano*. "Well, if you really have your heart set on it," he said. "I can give it some study, while I'm drawing up the first draft."

I thanked him so fervently he walked me clear out to the elevator. And I'd barely got home before he phoned. "About that euphoria clause," he said in a conspiratorial voice. "I think I've latched on to the right legal precedent. It occurred to me that Justice Brandeis, in his briefs, often included irrelevancies. So if Brandeis could get away with it, I guess we can too."

All that evening, I was intoxicated by my luck, because Justice Brandeis had set a precedent and now I could die happy. And the friends who'd inherited my euphoria could tell each other cheerfully, "She'll think she's in heaven."



HARVARD'S SKINNER

The Last of the Utopians

The inventor of teaching machines now hopes to found a new kind of community, where everybody will be engineered into perfect, uninterrupted happiness.

FEW scholars or scientists engaged in studying the nature of man have provoked more controversy in recent years than a Harvard professor named Burrhus Frederic Skinner. Skinner is an experimental psychologist whose work has had a far-reaching influence in pharmacology, in education—he is the principal inventor of the teaching machine—and on the study of animal behavior. It is not the value of his practical contributions in these fields, however, that is mainly in question. The controversy turns on Skinner's view of what it means—or more importantly, perhaps, what it does *not* mean—to be a human being. Skinner is the world's leading exponent of pure behaviorism. It is his contention that man has neither a free will nor the capacity for taking spontaneous action; that there is really no such thing as "consciousness" or "mind"; and that human behavior can, in principle, be predicted and controlled just as certainly as the progress of a chemical reaction.

Theologians, philosophical idealists, and ordinary humanists are apt understandably to recoil in horror from what one of Skinner's critics has called the Specter of Predictable Man. Even those psychologists who share in general Skinner's conviction that human behavior is lawful, and therefore predictable and controllable, are often appalled by the length to which he carries his ideas. Some psychologists, however, compare Skinner admiringly to Galileo. They hold that just as Galileo dispelled the illusion that the earth is the center of the universe, Skinner has dispelled the illusion that man is any more

autonomous or free than other animals. They argue that he has thereby cleared the way for the subjection of human behavior to scientific controls that will eventually make all men happy and good.

Skinner himself has set forth, in a Utopian novel called *Walden Two*, published in 1948, his own ideas about the forms such controls might take. The book, and the imaginary community it described, shocked many readers. A Milwaukee *Journal* reviewer called it a "nightmarish Utopia," and *Life* called it "a travesty on the good life" and "a slur upon a name [*i.e.*, Thoreau's], a corruption of an impulse." Joseph Wood Krutch, in a book called *The Measure of Man*, accused Skinner of trying "to perfect mankind by making individual men incapable of anything except habit and prejudice."

Skinner has of course denied this charge. But he does concede that some experiences prized by civilized men would be unknown in a community from which guilt and suffering had been banished by proper behavioral engineering. "If we founded an experimental community and raised children in the way that is described in *Walden Two*," he told an undergraduate seminar at Harvard last year, "when they grew up and read Dostoevsky they wouldn't know what in the devil he was driving at." "It seems like a very bland life," a Radcliffe freshman remarked.

If Skinner has his wish, it may be possible before long to find out what such a community would be like. For the past couple of years, he has been trying to stir up interest in the founding of a real-life *Walden Two*. So far, he has had little encouragement from other psychologists. Even those who are his warm admirers doubt that he—or anyone else—knows enough about human behavior to build a Utopian community any more durable than those that sprang up and died during the last century. But he is con-

fident that there will be no lack of volunteers. Many readers of *Walden Two* have written to offer their help if Skinner should ever decide to start an experimental community. And during the past two years, he has given a sort of recruiting talk, in the form of a lecture on "The Experimental Design of a Culture," at a number of colleges and universities, including Brown, Princeton, Stanford, and Pennsylvania. The size of his audiences, and their apparent enthusiasm, have given Skinner a good deal of encouragement. "I think I could get about a thousand people to come along if I gave the clarion call," he told me when I visited him in Cambridge not long ago.

Skinner hopes to find other and younger people than himself who will take on the task of actually organizing his projected community. But he expects, naturally enough, that they will lean on him for advice. To guide them, he has been making notes on matters such as what to name the community—he favors "Lifeguild"—how people will dress, and whether it would be better to ban drinking altogether, or to let new residents taper off. He has also been sounding out people who might help finance the experiment, which he believes could point the way to a harmonious world in which being good would be as natural and automatic as breathing. In such a world there would be no reason, of course, for anyone ever again to draw up plans for an ideal society, and Skinner would be recorded in history as the last of the Utopians.

HAPPY BABY: BUSY RAT

NOW fifty-nine years old, Skinner is a slender, restless man, with finely-cut features and a noble expanse of forehead. In public, his discourse is marked by a relaxed virtuosity. While I was in Cambridge, I went to a lecture he gave in a course called Natural Sciences 114. The subject was Pavlov, whose experiments with conditioned reflexes were the starting point for much of Skinner's own work. Speaking without notes, Skinner dazzled the students with an account of Pavlov's career into which he managed

After graduating from Harvard in 1941, Spencer Klaw worked as a newspaperman and staff writer for "The New Yorker" and "Fortune." Now free-lancing, he has contributed to many magazines on topics ranging from affluent professors to the art market. He met Dr. Skinner while working on an article on teaching machines.

to work references to Turgenev, Adam Smith, Shaw, Diderot, Rousseau, Stendhal, *Carmen*, Aldous Huxley, Miss Rheingold of 1962, Lope de Vega, and the razing of the Old Howard burlesque theatre in Boston. At one point, Skinner observed that because Brigitte Bardot wore her hair piled high on her head, similar hairdos on other young women tended to affect men in somewhat the same way that the ringing of a bell affected Pavlov's dogs. "Of course," he added, "once this happens on a *broad scale* . . ." Grinning happily, he waited while the students laughed, groaned, and applauded.

In private, I found Skinner somewhat less genial and more prickly. He tends, for example, to dismiss his critics by remarking sarcastically that so-and-so "is a great metaphor man," or noting parenthetically that "a lot of psychologists just aren't very bright." His prickliness is evident, too, in the daybooks that he keeps, some of which he let me look through. During the past ten years he has filled nearly a thousand composition books with notes and speculations on an enormous variety of topics, including the failings of people who don't see things his way. One entry that I came across was headed "The Irrepressible Mind-Body Problem." It began: "This was the title of a colloquium paper by X [a Harvard philosophy professor] last Wednesday. The problem proved also to be incompressible, and X took all 75 minutes, leaving no time for discussion. I heard nothing new. . . ." At times, indeed, one gets the impression that Skinner wants to build a Utopia mainly to prove, once and for all, that he is right about human nature, and his critics wrong.

But he has other motives too. Like Hamlet, he feels that he must do what he can to set right the times into which he was born. This conviction is movingly expressed in an entry he made last year in one of his daybooks. It is headed "A New Year," and reads, in part:

It is nearly nine o'clock on the first day of the new year. From a deep blue sky sun streams into our living-room. . . . My hi-fi is midway through the first act of *Tristan and Isolde*. A very pleasant environment. A man would be a fool not to enjoy himself in it. In a moment I will go to my study . . . where I will write for two or three hours on a manuscript which I think important and which may "help mankind." So my life is not only pleasant, it is earned or deserved. Yet, yet, I am unhappy.

It is not so much that . . . I am perhaps one in a thousand to enjoy a life like this; it has always been thus. . . . It is not wholly a belief that no man is an island. An enclave of misery elsewhere in the world may not affect me or my children, but

I may feel guilty about it as my puritan heritage.

It is the fact that so little is being done about it! We are trapped in love of a life such as this, in false social science, in statesmanship based on historical induction, in "escalation," etc. Is it up to me? (A Wagnerian theme, if I ever saw one!)

Doubtless Skinner has also been impelled to design a Utopia by the stimulating challenge it offers to his ingenuity. Like Benjamin Franklin, he is as much inventor as scientist. In the course of a short drive along the Charles River, he may toss out half-a-dozen notions for improving man's lot—highways made of rubber, for example, or sailboats towed by kites. His actual inventions include, in addition to several varieties of teaching machines, a device called the Air-Crib. The Air-Crib is an air-conditioned cubicle, one side of which is made of glass to form an observation window, designed so that a baby can sleep or play in it without blankets or clothing. "Our second daughter, who started out in an Air-Crib, didn't know how to cry," Skinner told me. "I won't say she hasn't cried since, but then she hasn't ever had such a good environment again."

Perhaps the most important of Skinner's inventions is a device often referred to simply as a Skinner box. It is widely used by psychologists, including many who are by no means all-out Skinnerians, for observing and measuring changes in animal behavior. Appropriately, there is a photograph of a Skinner box on the wall of Skinner's office at Harvard, along with pictures of his daughters, and of Pavlov. It shows a cage in which a white rat is pressing down on a lever with his front feet; behind the cage looms a piece of apparatus that looks something like a big switchboard, whose function, at the time the picture was taken, was to reward the rat periodically with food pellets, and to record how often, and at what intervals, the rat responded by pressing down the lever. Skinner built the first such device when he was in his twenties, and underlying all his work in recent years has been the assumption that laws deducible from the behavior of rats and pigeons in a Skinner box also control the behavior of human beings.

BEYOND THE KNEE JERK

BESIDES being a prolific inventor, Skinner has a prose style that is lively, muscular, free from jargon, and altogether excellent. He started out, in fact, to be a writer and not a scientist. When he was twenty-one, and in his last year at Hamilton College, in Clinton, New York, he sent some short stories to Robert Frost, and got

back a long letter in which Frost said, among other things, "You're worth twice anyone else I have seen in prose this year." With this encouragement, he settled down after graduating from Hamilton in 1926 to write fiction—first in Scranton, Pennsylvania, where his father practiced law, and then in Greenwich Village.

But after a year or so, he decided that he really had nothing to say. This would have been more depressing if he had not simultaneously come to the conclusion that in the twentieth century the best way to come to grips with human nature was through science, not literature. At Hamilton, where he had majored in English and had taken courses in French, Greek, public speaking, and Greek and Roman art, Skinner had also taken several courses in biology. Among the books his biology professor had put into his hands was an English translation of Pavlov's *Conditioned Reflexes*. Then, not long after graduation, he had come across some articles that Bertrand Russell had written for the old *Dial* on the theories of John B. Watson, the founder of behaviorism. "Many years later," Skinner has written, "when I told Lord Russell that he was responsible for my interest in behavior, he could only exclaim, 'Good Heavens! I had always supposed that those articles had demolished behaviorism!' But at any rate he had taken Watson seriously, and so did I."

In 1928, Skinner went to Harvard as a graduate student in psychology. He got his doctorate in 1931, stayed on at Harvard doing research until 1936, and then went to the University of Minnesota as an instructor. His first book, *The Behavior of Organisms*, was published two years later. It dealt mainly with what Skinner called "operant behavior"—that is, behavior which is not simply reflexive, but which may be exemplified by a robin pulling up a worm. However voluntary and spontaneous such behavior may seem, Skinner argued, it is no less rigidly determined by external events than the jerking of one's knee when the doctor taps it with a hammer. What shapes and controls operant behavior, he contended, is the "reinforcement"—roughly, the rewards—that the organism receives from the environment on which it is acting.

In support of this thesis, Skinner described a number of experiments in which he had put rats in Skinner boxes and subjected them to a process he called operant conditioning. This consisted of teaching the rats to perform certain tasks by reinforcing their performance with food pellets. While other psychologists might question whether the behavior of human beings could

be shaped in the same way—"Let him extrapolate who will," Skinner had written—there was no doubt that Skinner had hit on a way to shape and control the behavior of infra-human animals with amazing precision and consistency. In one experiment described in *The Behavior of Organisms*, for instance, a rat was conditioned to pull a string to get a marble from a rack, and then to pick up the marble with its forepaws, carry it across the cage to a vertical tube rising two inches above the floor, lift the marble, and drop it into the tube. Skinner and other psychologists have also conditioned pigeons to play a kind of table tennis, to dance together, and to peck out tunes on a toy piano.

It occurred to Skinner, just after the outbreak of the second world war, that pigeons might even be trained as navigator-bombardiers. With financial help from the government, he and some associates rigged up a simulated missile with a translucent screen in its nose. The steering mechanism was arranged so that a pigeon placed in the nose of the missile could guide it toward a specified target by pecking at the image of the target when it appeared on the screen.

In 1944, Skinner and his collaborators put on a demonstration for a group of the government's chief scientific advisers. Although it went off without a hitch, the scientists decided the project should be dropped—possibly, Skinner has since speculated, because "the spectacle of a living pigeon carrying out its assignment, no matter how beautifully, simply reminded the committee of how utterly fantastic our proposal was."

The operant conditioning of animals has been put to practical use in other ways, however. The techniques associated with the use of the Skinner box may be compared to a microscope through which behavior can be seen with a clarity never before possible. This is of particular value to pharmaceutical researchers, who can learn a great deal about a new drug by administering it to an animal that has been conditioned to perform a certain task, at a certain rate of speed, and then noting exactly how the animal's behavior is modified. "In a *single* experimental session with a *single* organism," Skinner has written, "one observes the onset, duration, and decline of the effects of a drug." The same method has been widely used to study the effects on animals of anesthesia, irradiation, insulin shock, and induced anxiety.

It was not until 1945 that Skinner got around to suggesting how the principles expounded in *The Behavior of Organisms* might be applied to the molding of human behavior.

He did so by writing *Walden Two*, which was brought out by Macmillan, after several other publishers had turned it down on the ground that it was too talky and un-novelistic. It is still selling well in its fifteenth year.

Walden Two purports to be an account of a visit paid by a professor named Burris to an experimental community that has been founded by one of his former students. The founder's name is Frazier, and much of the book's considerable liveliness is due to the fact that he is a skillfully drawn caricature of Skinner himself. At one point, for example, Frazier refers to some tracts that children at Walden Two are required to read. "I consulted one of them just the other day, myself," he says. "I'd just read an article that I'd always meant to write, and I was quite unhappy. But the tracts on Jealousy cured me immediately. They're little masterpieces of behavioral engineering. As a matter of fact, I wrote them."

"SEDUCTION NOT EXPECTED"

WALDEN Two recalls in many ways the austere communism of many of the experimental communities of the nineteenth century. Land and buildings are communally owned, and children, like those of the Oneida Community, are communally raised. Relations between adults are egalitarian, doctors, for example, being addressed simply as "Mister." Everybody, including the Planners who run the community, must contribute some physical labor—either by doing housekeeping chores, or by working on the farms that provide Walden Two with its cash income. Except for people who have especially pleasant jobs, such as growing flowers, no one has to work more than four hours a day; people with nasty jobs like cleaning sewers may put in only two. Residents live in big, no-frills buildings made of rammed earth, eat cafeteria-style, and get along without their own automobiles. No one drinks; it is not that drinking is forbidden, Frazier explains condescendingly, "but we all give it up as soon as we gratify the needs which are responsible for the habit in the world at large."

The most striking aspect of life at Walden Two, however, is that everyone is always happy. When people are not working, they are painting pictures, singing in choral groups, reading good books, playing chamber music, and making love to their husbands or wives. There is no promiscuity, Frazier says, because "we encourage simple friendship between the sexes. . . . We have suc-

cessfully established the principle of "Seduction not expected." When a visitor asks a teacher if children at Walden Two really have no idea what envy and jealousy are, the teacher looks puzzled—she herself was only twelve when she came to Walden Two and so has forgotten what such emotions are like.

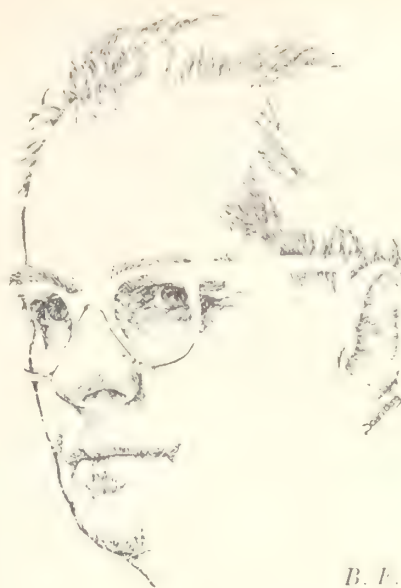
Skinner's account of the behavioral engineering responsible for this euphoria is less detailed than one might wish. No one is ever punished at Walden Two, and people are friendly and cooperative because there is no pay-off for being aggressive. There is also a Walden Code ("Don't gossip about the personal relations of members . . .") fostered by the reading of "lessons" at nonreligious Sunday services which serve as "a sort of group therapy."

To obviate the need for such therapy when they grow up, children of three and four are taught to practice self-control by being made to wear lollipops around their necks for several hours without licking them. Older children, returning cold and hungry from a long walk, are made to stand in front of steaming bowls of soup for five minutes before they are allowed to sit down and eat. Competitive sports other than chess and tennis are discouraged. These two games are all right, Frazier tells Burris unconvincingly, because "the exercise of skill is as important as the outcome of the game."

At the end of his visit, Burris starts back to his university. But on the way he decides that Frazier has found the secret of the good life. He composes a telegram that begins, "My dear President Mittelbach stop you may take your stupid university, . . ." and returns to Walden Two.

A SYSTEM TO RESCUE MINDS

AT THE time he wrote *Walden Two*, Skinner had no intention of quitting academic life himself. He has since said that it was really not until a year or so after he had finished the book that he even became an all-out Frazierian. In 1945, he left Minnesota for the University of Indiana, where he was chairman of the psychology department, and three years later he moved on to Harvard. There, he wrote *Science and Human Behavior*, which has become the most widely read of his scientific works. In it, he argues that reinforcement shapes every aspect of man's behavior that is not purely reflexive, including problem-solving and the creation of works of art. (Skinner's method of dealing with consciousness, it may be noted in passing, is to brush it aside. He argues, for instance, that when



B. F. Skinner

a man says that the dinner bell makes him think of food, what he means is that he "sees food." Skinner sees little difference between such "conditioned seeing" and the conditioned salivation of Pavlov's dogs.) *Science and Human Behavior* (1953) was followed, four years later, by *Verbal Behavior*, a densely written treatise in which Skinner takes up, among other things, puns, automatic writing, metaphors, spoonerisms, alliteration, rhyming, and why people talk to themselves. Lately he has been working on a book to be called *The Technology of Teaching*.

Skinner's interest in educational technology began about ten years ago. After a disheartening visit to his daughter's fifth-grade arithmetic class ("I saw minds being destroyed," he later told an interviewer), he was struck with the notion that schools would be a lot better if children were taught arithmetic, spelling, and many other things in the same way that pigeons are taught to play ping-pong. This could be done, he figured, by presenting the student with a sequence of small, easy steps; requiring him to answer a question at each of these steps; and reinforcing him instantly for giving the right answer. The reinforcement would not consist of giving the student a grain of corn, but simply of telling him that his answer was correct. "Human behavior is remarkably influenced by small results," Skinner has observed.

On the theory that instructional sequences of the kind he had in mind could best be presented mechanically, Skinner began designing what he called teaching machines. By 1958, his experiments were attracting widespread attention, and during the past five years millions of dollars have been spent to develop and test what is now gener-

ally known as programmed instruction. This is a technique making use not only of teaching machines, but, more often, of what are called programmed texts—books designed so that a student can move from one step to another of an instructional sequence, or “program,” not by turning a knob, but by turning a page. Programmed instruction is being tried in thousands of classrooms, and it has been used to teach, among other things, calculus, geometry, physics, English grammar, Hebrew, blueprint-reading, logic, statistics, and the understanding of poetry. Not all instructional programs, to be sure, conform precisely to Skinner’s specifications; there are programmers, for example, who argue that Skinner’s programs tend to bore all but the dull-est students. But Skinner stands in about the same relation to programmed instruction as, say, Edison does to electric lighting.

The significance of his achievement is hard to gauge at this point. Programmed instruction is obviously not the all-purpose educational remedy that it is proclaimed to be by the firms that have been selling teaching machines in supermarkets, or by the encyclopedia salesmen who have been peddling them from door to door. Nor is it possible to find much support for Skinner’s widely quoted claim that “Exploratory research . . . indicates that what is now taught by teacher, textbook, lecture, or film can be taught in half the time with half the effort by a machine. . . .” This assertion is discounted even by some of his most loyal followers, who point out sadly that Skinner, like Frazier, is sometimes carried away by his admiration for his own handiwork. (His attitude is not colored by financial interest, since he has no big stake, through patents or otherwise, in the commercial exploitation of teaching machines.) The fact is that no one yet knows exactly what programmed instruction can and cannot do.

It is already clear, however, that in certain areas of education it will prove enormously beneficial. One of its greatest benefits—and a somewhat surprising one, in view of the fact that the phrase “teaching machine” suggests a kind of educational Procrustes’ bed—may be to make education more adaptable to individual abilities, since programmed instruction permits each student to learn at his own pace. This may prove a particular boon to slow students, for whom Skinner displays rather more compassion than many educators do these days. “Some of those most active in improving education have been tempted to dismiss slow students impatiently as a waste of time,” he has written, “but it is quite possible that many of them are capable of substantial,

even extraordinary, achievements if permitted to move at their own pace. Many distinguished scientists, for example, have appeared to think slowly.”

WRITING BY ONE LIGHT

SKINNER’S ambition to try his hand at the engineering of a real Utopia began to take shape on his return from a visit to the Soviet Union in the spring of 1961.

It was clear to him, Skinner told me, that the Russians had passed up their opportunity to engineer a new and better kind of man, and had settled instead for the same old European bourgeois who has given himself and the rest of humanity so much trouble. (“In Russia people spend their Sundays walking around in parks,” he said sadly, without specifying why he found this so gloomy a prospect.) Back in the 1950s, Skinner said, he had given some encouragement to a small group of graduate students at Harvard who were thinking of establishing a community, or perhaps a school, modeled on *Walden Two*. But it was only after his trip to Russia that he began to talk about helping to start an experimental community himself, and to put down on paper some ideas, beyond those in *Walden Two*, as to how its life should be organized.

Skinner offered to let me look at these notes while I was in Cambridge, and he suggested that I come around to his house early the next morning and go through them there. When I arrived, a little before eight-thirty, Skinner had already been at work for more than an hour. He writes in a large basement room whose walls are hung with paintings by the younger of his two daughters, Deborah (the one who began life in an Air-Crib). Like Trollope, whom he greatly admires, he makes a point of writing every day. He writes in longhand, and when he sits down to his stint soon after seven each morning he turns on a special light that acts, he said, as a conditioned reinforcer. The same switch that turns on the light also starts up a timer to record how many minutes he puts in at his desk each day.

Skinner cleared a space for me at a round table on which a big, inverted, blue wastebasket was standing. When I looked at it curiously, he lifted it for a moment, revealing a clay head, plainly a portrait of Skinner; he said he had recently modeled it himself. He handed me a thick folder labeled “Design of a Culture,” and said that while he would have to leave in a few minutes to attend a staff meeting, I was welcome to stay on and read.

The notes were written in a legible and beautifully shaded italic script, which Skinner had taught himself several years ago when he found he was having a lot of trouble reading his own handwriting. Several of the first notes I came upon dealt with nomenclature, one of them reading, in part:

A lifeguild . . . "Lifeguild I" or "Lifeguild Vermont East." The guildsite, guildhall, guildrooms, guildcode . . . The basic term is *lifeguild*.

Other notes discussed the selection of members ("not running away from status quo . . .") and the problem of getting them to observe the community code. The importance of group instruction in the code's principles was stressed in a long memorandum suggesting the use of "monastic reading-at-table" and "good music, in appropriate moods." Several notes made clear Skinner's conviction that a lifeguild should be run by an elite of planners and managers; there was no indication, however, of how they would be chosen.

The folder also contained notes on plumbing, architecture—a small sketch showed a group of ten rooms ranged in a semi-circle around a central core labeled "utility"—and clothing. "Free, easily cleaned work clothes," Skinner had written. "Can be attractive. Somewhat more formal, standard dress, for occasions. At least one 'traveling outfit' for trips outside Guildsite."

Skinner had clearly been wrestling, too, with the problem of making life in a lifeguild pleasant as well as simple. One note proposed that watches and clocks should be replaced by "a pleasant coordinating bell" (with watches provided for the deaf). Another note dwelt on the need to provide time for "the uncompulsive enjoyment of the light, the trivial, the beautiful." Still another spoke of "A listening room Japanese style. Pads and mattresses on the floor. Tea things? Shoes off." But it was plain that Skinner's views on where to draw the line between pleasure and indulgence had changed very little since he had written *Walden Two*. A note headed "Food" read, in part:

- 1) Nutrition
 - 2) Pleasure
- 2) must never conflict with 1). No excessive feasts (base level not requiring them).
Schedules are important. No between meals, midnight snacks, etc. . . .

By the time I had finished going through the folder, Skinner had long since switched off his overhead light and his timer and left for the meeting. I tried to puzzle out why his scheme

for bringing harmony and order into the messy, intemperate lives of his fellowmen seemed so wrong. There is nothing ignoble or foolish about Skinner's idea that man, by facing the fact that he is not godlike, can prepare to play a godlike role in recreating himself. The trouble is with the kind of new society and new man that Skinner wants to create. It is not just that drinking would be frowned on in his Utopia, midnight snacks forbidden, and meals enlivened by readings of the guildcode. Far worse is the fact that the productive, contented people who would make up Skinner's new society would be about as exciting as so many bowls of junket. It doesn't make things any better that if one were a new man oneself, one wouldn't presumably be bothered by this.

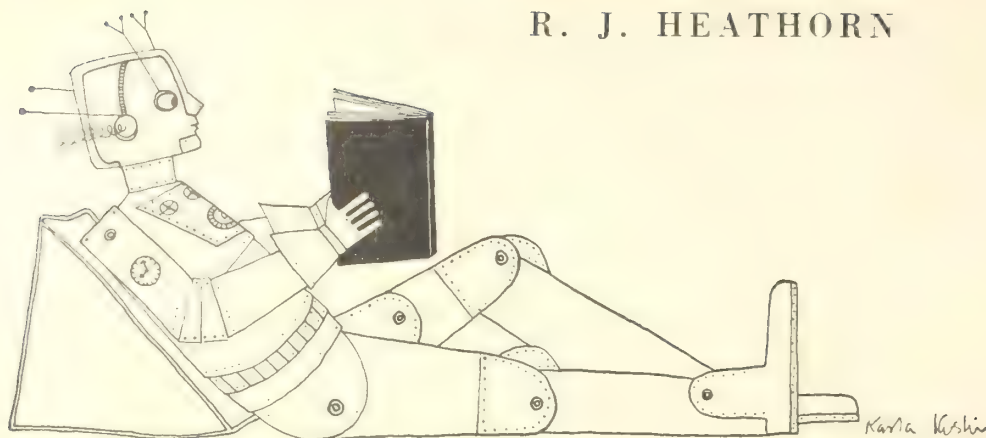
WHAT KIND OF NEW MAN?

SKINNER has often said that a bad man can design a good culture. Near the end of *Walden Two*, he has Frazier, the founder, say to Burris, the professor, "You think I'm conceited, aggressive, tactless, selfish." Frazier tacitly concedes that the characterization is right, but argues heatedly that this should not be held against the community he has built. "But God damn it, Burris! Can't you see?" he asks. "*I'm-not-a-product-of-Walden-Two!*"

It is also possible for a good man to design a bad culture, and Skinner and his fictional surrogate, Frazier, offer a case in point. For all that Frazier would be a most cantankerous and irritating companion, he is the only character in *Walden Two* one would care to spend any time with. It is likewise clear that it would be a dreary Utopia in which no one would ever grow up to be a cranky, stubborn, inventive iconoclast like Skinner.

The point has been well made by Carl Rogers, a former president of the American Psychological Association, and the originator of the technique known as client-centered therapy. In a debate with Skinner several years ago, Rogers argued that the values implicit in Skinner's determination to make men happy, well-behaved, and productive were stultifying ones. He added: "I can only feel that he was choosing these goals for others, not for himself. I would hate to see Skinner become 'well-behaved,' as that term would be defined for him by behavioral scientists. And the most awful fate I can imagine for him would be to have him constantly 'happy.' It is the fact that he is very unhappy about many things which makes me prize him."

R. J. HEATHORN



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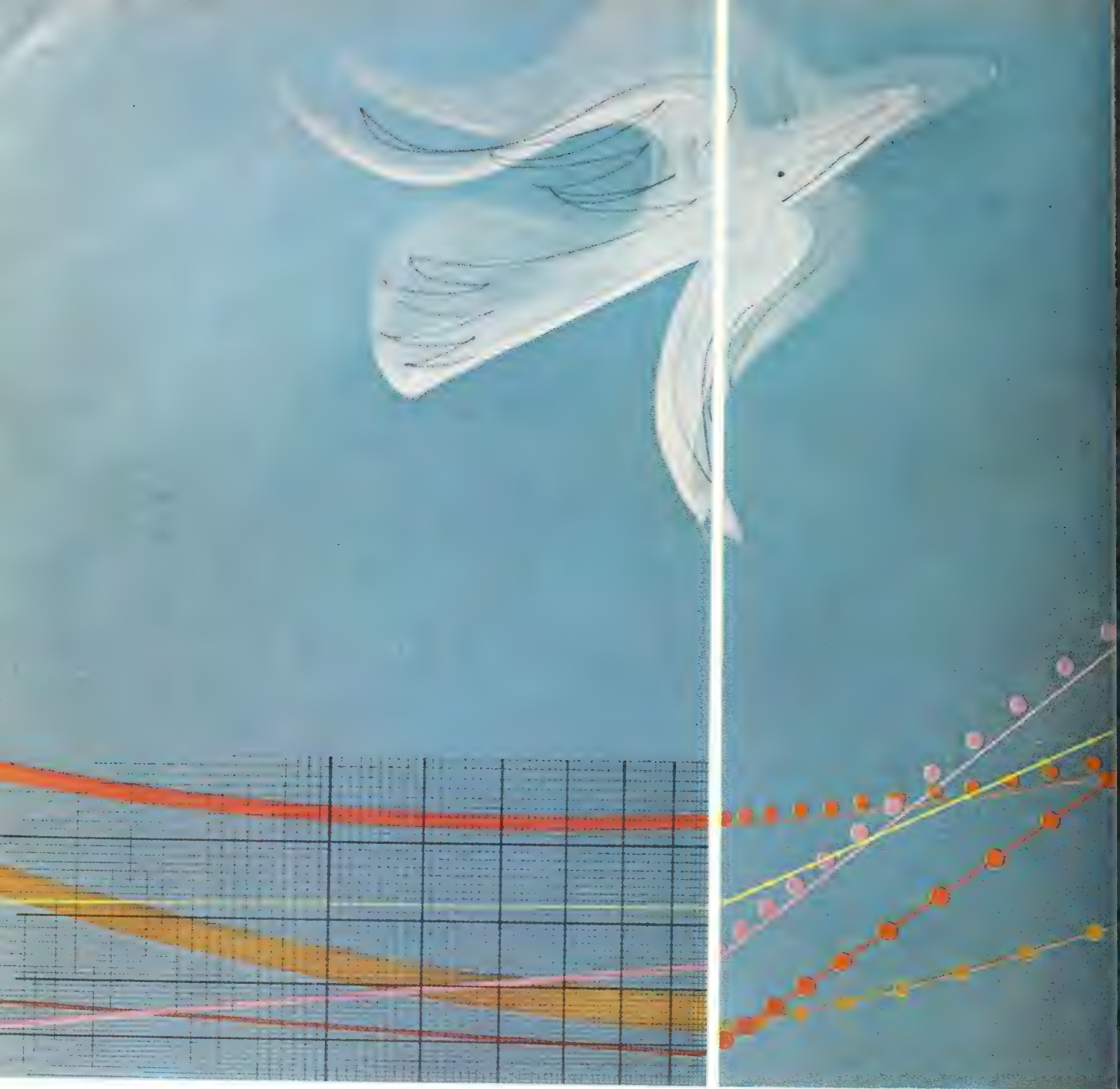
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By MAX KAMINSKY
with V. E. Hughes

THE SWING BAND ERA

One of the great jazz trumpeters tells what it was like to play—and travel, drink, and fight—with such legendary figures as Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, and Billie Holiday.

I WAS playing a one-nighter at the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh in November of 1934 when I first heard Tommy Dorsey's big band. It seemed as if the whole town had turned out to celebrate the Pittsburgh football victory that afternoon and was now jammed into the two adjoining ballrooms with Leo Reisman's band, in which I was playing, in one room, and Tommy's band in the other. When I heard Tommy's band play, the new big-band sound hit me for the first time. Although I had been hearing the big colored bands swing for years, I had never heard a white band play that way before.

The swing era was just getting under way that winter of 1934-35, launched by the Benny Goodman band's broadcasts every Saturday night on a two-hour nationwide radio show called "Let's Dance." After six years of depression and of the syrupy, soothing music of the popular bands of the day, the American people were on the upswing again, and a whole new generation of youngsters were raring to go. By the fall of 1935, Benny Goodman had been crowned the King of Swing, and soon the jitterbugs with their page-boy bobs, their fashionably grimy saddle shoes, and their peg-leg, sharpie zoot suits were pouring out of their homes in every town, city, and hamlet in the nation and streaming into the

dance halls to dance to the exciting new sound of swing. The big band and dance craze began building up such momentum that when Benny Goodman appeared at the Paramount Theatre in January 1937 the kids spontaneously erupted out of their seats to dance in the aisles.

A few weeks after I heard Tommy Dorsey's band in Pittsburgh, the band came to Boston for an engagement at the Normandy Ballroom. I joined the band that January 1935, and stayed with Tommy for one unforgettable year.

Working with Tommy Dorsey was like cooking on a hot stove that might explode at any moment—and always did. In the first place, Tommy was very hard to work for because he played very difficult trombone solos. The concentration and control needed to play in that high register was a terrific strain on him, and sometimes Tommy couldn't rise to it and he'd get mad. And in the second place, Tommy was always getting mad, though he got over it quickly, with no trace of animosity. Both Tommy and his brother Jimmy were natural-born scrappers. When they had their own Dorsey Brothers orchestra they fought around the clock. Tommy would kick off the beat. Jimmy would growl, "For Chris'sakes, always the same corny tempo!" Tommy would snarl, "Oh, yeah? And you always play those same corny notes!" Jimmy would leap up, snatch Tommy's trombone, and bend it in two. Tommy would seize Jimmy's sax and smash it on the floor, and the fight was on. Jimmy now had his own band on Bing Crosby's radio show and Tommy was trying to make it alone.

Tommy's most regular scapegoat in this band

was the hapless guitar player, who bore the brunt of Tommy's frustration whenever Tommy made a mistake on his solo. I often thought the real reason Tommy used to get so furious at this particular guy was that when the bus pulled into a town early enough in the day, this fellow used to run right out and get a day job—washing dishes or working at a garage or delivering groceries. The rest of us were so tired we could hardly drag ourselves around, but this guy made us all feel as if we were pampering ourselves. He didn't last too long.

But as much of a terror as he was on the stand, of all the bandleaders there was no one who was such a great sport off the stand. Tommy did everything big. He was a great man not only for parties but for reaching for the check. After giving us all hell all night he'd take the whole band out for food and drinks, and even when he was struggling and hard up for dough he'd blow hundreds of dollars a week buying meals for the whole band. When we'd play five shows a day at the big theatres, there were always at least a dozen or so devoted youngsters who would stay in their seats from the opening morning show until the last show at midnight. By the afternoon Tommy would send the band boy out for trays of chicken sandwiches and malted milks to be distributed among them.

MISERY ON WHEELS

THAT first year he had such hard going that he was on the verge of giving up the band at least once a week. We did one-nighters from Canada to Texas, traveling around in a dilapidated, antiquated school bus with back-breaking wooden seats and no heater, and on cold nights while rattling over the hills of Pennsylvania and Vermont and New Hampshire we'd make a fire on the floor of the bus with newspapers, racing forms, pawn tickets, old letters, laundry lists, and practically anything not nailed down. There were many, many times when the bus couldn't make those hills, so we would all climb out, slipping and sliding and cursing the cold, the hills, the bus, and the music business, and we'd push that damned bus up the hill. When the driver would start nodding from fatigue, Tommy would take over the wheel himself, and we'd rattle along through fog and blizzards and detours to the next one-night stand, three or four hundred miles away. One night in Pennsylvania we were so cold Tommy stopped the bus at a general store in a little coal-mining town in the Alleghenies, where we bought woolen

socks, caps with ear muffs, mufflers, and big heavy coat-sweaters, buttoning the sweaters over our overcoats, and pulling the socks over our shoes.

You'd get through playing a college prom or a dance hall at 1:00 A.M., grab something to eat before climbing into the bus and riding all night in that frigid torture chamber until anywhere from eight to eleven the next morning, stumble out of the bus into some ratty little hotel, fall like a corpse onto a bed until it was time to get up and rehearse, and then you'd eat, shave, bathe, put on your band uniform, and play again until 1:00 A.M., and then repeat the whole routine day after day, week after week, month after month. When we arrived at a town in the early hours of the morning, we'd have to sit around in the lobby of a hotel until eight o'clock before checking in, so we wouldn't have to pay for an extra day.

After a week or so, the continuous strain of not being able to stretch out on a bed and grab a solid block of uninterrupted sleep becomes a torture to your body. And you begin to ask yourself why in the name of sanity you are doing this, but some wild faith keeps you going with the idea that it will all turn out as the bandleader promised you, that if he ever makes it he'll "never forget you guys who are the ones who really made it for me," and he'll see that each one of you gets a nice big fat slice of the bacon when we reach the top. And the bandleader makes it and you never even get the rind.

We did one-nighters at colleges and dance halls in New England and the Middle West from January to late spring, when we went into the Lincoln Hotel in New York. We also played the jazz concert put on by Joe Helbock and Charlie Ross at the Imperial Theatre in New York. This concert was a big step toward the jazz concerts that have since become so popular. There were only a few small jazz groups around then, such as Stuff Smith's band and Wingy Manone's band, and they were on the bill, but the concert was composed mainly of the big swing bands, such as Bob Crosby's and Artie Shaw's and Tommy Dorsey's, in which so many of the jazzmen were then working. It wasn't like the later jazz concerts where the individual jazzmen themselves were featured.

Max Kaminsky grew up in Boston. His career began in the hot jazz era of the 'twenties and has continued into the present with his concert tours of Europe and the Far East. "The Swing Band Era" is drawn from his forthcoming book, "My Life in Jazz," written with V. E. Hughes.

After more one-nighters in the Southeast we went to Texas for a month. While we were playing in San Antonio we had another job, too, in Dallas. Fred Waring had been doing a weekly broadcast at the Texas Centennial and when he went on vacation in July we substituted for him, doing extra rehearsals all week long for his radio show and then in the early morning riding three hundred miles in the blistering Texas heat in an un-air-conditioned train to Dallas, playing the show, and riding those miles back to San Antonio. At the end of July Tommy paid us \$80 apiece for the month's work. Dave Tough, who had to take cabs to get his drums to and from the rehearsal each day, and to and from the train, said it wasn't that he *mind*ed the salary, it was just that he couldn't afford it—it cost him more than that for cab fare. Tommy made some money out of the radio show, but he needed it and so he kept it.

But we were young and rugged in those days, and the extra work spurred us on to extra play so that we could relax. While we were in Dallas Bud Freeman, Dave Tough, and I checked into the Country Club instead of staying at a hotel so that we could play eighteen holes of golf at dawn after we finished working all night. We'd top off the golf game with some refreshing slices of ice-cold watermelon soaked in gin, and tumble groggily into bed.

By the next spring, when we played Hamilton, Ontario, and then rode back to New York right after the date to play the Roseland Ballroom the following night, that was the end of being on the road for me. I'd had a fight with Tommy a week before, and so I quit and he fired me simultaneously. Bunny Berigan replaced me. And then, just when it seemed Tommy couldn't keep the band going another day, Edythe Wright, his vocalist, introduced him to some businessmen who were putting on a radio show for Raleigh cigarettes and Tommy landed the band spot and was on his way to fame and fortune, and I went back to Boston.

"LADY DAY" SUITED HER

IN September Pee Wee Russell wired me about working at the Famous Door on Fifty-second Street, and I went to New York to take the job. After playing the first set the first night, I went upstairs to the washrooms. A stately young colored girl in a white evening dress sitting alone in a corner of the deserted foyer threw me a half-timid, half-scornful look when I appeared in the doorway.

"What are you doing here all alone?" I asked her, surprised.

When she told me her name was Billie Holiday and that she was working there too, singing with the Teddy Wilson trio, I remembered that I had seen her up in Harlem a few years before. She felt good knowing I knew about Harlem, and when I heard her sing again I knew why I had remembered her name. She really sang in those days. Her voice *was* the blues, but she could make you feel so happy, too. Her stunning sense of phrasing and tempo were still completely unself-conscious, and the unaffected sweet-sadness of her voice could make you ring with joy as well as sorrow. A large, fleshy, but beautifully-boned woman with a satin-smooth beige skin, there was always an air of hauteur about her, in the arch of her brow, the poise of her head, but her haughtiness hid a shyness so vast that she spoke in practically a whisper. There was nothing wild about her then, and even in her most turbulent, tortured days later on she was always basically what she was then—uncompromising, devastatingly honest, and always, in the deepest sense, a lady. Her sobriquet, Lady Day, suited her exactly. Whatever led her to self-destruction, to the wasting away of her body by narcotics, was also there; an eroding bitterness—not simply the bitterness of her color or life, but the bitterness that often seems to go with singular talent and that drives a Eugene O'Neill or a John Barrymore, a Bix Beiderbecke or a Charlie Parker to destroy himself with drink and drugs and excess. If Bix had been a Negro they would all have seized on that as the underlying cause of his drinking himself to death.

Billie had the gift of expressing the perfect mood of a song, happy or sad, rollicking or blue. The basis of her phrasing was the beat and she didn't distort the melody, but the stress and accent and meaning she gave the words just somehow made the song larger than life-size. I've always felt that the whole new form sprang complete into her mind with the first note she sang of any song. The art of improvising lies in the sense of structure, in the ability to build a new story out of the bricks and mortar of the original song. Most so-called or would-be jazzmen can play a thousand ab-lib notes and not say a thing; not rearrange or conceive of them so that they tell a new story, with a beginning, middle, and end. Billie was a master architect.

But Billie wasn't known at all yet to the general public. Jazz was only barely beginning to catch on and jazz singers weren't in vogue. At that time, in the late 'thirties, nightclub customers

were mostly society people and celebrities of the sports and show business worlds, not the general public or the expense account society, like today. The ordinary person couldn't afford nightclubbing, and since nightclubs were about the only place you could hear jazz, the public had little chance to learn about it until the swing bands became popular.

The job at the Famous Door was followed by other jobs on Fifty-second Street, at the Onyx Club and the Little Club, playing in small jazz combos with Jack Jenney and Pee Wee Russell. The spring of 1937 I was out of work again, but luckily Tommy Dorsey, who was in town playing at the Hotel New Yorker, needed a trumpet player to substitute for Lee Castle and he asked me to join the band again for this engagement. Then it turned out that Benny Goodman needed a substitute for Chris Griffin, who had a sore lip, so I went in with Benny at the Pennsylvania Hotel. Benny was riding high then with Gene Krupa, Harry James, Ziggy Elman, and all his other great sidemen. Benny liked me and was thinking of taking me on permanently, but in the meantime Artie Shaw needed a trumpet player, too.

ARTIE'S OLD CHARM

ON A Sunday afternoon, my day off, Artie's manager came to my hotel room to ask me to help them out by playing a job for Shaw up in Bridgeport that night. I told him I was too beat to make it, and when he came back again a half-hour later, I turned him down again. I was the only one they knew who could fill in on short notice, but I explained I was working for Benny and had plans for making good so I could join his band, if only I could get a little sleep. Just as I was dozing off again he was back knocking at the door, and since there didn't seem to be any way to get rid of this guy I finally got up, packed my horn, and followed him downstairs into the bus.

I had met Artie Shaw at a party one night around 1929 when I was doing some club dates in New York and Artie was in town with Irving Aronson's Commanders. It wasn't much of a party; nobody had any money and we sat around talking and playing records and drinking the corn whiskey we had bought for a dollar a gallon from Bumps and Crumps, a bootlegging establishment up in Harlem. The first drink of the stuff was terrible, but after three or four drinks it tasted fine.

As soon as Artie and I began talking about

jazz we became buddies, and whenever we were in town after that we'd go up to Harlem to hear the real thing. A couple of years later we were both hired by Leo Reisman to play a coming-out party at the Biltmore. During an intermission Artie and I talked about how dreary this kind of music was. Artie had a strong desire to play jazz and, of course, there was hardly any place to play it then. At the end of the evening we went over to Artie's apartment for more talk. When I spotted a whole collection of Louis Armstrong's early recordings in his huge library of symphonic music and jazz records I was done for, and we sat around till morning playing the records and talking. I told him that someday I'd like to have a band that was a combination of a small jazz band and a string quartet. A jazz band is very similar to a string quartet, with its fugues and counterpoint and theme development and variations and its voicing, except, of course, that in a jazz band it's mainly ad-lib. And although the instrumentation is certainly different, the voicing is very similar, only it's the trombone instead of the cello that plays the fifth of the chord, and the clarinet the third and the trumpet the melody in place of the first and second violins.

After playing the job that Sunday night at the Bridgeport Ritz Ballroom with Shaw's band, Artie had me ride back to New York with him in his car so we could talk. Or rather, he talked and I listened while Artie turned on the old charm. It took a few days, but Shaw kept after me. Somehow he made me feel so good that I became convinced that instead of being just another trumpet player in Benny's band, I'd have the chance to play more with Artie, since he was offering me the lead trumpet spot. And the fellows in his band liked me, and my ego wanted me to be in his band and be liked for playing well, so before I knew it I was in Artie's band.

Artie was looking for someone to give him the one big idea, the big break. I had a fair name then, and I had ideas and was experienced. His players became very great later on—Tony Pastor, Chuck Peterson, Les Robbins, Cliff Lee-man, etc.—but at that time they were unseasoned and inexperienced. Their worst trouble was learning to play in tune, and they didn't know much about jazz or swing, except Tony Pastor, who was a great factor in the band with his playing and his easygoing, humorous style of singing.

I played two or three nights with Shaw and was still struggling with the book and trying

to get the band to play on pitch, since it's up to the lead trumpet to carry the band and give it a tone and set the time. Then, on the fourth day, when we played at the Connecticut State Teachers College, things began to happen. We arrived in New London about nine in the morning, and as soon as I left the bus I had two or three drinks—all I ever needed to knock me out. Then I checked into the hotel and slept like a log till it was time to play for the affair. By then I was fairly familiar with the book. I have to play something new for a couple of days and mull it over, and then I can make it mine. That afternoon when I started to swing those parts, making them sing out, the whole band settled down as cosily as a kid in a feather-bed, smack into the right pitch, and suddenly it was a great new band.

That afternoon made me king with Shaw and the men, and after the job that night Shaw offered me \$65 a week. His men were getting \$45. Now I began to rack my brains to think of ways to help Artie get off the ground with his band. When I discovered Artie had the same agent as Benny Goodman, I advised him to change agents at once, since this one couldn't develop him in competition with Benny.

Then the girl singer left the band, and I recommended Billie Holiday as her replacement. When I introduced her to Artie in New York he hired her on sight. Billie, all excited, raced home to pack because we were leaving for Boston that afternoon. All the way to Boston I had to keep selling Artie on Billie; he had begun to worry about not having auditioned her. That evening in Boston Artie was late showing up at the rehearsal. I asked Billie to sing the clarinet solo part of "Yesterdays" to fill in for Artie. Billie stood up in front of the mike, listening sort of dreamily while we played the song through once, and on the second time around she came gliding in, in the nick of time, like a lazy ballplayer starting to lope around the bases but taking his own good time because he knows that ball he just hit is *never* going to stop sailing. While she was singing Artie walked in, and he just stood there. He couldn't believe she was that good.

As Boston was my home territory I knew exactly what Artie should do. I told him to see Sy Schribman about playing the Roseland State Ballroom two nights a week, and about going on the radio once a week, and above all, I said, we must rehearse all the time. He did everything, even to playing the blues on the radio broadcasts. I wanted a half-hour of blues,

but we finally compromised on fifteen minutes. It was an unheard of thing for a white band to play fifteen minutes of blues on the radio in those days. We worked out some riffs and other things as we went along, and everybody had a chance to play ad-lib solos on the blues. The band began to improve. We'd get on that bus and ride sixty or eighty miles and climb on that bandstand and start swinging like mad. We still didn't draw much of a crowd, but more and more people began talking about the band, and the broadcasts were slowly making the band known nationally. The blues sessions especially began to cause a lot of attention.

THE LITTLE BAND INSIDE

THEN came the night we played opposite Tommy Dorsey's band at the Dartmouth prom. Tommy's band was the star attraction, but by this time our band had unity and fire. We didn't have the fineness and the great pitch of Benny Goodman's band because Benny's band had more experienced men and had been together a long time, which is what makes a band. But we had a great swinging band with a wonderful feeling of everybody wanting to play and, of course, Artie could always swing better than Tommy Dorsey ever could. As beautifully as Tommy could play, he was never much of a swing man, and while Tommy's band had a lot of great soloists and a lot of polish, it didn't have that exciting, infectious feeling of guys wanting to play.

Tommy opened the prom, starting off with his theme, "Getting Sentimental Over You." Now, Shaw's theme song, "Nightmare," was a powerful one with a haunting wildness to it, and when our turn came we gave it all we had when we opened up. After we finished the theme, the Dartmouth gym was in an uproar of cheering. We actually blew Tommy off the stand. Tommy was so enraged he grabbed his horn and stalked off the stand. Tommy was never one for taking a losing game, even though this sort of musical battle of the underdog band blowing the first band down had a long tradition behind it.

There was a double-barreled thrill to playing in the big bands of the 'thirties. Though the lack of room to improvise and the pressures toward conformity were always a big drag after a while, big-band jazz, or swing, as it was called, had a fascination all its own, with its excitement and challenge and its tremendous power, and the few times I had the chance to do it I

never felt so good as when I was playing in front of a big band. Having a big live band right behind you backing you up with those big fat solid chord-sounds so that you don't have to do it all yourself is a great spur musically.

Of course, a good deal of the music of the swing band days was tasteless, raucous, and unmusical, and of course you can't get the truly great hot jazz in a big band that you can in a small band with great soloists improvising collectively. But these big swing bands were making the evolution from the kind of music before that—from the society bands and "Mickey Mouse" bands of the Wayne King and Sammy Kaye type—to a more sophisticated symphonic conception, but still different, and still in the new jazz tradition, because it swung. This was a different kind of arranged music which—thanks to Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and all the other Negro bandleaders who had figured it out years ago—enabled the big bands to swing. Formerly the big dance bands would have one section playing at a time, so that the arrangements were really a series of section solos, but with five saxes playing instead of one, and none of them swinging. But now with one section playing a different rhythm or harmony in counterpoint against another section, and with the riffing of phrases, and by using jazzmen who gave the music a hot, driving tone, the whole band swung.

In fact, I have always felt it was the little jazz group within the big swing band—such as Tommy Dorsey's Clambake Seven, Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five, and Benny Goodman's Sextet—that was the secret of the big band's success, even more than the girl singers and vocal groups and the excitement and power of the big band itself. With the little ad-lib jazz band you were showing off the best in jazz, and it gave the audience a change of pace, and above all, the excitement of spontaneous improvisation.

Everything went along fine and dandy the first few months with Shaw's band. Artie was always so nice to me: he'd come over to my house for dinner and be charming and gracious to my mother, and afterwards we'd walk in Franklin Park and I'd tell him all the tricks of the music game I'd seen and experienced. And my ego blossomed like a rose under Artie's attention and deference. I knew I was a big factor in the band's success and that the other musicians looked up to me and followed me around and did everything I said, and I ate it all up. All of us knew it was a great swinging band with terrific fire, and, with Artie leading us to be-

lieve that it was a part of our thing, too, we all worked hard to make it a success.

Billie Holiday loved that band, too. It was a happy band for her. This was the first time a colored vocalist had a full-time regular job in a white band. Chick Webb's band, with Ella Fitzgerald singing in it, was working around the corner from Roseland State Ballroom then, at Lavargi's, and Chick used to drop around occasionally to sit in with us—and what a spark he'd give us.

Chick's band was always a great pacemaker for all the swing bands. This little colored drummer was one of the first to use the new high-hat cymbal, which made it possible to hold these big bands together on the beat. The high-hat started out as a single cymbal attached to the lower right side of the bass drum. When the drummer pressed the foot pedal of the bass drum, a little metal hammer would simultaneously strike the cymbal. Then someone had the idea of moving this cymbal to the left side so the drummer could use it to strike the after-beat. The cymbal was doubled, with the upper and lower parts connected by a spring, and when the drummer pressed the pedal the two cymbals clashed together to mark the afterbeat. In its final evolution the double cymbal was put on a long metal rod and raised to a position around elbow height where the drummer could also use his drumsticks or wire brush on it, using it as a substitute for the snare drum. The brilliant hard staccato of the high-hat helped the band swing, whereas the snare drum vibrates so much that the definition of the time is sluggish and blurred.

It's because of the high-hat that Benny Goodman's band was so much better than Fletcher Henderson's old band, and after a while Benny's drummer, Gene Krupa, began to play these staccato riffs on the high-hat along with the brass section, giving sharp, exciting definition and swing to the whole band. In the 'forties Kenny Clarke went another step in developing the bop beat by using the top cymbal to keep steady time, reserving the bass drum for special accents.

ONE-MAN PERCUSSION

ONE of the most difficult instruments to play is the drum, and one of the most difficult things to do on the drums is to shade them. Big Sid Catlett, for instance, in Louis Armstrong's big band in the 'forties, was a master at shading and coloring. On the other hand, though he was such a big, powerful fellow, he

could play very lightly and delicately without sounding weak. He had such finesse, and such an infallible sense of right time and touch in such perfect swing that he gave you a tremendous lift when you played with him because the time was just so right. Most drummers have the fault of not knowing the right volume to play, and when they play loud they get very heavy and slow up the beat, and yet when they play soft they change the time along with the volume. But Sidney had the ability to keep proper time at any volume.

The really great drummer can play the top part of the beat and not rush. While the beat is just a stroke of time, it has so many vibrations to it that it can be hit at the top or middle or bottom. Most all the early jazz bands played at the bottom of the beat, where it's most heavy, and that's why Louis Armstrong used to call out, even on records, "Swing, man, *swing!*" He meant to hit it on the top.

In all music the three basics are rhythm, harmony, and melody, but in jazz the rhythm is foremost. Without the perfect time the other parts can never be right. Big Sid could feed you so you'd play on top of the beat without rushing it—that's swing. And rhythm in jazz is not only keeping the proper time; you can keep perfect time and yet not swing. You can also keep perfect time and swing without having the right shading and taste and color and accent. Gene Krupa, too, knew how to feed the musicians; he knew exactly what little different shading or color or tone or rhythmic figure to play behind each instrument. Dave Tough, and Jo Jones in Count Basie's band and Sonny Greer in Duke Ellington's orchestra all knew how each man's different style requires a different thing; they just have that instinct of knowing exactly what is needed, for when a musician is playing a solo, the more perfect a drummer plays the beat and backs him up with the right kind of sound, the easier it is for the soloist to phrase the way he would like to. There are some great drummers today who can do it, like Ed Thigpen, Morey Feld, Charlie Persip, and Sam Woodward, now with the Duke.

A jazz drummer is a whole percussion section in one person. While his right foot is striking the bass drum for the beat and his left is working the high-hat pedal for the afterbeat, his left hand is beating out accents on the snare and his right hand is riding the high hat or one of the big cymbals or tom-toms. He's syncopating like mad. Syncopation, accenting notes normally unaccented, is the basis of jazz and gi-

it its element of surprise and wit and humor; and sustained syncopation, which builds greater and greater momentum, is what gives jazz its great excitement and its feeling of go, go, go. Since the Africans had no means of making brass instruments or finely-wrought stringed instruments, they concentrated on percussion, on anything they could bang, shake, rattle, or roll, and in using syncopation along with the regular beat they developed the complex multiple rhythms that is their great musical genius and that was so new to European music. A jazz musician never feels so happy playing as when he's playing with a great drummer. That's about the greatest feeling you can get.



To get back to the Shaw band, it was this kind of feeling, the feeling of wanting to play, that gave that band its great punch. And Artie was a master psychologist when it came to getting work out of his men. One afternoon when he had the band booked for a dance in Philadelphia, he made a little speech about how far it was and how he felt it was too hard for us, too much to ask of us. Of course we insisted on doing it. Another time, after we had traveled six hundred miles from Boston to Pittsburgh in a snowstorm, only about six people showed up for the dance. Since this was before we had been on the air we weren't known yet and nobody bothered to come out on a stormy night to hear us, but Artie made a big point of thanking these people and saying how happy he was that at least somebody showed up, inspiring us at the same time, too, by making us feel we were all in this great crusade together.

Then things began to change. The band began to catch on in a big way, and I was more in favor with the guys, and I got going very strong, enjoying it all to the hilt. And that's when Artie began to change. We began to grate on each other's nerves—things get that way in a band—and I got mad at him and he got mad at me, until finally one day Artie called a meeting of the whole band and said to the guys, "I want you to know this is not Maxie's band; this is my band." I was shocked and humiliated to

find he was thinking that way about me when all I had been doing was knocking my brains out to make the band a success. Instead of my being businesslike and impersonal about it and getting Artie to agree to a contract for some percentage of the band in exchange for my ideas, I went emotional. I felt Artie had turned on me and wanted to push me out now that he had it made, and in my hurt I blindly tried to stop him by doing exactly the wrong thing.

Twice I didn't show up for work on time, though I eventually did make it in time to play the second set. And, of course, the worse I acted, the more Shaw really started to change, too. He probably thought, "This guy is going to dump me when I need him and he's showing me that he's really not reliable," but I felt he was thinking, "I have all this now, and I did it before without him, and I don't need him."

When the band left Boston I stayed behind, too hurt at Artie's attitude to have the heart to keep on with it. The radio broadcasts had done their work in building Artie's fame, and when the band opened in St. Louis they were a sensation. I felt very bad about leaving the band, but I was conceited enough to think they couldn't get along without me. I was doomed to disappointment on that score, too. Once you have a band molded, a replacement is always easy. Later on, all the big bands changed personnel as fast as the military change generals during a campaign. Each band must have used hundreds of sidemen, while all of them started out with fifteen dedicated guys who believed they were helping a bandleader make good and thinking they too would make some money out of it, but all they ever got was their \$45 or \$65 a week, and scale rates for doing a record date. No royalties from records ever trickled down to the rest of the band. Being a musician in these bands wasn't an easy life, and it does drag me to think of the bandleaders who have made and thrown away millions and never thought of the men who went on the road and slaved to make them rich and then had nothing to show for it but broken lives and broken homes.

SWEET AND WILD

THE band went on the road, and it was a great success and then Artie walked out on the band himself a year later. My strongest regret was that I didn't get the chance to see Billie Holiday do her stuff, but the reports I heard made me feel good that she was making such a great hit. Physically the grind of one-nighters

wore her down, though, and a few months later when the Shaw band was back in Boston for an engagement Billie was sick from the rough time she had on the road. I brought her over to the house to meet my mother, who took one look at her and exclaimed, "Why, you look just like my Betty! Come, sit down. Rest," and in two minutes they were so deep in conversation that when I eventually drifted off into another room no one even noticed. My mother sent Billie to a doctor who had her back on her feet in a few days.

Billie had a dual nature—the good, sweet side, and the wild side. I knew about the wild part of her life, but we never spoke about it. It was her business and she kept it that way. While Billie was in Boston she boarded in a house in an old aristocratic section that had gradually fallen into neglect and disrepair, and was slowly being taken over by the poor. Her room was immense, with beautiful hardwood floors and mellow old oak paneling. While she was recuperating I stopped by to see her. I brought along an Orthophone phonograph, one of the finest record players made in those days—a relic of my Lismore Hotel days with Eddie Condon. He had been made a present of it by one of his friends and somehow I had ended up with it. It seemed only fair to pass it along to Billie.

"Groovy gravy!" Billie said happily when I explained about the phonograph. "Set it right down here," she pushed aside a lamp on the rickety little table, "and you set down there," she gestured with her elbow at a chair, "and we'll dig some Prez." Billie had given Lester Young the title of "President" because when he played he was top man, and he was the one who had named her "Lady Day."

The phonograph sounded marvelous in that big room, and I was more than rewarded by hearing Billie sing along with her records. Curled up in a lopsided old armchair with her feet tucked up under her bright blue woolly robe, her beautifully shaped head weary against the cushion, she listened to her own voice with closed eyes, but when Lester's horn took off on its own, Billie would take off with him. As great as Billie sang a regular song, to hear her sing along with Lester while he was playing a chorus was something to make your toes curl. No words, she just scatted along with his tenor sax as though she were another horn. I listened, knowing all I was hearing, and it was quite a while before I realized that my mind was echoing its own accompaniment, right in time with the beat, "God bless you, girl, God bless you."



The Man with Only One Suit

A Story by JOHN ASHMEAD

I REMEMBER the day I met Dr. Salzburger. That morning I had to interview a lady lion tamer. She rode a motorcycle in a deep circular pit made of wood. On her shoulder sat a lion as she rode round and round.

At least that is the way I remember her act now, over sixteen years later, though it all seems very improbable. Surely you cannot make a lion sit peacefully on your shoulders while you ride around. And the lion would weigh too much.

I was only twenty-one then, a cub reporter. I enjoyed my work, but perhaps I was not a very good reporter. Often I got so excited and interested in what I was reporting that I forgot to write anything down. My City Editor said he frequently failed to find words for me. Once I covered a veterans' convention and I began to ask myself why everyone stood patiently along the streets watching the veterans march by, with their overseas caps and their electric canes. The veterans liked to touch the legs and bottoms of pretty girls with their electric canes. They never tried to shock older women.

"Older women are unshockable," a veteran shouted at me when I asked him. And he made a pretty young stenographer zoom two feet in the air. I watched the young stenographer walk down the street, tugging her slender girdle down. She seemed indignant and proud at the same

time. Perhaps it was because she was still shockable.

And then I began to watch the parade again and I began to think about what is the best way to arrange the three banks of oars on a trireme. It is a very profound question. Suddenly I had the illusion that I, Morris Babcock, would solve this question that had baffled scholars for so long. As I was about to read my paper before a World Congress of Trireme Scholars, a very angry man tapped me on the shoulder and said:

"Look, don't you see the flag?"

"Yes," I said.

"Are you a citizen of a foreign country?" he asked. He was scowling at me.

I had no answer. It was a very profound question, but the man was being sarcastic. He thought it was only a simple question.

I stared at him, thinking he might be a genius, to ask a question like that. "Are you a citizen of a foreign country?" One could take a week to answer. It all depends on what you mean by "foreign."

I was going to tell him to calm down because I wasn't wearing a hat. And usually that answer would have been true. I don't like hats and I never wear one, unless it rains. Suddenly I remembered that morning I had put on a hat, thinking it might rain. But it was a fine day, and I had forgotten all about the hat.

Now I remembered that when the flag goes by you must take off your hat. I wanted to explain to the scowling man about thinking it was go-

ing to rain, and about forgetting I had a hat on, but it was useless. He was angry, and perhaps, in his opinion, I was a spy. Spies probably keep their hats on, no matter what flag goes by.

"Like this," he said, and he held his hat over his heart. Then I remembered it was not enough to take your hat off when the flag went by. You had to hold it over your heart too.

For some reason I did not want to hold my hat over my heart. It was just a shabby old brown hat anyway. Even holding it over my heart would not make it look any better. I pretended I wanted some coffee and went into a restaurant. There I had to take my hat off, of course. In a restaurant you take your hat off but you do not have to hold it over your heart. While I was drinking coffee with my hat in my lap, I missed the parade, and the City Editor was very cross at me.

I still think about banks of oars, sometimes, especially when a flag goes by.

THE City Editor was not cross at me about the lady lion tamer. I thought at first it was because I had turned in a good interview. But really it was because of what some people would call a shameful incident. A photographer had gone with me to photograph the lions and their lady lion tamer. We were looking at the lions in their cages. The photographer asked how you could tell a boy baby lion from a female baby lion. "Is it so difficult to tell men from women?" the lady lion tamer asked. She meant it sarcastically but it was really a profound question. I was thinking about her question, when all of a sudden the lady lion tamer yelled:

"Look out!"

When the lady lion tamer yelled "Look out!" I had been staring at the wooden pit in which the lady lion tamer rode her motorcycle. I was wondering how long it took to set it up, and why the lions didn't climb up the sides and escape. That is what I would have done if I had been a lion. Riding around in a circle always makes me sick.

I turned round, facing the lion cages. A lioness urinated toward me. It was a heavy musky smell, but not as unpleasant as you might expect. In fact most of it landed on my suit, which is part of myself, but not really myself. Since my father had picked the suit out, it wasn't even my style. You couldn't have told anything about me if you only had my suit to go by. Actually urine is a mild antiseptic, I believe, even lioness urine. It was a shameful incident only if you didn't know about urine, as I did. The pho-

tographer who was with me thought it was very funny. I laughed too, but not as much as I usually do when something is very funny.

Of course I did not put the part about the lioness urine in my interview.

My newspaper called itself "The Friend of the Family." The City Editor had posted a list near his desk, of "Do's and Don't's for the Friend of the Family." It was a long list, but there was nothing in it objecting to lioness urine. It was unnecessary, as the City Editor said to me, to spell out "every goddamned syllable."

Now the City Editor called me over and said he wanted to congratulate me. I, Morris Babcock, was the first goddamned reporter on our friendly newspaper, or the first goddamned reporter on our chain of friendly newspapers, who had been urinated on by a lion in the course of his duties. The City Editor had given me several lectures on accuracy. He made his lectures easy for me to remember because he always pounded on his desk when he came to the word "accuracy." Now I said, "Lioness." That made him laugh even more.

So that is why I remember the day I met Dr. Salzburger, because it was a great relief to go out of the office that afternoon to interview him.

My suit had a musky odor, and the reporters kept coming around and sniffing. Then they roared like so many lions. I couldn't do anything about the odor because I had only one suit. The suit was like those of the other reporters, and it had broad padded shoulders, much broader than my own shoulders.

After that experience I wanted to earn enough money to have two suits. Then I could wear one while the other was being cleaned. But salaries were low on our friendly family newspaper. The other reporters told me we did not join the reporters' union so we could be independent. If you joined a union you lost your independence and had two suits. Or so I was beginning to reason, in a somewhat tentative way.

And if it had not been for the lioness I might not have been allowed to keep on interviewing Dr. Salzburger. The City Editor meant to fire me that week, but after the lioness incident he

John Ashmead's first novel (1961) was "The Mountain and the Feather." He was a Naval officer in World War II and later earned a Ph.D. at Harvard. Fulbright lectureships have taken him to Japan and Taiwan, and he has also taught at Athens College in Greece. The Ashmeads have five children and live at Haverford, where he is associate professor of English.

kept me around so he could tell the story to all his friends. It would not be so funny if I had just been fired.

And then too I was a Phi Beta Kappa, and the editor liked to say that I was probably the only goddamned Phi Beta Kappa in America who had been urinated on by a lioness in the course of his duties. Of course a Phi Beta Kappa has no duties. A Phi Beta Kappa does not even have a secret handshake. And a Phi Beta Kappa key is not solid gold. It just looks like solid gold. I found that out when I pawned mine. It was a great shock, not that I minded the money so much.

Dr. Salzburger was a famous psychiatrist, but not a Phi Beta Kappa because he came from Germany. He had come to work in our city at the Rest Home, a place for wealthy patients. Actually it was not a "Rest Home" but what my City Editor called "a goddamned bughouse."

I was very interested in psychoanalysis and psychiatry myself. A man with only one suit can not afford to go to a psychiatrist, so at the age of twelve I tried to psychoanalyze myself. My father calls himself a practical electrical engineer and somehow I did not tell him when I went up to our attic, pulled down the shades, lay back on the attic sofa and consulted myself. After a month I gave up, partly because the attic sofa had one leg missing and I was sick of looking for it everywhere. But I had a very high opinion of psychoanalysis all the same.

I was eager to interview Dr. Salzburger. He did not know that our newspaper usually sent me out on fairly uninteresting stories. Often they wanted only the first paragraph of what I wrote. "That's why you must put everything in the first goddamned paragraph," shouted my editor.

In fact one of my main jobs was to clip out stories from our rival newspaper, a morning paper. I went through these morning stories carefully, changing the active to the passive voice and vice versa. That evening on the rival paper a cub reporter like myself changed our passive voices back to active and vice versa. That way there was no danger of plagiarism, and we could print each other's stories. It was the passive voice that made our jobs possible, if you stopped to think about it.

I felt it would be too difficult to explain to Dr. Salzburger about being a cub reporter and about the passive voice. His English was not very good. And then, perhaps because he thought I was Jewish, he took a liking to me, and I did not want to hurt his feelings.



I AM not really Jewish, of course, though some of my best friends are Gentiles, but I first learned I looked Jewish when my father took me to a Jewish tailor after my first communion. My father wanted to buy me a new suit of clothes. Whenever my father was excited he liked to buy a suit of clothes, usually on credit. Perhaps my first communion made my father think of when he himself was a boy, and that made him excited. Later on my father would be less excited, and the tailor would realize that he would not be paid. Then sometimes my father had to give back the suit of clothes. That was during the Depression.

So there was a double excitement, buying the new suit, and wondering how long I would be allowed to keep it. I can remember each suit I have had, no matter how short the actual time I wore it, because with each new suit my personality seemed to change a little. At my first communion it was a gray suit with a pinstripe, very businesslike, in fact, too old for a boy of fourteen. But it made me feel, wrongly, I see now, that I might become a businessman. Perhaps, without realizing it himself, my father bought me a businessman's suit so I would not have any silly ideas about entering electrical engineering (which was then in a state of collapse) or the church.

But at my first communion I had not actually thought about religion at all, though I had every intention of thinking about it. I was thinking of stories my communion teacher, a nephew of the bishop who was to confirm me, had told his communion class; perhaps that was why he was bored with the catechism, because he had it around his uncle's house all the time. When we were supposed to be reading the catechism he told us the story of Dido and Aeneas and how they made love in a cave while there was a thunderstorm outside. His story made me eager to read Vergil, but I soon learned it had been much more interesting in the bishop's nephew's version.

So when the bishop put his hand on my head, in spite of myself, I did not think of the communion service in which I was really very much interested.

After the communion service my father took me to breakfast at a hotel. We ate griddlecakes and sausages, and the sirup came in a small silver jug, instead of a glass bottle with the price stamped on it, the way we always served it at home. So there were many things to remember that day besides the remark of the tailor. Of course, later on, it was mainly the tailor's remark I remembered, and I almost forgot it had been the day of my first communion.

The tailor had known my father a long time. My father did not like to pay bills in cash, or even later on the first of the month. He felt that if you used your credit only when you were hard up, people would get suspicious and not give you money or credit when you really needed help. He always stretched his credit to the breaking point, as he said, to prepare for a rainy day.

The tailor had learned that my father would lend money to anyone with a hard-luck story. Instead of asking for his bill, which was hopeless, the tailor borrowed money from my father for one imaginary disaster after another. The result was that their accounts were so involved that neither one knew who owed what, except that each secretly believed the other owed more.

Just recently the tailor had come to my father's house and borrowed \$10 from him, to fix his car which he said had stopped down the street. My mother was very cross. "You are a soft touch," she said. "Of course his car stopped—when he got out of it." My mother gave the church a fixed amount each week, and she hated what she called a soft touch.

Now when we were buying the communion suit, perhaps the tailor thought of the money my father owed him, and he said, on learning it

was my first communion, "You call him a Christian boy?" The remark had a double meaning, since the tailor was thinking that with the new suit he would once again be behind in the account by his reckoning, but my father thought it referred only to my profile which was very long-nosed. I looked in the tailor's mirrors which were arranged to show the customers their suits from every position. These mirrors also showed one's profile from every position too and you could get a good idea of how long your nose was, if that was one of your problems.

Now I looked at my profile as though it belonged to someone else.

"You call him a Christian boy?" my father repeated, echoing the tailor's pronunciation. And he liked to repeat the remark later on to company, especially at family parties, in a very broad Yiddish accent, much broader than the tailor's accent had been.

In one sense I was lucky to have been born a Christian with a Jewish nose. Lots of Christians are sympathetic to Jews, but not in the same way that a Christian with a Jewish nose is sympathetic to Jews. After I went to college I learned that there was no such thing as a Jewish nose, let alone a Jewish race. The college sociologists had solved that question. Their answer wasn't much use outside the college classroom, but as the sociology text put it, sociology was still an infant science.

MY father would have known immediately that Dr. Salzburger was a Jew. Dr. Salzburger had the profile of a Christian movie actor, and could easily have fooled my sociology teacher, but not my father. My father would have liked Dr. Salzburger, and he might even, after a long time, have invited him to the house for dinner. And my father would have asked Dr. Salzburger immediately how he had managed to escape from Germany. He would have known at once that Dr. Salzburger was a German Jewish refugee. I never thought of anything interesting like that at all. It was because my college sociology had made me too scientific. It is what I call the Phi Beta Kappa curse.

Instead I asked Dr. Salzburger if he had any hobbies. I often did interviews of people for our newspaper. It was the job of the cub reporter. It was supposed to be the worst job, that was why the cub reporter got it.

But I really liked to talk to the old men who had just reached their eightieth birthday and could still go by themselves to the bathroom. They were very proud of that. Their friends who

were still alive had to be helped, they told me. When I came back and told the City Editor this, he said we couldn't use that sort of thing in a family newspaper, and why didn't I ask about their "goddamned hobbies." Then I would go back to the old men. I became something of an expert in old men's hobbies, and after a while I got the impression that all over the city the old men were patiently building cathedrals out of toothpicks.

Dr. Salzburger said he was glad I asked him about his hobbies, because in addition to being a psychiatrist he was also a mathematical wizard. He could do all sorts of sums in his head, and once he had even been Einstein's assistant. In fact, he had a problem which only he and Einstein could solve. He would be glad to give this problem to our paper, if we were interested.

Dr. Salzburger told me he was a man with his finger in a million pies. Although his English was not very good I liked it because you always had to think about what he said. When Dr. Salzburger said he didn't believe in keeping all his egg in one basket, you would miss his next sentence because you wanted to think about that one.

He played some of his phonograph records for me, special phonograph records made at U. S. Navy expense. He was working on a project for our Navy. Young Navy fliers told him all their childhood dreams. He kept a phonograph record of these stories. Later on, he would see what sort of dreams the most successful fliers had. He thought the most successful fliers always dreamed about flying when they were very young. And the least successful fliers dreamed about something else. (I suppose the war which was about to start ruined this experiment of Dr. Salzburger. Because a lot of the most successful fliers died in the carrier battles. And the least successful fliers were given ground duty, and usually they lived through the war. So from one point of view it was better not to dream about flying when you were a child.)

Dr. Salzburger described only one of his private patients at the Rest Home as a failure. I was curious to see a patient who could hold out against Dr. Salzburger. "He thinks he is a Flying Teacup," said Dr. Salzburger crossly. Obviously this was a sore point.

When I went back to the newspaper late that afternoon, I told the City Editor about Dr. Salzburger. The City Editor sniffed at my only suit, which I had to wear, in spite of the musky odor of lioness. Then he roared like a lion.

Perhaps that was why he agreed to let me do a

series of articles on Dr. Salzburger. So really if it had not been for the lady lion tamer and my one suit I might never have gotten to know Dr. Salzburger as well as I did. It is not always a misfortune to have only one suit.

I DID not really expect my City Editor to print a series of articles on Dr. Salzburger. In news value he was no match for a lady lion tamer, or the old men I talked with who went to the bathroom by themselves and made cathedrals out of toothpicks. But I wanted an excuse to see more of Dr. Salzburger, and I was too shy to think I could make friends with a man like him on my own account.

When I first began to interview him, Dr. Salzburger looked at me very seriously and said, "I am a Jew too." Even though Dr. Salzburger was a scientist, he thought people with Jewish noses were Jews. Sooner or later he would find out that I was not a Jew. I was a Christian who spelled god with a small g.

Now he told me he was a German Jewish refugee. He had just escaped from Germany in time to save his life. But his wife, who was not Jewish, had stayed in Germany. Dr. Salzburger explained that his wife could not bear to leave her relatives. He and his wife both agreed it would be safer for her if she divorced him. And it was out of the question for Dr. Salzburger and his wife to write to each other. He was very upset as he told me this. "She is stronger than I am," he said; "she has an almost inhuman strength. I might have stayed in Germany even so. But she divorced me."

When Dr. Salzburger talked of Hitler he became very excited. He walked up and down, waving one hand in the air. He kept the other hand tucked in his waistcoat, like Napoleon. I got excited too and I began to think of Hitler as a real person.

Dr. Salzburger was not excited because he wanted to kill Hitler or anything like that. He was too much of a scientist. He wanted to psychoanalyze Hitler.

"I would go back to Germany," he said, "if only they would let me analyze Hitler back to the time when he was five years old. Then let them send me to the gas chamber."

The crucial age, he explained, waving his free hand in the air, was age five. "After age five," he said, "what was once a little man turns into a child again." What he meant was that at age five the little man matures and sees clearly that he must kill his father and sleep with his mother. Like Oedipus.

I had read *Oedipus Rex* at college, and it was interesting to think of Oedipus as really five years old. Perhaps the play *Oedipus Rex* would take on new life if it were staged as a Kindergarten Pageant.

"After age five," said Dr. Salzburger, "you burn all your rivers behind you." Then, it seemed, the little Oedipus in each and every one of us went back to his building blocks and crayons and repressions. "Put on childish things," he said. "That is the way to freedom."

Perhaps Dr. Salzburger had trouble with his patient, the Flying Teacup, because the Flying Teacup's phantasies were from his adult and not from his childish period.

"Confess," said Dr. Salzburger to him crossly. "Take a weight off your chest. Put on childish things."

But the Flying Teacup had no desire to go back to age five and put on childish things. He was much more interested in what had just happened to him recently, when he made his first space trip. He and Dr. Salzburger used to get very excited about the Flying Teacup's refusal to go back to age five. Dr. Salzburger thought space trips were childish, but not childish enough.

I could not blame Dr. Salzburger for getting impatient with the man he called the Flying Teacup. It was not easy to understand about Crax, since that was the name for the country the Flying Teacup had visited, and it was also the name the Craxmen used for earth, and even

earthmen could also be called Craxmen. The Flying Teacup was a good mimic, and as he told about Crax, he imitated each person he had met in Crax. Their language was very ambiguous, to say the least. For hours the Craxmen sat and looked at each other, without the need for conversation. Then they talked for a little while to each other, but without any real hope of being understood.

I could have gone on for some time, talking to Dr. Salzburger and to the Flying Teacup. But my City Editor got impatient. He wanted a story about that "goddamned loony doctor." And, as the City Editor explained to me, he wanted the story before he or Dr. Salzburger died.

I explained that we could not print the story about Dr. Salzburger's wife because it might endanger her life. And we could not print the story about the Flying Teacup because of Professional Ethics.

The City Editor was very cross. "Well, what about his goddamned hobbies?" he shouted at me. And he sent me out with a photographer who was having trouble with his wife. I was to get the story about the problem that only Einstein and Dr. Salzburger could solve.

We left the office at eight o'clock in the morning. The photographer just missed colliding with several other cars, and finally he just missed colliding with the City Bank. From time to time he referred to the newspaper car as his "chariot." He called himself Ben Hur. Or sometimes he was "Ben Hur's only friend."

The photographer apologized for taking an unusually bad turn around the Colosseum (actually it was the railroad station) and said it was because of his domestic troubles. If he only had some beer he would stop thinking about his wife and his domestic troubles. But I had to join the photographer in a glass of beer or he would not drink any.

"I never drink alone," he said. That way, he warned me, you could easily become an alcoholic. The City Editor, he explained, was an alcoholic. "I am a drunk," he said proudly. "Not a crummy alcoholic."

Just as the photographer said, the beer made the photographer forget his wife, and he felt much better. But I felt much worse. We arrived at Dr. Salzburger's office at about 9:00 A.M., and the photographer took his pictures. Then Dr. Salzburger gave us the problem that only Einstein and he could do.

I did not trust myself after all that beer, and I read the problem back to Dr. Salzburger. He said I had it right, but of course his English was



still not very good. Then he gave us some more problems to show how fast he could solve them. By now Dr. Salzburger was very excited, thinking about how he might have been a mathematician like Einstein instead of a psychiatrist, and he made mistakes in some of these problems. He even got so excited he offered a reward of \$100 to anyone who solved the problem that only he and Einstein could do.

WE printed the whole story, with all the problems, and the offer of a \$100 reward. Our noon edition had not been out on the streets more than fifteen minutes before a little girl called up. She said she had solved the problem that only Einstein and Dr. Salzburger could do. Her name, she said, was Susan Glotz, and her closest friends called her Susy. She needed \$100 immediately for jelly beans.

Then other people called up who had solved the problem. They promised to pick up their \$100 in person from the City Editor. And then telegrams came in, sacks of them, all solving the problem. Later in the afternoon there was the Special Delivery mail. And the next day ordinary letters, sack piled up on sack. My guess was that Dr. Salzburger owed one million dollars in prize money.

After the first sack of telegrams my City Editor called me over. "Have you made a goddamned mistake?" he shouted at me.

"You try to solve it," I said in a dignified way. But the City Editor couldn't solve it, perhaps because he was so excited. I couldn't solve it either, but I can't solve any mathematical problems at all. I did not like to hear a pencil break and look up and see the City Editor glowering at me. It was a very unpleasant sensation. I went out and helped an old man put some toothpicks in a cathedral.

Dr. Salzburger did not read the newspapers until evening. Then he saw at once what the trouble was. I had left out a comma in a crucial place, and of course, when I read the problem back to Dr. Salzburger, I did not say "comma" every time I came to a comma. To do that makes even Shakespeare sound silly—"To be comma or not to be comma that is the question period." Even a nonmathematical wizard like myself could see that without the comma Dr. Salzburger owed over a million dollars. With the comma he owed nothing.

The second day the City Editor was even more excited, especially after he had to go in and have a talk with the Managing Editor.

The Managing Editor came out to the city

room and glared at me. He broke his pencil in two and flung it in the wastebasket. Then the Managing Editor went back into his office. It was the first time I had ever seen the Managing Editor.

"Do you realize you can get us all put in a goddamned jail?" the City Editor screamed at me.

I was going to tell the City Editor not to worry, Dr. Salzburger would not sue us, we Jews always stuck together. Then I suddenly remembered that I was not a Jew after all.

The City Editor forbade me to have anything more to do with Dr. Salzburger. He sent the newspaper's lawyer out to see him and the lawyer said that if Dr. Salzburger forgot about leaving out the comma, the newspapers would forget about reminding its readers that Dr. Salzburger had made mistakes in the other problems. We would just publish the correct version with an apology. Dr. Salzburger said it would be all right, he had been a young man himself and he did not want to get me in any trouble. And then, he said, he knew how hard it was sometimes for a Jew to get a job. That was when Dr. Salzburger learned that I was not a Jew after all. But we stuck together anyway. "It does not matter," said Dr. Salzburger. "We are human beings."

When we published Dr. Salzburger's problem in the correct form nobody solved it. The reason only Einstein and Dr. Salzburger could solve it was very simple. The question was put in terms of ordinary numbers, but the answer had to be in logarithms. Only Einstein and Dr. Salzburger knew about that. We got even more telegrams about the answer, than about the problem itself.

I was worried that the fuss about the problems, both the right version and the wrong one, might affect business at the Rest Home. But actually Dr. Salzburger spotted all sorts of in-telegrams about the answer than about the grams that were sent to him, especially when our readers found out about the logarithms.

The City Editor wanted to fire me right then and there, but he still had some friends who had not heard about the lioness yet. Just as he ran out of friends, the war came and I enlisted. The City Editor himself put a blue star in the flag the newspaper had tacked to the wall for its war veterans. If anything happened to me, they would change the blue star to a gold star.

I thought it would be all right, now I had left the newspaper, to go out to the Rest Home and say good-by to Dr. Salzburger.

Dr. Salzburger shook hands with me, and looked at me very carefully. Then he said, "You are not really Kosher, are you?" He meant Jewish, but sometimes he mixed up the words Jewish and Kosher. And of course in a sense I was not really Kosher so it was an interesting question. A profound question really.

AFTER the war I stayed in the Army for several years. When I resigned I bought a gray flannel suit that had no padding in the shoulders at all. That was the fashion then, about the time the newspapers were full of stories about Flying Saucers from Other Planets. The stories made me think of Dr. Salzburger and his patient he had called the Flying Teacup.

I went to the Rest Home and asked to see Dr. Salzburger. The trustees had allowed him to retire in one of the "goddamned cells," as my editor had called them. Now an attendant touched his forefinger to his head, and said mysteriously, "Napoleon." The attendant stuck one hand inside his white jacket, and waved the other hand in the air, in Dr. Salzburger's old, familiar gesture.

"But don't talk of his wife," warned the attendant.

"They met again in Germany at the end of the war?" I asked.

"To figure out the best pension plan, you have to take your wife into consideration," said the attendant. "But he never talks of her."

I could not believe that Dr. Salzburger, a man who had every neurosis in the world at his fingertips, would choose Napoleon, the most common illusion of all. I was sure it was some joke of his.

We greeted each other like very friendly strangers. He seemed much the same, though he had the nodding head of a very old man, the kind I used to interview for my paper some fifteen years ago. He recalled with relish the problem that only he and Einstein could solve. Two spots of color appeared in his wrinkled cheeks, and I began to wonder if I was tiring him out. "So many new patients," he said, and smiled as though at some private joke of his own. The coloring faded from his cheeks and we sat quietly without talking, almost like inhabitants of the Flying Teacup's other world.

His head nodded. Something stirred in his mind. He took my arm for a moment and held it with all his strength.

"Don't wait so long to see me the next time," he said mysteriously. "We are human beings. It's much clearer to me now." He waved at his

stacks of scientific journals, as though he knew at last their true voice, their final word.

He stuck his hand in his waistcoat, like Napoleon. "It amuses them" he said. "A whiff of grapeshot." We both laughed. A mischievous, childish look crossed his face, as though a five-year-old child were looking through an old man's mask. "Well," he said, "now you have met my Waterloo."

I got up to go. "Good-by, Dr. Salzburger," I said.

He whispered. "Put on childish things."

"You see," said the attendant, who had been waiting for me at the door. "You see."

The Flying Teacup had gray hair. He too had become an old man. He refused to say a word to me. The attendant told me the Flying Teacup regarded me as a spy who had stolen from him the secrets of Crax. I sat with him for a while, and I began to wonder if he had even noticed my presence at all. Then he began to imitate the gestures, the facial expression, and the walk of a middle-aged, stoop-shouldered man.

He said nothing, still, and at first I did not realize he was doing an imitation of me in my new civilian suit. Then he tapped his nose.

When the Flying Teacup saw that I recognized myself, he rushed to a corner of his room, sat on the floor, and howled with laughter, as if all the laughter of the world had rushed into his corner of the room, inside himself. I saw, through his disguise of gray hair and old age, that unlike Dr. Salzburger and myself he had stayed young, he would always be the same age, here was the real secret of his strange, mysterious land.

He was inhuman.

Thinking of Dr. Salzburger, whom I liked very much, I began drawing a sketch, while I waited for my bus, of how I would arrange the oars on a five-banked ship, on a quinquereme. While I drew, I began to ask myself why we say "sadder and wiser" and "sorrow and laughter." It is actually a very profound question.

Somewhat impatiently, I tried still another arrangement of the oars, in diagonals of fives. As I drew, I wondered what Dr. Salzburger's wife had looked like, when they both were young, and I wondered what my father had been like, when he was a boy, with only one suit. (I have several suits now.)

For Dr. Salzburger and myself, always growing older, the world was a field across which we wandered, now losing, now finding our way.

We were all too human. I tried a more plausible arrangement of the oars. Somewhere in my mind, flags started going by.

A Warm-hearted Guide to Certain Girls' Schools

*Nowadays the "right people" have to be
the bright people in order to get in
... and the "Character" or "Values" they
aim at are changing—or should be.*

IN STUDY hall one day at the staid girls' school in New York which I attended for eight long winters, a certain Cynthia took a scented sheet of notepaper from her desk and began with frequent, audible sighs to compose a letter. After a while she got up and left the room, leaving the letter on her desk. Inscribed to a certain Harold at Saint Paul's School, it read, "It is after midnight and I'm writing this under a blanket with a flashlight so that Mother won't know . . ."

Of the twenty or so girls in the room—we all read the letter—I was the only one who was puzzled by Cynthia's approach. The others were trying to figure out just who Harold was and how Cynthia had bagged him.

But then, I was always being puzzled by my classmates and at the same time trying to understand them.

The outlook I was intent on understanding was that of the prep-school girl, that is, the girl of upper-class or upper-middle-class background who attends a private (or "independent") school. In many ways she does not differ from girls of similar background who attend public schools in rich suburban neighborhoods; like them, for instance, she dresses with more restraint than many teen-agers, remaining faithful to her now famous caste mark, the circular gold pin, and to the single strand of pearls, graduated so that the small beads at the back of the neck are no bigger than tomato seeds. The prep-school girl is a rare bird, however: in 1960 there were perhaps about 12,000 of them (around 120,000 boys and girls, not counting those in the parochial system, were

attending independent schools out of a total school population of forty-three million).

More important, the prep-school girl's parents are extremely ambitious for her. She must be "accomplished"—able to ski, figure skate, ride, sail a boat, play tennis, bridge, the piano, run a meeting according to parliamentary law, and speak French. At the same time she must be accepted by a well-known college. All this involves—unless she is athletic and agile-minded—a great deal of hard work. Moreover, as an apprentice for upper- and upper-middle-class life she must acquire what the upper class, in the British tradition, calls "Character" and the upper-middle class calls "Values." They amount to the same thing.

To guarantee the fulfillment of their ambitions, the parents rely on thirty or so highly regarded independent day and boarding schools for girls which are located, with few exceptions, in the Eastern and Middle Atlantic States. Developed over the last 150 years, these schools differed from one another from the start. Abbot Academy and Emma Willard School, the two oldest (founded in 1829 and 1814 respectively), encouraged their pupils to be intellectually minded and prepared them, if they had to earn their living, for a teaching career. Miss Porter's School (known as Farmington, 1843) provided a good education, but of the "finishing-school" variety—the incurious were prodded into curiosity only for the length of time they spent at the school.

The early schools, however, were all founded before the women's colleges developed. Formal study came to an end with the "season of improvement," as Emma Willard, the first woman among American educators, called the adolescent years of a girl's life. With the growth of the women's colleges later in the nineteenth century, new schools were founded, like Shipley and Brearley, with a college-preparatory purpose;

education acquired between fourteen and seventeen became a springboard to higher study. Many schools, of course, such as Farmington, continued until about twenty years ago to provide a "finishing" education; only the exceptional student went to college from these establishments. Other schools, such as Saint Catherine's in Richmond and the Spence School in New York provided both "general" and "college" courses. Since World War II almost every reputable girls' school has instituted an exclusively college-preparatory program.

Despite their present strongly academic emphasis, many girls' schools are still social forcing-houses in the sense that the "right people" attend them. The difference is that now only the *bright* "right people" are accepted. The various schools do, of course, serve different clienteles. For the past seventy years or so Foxcroft, Farmington, Saint Timothy's, Shipley, Chapin, Winsor, Madeira, and Ethel Walker have served what is thought of as "society." This means that over the years they have always had a sizable contingent of girls from the Social Register's winnowing of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. The tastes and manners of these girls usually set the tone of the schools. Parents from, say, Grosse Pointe, Lake Forest, Houston, and Pebble Beach who want their daughters to grow up in the national league send them to these schools, hoping that they will make the "right" friends, in addition to getting an education.

Often several years' finishing of this sort becomes a tradition in a family or among a certain group in a community. Thus a number of Richmond families have been sending their children to Saint Timothy's in Maryland for three generations. Sometimes, too, parents consider that they are "broadening" their daughter's outlook by sending her away to one of these schools. A Boston mother told a former principal of Shipley (which is outside Philadelphia) that she was so glad her daughter had been accepted because it would be good for her to "get away from the East coast."

Some of the other schools which have been connected with "society," but not quite so long and not so markedly, are Milton Academy,

Chatham Hall, Garrison Forest, the Masters School, and Katharine Branson (the last in California; the rest are in the East). In practice, most cities of any size boast girls' schools which serve the upper middle class of the area, if not the national league. In San Francisco girls attend Katherine Delmar Burke; in Chicago, the Girls' Latin School associated with the Boys' Latin; in Cleveland, Hathaway Brown, one of the best schools in the country. In the suburbs parents who do not want to send their daughters away to boarding school often have a country-day school at hand; such schools are sometimes co-educational, like the North Shore Country Day School in Winnetka, Illinois.

The New York girls' schools are particularly hard to categorize, except for the fact that the background of their students tends to be more cosmopolitan and varied than that of suburban country-day or boarding schools. Brearley is one of the finest schools in the country, serving students not as members of a social class but as individuals. Chapin has remained truest to the Social Register, but it is excellent academically and in time it will probably begin to attract a more varied clientele. Spence is a typical middle-of-the-road school, providing a sound education without coming out strongly in favor of either the individual or the creature of her class.

I have chosen to consider five schools—Abbot Academy in Andover, Massachusetts; the Emma Willard School in Troy, New York; the Beard School in Orange, New Jersey; Saint Catherine's in Richmond, Virginia; and the Foxcroft School in Middleburg, Virginia—a choice not as arbitrary as it appears, for taken together, these five provide a fair idea of the various ways the prep-school girl spends her "season of improvement."

TO THE MANOR BRED

NO SCHOOL could be more of a world unto itself than Foxcroft, and yet no school tries more explicitly to impress upon its students that behavior at Foxcroft is a preparation and a sign of what they should expect of themselves after leaving school. The school is set in mellow country outside Middleburg. Along with the well-heeled, horsey set of the neighborhood, Foxcroft believes that it enjoys the pleasures of rural life while staying in touch with the world—by watching President Kennedy's helicopter pass overhead from time to time.

Like most girls' schools, Foxcroft is the creation of one person but, almost uniquely among such founders, that person, Charlotte Haxall Noland,

Phyllis La Farge attended a girls' school (and also for one year, with her sister, went to a boys' school), and later graduated from Radcliffe College. Now married and living in Brooklyn, she is working on a novel, but has also done teaching, journalism, and translating.

is still alive. Although "Miss Charlotte" is no longer active in the daily administration of the school, her presence is in the air. She is a handsome, piercing, white-haired woman. Queen Elizabeth II asked particularly to meet her when she visited this country. Her secretary says of her that she has a "hickory quality," but Miss Charlotte has a capacity for fun as well: middle-aged alumnae, settled and bejeweled, reminisce, as if these were the most treasured anecdotes of their youth, about the time Miss Charlotte hung a tree with marshmallows in the woods, or about her yearly nocturnal Coon Hunt. . . .

In 1914 Miss Charlotte founded Foxcroft on the property where her family had lived for six generations; she managed to graft the school onto their traditions—traditions which valued rigorous good health, fox-hunting, paternalistic benevolence toward those (especially Negroes) less privileged than oneself, mild Christianity with a strong ethical bent, wood fires, and hospitality. The school was bound to succeed from the start, for it was precisely this set of virtues which, at the turn of the century, the socially well-established and the millionaires striving for a firm footing in "society" wanted to make their own. Today the school has seven applicants for every girl it takes (there are only 125 in the school; 41 daughters of alumnae), handsome brick buildings constructed with the funds of Carnegies, Dillons, and others of that ilk, and a sound, four-year, college-preparatory program. Whereas in 1935 only seven girls from a class of twenty-six went to college, nowadays some three-fourths of the graduating class, which numbers thirty-odd, enter college each year.

But it is Character above all which Foxcroft sets out to develop, and this is at least as easy to develop outside the classroom as within it. To "take" at all well, Character must be presented as a passport to a community so appealing that only the born malingerer can hold out. At Foxcroft the incentive is a taste of manor-house life epitomized by an opportunity to ride with the Middleburg Hunt—in the company of old gentlemen in baggy tweeds and rubicund matrons riding side-saddle in the best English blue-serge habits.

Another inducement to the development of Character is the unique Foxcroft Corps, instituted during World War II. The entire school drills twice a week under the instruction of an Army officer, carrying dummy rifles and tricked out in uniforms adapted from those of Colonel Mosby's raiders, who, during the Civil War, were quartered in the eighteenth-century Brick House

which is now the hub of the school. It's no use laughing; the Corps "works" in the morning. Most of the girls are loyal to it. Schools, like other small communities, tend to be strongly attached to whatever is uniquely their own. The girls are not asked, however, to accept whatever physical and moral virtues may be derived from drilling as rewards sufficient in themselves: at Commencement the entire Marine Drum and Bugle Corps come down from Washington to lead the Corps in a splendid parade.

A cloistered life makes Foxcroft girls accomplished day dreamers. The arrival of the mail is the day's most important event for most students. They have far fewer opportunities for contact with the opposite sex than most girls their age, seeing them only in vacation and during the summer. But despite the drab atmosphere—no lipstick, tan corduroy skirts, green blazers—I noticed that one girl had a spit curl trained across her cheek with a long strip of Scotch tape; another wore a Cleopatra double-snake-head bracelet high on her arm under the sleeve of her gym blouse. "These girls need discipline," one member of the faculty commented.

According to the prevailing attitude, the students are good-hearted girls, but not yet ready to make competent decisions; this approach may be inescapable at Foxcroft and other schools catering to the alternately coddled and neglected daughters of the very rich and prominent. Sometimes as many as half the school have divorced parents; there is a good deal of emotional repair work to be done, but I wondered whether fox-hunting, drilling, and a little clean-fingered charity work were the best of remedies.

INTO HER MOTHER'S SHOES

IN appearance the Beard School and Saint Catherine's have much in common. At both the main buildings are brick, a simplified scholastic Georgian, painted white at Beard and left red at Saint Catherine's. There are playing fields for hockey and lacrosse, grounds planted with cherry trees and magnolias, and, when I visited the schools, tulips in bloom. The nearby streets are lined with trees at least thirty years tall, immaculate, weedless lawns, and houses which run the gamut from the comfortable, porch-encumbered 1910 style to the Hansel and Gretel Tudor of the 'twenties.

It is the life behind these apparently lifeless facades which determines the real similarities as well as the differences between the schools, and, incidentally, between the surrounding towns:

Orange, New Jersey, and Richmond, Virginia.

At Saint Catherine's more than half of the day students in every senior class have attended the school for thirteen years (Beard and Saint Catherine's are similar in that they both take day as well as boarding students and provide departments for the elementary grades). At Beard in 1961-62, only one senior had been there all the way through. As such things go, the population of Richmond is stable, whereas that of Orange is relatively mobile. There are, of course, families who have "always lived" in Orange, but the community is interlarded with those of men, who, on their way "up" in some large corporation or industry, are sent to New York for a few years. Orange is the territory Philip Roth writes of; Richmond in 1961 is still not far removed from the city Ellen Glasgow knew.

This difference is reflected in the varying ambitions a girl's parents have for her in the two communities. In both places they want her to get into college. Parents in Orange, however, are considerably more determined to have their daughter *finish* college than they are in Richmond. "You have to have something to fall back on in case your husband dies," one girl at Beard told me.

At Saint Catherine's on the other hand, although virtually every graduate enters college, a high proportion leave to marry before finishing. Only the exceptional girl thinks of a career. "Most of us have a picture," one Saint Catherine's girl told me: "we want to get married and live in a white house in the suburbs."

Her parents subscribe to what one teacher at the school ruefully termed, the "*Ladies' Home Journal* point of view," which might not be too unfairly described as a belief that they represent the American way of life at its best—substantial, hard-working, civic, Protestant, more tasteful all the time, and whenever possible monogamous. At Foxcroft one senses that a girl is half-afraid as well as half-seduced by the sophisticated world she stands on the brink of: she is not quite sure she will be able or will want to fit herself to the pre-established pattern which her family and school adhere to. The Beard or Saint Catherine's girl, on the other hand, is ready to step into her mother's shoes.

Stepping into one's mother's shoes tends to encourage the conviction that one has a monopoly on righteousness at a very young age. An insidious taste for the ironic has made me a frequent victim of this conviction (nothing threatens the *Ladies' Home Journal* point of view as much as irony). "I hope that we agree on

ends, even if we can't agree on means," a classmate once said to me. I think I had been flippant about the cumbersome, serious-minded organization of a charity drive. Just the other day, a spiritual sister of this former fellow student said to me, "I'm glad to see that our goals are the same." I'm not sure whether we had been talking about child care or cooking.

But, despite the sense of righteousness it affords, stepping into one's mother's shoes too young can be accompanied by deep uncertainties which become evident once a girl is married. The role she has chosen can never be forgotten for an instant. Will she be equal to a game which is played without a break? "I'm having one of my mother's friends to tea today," a young woman remarked to me, "and I don't know which way to slice the lemon—in quarters or slices."

At both Beard and Saint Catherine's Values must be inculcated without the help of the manor-house myth which Foxcroft uses to build Character. Beard relies on the game-like pressure to participate, strong in all good schools; Values are accepted without question as the rules of the game. As a church school, operating under the auspices of the Episcopal Diocese of Virginia, Saint Catherine's can present Values in a specifically religious setting. A Bible course, chapel attendance, and the planning and conduct of services are compulsory. Fund-raising and other charity work is organized by a students' group, the Saint Catherine's League. The ideals are spiritual; the worthy endeavors of the school do not suffer from the taint of "do-goodery" as much as at other schools; moreover, the aura of *noblesse oblige*, heavy in the air at Foxcroft, is noticeably absent at Saint Catherine's. Nevertheless, the headmistress admits that her girls are "enthusiastic managers."

"HARD ON A GIRL"

BEHIND every seventeen-year-old "enthusiastic manager" stand two forty-year-old "enthusiastic managers," her parents, pillars of their community and country club. A school may want to think in terms of the service it does a girl, but it is her parents who constitute its clientele. Since an independent school depends on private funds and private patronage, it will quite literally go out of business if it does not provide what its clientele is looking for. A school can, of course, do something to educate its clientele, but only if its administration is brave and confident and its clientele receptive. Almost without exception, girls' independent schools have followed rather

than led those they serve, taken few risks, and as a consequence developed a defensive attitude.

Currently they are edgy about one issue in particular, their failure to cope adequately with the "educationally deprived"; in plain talk, this means Negro students, of whom there are very few in these schools—none at Foxcroft, Beard, or Saint Catherine's for instance.

"People will accept things for their sons which they won't accept for their daughters," one headmistress commented bluntly, but it is not only fear of their clientele's reaction to Negro students which holds the school back. Private schooling for girls is expensive; the basic fee for board and tuition at Saint Catherine's is \$2,000; at Foxcroft, \$3,000; at Garrison Forest, \$2,800; at Saint Timothy's, \$3,000; at Shipley, \$2,750. And there are plenty of extras after that. Sheer cost restricts girls' independent schools to a narrower range of students than boys' preparatory schools, which are far better endowed and consequently have much lower tuitions. Small endowments also mean that girls' schools have little scholarship money to offer students from low socio-economic backgrounds. In addition, there is the problem of preparation; the stiff academic work of a good independent school can be hard for students whose earlier education has been inadequate.

For any one of these reasons headmistresses tend to talk themselves into sitting tight and doing nothing. Frequently this tendency is reinforced by an unconscious premise, which they share with their clientele, that, while there is nothing quite so fine as Values, they mustn't go so far as to imply a need for change. The worst rationalization of all, and a frequent one, is the argument that being a lone Negro in a school or one of very few would be "hard on a girl." A lot of things are hard, including the denial of the particular education you are seeking. Moreover, schools like Dalton, Westover, Brearlev, Emma Willard, and Abbot—where the administration has taken a stand and Negro students have been accepted—prove that a good start can be made.

Abbot Academy's service to the "educationally deprived" is particularly unusual for a girls' school. About three years ago, Mrs. Alexander Crane, the headmistress, began to receive letters from African leaders, pleading with her to take as many girls as she could. The school has accepted qualified Negroes for some time (and, incidentally, never found the experience "hard" on them). With Africans, however, as some of the boys' schools have discovered, differences of background and preparation can be formidable. Nevertheless, a girl recommended by the Kenyan

GEORGE STARBUCK

I DREAMT I WENT SHOOTING FISH IN MY BARE CHEST

*"When I shoot fish I don't wear an AquaLung
—it even out the odds."*

(Ian Fleming, quoted in *Life*, September 24, 1962)

I never shoot fish in an AquaLung.

It might unbalance the odds.

I give the sucker an even break—

The sucker the snapper the grouper the hake

And suitable cephalopods.

I'm not cast iron: I sometimes quake

As I stalk with my weapon unslung;

But all advantage I deign to take

Is a love of danger for danger's sake

And a knack with heaters and rods

A certain

Knack with heaters and rods.

I never shoot fish in an AquaLung.

The man who would is a Red.

If I were Agent and had my wish,

The cad who cheated at shooting fish

Would get it about the head.

It's not that killing is not my dish

(Perhaps I would have him hung)

But mechanism is sissyish

Which hedges against the chance the fish

Will shoot you first instead

Draw faster and

Shoot you first instead.

I never shoot fish in an AquaLung

Whatever the pain or peril.

I never shoot fish in an AquaLung;

I shoot from the rim of the barrel.

I never shoot fish in an AquaLung,

Not even the cussedest cods,

Not even the haddock however vicious,

Not even the flounder, and he's delicious,

Not even the shark because Sharks Ain't Fishes—

It might unbalance the odds

In fact

It might unbalance the barrel.

leader, Tom Mboya, sounded promising, and the students were asked for their opinion. Their answer was to raise the money needed for the girl's passage and for her tuition at the school. In the art studio I saw one of her paintings—a bright, abstract scene of an African village, the rounded huts painted in shades of pink, red, and blue—hanging beside the introspective, realistic, teen-age self-portraits of her American classmates.

Nevertheless, even when their outlook is liberal, independent schools take only the *gifted* Negro, the *gifted* Jew, and now the *gifted* African. They feel they cannot risk a "failure" with a student from a minority group and, in consequence, accept only the "sure bet," which usually means a very special person indeed.

A girl from Nairobi is at Abbot today partly because the school, still attached to the ideals of an earlier New England, remembers Harriet Beecher Stowe, a fast friend (she organized a fair to raise funds for a new building) while she lived in Andover at the time *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was appearing in serial form. "If I'd gone to high school at home," said one student from a nearby Massachusetts town, "I could have taken calculus, but I've gotten something else here, more of an education."

Along with Brearley, Shipley, and Emma Willard, Abbot is probably one of the liveliest girls' schools in the country. Here a girl is not afraid to let her intelligence show; she is full of views on every subject from Castro to Kennedy and has little use for what she calls "empty-shell preppies—*you know*—they have blond hair and wear Lanz dresses and talk about boys and diets." Whereas the Beard and Saint Catherine's girl seems almost too poised and, in a strange, probably superficial way, too mature for her years, Abbot girls have a kind of eagerness, a hint of being willing to put themselves out on a limb which contrasts pleasantly with the rather controlled manner of their contemporaries.

Abbot is vehemently in favor of college preparation. In order to stay ahead in the race for college admission, the school takes fewer and fewer students of average ability. "We turn away girls with an IQ of 110 all the time," the academic dean commented. The pressure is intense; one girl confided that sometimes "you feel like a machine." Abbot sends more girls to four-year colleges than the average girls' school, and far fewer of its graduates drop out, but the academic pressure its students experience is by no means unique. The same pressure can be found at any good girls' school today, and it is parental am-

bition as much as anything which forces a school to put pressure on students. "We all come from families who are interested in education," one girl at Abbot said. Interested for a variety of reasons, as we have seen in relation to Beard and Saint Catherine's, but in general because they feel that an education has become the essential passport to opportunity, social as well as professional. These are the people who forced one New York City school to send out an extra report card early in the year so that they could keep up with their daughter's progress; who are "pathetically grateful" for word of how she is doing; who think that if they send her to a good secondary school she will automatically be accepted by a "name" college; who say, as one headmistress put it, "that you're 'discouraging' if you point out that a certain college they've set their hearts on is too hard for their daughter."

"Sometimes the pressure makes you forget that what you are studying is interesting," one Abbot girl said. "In the old days," one experienced teacher told me, "you used to feel that for a day or a week at a time you had caught the imagination of the class; now they just want to know the right answer for the test."

EXPOSED TO A LOT

IN THE past, it was the gifted who were often short-changed by the independent schools; perhaps it's inevitable that they should now be treated like racehorses for a few years at least, and that average students should be somewhat cheated. Today girls of middling ability often cannot get into a good school, or, once in, are made to feel second-rate. "I guess I'll have to be an interior decorator like my mother," one young lady told me, as if this were the worst of all possible fates. "I don't think I'd be much good at anything else." The middling people cannot be neglected much longer; the difficulty is that most girls' schools do not have the financial resources to provide a varied program, catering to a wide gamut of interests and abilities.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's educator sister, Catharine, pointed out in 1829 that a liberal education is at least as important for a woman as for a man, for it is the best way to develop the "well-balanced mind" which is "the greatest and best preparative for her varied and complicated duties." Today no educator would disagree, as many did in her own time. However, largely as a result of college pressures, the modern prep-school girl may never grasp the principles of a liberal education. Crammed with vocabulary,

algebraic formulas, and obscure points of American history—the fragmentary ammunition of test-taking—she may not see the woods for the trees.

Emma Willard is one of the few girls' schools to insist that its students not lose sight of the overall pattern of what they are studying. To make this possible the school has devised an experimental solution to the problem of a girl's specific educational needs.

Emma Hart Willard was no feminist, at least not in a derogatory sense, yet so advanced were her ideas on education that her school was renowned not only in this country but in Europe. It first opened in Middlebury, Vermont, in 1814 and moved to Troy, New York, in 1819, where its academic Gothic buildings today sit stark and formal on a lawn-covered hill on the outskirts of the city. For nineteen years, Miss Anne Wellington and Miss Clemewell Lay, co-heads of the school (they retired recently and their place has been taken by William M. Dietel, a former Amherst professor), worked to bring their great predecessor's ideals up to date with the institution of the "Emma Willard Plan." The plan involves a degree of correlation between fields which is rare at the high-school level; history, literature, music, and art, although taught in separate courses, are not permitted to remain in compartments, airtight from one another in a girl's mind.

Unlike most schools, Emma Willard has made no changes in its curriculum as a result of college pressures. Every student must take courses in the history of art and of music. (At the school I attended, history of art was studied almost exclusively by those not intending to go to a four-year college. One teacher taught courses in mythology and remedial reading—to roughly the same people.) In the same way she must take a year of Latin, presented, however, not as a mere stepping-stone to Caesar but as an introduction to an understanding of the English language. Although she may take specific courses in physics, chemistry, or botany, she must take two general science courses, one emphasizing the biological and the other the physical sciences.

"The main point at this age," said one member of the Emma Willard faculty, speaking of the high-school years, "is to arouse enthusiasm. We expose them to a lot and out of that many find a continuing interest." This "continuing interest" should be the 1961 prep-school girl's substitute for "accomplishments." Her talents are needed; she need not go as far as Jacqueline Kennedy (a Farmington graduate), but she should not sit fallow forever in the "white house in the

suburbs." Miss Wellington and Miss Lay understood that the liberal-arts background which is the springboard to such an interest should come early in her life; she is ready for it in the "season of improvement." The secret is to present material in sufficient depth and in sufficiently sharp focus to arouse more than passing enthusiasm in the student.

The correlated program at Emma Willard helps to reveal the connection between culture (what one learns in a classroom) and Values or Character (what one learns in morning chapel or in an after-dinner chat with the headmistress). It may seem self-evident that there are Values in, say, Dostoevsky, but, as Martin Mayer pointed out in *The Schools*, this is not clear in the average American school, any more than it is in middle- and upper-class communities in this country. In such circles a Value is something which, crudely, can be reduced to an ethical precept or formula for living. One has to go to college before anyone suggests that a Greek statue embodies, albeit not in didactic form, an attitude toward life. At Emma Willard, this point is made, however; the result is that the activities of the school seem far more coherent than at any other I visited.

Emma Willard harnesses a girl's newly articulate sense of individuality and makes it the impetus of education. Many other girls' schools would do well to move in this direction, rather than continuing to prepare girls, explicitly or implicitly, for the dubious future of membership in a social class. They are reluctant, however, for like the communities they serve, they fear that in the process something of what they care for will be lost. No doubt it may; fox-hunting is getting more expensive all the time. But the things they most care for—the ideals which they sum up as Character and Values—are internal, intangible. It is pessimistic indeed to believe that these standards and qualities of character can develop only within the setting of a specific class.

At Abbot some years ago the original school building was moved from its first location to its present one. The story goes that when the building was moved, someone forgot to remove a reproduction of the Portland Vase from one of the classrooms. Alarms and accusations ensued, but the vase was intact when the move was over. If they are to continue to make a place for themselves in this country, girls' schools must soon recognize that the grace of spirit which comes of learning to appreciate a fine Greek vase can travel and adjust to changing times and circumstances at least as well as the vase itself.

D. W. BROGAN

The Fat Boy of England

The author of "The Price of Revolution" and other important works in history and politics, here demonstrates his knowledge of heroes who are rarely found in the scholar's library. Mr. Brogan is professor of political science at Cambridge University and fellow of Peterhouse.

WE ARE all of us accustomed to sermons from judges, school principals, politicians, and retired soldiers denouncing the slackness of the young. They are overweight, overfed, idle, in poor physical shape, incapable of standing up to the stern demands of the atomic age. The sermons are much the same in Britain and in the United States. But in Britain, again and again, the idle, ill-trained boy will be denounced as a "regular Billy Bunter" and everybody will know what the censorious elder means. For Billy Bunter, unknown in America, is a great mythological figure in Britain.

Master Bunter is (alas, one must now say, was) the "Owl of the Remove"—i.e., tenth grade—the Fat Boy of Greyfriars School, ambiguous hero of the long-distance epic written, from 1908 till his recent death, by Frank Richards. He was a far more famous fictional character than the lover of Lady Chatterley. He rivaled Matt Dillon and surpassed Robin Hood. Such fame is not easily won.

Chesterton pointed out, a generation ago, that everybody knew who Sherlock Holmes was, but few could remember the names of the heroes of Thomas Hardy or even of Rudyard Kipling. Billy Bunter was a rough equivalent of Holmes, a mythical character created in the broad daylight of our scientific age. And, like Conan Doyle, Frank Richards tried in vain to direct attention to more serious characters, the "Famous Five"

and other intolerably clean-limbed boys, as Conan Doyle killed Holmes to devote himself to "serious" works like the historical novels. Popular taste would have none of it. Doyle was Holmes. Frank Richards was Billy Bunter.

Frank Richards was really Charles Hamilton, an indefatigable hack writer—who lived to an immense age—specializing in that peculiarly English genre, "the school story." He wrote as Martin Clifford and as Owen Conquest; he even wrote stories about *schoolgirls*. But what the public wanted—and wants—was Bunter.

Who was—who is—this mythical hero (for on TV and the stage he has survived the death of his creator)? He was a very fat, lazy, dirty, greedy, mendacious boy at a "public school"—i.e., a prep school. It was called Greyfriars but owed little to the real Charterhouse school for boys to which Thackeray gave this name in *The Newcomes*.

Greyfriars was a thing in itself. But to hundreds of thousands, probably to millions of boys (and girls), Greyfriars was a real place, as real as the West or the Sherwood Forest of Robin Hood or the planets of science fiction. And most of the spellbound readers of *The Magnet* (the weekly devoted to the Bunter epic) had not the slightest direct knowledge of the English boarding schools of which, for the enchanted dwellers in slum streets, Greyfriars was the type. It was not only English slum streets; it was Scottish slum streets; it was even Irish slum streets. (For Mr. Frank O'Connor has told us of the fascination with which this scholastic fairyland was studied in the slums of Cork.) It was, if you like, opium for the adolescents.

What was exhibited was a group of English upper-middle-class boys living in a world where food, shelter, clothing, a future job, even luxuries were no problem. True, the boys were caned with a regularity and a ferocity that would have brought police-court actions had a genuine working-class school been involved. But that was a trivial price to pay for admission to this fairyland. Thinking of Greyfriars, boys could forget schools nearly as much slums as the dreadful dwellings that they had to inhabit. This diversion of proletarian wrath from the realities of its situation provoked the famous attack by George Orwell (late of Eton College) in *Horizon* in 1940. "Frank Richards" was declared to be a syndicate of hack writers, utilizing a formula that diverted adolescent readers from the realities of the class struggle; that played down, practically abolished, sex; that helped by steady dripping of poisonous nonsense to hide from the disinherited their real condition.

Frank Richards replied in the next number and blew Orwell out of the water. Like many deep thinkers, Orwell had not done his homework. For instance, Frank Richards wrote *all* the stories himself (and *The Magnet* was only part of his output) and as a literary critic and controversialist he made rings round Orwell.

Alas, it was a barren victory, for at this moment in World War II, economy was all the rage and *The Magnet* was closed down. It never reappeared, although, after the war, Frank Richards began issuing bound volumes of what were now called Bunter stories, costing a dollar while the old weekly "long, complete topping tales" had cost four cents. Bunter was taken up by TV; even now, each Christmas, a Bunter show in London rivals the pantomime. He was and is a national figure and his indefatigable creator not only wrote (or rewrote) the old stories, but as a hobby composed reams of Latin verse!

Billy Bunter, "the Fat Boy of the Remove," has become a national figure. Of course, the school life of Greyfriars was remote from any reality. Frank Richards knew nothing of the "public schools" at first hand and, I have been told, boys going to the public schools who got their preliminary information from *The Magnet* were in for some disconcerting shocks. But most of the readers thought of going to Greyfriars as they thought of going to Mars. They were introduced to a world of clean-limbed, truthful, brave, honest, loyal boys, the heroes of the school, boys like Harry Wharton whose only fault was pride; the Indian Prince who spoke Babu English ("The wonderfulness is terrific"); cheery Bob Cherry, and the rest. Heroes to a boy.

There were bad apples, of course. There were Snoop and Stott—what could you expect from people with names like that? There was the representative American, Fisher Tarleton Fish. "Fishy" was mean, mendacious, cowardly, given to lending money to his schoolfellows at exorbitant rates of interest. He was a typical American, an Uncle Shylock long before the first world war. But the good boys dominated. The Nabob of Bhanipur was a first-class cricketer (all Indian Princes are). Herbert Vernon-Smith, "the Bounder," *smoked*, and backed horses, but was also a first-class cricketer, brave and in a pinch reliable, though not quite clean-limbed. (He was my daughter's favorite character.)

But despite all the efforts of Frank Richards, all hearts went out to Billy Bunter. He wasn't clean-limbed. Hadn't the other boys found a lost waistcoat when they forcibly gave him a bath? Truth was not his. He lied incessantly to



"Billy Bunter Surrounded," reproduced by kind permission of Cassell & Co. (Publishers), London.

save himself from the cane (in vain), to "borrow" money, to escape compulsory games. He had no pride, no decency. But he was the hero. How often he was the *deus ex machina*! Up in a tree with a stolen pie (Bunter had an American's pathological passion for pie), he fell on the conspiring kidnappers or bank robbers. Creeping along the corridors late at night to steal some more pie, he discovered that the new temporary master was a master criminal. Again and again, Billy saved the day. But not by his virtues; by his vices. It was because he *didn't* play the game that he had such a good time and triumphed over Lord Maulevercrer (who was, of course, like all English noblemen, even when they were school-boys, inordinately lazy).

So was Bunter, but with much more impressive results. The lesson of Billy Bunter was simply: "Life is a fiddle," *i.e.*, a racket. Look out for yourself and disregard all bourgeois morality. Far from being a support of the Establishment as the innocent George Orwell thought, Billy Bunter was a subversive influence. He knew by instinct all that we learn from Alan Sillitoe's *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*. And so when some indignant judge addresses a juvenile delinquent with the reproach, "You're nothing but a Billy Bunter," the delinquent may well think, but have too much sense to say, "Sure. That's what I want to be."

BRUCE HUTCHISON

CANADA'S GADFLY:

The Winnipeg Free Press

*Like a frontiersman it is often rough and cranky,
and it is far removed from the centers of power
—but its thundering voice and restless conscience
make it one of North America's best newspapers.*

ON THE DAY when John Glenn orbited through space, the editors of the *Winnipeg Free Press* met for their regular morning conference and instantly spun into a rather comic orbit of their own. Did this news justify a breach in the paper's front-page format? Could the maximum headline be stretched, just once, from three to four columns? The news editors said no. Man's map of the universe might change but nothing could change the established map of the *Free Press*.

Oddly enough, it was the new general manager, Richard Sankey Malone, a publisher known for his unruffled temperament and hatred of sensation, who reluctantly ordered a desperate revision of make-up. For one day, and one day only, the front page burgeoned with a four-column display, though not in very large type. After this brief concession to man's latest side-real triumph, the *Free Press* resumed its sober dress as one of North America's great newspapers—powerful, respected, feared, and often hated because it takes itself and its readers so seriously.

A newspaper, said the late John Wesley Dafoe, the mighty editor who began to build the *Free Press* some sixty years ago, was like a rosebush. Its readership needed regular pruning. Frequently pruned by his shears while the circulation department endured its agony in silence—for no one dared to question the legendary and terrible old man—the *Free Press* invariably

sprouted again. Competitors in Dafoe's time and after him sometimes published better newspapers, as gauged by their news, but the Old Lady of Carleton Street, as they named their rival, not only outsold them in Winnipeg but became the Bible of the Canadian prairies and the nation's thunderer. So it remains.

Today half-a-dozen Canadian papers are larger in circulation and bulk than the *Free Press*, which sells about 125,000 copies daily, with a separate weekly edition of about 400,000. Two or three, in the larger cities of Toronto and Montreal, give a more detailed coverage of the news and write it more brightly. None has ever approached the *Free Press* as a repository of facts, a leader of Canadian thought, an advocate of minority causes, a controversialist often rough and cranky but always educated, fearless, and unrepentant.

The solemn editorial conference on the Glenn flight illuminates the paper's tradition and its current methods. No important item of world news, even if it happens to be dull, must be omitted but none must be overplayed. The course of human events, however wild, must be kept in proportion for the people of Winnipeg. Then, on the violently argumentative editorial page, the facts must be minutely dissected, explained, justified, or denounced in a fashion of weary repetition that no Canadian town but Winnipeg would tolerate. For Dafoe and his successors have taught their town to read, even to think.

Nature gave Winnipeg its cruel climate and grim setting, the least likely habitat on earth for a scholarly journal of news and opinion. This minor metropolis of 460,000 people rises like a lonely stone fortress, or perhaps only a mirage, out of the flat central plains at the physical center

of Canada. From its first days as the site of an eighteenth-century fur trading post, Winnipeg has been a focal point of transportation, agriculture, commerce, men, and ideas.

Its strategic location and the furious energies of its mixed races gave it wealth, a devouring enthusiasm for culture of every kind, including a notable civic ballet, and some touches of beauty in its parks and trees and buildings. But Winnipeg's ideas came mainly from the *Free Press*. Dafoe and geography, meeting by accident, hatched something of a miracle and it has long survived him.

His contemporary successor, R. S. Malone, is a very different type of man. A soldier who served on the European, African, and Asiatic fronts of the second world war and emerged as a brigadier with an extraordinary network of friendships all over the world, he has his own standards of journalism but, like Dafoe, he regards the *Free Press* as a public trust. If that trust is to be fulfilled, in Malone's opinion, the *Free Press* must be financially independent, immune to any outside pressure. So it certainly is—and is also one of the most prosperous newspapers in North America for the size of its constituency. Malone's primary interest, however, since he took charge two years ago, has been the editorial department.

Having worked up from the bottom as police court reporter, political correspondent in the Ottawa press gallery, circulation director, business manager, practical printer, stereotyper, and press man, Malone can do the commercial and mechanical chores of the paper with his left hand. The right is on the throttle of policy. How he also finds time, even in a seven-day week, to manage the business of the other five associated F. P. Papers stretched from the Pacific Coast to Ottawa is a subject of anxious speculation among the band of friends officially known as his staff.

Under his businesslike regime, the news policy is specific and unusual. Where most American papers fix their daily size by the amount of their advertising (on something like a 60 per cent ad-

vertising to 40 per cent reading matter formula), Malone insists that the *Free Press* give its readers an average of about 112 columns of news, features, and other editorial matter every day, regardless of advertising volume. (The Saturday edition runs 280 columns.)

Moreover, national and international news, whether the reader is interested or not, must be given priority. Local news, the reliable circulation builder of most papers, seldom manages to capture a third of the seventeen or more headlines on the front page. Street sales, dependent on boxcar headlines, are deliberately discouraged in favor of home-delivered circulation. Malone aims at the Winnipeg family when, in the evening, it has plenty of time to read.

DIVORCE BY INTENT

THE average North American publisher in a town of Winnipeg's size would regard this as a reckless formula but it has paid off. To Malone, a worrying, sensitive man under his deceptively casual manners and handsome blond exterior, the common theory of North American journalism is patently wrong. In most North American cities, mass circulation is held by the light-minded, flamboyant, and entertaining papers. The readership of more serious papers is limited as if by natural law. The *Free Press* denied this law from its beginning as a village weekly in 1872 and today holds a two-to-one lead in city circulation over its excellent but comparatively breezy competitor, the *Tribune*.

The law evidently does not apply to Winnipeg. Malone suspects that it would not apply anywhere if newspapers had the courage to ignore it, by refusing to compete with media of entertainment like television and concentrating on their real job, the publication of facts.

Still, the *Free Press* considers itself highly progressive in all its news and mechanical techniques, has plowed huge sums into its equipment, constantly experiments with new machines, and perpetually remodels its big square building just off Winnipeg's main artery of Portage Avenue. It was the first Canadian paper to introduce the teletypesetter, the first in the world to publish a spot news photograph in full color on May 24, 1939. Malone attributes this technical progress to (1) having foremen and a superintendent with working experience on newspaper equipment; and (2) having an open shop in the composing room and "a reasonable degree of cooperation in press and stereo departments."

This provincial newspaper, which has become

Bruce Hutchison is editor of the Victoria "Times" and the author of a half-dozen books on Canada, including "Canada: Tomorrow's Giant." He has lived most of his life in British Columbia, though he has traveled widely and worked on numerous papers, has received the Medal for Journalism in the Commonwealth, from the Royal Society of Arts in London, and has many friends and associates in the U.S.

over the years almost an organ of the Canadian state, has done so not by these publishing incidentals, however, but by its central purposes: to report facts in the news columns, uncolored by opinion, and to comment only on the editorial page, under no influence except that of the editors. To emphasize this divorce, the editorial page stands typographically alone, with its special type-face, as a kind of separate front page introducing the second section. It is the glory of the institution, the ark of the prairie covenant.

To get the facts the *Free Press* buys many news services without using most of their material, maintains bureaus in Ottawa, Washington, and London, and relies heavily on intermittent, expert correspondents throughout the world who receive modest space rates but seem eager for a select Canadian audience. The whole operation is extremely personalized, a homemade job, and through the years it has attracted a remarkable menagerie of robust individualists whose portraits are now overcrowding the wall space.

From the beginning, Dafoe distrusted any writers but his own, who were preferably men raised and trained in Winnipeg with a knowledge of the prairie mind. The *Free Press* still gives its largest headlines to national and international news but its feet are set firmly in the western Canadian earth. It is uniquely powerful in the nation because it dominates its own territory. When a story of politics, the paper's supreme concern, breaks in Ottawa and probably finds its way to the back pages of most Canadian contemporaries, the *Free Press* begins to tremble and pant like an old fire horse, smelling news within the news.

Shane MacKay, the cool young executive editor who was Canada's first Nieman Fellow at Harvard, is never satisfied with the regular news services if the story seems promising. He alerts Albert Boothe, the quiet-looking but intense managing editor, bombards the Ottawa bureau with queries at scandalous costs for telegraph and telephone tolls, demands more explanation, interviews with cabinet ministers and officials, background, figures, and facts. If there is a Winnipeg angle, Gordon Sinclair, the city editor, will find it, for he was raised in this town and knows everybody.

Most of this material will end in the waste-paper basket but it will be used to make up the paper's mind on some public issue. While such legwork is routine in any good newspaper, the *Free Press* never stops there on a big story, or a story which it alone considers big. A day of hurried news coverage is followed for several days,

sometimes for weeks or months, by candidly opinionated pieces on the editorial page.

Maurice Western, the scholarly Ottawa editor, will spend a night or two on a mountain of documents, statistics, and the stenographic record of Parliament to emerge with a mordant, devastating analysis on some unfortunate statesman's blunder. Of Prime Minister Diefenbaker, Western wrote this comment last spring—in effect foreshadowing the disintegration of the Diefenbaker Cabinet:

The political argument for postponing a Canadian general election has been powerfully reinforced by tidings from Britain. Lord Hailsham, after careful analysis of recent Conservative reverses, has now made public his findings. "You cannot lead it [the Conservative party]," he reports, "in bad English, rich in platitudes and violating every principle of good grammar."

Mr. Diefenbaker's leadership has, of course, been founded on very different principles. Four years of office have failed to shake his suspicion that language is a Liberal plot. . . .

If a news story remotely touches Canadian-American relations, as it often does, Max Freedman, a Winnipeg boy who now syndicates his reports from Washington, will file a commentary in his blazing purple style which needs no by-line to distinguish it. From the 1960 Democratic convention, he wrote, for example, of Mayor Daley of Chicago—"this coarse politician" who curtly dismissed Adlai Stevenson as the favorite son of Illinois: "Mayor Daley is so commonplace that it requires a determined effort of will on his part before he can rise to the level of mediocrity. . . ."

A STRANGE BROTHERHOOD

THE editorial page is ponderous, perhaps the heaviest in North America, a formidable challenge to any reader. Its big guns fire from the two strictly editorial columns, headed by a massive daily "leader" on the main theme of the day and followed by three or four "sub-edits" on lesser topics. Reverently known as The Page, it presents eight full columns, all produced exclusively for the *Free Press*. No syndicated column is ever allowed in this sacrosanct preserve where about 75 per cent of the copy is the work of staff writers expressing the paper's point of view, the remainder specially written by outsiders, expressing their own.

Doubtless no North American paper of comparable resources spends as much as the *Free Press* on its editorial copy, but The Page, even commercially, is worth its cost since it enjoys a

high readership, according to the paper's surveys. Volume of readership, however, is not the first objective of the editors. They are aiming at the minority that conditions the political climate of the prairies.

The Page is the collective product of an arcanum, workshop, and daily carnival first constructed by Dafoe and, in its present generation, still worshipping his memory, maintaining its family jokes, its telegraphic code, and a locked file of letters and secret memoranda which, if it is ever printed, will change Canada's history books.

The members of this queer brotherhood argue endlessly among themselves in a mixture of idealism and smugness. They spend most of their evenings with office homework, ransack the paper's library (large enough to serve most Canadian towns) for some forgotten speech or document, construct the leader as if the nation's future depended on their daily utterance, and write it as if they were carving an additional commandment on a tablet of stone.

"The public," a rival editor once told me, "doesn't understand the leader but, God, it's impressed!" In fact, the leader is understood well enough by its intended audience—especially the nation's policy-makers in Ottawa, who often gratify the brotherhood on The Page by reacting with angry denunciation.

The leaders are written on alternate days by half a dozen men with university background and foreign experience—but that is not their basic qualification. They must be *Free Press* men, trained in its office, schooled in its rather antique style so that their idiom is interchangeable, and above all steeped in its lore. Like Dafoe, the present editors regard themselves more as teachers than as journalists, and they follow his two homely metaphors. Since the hard stone of national policy could not be cracked by a single

blow, it must be worn down, Dafoe said, by a perpetual drip of water, the endless reiteration of argument. And if he had an idea he must shoot it into the air like an unaimed arrow, for somewhere, sometime, it would find its mark. A third metaphor would have been equally accurate: In his time and now, the paper has often used a sledgehammer to kill a gnat.

"ME A KNIGHT?"

DAFOE, the greatest of Canadian editors, came off a bush farm near Ottawa after five years of rough schooling. When he got his first job as a reporter on a Montreal paper, he was a red giant in physique, a listener more than a talker by disposition, and by inclination a student.

He moved to Winnipeg in 1901 as editor of a worthless little sheet, the *Manitoba Free Press*, which had been purchased by the Liberal Cabinet Minister, Sir Clifford Sifton. The partnership of Sifton and Dafoe shifted the gravity center of Canadian politics. While Sifton's immigration policy populated the empty plains with voters, Dafoe became their prophet. As he admitted in his old age, Dafoe began as a narrow, bitter Liberal partisan, a doctrinaire of the Adam Smith and Manchester School, a somewhat naïve Jeffersonian democrat. But he grew with the raw West, and faster.

Two main watersheds divided his career and Canada's history. The first came in 1911 when Sifton broke with the Liberal party and opposed a reciprocity agreement with the United States. Dafoe refused to change his free-trade principles, and the owner and his editor joined in a gaudy public battle. Reciprocity made Dafoe a national power even though the issue was killed in the Liberal defeat. Meanwhile his omnivorous reading in the *Free Press* library (Saturday alone being reserved for his swarming family) made him the best informed student of politics in Canada, the Liberal party's sage, often its final court of appeal.

The second watershed appeared in 1917 when Dafoe broke with the Liberal party chief, Sir Wilfred Laurier, to support a wartime conscriptionist coalition government of Conservatives and Liberals. A Conservative Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, took Dafoe with him to the Paris peace conference as his intimate adviser. That experience was decisive: Winnipeg's narrow Liberal partisan had suddenly seen the world whole.

The rest of his life, though he became again

A Loss of Roses by Any Other Name . . .

20th's [Century-Fox] adaptation of William Inge's play, originally titled "A Loss of Roses," then "Celebration" and "A Woman in July," has finally received the no-nonsense tag of "The Stripper."

—*Variety*, February 6, 1963

the Liberal party's oracle, was to be spent in a hopeless struggle for the League of Nations and a world ruled by law. In 1938, while most of Canada cheered the Munich deal, Dafoe denounced it as the guarantee of war in his most famous editorial, headed: "What's the Cheering For?" Old friends cut him next day in the Manitoba Club, and the rosebush of his paper's circulation was drastically pruned.

As I came to know him in his latter days, he was not outwardly the fierce Old Testament prophet of the legend. He was a tired, genial lion, sprawled under his yellow mane, talking little, listening much and shaking with silent laughter at the wonderful madness of mankind. He had refused cabinet offices, ambassadorships, and titles ("Me a knight when I stoke my own furnace and shovel my own snow?") and he lived only in hopes of seeing a second League. Happily, he was not to know our postwar world. He fell dead on January 9, 1944, his last leader half written.

THE MASTHEAD VINDICATED

H E HAD left a record of journalism, speeches, and books without parallel in Canada, with few parallels in the English-speaking world, but had he left a durable newspaper? Those who expected the *Free Press* to wither in his absence did not perceive the shrewd Dutch strain in the old man's heredity. He had planned his succession twenty years before his departure, and though the story has not worked out in detail exactly as he planned, the *Free Press* is still the kind of paper he wanted it to be.

In the years between Dafoe's death and 1961, it continued to prosper under the partners in ownership, Victor Sifton and Maxwell Bell, and a chain of six dailies throughout Canada joined with it in a powerful new empire. In 1961, both Sifton and Grant Dexter, Dafoe's original chosen heir on the editorial side, dropped dead. But the F. P. Papers were better prepared for this double disaster than the world of Canadian journalism suspected.

Already Sifton had provided his own successor in Malone, the universal joint of the *Free Press* organization. Sifton's son, John, succeeded him as president of the F. P. Papers, Malone as their general manager and the Winnipeg publisher. They were backed by the formidable business brain of Bell who, as chairman of the board, leaves all his editors strictly alone, each of the six free to set his own policy.

In young hands the *Free Press* continues to

fight Dafoe's battle for "Freedom of Trade, Liberty of Religion, Equality of Civil Rights," as inscribed on its masthead. In a new political and social situation the battle is harder than ever, but lately the paper has found a vindication of its central policy so long advocated in vain. President Kennedy's trade policy has brought Canada back to the basic tariff issue fought by Dafoe in 1911. This time the *Free Press* expects to win its battle at last.

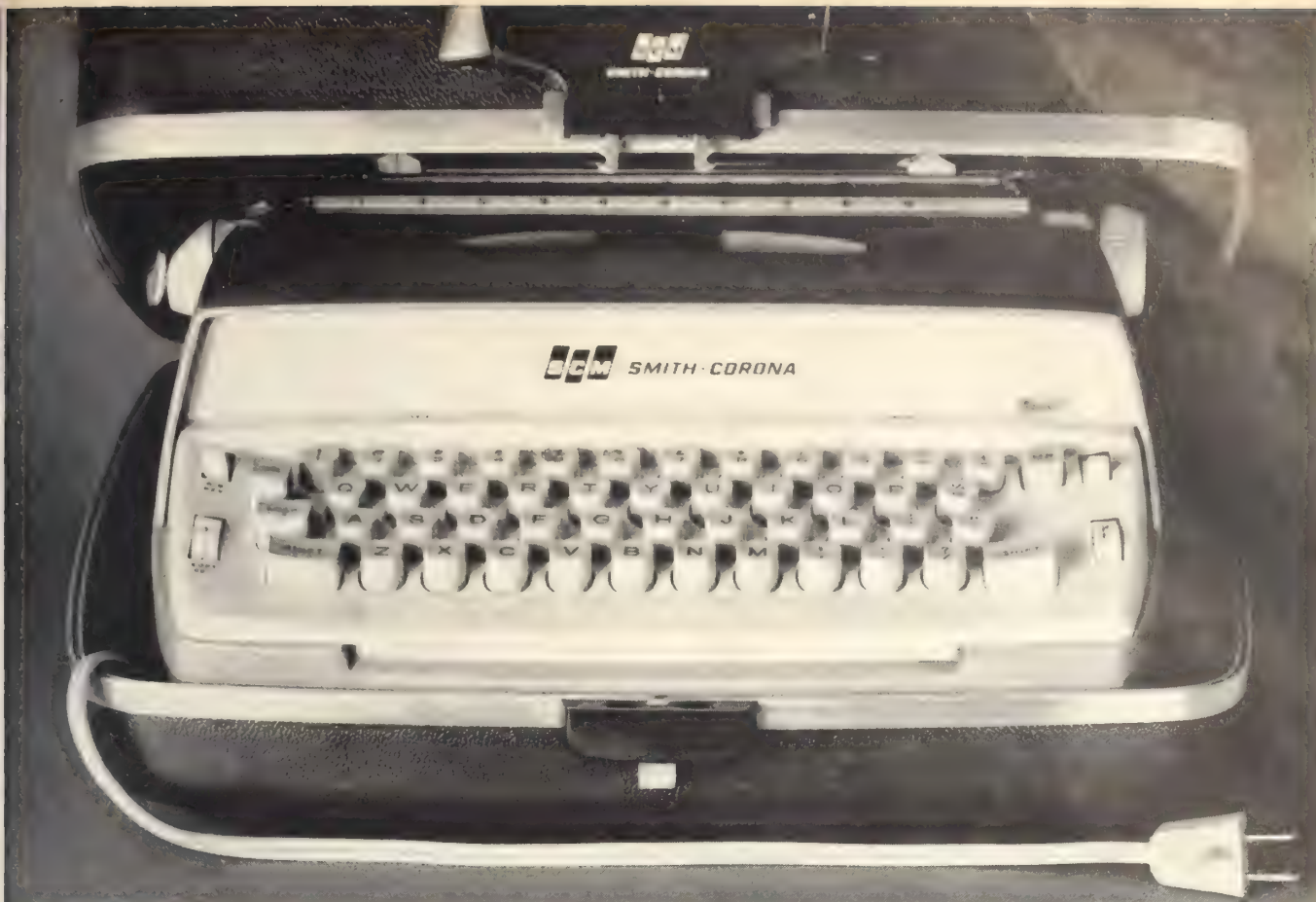
On the other hand, it has been criticized openly by the Conservative party at Ottawa and privately by a large segment of the Liberal party for its supposed hostility to social reform. Actually it has supported the whole vast program of reform which, in the last twenty years, has transformed Canadian society but it holds that the expansion of the nation's means must precede their further redivision. The opposite has occurred. As a result, the sovereign problem of any government for years ahead will be to put the overstrained financial and economic affairs of Canada in order.

In international affairs the *Free Press* is an ardent supporter of the United Nations and NATO, regards neutralism for Canada as contemptible and absurd, usually defends the policies of the United States in general, and holds that abundant world trade is the only sure cement of the grand alliance with the Atlantic Community as its core.

Supporting the Liberal party in general but often criticizing it in particular, the *Free Press* never forgets Dafoe's dictum that "there are only two kinds of government—the just barely tolerable and all the others." The Liberal party seems to fit the first definition. It is just barely tolerable and the *Free Press* is its restless conscience.

Since Canada's population is small and scattered and its real government confined to a handful of men, the power of a publication which is essential to one of the two great parties is out of all proportion to a circulation as small as that of the *Free Press*. Its locale on the prairies has no disadvantages either. Indeed, its remoteness from Ottawa's daily trivia, intrigue, and secret war is a positive asset.

The capital never knows what the western gadfly and thunderer will say next morning. The telephone line between Ottawa and Winnipeg is always busy with news, interrogation, warnings, alarms, and the shrieks of wounded politicians, but on Carleton Street the new men now in control of Dafoe's heritage are having the time of their young lives.



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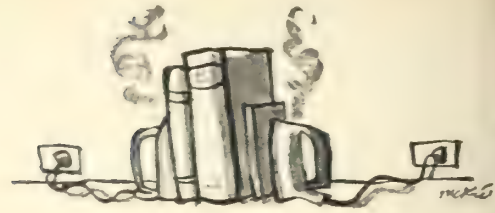
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Recent Novels: Bedford, Fielding, Larkin, Updike,
Wagner, Williams, Bassing, Marcus

by Paul Pickrel

Six years ago a gifted Englishwoman named Sybille Bedford published a remarkable first novel, *A Legacy*, and now she has followed it with another hardly less remarkable, *A Favourite of the Gods* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50). The two books bear certain resemblances—both are chronicles of aristocratic Continental families ranging over the years before and after the first world war; both use a comic technique full of wit and gaiety to explore a serious subject. Yet the second is by no means a repetition of the first.

The central characters in *A Favourite of the Gods* are three generations of women, beginning with Anna Howland, a well-to-do young woman from Providence, Rhode Island, a Puritan who marries an unpuritanical Roman prince toward the end of the last century and then, after years of marriage and two children, leaves him because of his long-standing liaison with another woman. Anna is followed by her daughter Constanza, who is thoroughly Roman in her live-and-let-live attitude to life, and her granddaughter Flavia, who grows up chiefly in England and becomes an intellectual, more an observer than a participant in life, the kind of young woman on whom nothing is lost.

But it is Anna, the grandmother, who dominates the book. It was daring of Miss Bedford to place her in such a position, because Anna is a kind of character that was drawn consummately by a master, Henry

James; she is another version of the American heiress with the highest expectations of herself and her world caught up in an ancient and corrupt society. And the subject of American innocence, of which such heroines are often seen as the most noble and most touching examples, has been so often portrayed and discussed in the last few years that a reader may be doubtful about the possibility that anything very new can be said about it.

Yet Miss Bedford has succeeded in giving us a fresh picture of the American heiress in European society and a fresh interpretation of American innocence. Innocence in Anna is hardly a matter of the flesh, though offenses of the flesh ostensibly galvanize it into action; it is hardly a matter of the mind, since Anna really knew of her husband's transgressions against her moral code long before she took action. Rather her innocence is of the will: it is a conviction that the world ought to conform to what she expects of it. In the end Anna dies a martyr to that conviction; she gives her life in protest against accepting the world as it is.

To her amoral Continental daughter and her unblinking English-bred granddaughter (and much of the story is seen through their eyes), Anna's life is a terrible waste. With her money, her intelligence, her beauty, she might have had a charmed life, she might indeed have been the favorite of the gods, mis-

tress of a great Roman palace, every pleasure open to her. Instead she forces on herself what is in her own eyes the dubious status of a woman separated from her husband; she moves restlessly from one suite of rooms to another, the prisoner of her own self-righteousness, mistaking pique for principle.

At the same time Constanza and Flavia acknowledge that if Anna is a fool, she is a very intelligent fool; if she is a monster, she is a very charming monster; if she expected a lot from the world, she expected even more from herself. After her death they discover that she has been extraordinarily generous and kind in ways they hadn't known, hadn't even suspected; by her own standards she really had treated other people better than they had treated her.

Not only does Miss Bedford cast a somewhat more ironic eye on the American heiress abroad than American novelists have, but she is also a good deal less impressed by the celebrated corruption of European society than they have been. She never pretends that the Roman prince and his family are enlightened or even very interesting, but she sees the way they live as civilized in that it recognizes human nature for what it is; their hypocrisies are modest in comparison with Anna's high-minded self-deception.

All this may suggest that *A Favourite of the Gods* is a political allegory, and perhaps most American readers, given the present political

The gripping narrative—the urgent message of America's most ambiguous war

"The reader who follows these pages becomes not merely a spectator of, but a participant in a terrific drama."

—Gerald W. Johnson

T. R. Fehrenbach was a platoon leader and company commander in Korea. His gripping military—and human—account of that "police action" is based on firsthand combat stories as well as official documents.

Here are the men, from General Dean to Sgt. Schlichter, who fought over the icy ridges and in the stinking rice paddies. Here is the action—from the stunning defeat of Task Force Smith to the costly victory of Pork Chop Hill. Integrated with the narrative are 91 dramatic photographs and 26 maps which bring home the course of battle—and stalemate.

This Kind of War is the first book to cover the Korean conflict from the front lines to U. N. headquarters. It is also the first to spell out the bitter lessons of "this kind of war"—the brushfire wars in which Americans continue to fight and die.

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Did the Romans execute a messiah—or an insurrectionist?

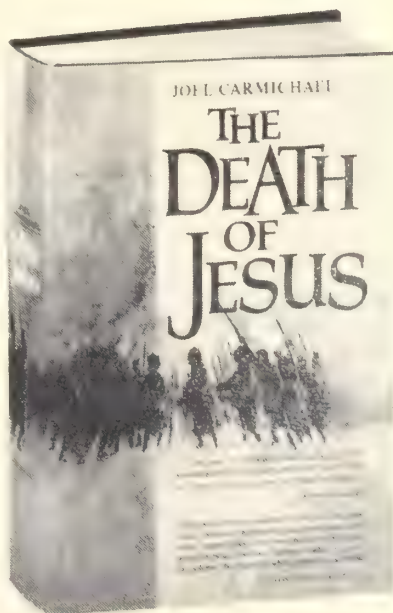
Newsweek characterizes *The Death of Jesus* as "a piece of historical detective work pursued with relentless logic."

Pierre van Paassen calls it "not only a fascinating work but one of breathtaking interest for our time."

Alfred Kazin hails it as "intensely conceived and boldly written...an exciting and brilliant conception."

Sidney B. Hoenig, Yeshiva University, praises it as "well-balanced, careful historic probing and research."

Linguist and translator Joel Carmichael probes the conflicting Gospel accounts for the historical facts about the crucifixion and the events that preceded it. His portrait of Jesus as a rebel condemned for the crime of political insurrection rather than for the sin of blasphemy will shock some readers, challenge others. It is a book that each must judge for himself. \$4.95



THE EXILES

by Albert J. Guerard

"I have read *The Exiles* with enthusiasm," writes Graham Greene, whose own "entertainments" it strongly resembles.

The absurd, brutal, passionate and muddled world of the Caribbean and its political dictators is the background for this powerful, exciting novel, leavened by a sense of high comedy. Mark Shorer calls it "Albert Guerard's best novel." \$4.95

THE SILENT PEOPLE

by Walter Macken

"Macken's sonorous ballad-set-in-novel form of young Daulta Duane in the Galway of the mid-19th century is a rousing what's-on-the-next-page by a master who knows his business."—Vivian Yudkin, *Washington Post*.

"A tender and moving love story...like a breath of fresh air."—Mary O'Hara, *Pittsburgh Press*. \$5.95

A HOME OF OUR OWN

by Gladys Ogden Dimock

Take an intellectual, city-bred family, put them on a Vermont farm. Add cows, chickens, pigs, and other Vermonters, along with financial worry, personal satisfaction, back-breaking labor, gorgeous scenery—and you have a hint of what it's like to be "free." Balm to any city-dweller with the clean scent of nature, no matter how faint, in his nostrils. \$4.95

THE DREAM

by Henri de Montherlant

An exciting literary discovery—the first English translation of the first novel by the author Romain Rolland called "the greatest living force in French literature." Set during the first World War, moving between Paris and the battlefield, the story concerns a young aristocrat and officer involved in two varieties of human affection. \$4.00

O YE JIGS AND JULEPS!

by Virginia Cary Hudson

This delightful "small, mad success" (*Time*) is proving "hilarious" (*Life*) to more and more readers every day. Not since *The Young Visitors* has there been such a captivating child's-eye view of an adult world—this time, A.D. 1904. "As colorful as an old-fashioned sampler and lots more fun" (*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*), it's the perfect "little" gift for young and old. \$2.50

context, will see the book as an indirect commentary on their country's presence in Europe. But in her method Miss Bedford is the least allegorical of writers. The surface of her book is like late Impressionist painting, full of sunlight and flowers and figured carpets and ladies in large hats. Her special talent lies in the ability to manipulate that brilliant surface to reveal something a good deal more substantial, even sinister, beneath. As we sometimes have the double feeling in life that everything is perfectly absurd and everything makes perfect sense, so in Miss Bedford's novels the actions of the characters seem casual, whimsical, no more fateful than a piece of colorful embroidery that a woman might undertake to while away an afternoon. But each stitch is locked in place, a pattern is realized, and in retrospect it is hard to see how the pattern could have been different. *A Favourite of the Gods* has lightness, grace, and elegance, but it also offers a grim reminder of the fatefulness of human choices.

Life Speeded Up

Alfried, a character in Gabriel Fielding's new novel about Nazi Germany, *The Birthday King* (Morrow, \$5.95), remarks on being released from concentration camp, "It was just the same as ordinary life, but speeded up." That may be too harsh a judgment on ordinary life, but it is a perfectly accurate description of the whole of German society in the Hitler era as Fielding presents it. The surface charm that provides the texture of Miss Bedford's novel is stripped away; the resolution or weakness that in her book accretes through the years and in the loneliness of night in a Roman palace or a luxurious London hotel suite, in Fielding's Germany thrusts itself naked into the world as it comes into being, because tomorrow may be too late. Power, wealth, social position, family solidarity, love, friendship—all are fragile and may be shattered in a moment. How accurate Fielding's picture of Nazi society may be, readers with some firsthand knowledge must determine, but it is certainly a convincing picture and cannot be far from right.

The main characters in *The Birth-*

day King are a family of important South German industrialists, the Weidmanns, Catholics by belief but partly Jewish by descent, and therefore precariously poised in the Third Reich—the regime needs the products of their factories but their ancestry exposes them to even more than the usual hazards of that hazardous time.

The family is headed by the widowed and nearly blind but still alert Frau Weidmann and by Onkel Fritz, who runs the American branch, but there is uncertainty about the leadership of the next generation. Alfried, the older son, should be the head of the enterprise, but he cannot put his heart in it. Deeply religious, completely out of sympathy with the Nazis, highly intelligent yet unsure of the use he wants to make of his gifts, he puts off making a decision. Meanwhile his younger brother Ruprecht schemes to take over in his brother's place. He understands the Nazis perfectly because he shares their mentality; ruthlessly ambitious and for a time brilliantly successful, he is the usurping "birthday king" of the title. In the end, when the Americans come to his factory and the older brother he has betrayed comes out of the concentration camp, he sets out with his frightened young wife to make his future in Russia.

Fielding's novel resembles Miss Bedford's in inviting a reader to discover political allegory. In the two brothers Fielding seems to be dramatizing the two Germanies, the spiritual and the secular, which Luther is sometimes accused of having sundered. At least Alfried has the sensitivity, insight, and intelligence that distinguished the great German mystics and poets, the musicians and thinkers, but he also has the detachment or irresolution that prevents him from putting a stop to the animal cunning and brutality of his fascist younger brother.

The relation between the two brothers is not merely illustrative, however; it is dramatic. It may have a political dimension but it also has psychological depth. Alfried's goodness is both an affront and a temptation to Ruprecht, who knows that he can never really damage his brother as his brother can damage him because they are not playing for the

same stakes; indeed Alfried is not even playing. Ruprecht can take over Alfried's place in the factory and the nation, he can banish Alfried from the living, but he cannot take his place in blind old Frau Weidmann's heart, nor can he ever achieve the inner poise that never leaves Alfried—simply because Alfried is the kind of man he is.

Around the two brothers Fielding has created a brilliant collection of characters: a tired baron selling his social position to the Nazis in return for business favors and his soulless wife with an insatiable appetite for young men; a time-serving bureaucratic warden, his manic-depressive wife, and their unspeakable son who flatteringly interprets his lack of decent feeling as proof of an artistic temperament; the timid girl that Ruprecht marries, brought up for a gentler life than the Nazi era gives her; and so on.

Yet, for all its brilliance, *The Birthday King* is a less appealing book and a less original book than the novel that established Fielding's reputation in this country, *In the Time of Greenbloom*, certainly one of the finest novels to come out of England since the second world war. Fielding is never an obvious writer, but his German characters are much more predictable than his English ones. The very speed of the action greatly reduces his opportunities to portray those odd states of mind and those curiously distorted characters that are the chief glory of his earlier work. Still, *The Birthday King* is one of the best novels in a publishing season that has been unusually rich in good novels; probably if it were not by the man who wrote *In the Time of Greenbloom* it would win nothing but praise.

A Cold Climate

A third English novel recently published here is *A Girl in Winter* (St. Martin's Press, \$4.50) by Philip Larkin, a writer heretofore chiefly known in this country as a poet. Actually, the book is one of two novels Larkin wrote and published in England a few years ago, but this is its first American appearance, and its distinction merits attention.

The time is the second world war, and the central character, Katherine

The Liberator

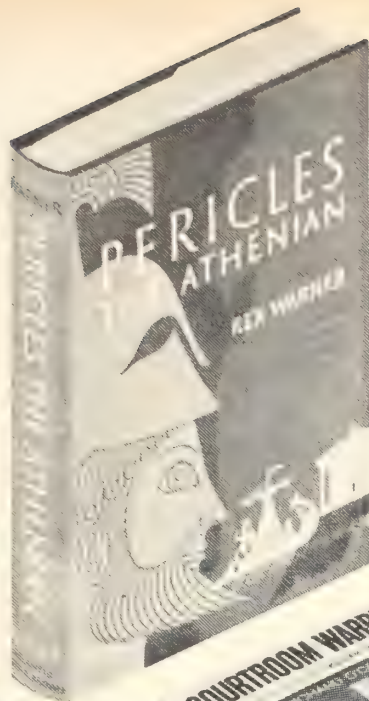
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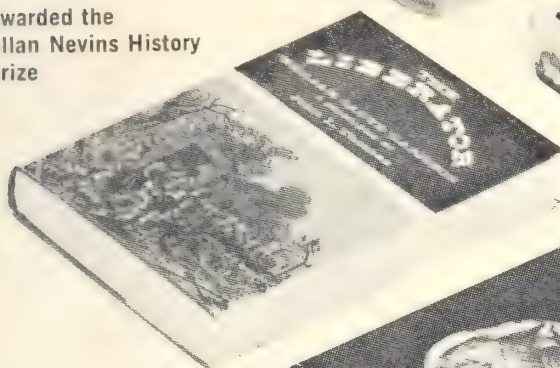


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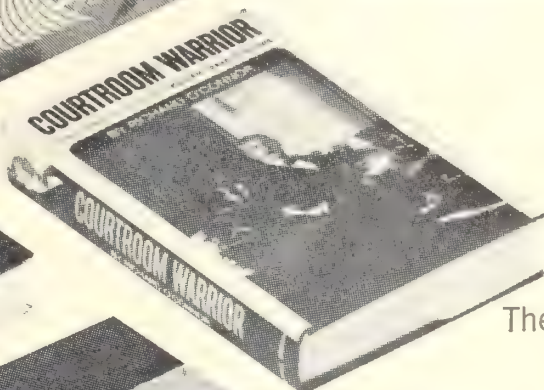
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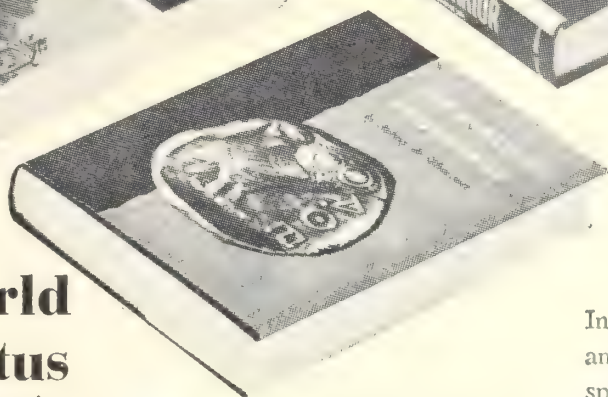


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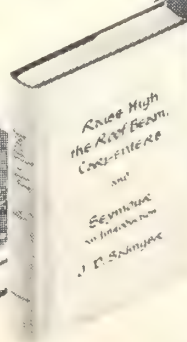
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Lind, is a refugee from an unspecified Continental country who works in a nasty provincial library. She is without friends or relatives, shivering in her solitary lodgings and chilled by the emotional coldness of the few English people she knows. But this is not her first visit to England; in a schoolgirl effort to improve her English she had corresponded with a boy of her own age named Robin Fennell and had spent a pre-war summer in his home. Now in her loneliness she gets in touch with his family and again meets Robin, who has changed from the enchanting, enigmatic boy with whom she had been at least half in love during that vanished summer, into a rather dull sex-hungry soldier.

The book is a frighteningly accurate picture of loneliness, of emotional isolation. Katherine is a girl whose feelings have both force and delicacy, but somehow she cannot bring them into relation with anyone else. This failure is not her fault; it may be meant as an indictment of English coldness but more probably Larkin intends it simply as a picture of the way things are. The novel covers only one day in Katherine's life, interrupted by a long recollection of her summer with the Fennells, but the day consists of a series of meetings that fail to produce any kind of living exchange. She accompanies a timid sickly girl who works with her in the library to the office of an indifferent dentist; she accidentally encounters a pathetic woman enslaved by her bedridden mother; she has to listen to the mean-minded gossip of her fellow workers and the egotistical maunderings of the head librarian. When Robin turns up late at night she prepares supper; they eat together and sleep together but remain strangers.

A Girl in Winter is a small, unemphatic book, too quiet and too despairing to attract many readers. Yet it shows the hand of an artist, a man who knows how to control language and how to make each effort count.

An Updike Experiment

John Updike is a young American writer who, like Larkin, is a poet, with a poet's concern for language, but in Updike's instance the accuracy

and finish of his prose have earned him a popular though unmerited reputation as a precious writer. His first novel, *The Poorhouse Fair*, was, it is true, too contrived and artificial, but his next, *Rabbit, Run*, is one of the most impressive novels written by a young American in some years. It is well written to be sure, but it moves with irresistible force from beginning to end, utterly free of preciousity.

Updike's new novel, *The Centaur* (Knopf, \$4), does not have the compulsive drive of *Rabbit, Run*. It is an experiment and not an entirely successful one, but still unmistakably the work of a writer of great talent, probably the best novelist of his generation (Updike is only thirty).

Essentially *The Centaur* is a series of scenes from the last days of George Caldwell, a high-school science teacher in a small town in Pennsylvania in 1947, interspersed with scenes from the life of his son Peter, a student in the high school where his father teaches. To organize and unify these scenes and to give them narrative direction Updike uses the Joycean device of a classical parallel, though he uses it in an un-Joycean way. The myth Updike calls upon is the story of Chiron, noblest of the centaurs, who suffered from an incurable wound in his heel and who gave up his life in propitiation of Prometheus' crime of stealing fire from heaven.

Somehow the myth doesn't work very well. The parallel has little point. George Caldwell resembles the centaur in being half-god and half-beast, but so does any man. He receives a wound in his heel in the first chapter but it seems to be there only to serve the myth; it is not mentioned in later chapters and may not be a "real" wound. He dies, but death is a common fate and his could hardly be described as an act of propitiation. His son Peter wants to be an artist, and Prometheus is often seen as a type of the artist because his boldness in stealing fire from the gods parallels the artist's boldness in vying with the gods as a creator, but at the moment young Peter is not a very Promethean figure.

On the whole, the myth seems to get in Updike's way a good deal more than it helps him. Yet few writers could match his superb descriptive

powers. He can evoke the halls of a small-town high school or a cheap hotel superbly; he can convey the desperation of trying to start an old car in cold weather or the atmosphere of a country doctor's office without flaw. And in George Caldwell he has created a remarkable character, a puzzled and passionate man who loves teaching and hates his ineffectiveness at it, trying as a science teacher to open up for his students the grandeur of the universe yet himself caught up in the petty tyrannies of the school and the constant abrasion of too little money, reminded from every direction he turns of his failures, yet constantly trying to make a go of his life, exacerbated, despairing, yet loving and courageous.

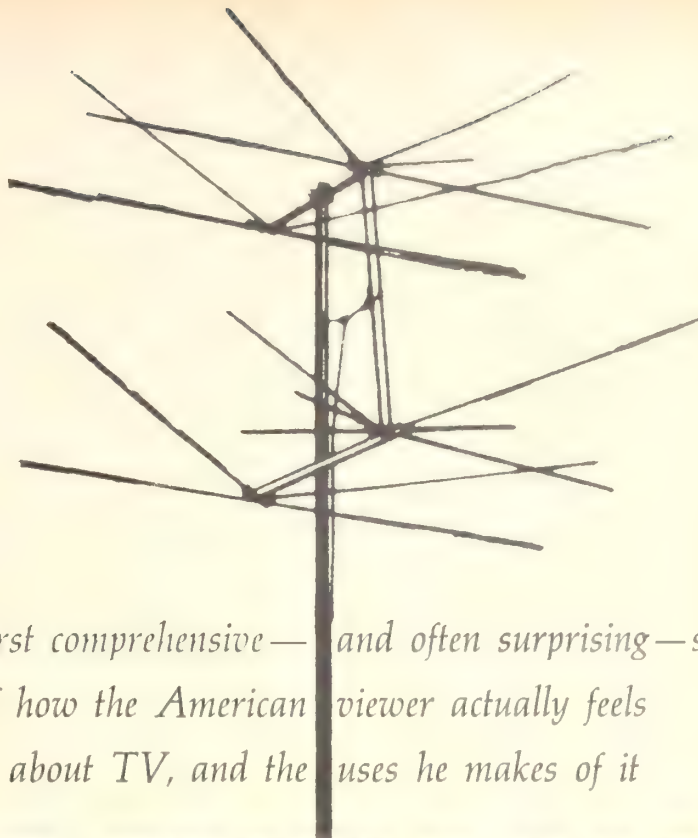
The Big City College

Geoffrey Wagner has written some good books, but his new novel, **The Asphalt Campus** (Macmillan, \$4.95), is not one of them. This is a story about one of the city colleges in New York, a subject that Wagner should know pretty well, since he once taught in such an institution, and in fact the trouble with the book is not that Wagner fails to know what he is writing about but that he exploits his material in a rather cynical way.

The plot that holds the book together concerns a professor who is fired for reasons that are just as mysterious at the end of the book as they are at the beginning. The intention behind this mystery may be Kafka-esque, but the effect is simply careless; it conveys less a feeling of the inscrutability of the universe than a suspicion that the author never bothered to work out the situation.

The students are presented as a group of illiterate youngsters anxious to cash in on technical training but on the whole deeply resentful of the traditional values of education. They hate literature, history, philosophy—anything that lacks market value. They are the coming technocrats, dehumanized and profoundly ignorant of the society they expect to support them. Their social life is brutal, and Wagner dwells upon it in loving detail.

The faculty is hardly better than the students—a bunch of weary bu-



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reaucrats and petty intriguers for whom the classroom is Siberia and scholarship either a piddling pastime or a form of self-aggrandizement.

The Asphalt Campus has little distinction as a novel, and anyone who knows some of the remarkably well-educated people who have come out of New York colleges, who is familiar with the kind of aspirations that carried them through what was often real deprivation and incredibly hard work, may be doubtful about the book's accuracy as reporting.

Death of a Mother

Sissie by John A. Williams (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$4.50) is another novel that is less than completely successful, though it fails for more commendable reasons than *The Asphalt Campus*.

Sissie, the title-character in the book, is a colored woman who as a girl came up from the South to a city in upstate New York. There she worked (and often lived) like a dog, married a man with whom she fought savagely and to whom she was unfaithful, and largely by her own efforts brought up five children lovelessly but conscientiously. Later she moved to California and remarried more comfortably, and there she is dying as the novel opens.

Two of Sissie's children have achieved success—Iris as a singer in Europe and Ralph as a playwright in America. Now they meet again in New York to go to their mother's bedside and to face the ultimate questions about their own lives that she embodies: their race and the hatred sprung from it, their failures in love, the doubt about Iris' paternity, their guilt at having escaped.

Williams seems to find his subject too big for him. Most of the book, after Ralph and Iris meet in New York, consists of a series of flashbacks, and flashbacks within flashbacks, sometimes awkwardly managed. These passages have little dramatic force; for the most part they hardly do more than fill in the background of information necessary for the final confrontation between the mother and her children. Consequently the reader builds up great expectations of that scene, but when it comes it is disappointingly slight. Almost nothing happens—Sissie is

far too sick to display her old force or even to carry on much of a conversation. The reader lays down the book with the feeling that he has been cheated of a promised revelation.

Perhaps the trouble is simply technical—a more straightforward technique presenting the early material more fully and more for its own sake might have made the final scene less disappointing. Possibly the terrible strains in such a family as he portrays are simply more than Williams can so far cope with imaginatively. But, whatever the difficulty, there is no cynicism or exploitation about the book. It is an attempt to deal with explosive relationships—between the races, between the generations, between the sexes—with the utmost seriousness.

Maelstrom in Mexico

Where's Annie? by Eileen Bassing (Random House, \$5.95) is a much more professional piece of fiction. In fact, the opening section, which concerns a retired American naval officer living in a Mexican village with his much younger wife (the Annie of the horrible title), is just slick magazine writing of a highly skilled but obvious kind. Soon, however, the officer and his wife go their separate ways out of the novel, and it becomes a much better book.

All the main characters are expatriates from the United States—a middle-aged woman novelist; a cold, success-hungry young painter; a Negro trying to achieve a moment of self-fulfillment before his approaching death from brain tumor; a group of three young men addicted in varying degrees to jazz and drugs; and a good many others. All have come to the Mexican village to realize some possibility, to experience some freedom, if it is only freedom from narcotics agents; most of them think of themselves as artists and about half of them really are.

The woman novelist, Victoria Beacon, though not a completely successful character, is the unifying figure in the book, and her movement is the essential action. She begins as a figure of self-imposed isolation, intent on nothing but her writing. Gradually and reluctantly, however, she becomes involved with her fellow

THE NEW BOOKS

expatriates, dependent on them for company in her loneliness and for encouragement when her work goes badly, slowly deteriorating with them until a terrible event shocks her into awareness of how deeply she has been drawn into their sordid maelstrom and how destructive their whole way of life is.

Mrs. Bassing is at her best in portraying the dissolution of character, the slow process by which the comely, disguising flesh erodes and leaves only the bare bones of lust and impotence and anger. She understands weakness and defeat and a considerable range of crippling sexual maladjustments. She seems to have an almost clinical command of the techniques, circumstances, and states of mind connected with drug addiction. Contemporary fiction has been very generous in the attention it has given to drugs, but few writers have treated the subject as compellingly as Mrs. Bassing does. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

Dreams They Live By

Hollywood as portrayed in Alan Marcus' novel, *Of Streets and Stars* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50), has neither the obsessive sordidness of Mrs. Bassing's Mexico nor the glamour usually associated with its name. Rather it is a town of people who work for a living, like any other town; the only peculiar thing about it is that the work they do is to produce on celluloid the dreams they live by.

The way Marcus has designed the novel at first appears casual. He simply presents a group of people employed by a single large studio, showing them at work and in the assorted entanglements of their private lives. They seem to have little in common beyond their place of employment, and even there they are of such different ranks that some of them never see the others. But in fact they are all drawn into a relationship of sorts by a single picture that the studio has in production, a sentimental movie about how a kindly American community takes a refugee family to its great warm heart.

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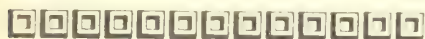
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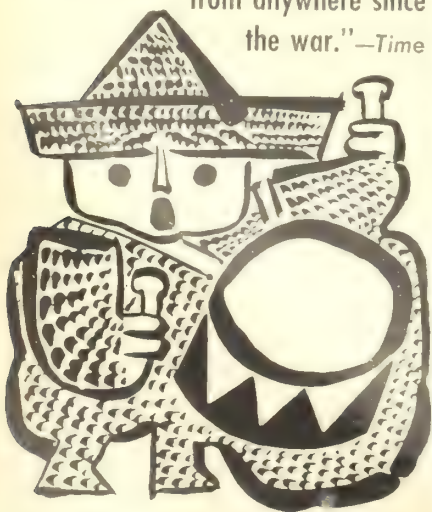
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an idea; the battle for control of its production becomes the last stand of the head of the studio, bitterly fighting age and death to maintain his command. It convinces a young writer that he is not the man to bring honesty to Hollywood; it loses her job for an ambitious woman in the script department. The plain girl who answers fan mail is not directly concerned (she is too far from the seat of power), but her friend and neighbor, an old woman who is herself a refugee with an only daughter in Australia and a husband in an insane asylum, stops in to see the picture after a hard day and finds in its blatant misrepresentation the kind of inspiration she needs to carry on. As the book ends she is writing a letter to the conniving producer, pouring out her troubles, sure that he can help—a letter that will be answered by some other plain girl like the one next door.

Of Streets and Stars comes in a dust jacket garlanded with the praise of half-a-dozen distinguished contemporary writers, which has the effect of inviting the skeptical reader to say that it really isn't that good. And it isn't, quite. The whole view of Hollywood owes something to Nathanael West, without his savage humor; the main irony, though not as obvious as it appears in summary, is hardly subtle; and the narrative prose is often curiously mannered, with an odd word-order that sounds vaguely Irish. But the characterization is assured, and the dialogue is excellent, full of character and accurately heard.

The Art of the Short Story

The novels have taken up most of the space this time, but there is still room to mention a couple of recent works of non-fiction.

The fine Irish short-story writer, Frank O'Connor, has just published a study of the short story, *The Lonely Voice* (World, \$4). Part of the book is an attempt to set up some kind of theoretical distinction between the novel and the short story, and it is not a success. None of the distinctions O'Connor suggests really works, though as often happens in an effort of literary definition, especially when it is undertaken by a man as gifted as O'Connor, some

interesting observations are thrown off along the way.

The excellence of the book lies in its discussion of particular short-story writers, especially the great Russians, Gogol, Turgenev, and Chekhov. O'Connor has read their stories with a fellow craftsman's intense interest in just how the effects are achieved, and his analysis is acute. He is almost equally good on several English writers—A. E. Coppard, D. H. Lawrence, and Katherine Mansfield. Admirers of the last will think he is too harsh, but those who regard Miss Mansfield's work as a stage to be got through in adolescence will be ready to agree that he has her about right.

The book is highly personal criticism, neither academic nor journalistic, simply the record of a fine artist's encounters with the work of other artists writing in the same genre. It is more uneven than O'Connor's earlier book on the novel, but equally revealing of an independent and perceptive literary intelligence.

And of the Essay

Eric Hoffer, the workingman-savant who wrote that little classic on fanaticism, *The True Believer*, has now collected his incidental essays under the title *Ordeal of Change* (Harper & Row, \$3.50). The variety of the contents makes summary impossible, but all the essays are informed by Hoffer's wide reading, his joy in using his mind, whether for bold speculation about the past or observation of events in his own experience, his succinct, aphoristic style, and his calm, humorous stoicism.

Hoffer ought to be prevailed upon to write his autobiography. In the nineteenth century the autobiographies of self-educated workingmen were frequent, and some of them are still delightful reading as well as valuable accounts of social conditions. Now such books never seem to appear, largely perhaps because potential authors of them are almost extinct. From the few autobiographical passages in *Ordeal of Change* it is clear that Hoffer could write a fine book of recollections, though meanwhile we must be grateful for his incisive and entertaining essays.

The Art of Nabokov

by
Alan Pryce-Jones

Alan Pryce-Jones's varied writings include "The Spring Journey" and "Nelson" (an opera, with Lennox Berkeley). He was formerly editor of "The Times Literary Supplement" (London) and is now living in New York. This article will appear later this year in a book of critical essays commissioned and edited by Charles Simmons and Nona Balakian, to be published by Doubleday.

The case of Vladimir Nabokov is an odd one. He can be fitted into no easy category, neither as a part of Russian literary history nor as an exile. It does not matter that, with a success only surpassed by Conrad, he has forged a new arm for himself out of the English language; no one would ever take him for a writer to whom English comes naturally. It does not matter that he can, at will, shock, enchant, chill, bemuse his readers; he writes, on the evidence, exactly as he feels—and his feelings are like no one else's. With unquenchable volatility he springs from one attitude to the next, content to make his final exit after the fashion of the Commendatore in *Don Giovanni*—with an air of menace, that is, but half-hidden by a puff of stage smoke.

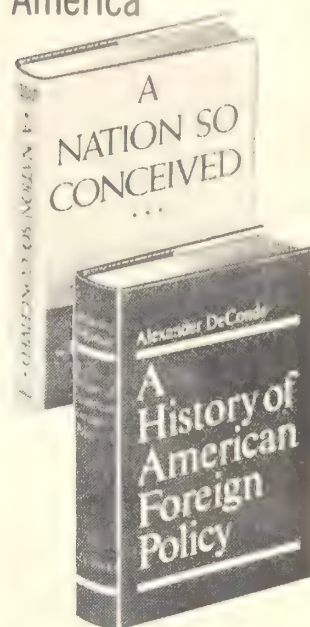
He is a moralist. That is one of the reasons why it is absurd that his reputation should rest on a *succès de scandale*. Not that *Lolita* really shocked anyone who read the book with attention. And five minutes of conversation with the author suffice to show that, because he is not himself shockable, it did not readily occur to him that a hue and cry would be raised by what, in his own eyes, was no more than a private vision of truth. He has himself written that "all my Russian readers know that my old worlds—Russian, British, German, French—are just as fantastic and personal as my new one is."

It is of these worlds that I shall try

to write. For the art of Nabokov is less a novelist's art than a fabulist's. He does not see people as they are, but as they might have appeared to the medieval constructor of a bestiary. His worlds are static. They may become tense with obsession, but they do not move or expand or break apart like the worlds of everyday reality.

The first world is perhaps the truest to reality. Since it is the world of Nabokov's childhood, he depicts it—like most writers—with especial zest. Its seeds are planted in the St. Petersburg of 1899, when he was born to a prosperous and consequential household, admirably described in his autobiographical *Speak, Memory*. No book better conveys the peculiar charm which veiled the last spasms of the Russian Empire. It is not an easy charm to convey, if only because it carries with it some of the faint air of disgrace which clings also to Edwardian England. Was not there something shady about the kind of Russian life so carefully described by the Edwardian Maurice Baring: the delicious country life which could only be lived at the expense of shutting away the threatening world outside; the luxurious journeys to Paris and Nice on the Nord Express; the furs and the diamonds and the little Fabergé flowers in tourmaline and crystal? A hush before a storm seems to accord with nature. A waltz, a throb of talk, a winter in Abbazia,

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THE ART OF NABOKOV

make a less satisfactory prelude. By their lightheartedness in the face of danger, these delightful people only stress the inescapability of downfall.

While it lasted, however, the life of Russia made an indelible impression on him. And most beautifully he conveys the flavor of life as it flowed round his adolescence. Again and again, in these pages, a familiar experience is caught with wit and precision, as, for one, the sensation of looking with childish fixity of attention out of a train window:

The door of the compartment was open and I could see the corridor window, where the wires—six thin black wires—were doing their best to slant up, to ascend skywards, despite the lightning blows dealt them by one telegraph pole after another; but just as all six, in a triumphant swoop of pathetic elation, were about to reach the top of the window, a particularly vicious blow would bring them down, as low as they had ever been, and they would have to start all over again.

Stolen from Him

In these few lines much of the essential Nabokov resides. He is a nostalgic writer, above all; and he has preserved, even in the unlikely contexts, the nostalgia of childhood. *Lolita*—when she appears on the scene many years later—is much more than a nymphet; she is a ruthless evocation of childhood, all the crueler for the fact that she is in the past, and thus irrecoverable. The gap of thirty years between herself and Humbert is an essential part of their disaster. To bridge the gap is not merely a fictional device; it is as real an effort for her creator as the swoop and fall of the telegraph wires in recollection, neither more real nor less. The effort of memory is what counts. Humbert works back to the innocence of childhood, even though that involves the destruction of innocence, just as Nabokov works back to the graces of the long-ago past, with a father and a tutor in one compartment of a luxury train, a mother and her maid in another, a brother in a third, and Osip the valet as odd man out. The wires do not really move. *Lolita* was never really a child. Both illusions belong to a lonely man in exile, striving to begin life all over

again through the deceptive mirror of art, as if the exile had never happened.

For Nabokov's nostalgia is still an exile's dream, though he has now been an American citizen for nearly twenty years. "My private tragedy," he has written, "which cannot, and indeed should not, be anybody's concern, is that I had to abandon my natural idiom, my untrammelled, rich, and infinitely docile Russian tongue for a second-rate brand of English." The strain of this abandonment may be partly responsible for the marked irritability in his work. He has very little patience with the West, and none at all with his countrymen now in power. Not that he objects to being dispossessed; not that he wastes any time mourning lost millions. What has been stolen from him is an emotional heritage, an interpenetration of landscape and family and personal dignity. In each of his books this theft provides part of the theme, even when, as in *Pnin*, he tempers his nostalgia with humor. The past never ceases to beckon, however possessive the present may become.

More than twenty years ago, Sartre defined Nabokov as "*un enfant de vieux*." He underlined the debt which Nabokov owes to Dostoevsky, and went on to point an essential difference between them. Dostoevsky believes in the world he creates; Nabokov does not. He is all the time observing himself at work, knocking down—like a child with a card castle—the very page that he has been at pains to construct. Sartre goes on to a further comparison of Nabokov with Gide. Both, in fiction, play the part of critic as consciously as that of creator. Gide, however—at least, in *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*—experiments, while Nabokov merely mines the procedures of the classical novel from within in order to explode their futility. It is Sartre's contention that everything in Nabokov is preparation for a climax which never occurs. There is literature in whatever he writes, but little life, because Nabokov, driven out of the society he knew as a child, has never been able to attach himself to any other.

These comments were written on the Nabokov of early middle age, who had not yet written the books which have made his reputation in English-speaking countries. In 1939 it was

THE ART OF NABOKOV

still possible for a stern professional like Sartre to look on Nabokov as an amateur of talent, strayed from an Aksakov-like country house to London or Berlin and consuming his loneliness in elegant meditation. In fact, however, this is a very partial truth. Nabokov has very little need of a stable society, since his universal subject matter is the disintegration of modern life. He has assumed the role of scapegoat, less in order to make a virtue of necessity than to drain to its utmost an essential experience of the twentieth century. It would be more just to compare him with Larbaud than with Gide. Both, at heart, are poets laureate of the *wagon-lit*. But whereas Larbaud never had to part with Osip the valet, Nabokov has been forced to accept life on much harsher terms. Objective he cannot be; it is no part of his talent to construct a detached comment on the world around him. So he has learned the art of the shrug. Permanently a stranger, he picks a way through Europe and America; noting, in the pages of his bestiary, the bizarre animals on his path.

There for Punishment

No wonder, then, that he has a special pendant for Gogol. He speaks, in his short book on Gogol, of that writer pottering on the brink of his private abyss in order to become the greatest artist that Russia has yet produced. There is no reason to admit this large claim for Gogol in order to perceive that Nabokov is the right man to make it. He, too, is a potterer. He, too, stands by an abyss of his own. His special stance is to be the man of sense in an age of unreason.

At the same time, he is perfectly aware that sense is not always sensible. The Albinus of *Laughter in the Dark* is the first full expression of a Nabokov anti-hero—the men in Nabokov's books are all there for punishment rather than as objective creations—and it is possible to define, through Albinus, the nature of that abyss. It cleaves the twin worlds of reality and dream. Nabokov's protagonists are always slipping from one to the other. Sometimes, as with the Cincinnatus of *Invitation to a Beheading*, they acquire a dual personality even though neither can be attached to a "real world." It is as

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though, having constructed a world of fantasy, Nabokov were trying to project one shadow behind another to infinity.

In *Albinus*, however, all Nabokov's essential themes are resumed. *Albinus* is mildly unhappy with his wife. Very well, sense tells him that he must overcome his natural shyness and impress himself upon the cinema usherette who has caught his eye. Almost at once unreason takes over. *Albinus'* unhappiness had only been relative. He did not wish to lose his wife, but merely to complement a tepid domestic affection by something tenser and more dangerous. What he had not foreseen was that through yielding to this impulse he would fall victim to an absorbing obsession. The usherette wants nothing but his money. Through her he loses wife and child, dignity, peace, human stature, and finally life itself.

It is important to the understanding of Nabokov that a train of events such as this is never allowed to reach toward tragedy. He diminishes his characters to the point where they become ciphers in a cosmic farce. Humbert's destruction by *Lolita*, the interplay of executioner and victim in *Invitation to a Beheading*, the tyrannies of *Bend Sinister*, each has its funny side, presented with bland savagery. Nabokov has a remarkably observant eye, and what he sees is usually deflation, anti-climax, a turning away. There is a short passage in one of his novels which lays down the pattern for any event which he may depict: "I turned on my heel and slammed the door after me—at least, I tried to slam it—it was one of those confounded pneumatic doors which resist." His characters are always turning away, but they never succeed in slamming the door.

From 1922 to 1937, Nabokov lived in Berlin by writing and teaching. Then, after a brief interlude in France, he moved to the United States, where he taught Russian and European literature, first at Wellesley College and later at Cornell University. Since the success of *Lolita* he has traveled in Europe and worked in California on the movie script. For over forty years, therefore, he has experienced, on the surface, the kind of *dédoublement* which is commonly undergone by his characters. He has been a Russian liberal millionaire of

the old school, but also a teacher earning a living. He has written in Russian as well as English (it is only quite lately that his earlier books have been translated into other languages) but has used German or English in everyday speech since the 'thirties. He has found old political creeds inoperative without feeling the impulse to adopt new ones. If there is any continuity in his make-up it is apparently due in large part to a lifelong skill in lepidopterology. References to moths and butterflies abound in his writings. And in his approach to characterization there is much of the entomologist: armed with stealthy net and chloroform bottle Nabokov is stalking us all for the rare victim he needs to enlarge his collection.

If *Lolita* has been his most sensational success, it is not, in my view, his best book. I much prefer to it both *Invitation to a Beheading* and *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*. This is partly because in the earlier books Nabokov kept in check a penchant for baroque prose which, in *Lolita*, easily slips out of control. Partly this is an aspect of Humbert's punishment. He has to be shown up for the man of straw he is. But Nabokov, at all times, uses the English language as an undergraduate uses a racing car. He shifts gear, revs noisily, slams on brakes, just to show he can. And perhaps inevitably, he has an imperfect ear for speech in a foreign tongue. He uses words like "chappie" and "beastie" at one end of the verbal scale, and like "rufous" or "carrick" (and what is a carrick?) at the other, but without quite convincing the reader that this vocabulary is inevitably right. It has been suggested that, in *Lolita*, Nabokov deliberately adjusted his style to Humbert's mentality; and in so far as the novel is written in the first person by a distracted and fanciful vulgarian—as Humbert is at pains to show himself—this is true. It is, however, a manner into which Nabokov easily slips. Like Meredith, he is naturally allusive; like Firbank, he reaches out toward the rococo phrase. And yet he is not "like" anybody except himself, as he is at pains tartly to point out. That may be why his excursions into modern life read a little like excursions in slumming. Naturally a withdrawn and Olympian talent, he uses the language of

twentieth-century democracy with almost too hearty a vivacity.

An Obsession Heartfelt

As time passes, it seems that Nabokov likes his fellowmen less and less. It is significant that even fifteen years ago Krug, the supposedly sympathetic protagonist of *Bend Sinister*, had already begun that process of dehumanization which culminates in Dr. Kinbote, the central figure in Nabokov's latest book, *Pale Fire*.

In this, the private joke goes very far indeed. For the structure of *Pale Fire* is that of a long poem with spoof annotations of great length and complexity. It becomes almost impossible to determine whether Nabokov is engineering a manic exposure of bogus scholarship or has been carried away by the eddies of his own bizarre humor.

A main purpose is to make a crushing comment on the personality of Dr. Kinbote, who is put forward as the reverential friend and admirer of a dead poet, John Shade, and then allowed to reveal his total inadequacy as he adds note to note in an elucidation of Shade's posthumous poem. The notes construct a whole imaginary world, centered on the kingdom of Zembla, its royal family, and its way of life. They are extremely ingenious and at times extremely funny. Kinbote himself is soon left behind. Nabokov is far too accomplished a mind to confine himself to the hairsplitting excesses of a pedant. He is always ready to take over from his own characters—at the end of *Bend Sinister*, for instance, he abolishes them altogether and assumes command in his own person. Similarly, in *Pale Fire*, he flashes in and out of the role of Kinbote. Yet somehow the total effect is less brilliant than it ought to be. In this vein, Nabokov draws on his German rather than his American experience. He can crush, or ridicule; he lacks the lucid sense of mockery which illuminates the best American satire.

Whatever the virtues of his other books, they will be unlikely to displace *Lolita*, and it is ironic that the undeniable merits of *Lolita* should rest on a tissue of irrelevancies. Had it not been given the accolade of a banning, had its first publication in

England not been the center of an excited burst of gossip, Nabokov might still be teaching Russian but the public would have gained a much clearer view of his fiction. The news was put about that *Lolita* was a daring novel, and so—by virtue of its theme—it is. But the obsessive love of a middle-aged man for an adolescent girl need shock only if it dares too much; if, that is, the writer has insufficient confidence in his own ability, and so goes too far in whetting the appetite of his readers. This is a fault which Nabokov skillfully avoids. Humbert's obsession has to be depicted as such, but it does not spill over into the desire to shock. Where the book fails is in the total lack of affection shown to everyone in it. Humbert is a sniveler, *Lolita* a tigress not the less formidable for being twelve years old only; everyone else is more or less ridiculous. And the book itself is designed as a prolonged wail.

Much of it is extremely amusing. The long journey through one motel after another is a wonderful tour de force of wry comedy. Much of it is moving. An obsession is not less heartfelt than some nobler emotion. And the moral of it all—if a moral must be dug from it—is admirably cogent: Do not expect to escape the consequence of your actions. But the total effect is curiously chilling. Humbert gives in without a struggle and is punished accordingly. That is all there is to it. In order to provide a truly satisfying fiction there has to be conflict. In *Lolita* both victims acquiesce, and only one even complains.

For good or ill, nevertheless, *Lolita* is likely to remain a landmark in the history of the novel. For a long time to come, critics will still be accusing Nabokov of taking his procedures too slavishly from eighteenth-century French sources. They will be dragging in Sade and Laclos, wagging an angry finger, or calling for more. It seems more probable, though, that Nabokov, who has so far turned new ground with each new novel, will surprise them if they expect him to repeat his effects. His true flair is for using fiction as a criticism of life. We need not expect success to mellow that criticism; we can legitimately hope that freedom from other cares will allow him to deepen and extend it.

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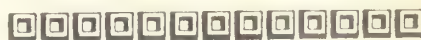
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One of the characteristics of the early days of LP was the rush to make integral recordings—a "complete" this or that. Sometimes the results were monumental. When Victor reissued the Schnabel recordings of Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas, about a decade ago, it was in an album of thirteen discs, packaged with an elaborate booklet and also the Schnabel edition of the music. The album was so heavy it needed a derrick to heft, and so big that it would not fit into a standard record shelf.

But that was not the only thing of its kind. In the Deutsche Grammophon library was Helmut Walcha's recording of all of Bach's organ music, almost twenty records. Concert Hall packaged a massive box containing all of Mozart's forty-one symphonies. Westminster had Valenti at work on recording all of Scarlatti's sonatas—some 550. Angel came out with Gieseking playing all of Mozart's piano music, most of Debussy's and all of Ravel's.

This kind of enterprise has died down, but has not entirely vanished, though there are no projects to match the colossal one-album sets of yore. One organization that still carries on the tradition is Vox, a company that has dreamed up a slightly different format. Their format is the Vox Box—three disc albums selling at \$9.95 list (as against \$14.94 list for most classical equivalents). As one looks through the Vox Boxes, it is possible to find much worthwhile material. There are the Bartók string quartets, complete. There are two boxes of the Bartók piano music, complete. There is Beethoven's music for cello and piano, complete. There

are three boxes of the Beethoven string quartets, complete; and two of the violin sonatas, and a current project that is being played by Alfred Brendel and is taking in all of the piano music. There are three boxes of all of Buxtehude's organ music, a current series of all of Dvorak's string quartets, all of Handel's organ concertos, all of Mendelssohn's piano music, all of Mozart's string quartets and quintets, all of Schubert's piano sonatas and string quartets.

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Latest to arrive are the complete Brahms piano music and the first volume of all of Debussy's piano music. Walter Klien is the Brahms pianist (VBX 430 and 431, mono only, each 3 discs), and Peter Frankl is in charge of Debussy (VBX 432, mono only). Klien is an Austrian pianist, born in 1928, and Frankl is a Hungarian born in 1935. Neither has played in the United States.

Some questions are raised. What price "integral" recording? Can any one artist, especially a young one, handle all of a composer's music? Are the Vox Boxes, though cheaper than other records, worth the difference artistically?

As it turns out, there is no answer that will cover all contingencies. Mechanically the Vox Boxes are decent recordings, with quiet surfaces and a good quality of sound. (This applies to the recent ones; some of the boxes go back as much as fifteen years, and hence are not hi-fi.) The music is offered without frills, and there are no short cuts. That is, there are no cuts in the music, repeats are generally observed, and the scores are honestly presented.

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like a good, thoroughly equipped pianist. He plays with taste, and his technique is up to the music. But he is not much of a colorist; and he certainly can not be spoken of in the same breath as Gieseking. So it is up to the listener. Do the few dollars make that much difference?

As for the Brahms, the issue is clearer. It is true that for the first time all of Brahms's piano music has been brought together. It is also unfortunately true that Klien is not the man for the assignment. He plays stodgily, without charm, and often even without the technical flair needed for such virtuoso works as the *Paganini Variations*. And thus, even if the albums contain the only readily available LP performances of such works as the *Edward Ballade*, the artistic reward is not worth it.

It so happens that the Klien and Frankl albums represent the more negative aspect of the Vox Boxes. The series does have some real bargains, among them the Bartók quartets, the Beethoven and Schubert quartets, the Beethoven piano music, the Dvorak quartets, and the Handel organ concertos. Here experienced musicians have been put to work. While it may be that other recorded performances have the edge, in these cases the disparity is not all that noticeable. And some of the greatest music ever composed is here for the choosing.

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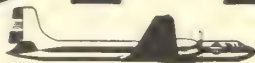
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J A Z Z notes

Eric Larrabee

PROTEST

Jazz is so often spoken of as a music of protest that sometimes it is well to remember what a music of protest really is. There are the banners-unfurled marching songs ("Allons enfants de la etc. etc.") and there are the plaintive melodies of suffering, like "Die Moorsoldaten" and others of the songs of the Spanish Civil War so many of us grew up on. But there is also the music, in our own time, which stems from protests presently and actually experienced. To this category belong the songs of the Southern Negroes who are going into battle, often dangerous and doubtful—at the drugstore counters, bus stations, and sidewalks before the city hall—against the massed intransigence of the white minority which hates to give way before them. These are the songs of people who have been in jail, are going, or expect to go, to jail for what they believe. They exist contemporaneously with you and me.

Of course the sad thing is that validity of emotion does not necessarily guarantee validity of art. Out of profound despair may come banalities; men may go bravely to their deaths crying nonsense. The words may have been sung out spontaneously in the heat of passion, the singers may themselves have undergone the trials the music seeks to memorialize, and still the outcome may be insufficient to its origins. The so-called "Sit-In Songs" recorded by Dauntless (a *nom de guerre* for Audio Fidelity) partake of this unhappy fate; they are the truth packaged and merchandized by the record business, and thus something less than true. The liner notes appended to them can only be recommended as proof that the disk-jockey mentality can cheapen anything.

Fortunately there is another record available, though not through retail outlets, in which the sound of protest can be heard alive and quick; and it is as much of a tribute as the "Sit-In Songs" are a travesty. It is a "documentary," which means there are repetitions, and voices are mixed in with the music, but its materials are rich with immediacy and danger. It is called "Freedom in the Air," and you can get it by sending a minimum contribution of four dollars to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, 6 Raymond Street, N. W., Atlanta 14, Georgia. The standards set by reality are sometimes higher than we have any reason to expect.

Sit-In Songs. Dauntless DS 4601. Freedom in the Air, Albany, Ga. SNCC-101.

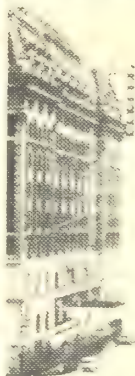
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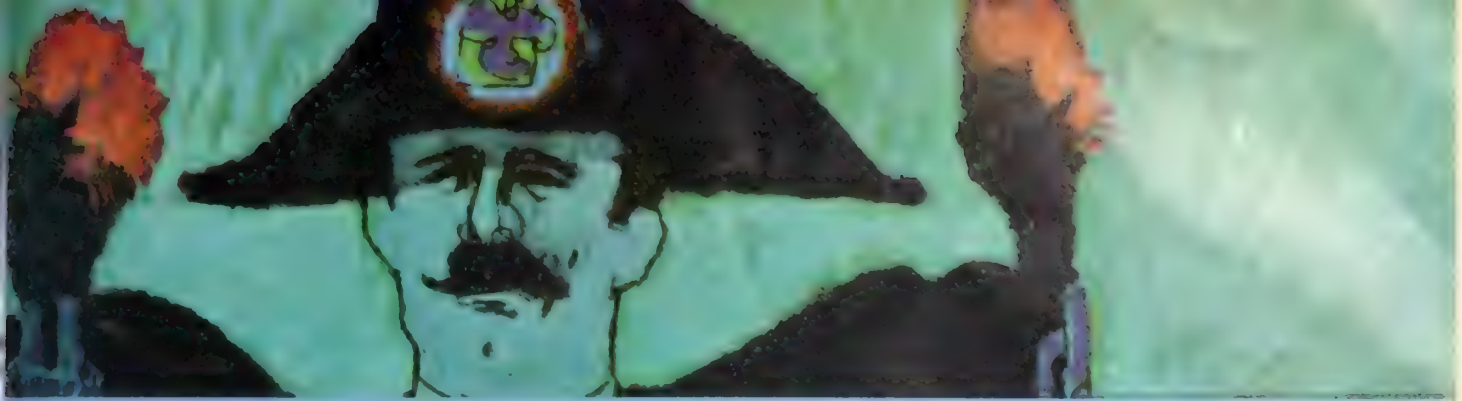
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A BOOK-LENGTH SUPPLEMENT

The Craft of Intelligence

BY FORMER DIRECTOR OF CIA

Allen Dulles

The former Chief of the Central Intelligence Agency here sums up what he has learned from nearly a half-century of experience in diplomacy, espionage, counter-espionage, and the clandestine side of foreign affairs.

In World War II his agents penetrated the German Foreign Office and worked with the anti-Nazi underground resistance. Under his direction the CIA developed both a dedicated corps of specialists and a whole range of new intelligence devices, from the U-2 high-altitude photographic plane to minute electronic listening equipment. His knowledge of Soviet espionage techniques is unrivaled—and he has learned other lessons from such experts as the Biblical Joshua and the British spy who “assisted” Benjamin Franklin.

Much of this material, in different form, is being published in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica 1963 Book of the Year*. An expanded version will appear in regular book form next fall.

THE CRAFT OF INTELLIGENCE

PART I

My interest in world affairs started early; in fact it goes back to my childhood days. I was brought up on the stories of my paternal grandfather's voyage of 131 days in a sailing vessel from Boston to Madras, India, where he was a missionary. He was almost shipwrecked on the way. Much of my youth was spent in Washington with my maternal grandparents. My grandfather, John W. Foster, had been Secretary of State in 1892 under President Harrison. After serving in the Civil War he had become a General and had later been our envoy to Mexico, to Russia, and to Spain. My mother had spent much of her youth in the capitals of these countries, my father had studied abroad, and I grew up in the atmosphere of family debates on what was going on in the world.

My earliest recollections are of the Spanish and Boer Wars. In 1901, at the age of eight, I was an avid listener as my grandfather and his son-in-law, Robert Lansing, who was to become Secretary of State under President Woodrow Wilson, hotly discussed the merits of the British and Boer causes. I wrote out my own views—vigorous and misspelled—which were discovered by my elders and published as a little booklet; it became a “best seller” in the Washington area. I was for the “underdog.”

After graduating from college a few months before the outbreak of World War I in 1914,

sharing the general ignorance about the dramatic events that lay ahead, I worked my way around the world, teaching school in India and then China, and traveling widely in the Far East. I returned to the United States in 1915; and a year before our entry into the war, I became a member of the diplomatic service.

During the next ten years I served in a series of fascinating posts. First in Austria-Hungary, where in 1916-17 I saw the beginnings of the breakup of the Hapsburg monarchy. Then in Switzerland during the war days. I gathered intelligence on what was going on behind the fighting front in Germany, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkans. I was, in fact, much more of an intelligence officer than a diplomat. Assigned to the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 for the Versailles Treaty negotiations, I helped draw the frontiers of the new Czechoslovakia and worked on the problems relating to Russia's revolution and the peace settlement in Central Europe. When the Conference closed, I was one of those who opened our first postwar mission in Berlin in 1920, and after a tour of duty at Constantinople I served four years as Chief of the Near East Division of the State Department.

By that time, 1926—although I had still not exhausted my curiosity about the world—I had exhausted my exchequer and turned to the practice of the law; a practice that was interrupted



NEW YORK TIMES

Allen Dulles in his office at the Central Intelligence Agency

for periods of government service as legal adviser to our delegations to the League of Nations conferences on arms limitation. In connection with this work I met Hitler, Mussolini, Litvinov, and the leaders of Britain and France.

When war threatened us in 1941, President Franklin D. Roosevelt summoned Colonel (later Major General) William J. Donovan to Washington to develop a comprehensive intelligence service. As the organizer and director of the Office of Strategic Services during World War II, Bill Donovan, I feel, is rightly regarded as the father of modern United States intelligence. After Pearl Harbor he asked me to join him, and I served with him until the wars against Germany and Japan were over.

During these four demanding years I worked chiefly in Switzerland and after the German armistice in Berlin. I believe in the case history method of learning a profession, and here I had it with a vengeance. After the armistice with Japan, I returned to the practice of law in 1946. This, however, did not prevent me from playing an active role in connection with the formulation of the legislation setting up the Central Intelligence Agency.

In November of 1950 General Walter Bedell Smith, who had then taken over as Director of CIA, called me to Washington. I went intending to stay six weeks. I remained with CIA for the next eleven years.

What Cannot Be Told

Since returning to private life in November of 1961 after more than ten years with the Central Intelligence Agency, the last eight as its Director, I have felt that it was high time that someone—even though he be a deeply concerned advocate—should tell what properly can be told about intelligence as a vital element of the structure of government in this modern age. Probably intelligence is the least understood and the most misrepresented of the professions.

One reason for this was well expressed by President Kennedy when, on November 28, 1961, he came out to inaugurate the new CIA Headquarters Building and to say good-bye to me as Director. He then remarked: "Your successes are unheralded, your failures are trumpeted." For obviously you cannot tell of operations that go along well. Those that go badly generally speak for themselves.

CIA is not an underground operation. One need only read the law—the National Security

The views expressed in this article are solely those of the author and have not been either authorized or approved by the Central Intelligence Agency or any other government authority.

—A.D.

Act of 1947—to get a general idea of what it is set up to do. It has, of course, a secret side and the law permits the National Security Council, which in effect means the President, to assign to the CIA certain duties and functions in the intelligence field, in addition to those specifically enumerated in the law. These functions are not disclosed, but the Departments of State and of Defense also guard with great care the secrecy of much that they do.

The funds for CIA's operation are provided by appropriations voted by Congress, and the amount and the general breakdown of expenditures are known to the CIA subcommittees of the Appropriations Committees of the Congress. As the total is not made public, many writers on the subject feel they are privileged to make their own guess. Since one billion dollars is a good round figure, this is the one they generally assign as the annual budgetary expenditure of the CIA. That guess has no relation whatever to reality, and the actual amount while I was Director would be somewhat more comforting to the American taxpayer than the inflated guesses.

One of my own guiding principles in intelligence work when I was Director of Central Intelligence was always to keep secret by every human means *only* those activities which should be secret, and not to make a mystery of what is a matter of common knowledge or obvious to friend and foe alike.

Shortly after I became Director, I had a good illustration of the futility of certain kinds of secrecy. Dr. Milton Eisenhower, brother of the President, had an appointment to see me. The President volunteered to drop him at my office. They started out (I gather without forewarning to the Secret Service), but could not find the office until a telephone call was put through to me for precise directions. This led me to investigate why all this futile secrecy. At that time the CIA Headquarters bore at the gate the sign: "Government Printing Office." However, sight-seeing buses, as they made their trip around Washington, made it a practice to stop outside of our front gate. The guide would then harangue the occupants of the bus with information to the

general effect that behind the barbed wire which they saw was the most secret, the most concealed place in Washington, the headquarters of the American spy organization, the Central Intelligence Agency. I also found out that practically every taxicab driver in Washington knew the location. As soon as I put up a proper sign at the door, the glamour and mystery disappeared. We were no longer either sinister or mysterious to visitors to the Capital; we became just another government office. Too much secrecy can be self-defeating just as too much talking can be dangerous.

An instance where a certain amount of publicity was helpful in the collection of intelligence occurred during World War II when I was sent to Switzerland for General Donovan and the OSS in November of 1942. I had a position in the American legation as an assistant to the Minister. One of the leading Swiss journals produced the story that I was coming there as a secret and special envoy of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Offhand one might have thought that this free and unsought advertisement would have hampered my work. Quite the contrary was the case. Despite my modest but truthful denials of the story, it was generally believed. As a result, to my network flocked a host of informants, some cranks, it is true, but some jewels also. If I could not separate the wheat from the chaff with only a reasonable degree of error, then I was not qualified for my job, because the ability to judge people is one of the prime qualities of an intelligence officer.

Intelligence Requirements in the Missile Age

The Departments of State and Defense are collecting information abroad, and their intelligence experts are analyzing it, preparing reports and doing a good job of it. Could they not do the whole task?

The answer given to this question fifteen years ago by both the Executive and Legislative Branches of our government was "No." The reason for this was our growing appreciation of the nature of the Communist menace, its self-imposed secrecy, and the security measures behind which it prepares its nuclear missile threat and its subversive penetration of the Free World.

Great areas of both the Soviet Union and Communist China are sealed off from foreign eyes. They tell us nothing about their military establishment that is not carefully controlled, and

yet such knowledge is needed for our defense and for that of the Free World. They refuse, so far, the inspection and control that are essential for arms and nuclear limitations. They boldly proclaim that this secrecy is a great asset and a basic element of policy. They claim the right to arm in secret so as to be able, if they desire, to attack in secret. They curtly refused the Open Sky proposal of President Eisenhower in 1955, which we were prepared to accept for our country if they would for theirs. This refusal has left to intelligence the task of evening the balance of knowledge and hence of preparation—by breaking through this shield of secrecy.

The overt intelligence collection work of State and Defense, though of great value, is not enough. The special techniques which are unique to secret intelligence operations are required to penetrate the security barriers of the Communist Bloc.

A close-knit, coordinated intelligence service, continually on the alert, able to report accurately and quickly on developments in almost any part of the globe is the best insurance we can take out against surprise. The very nature of the world today illustrates our problem. A few decades ago, who would have been bold enough to suggest that in the 1960s our Armed Forces would be deeply engaged in South Vietnam and in Korea, that Cuba would have become a hostile Communist state closely allied to Moscow, and that the Congo would have assumed grave importance for our foreign policy? Yet these are the facts of life today. The coming years will undoubtedly provide equally unexpected developments.

Hence we cannot limit our search for information to the countries which may be the present areas of crisis. We need knowledge of the world. Even the Arctic and the Antarctic in this nuclear missile age have become areas of strategic importance. Distance and time have lost much of their significance. The oceans are still there which protected us in the past and gave the safeguarding advantage of time in reaching vital decisions, as, for example, prior to our entry into World War I and World War II. But now we are in the front line; today we are the main target. An attack no longer requires a long period of mobilization with its telltale evidence. Missiles are ready on launchers, and bombers are on the alert.

Our defense requirements are such that we cannot wait to collect our intelligence on the likelihood of hostile acts until after the decision to strike has been taken by another power. We must endeavor to be both forewarned and forearmed.



In November 1961 President Kennedy inaugurated CIA's new Headquarters and Mr. Dulles concluded more than a decade with the agency.

Then, in addition to the question of *getting* the required intelligence on a world-wide basis, there is also that of how it should be processed and analyzed. There are some advantages, I feel, in centralizing the main responsibility for the preparation and coordination of our intelligence analyses in an agency of government which has no responsibility for policy. Policy makers tend quite naturally to become wedded to the policies which they have been responsible for making. Prejudice is the most serious occupational hazard we have in intelligence work.

At the time of Pearl Harbor high officials here and abroad were convinced that the Japanese, if they struck, would strike southward against the soft underbelly of the British, French, and Dutch colonial area. The likelihood that they would make the initial move against their most dangerous antagonist, the United States, was discounted. The Pearl Harbor attack, and the mishandling of the intelligence we then had, greatly influenced our government's later decision on how our intelligence reporting should be organized. While the warnings received before the attack may not have been clear enough to permit our leaders to pinpoint Hawaii and the Philippines, they should at least, if adequately analyzed, have alerted us

to imminent danger in the Pacific. And for Japan, successful as was the Pearl Harbor attack, it proved to be the greatest miscalculation of them all.

If anyone has any doubt about the importance of objective intelligence, I would suggest a study of other mistakes which leaders have made because they were badly advised or misjudged the facts and the attitudes of other countries. When Kaiser Wilhelm II struck at France in 1914 and was persuaded by his military leaders that the violation of Belgian neutrality was essential to military success, he relied too heavily on their judgment that England would not enter the war—despite the warnings he received from the political side. Here was a gross failure to appraise the intelligence available.

In the days before World War II, the British government—despite Churchill's warnings—failed to grasp the dimensions of the Nazi threat, especially in aircraft.

Hitler likewise, as he launched into World War II, made a series of miscalculations. He discounted the strength and determination of Britain; later he opened a second front against Russia in June 1941 with reckless disregard of the consequences. When in 1942 he was reportedly advised of the plan for an American-British landing in North Africa, he refused to pay attention to the intelligence available to him. I was told that he had casually remarked: "They don't have the ships to do it."

A new kind of threat, practically unknown in the days before the Communist revolution, has put an added strain on our intelligence capabilities. It is the Communist attempt—which we began to comprehend after World War II—to undermine the security of free countries. As this is carried on in secret, it requires secret intelligence techniques to ferret it out and to build up our defenses against it.

In the Soviet Union, we are faced with an antagonist who has raised the art of espionage to an unprecedented height, while developing the collateral techniques of subversion and deception into a formidable political instrument of attack. No other country has ever before attempted this on such a scale. These operations, in support of the U.S.S.R.'s overall policies, go on in times of so-called thaw and under the guise of coexistence with the same vigor as in times of acute crisis. Intelligence has a major share of the task of neutralizing such hostile activities, which present a common danger to us and to our allies.

The fact that so many Soviet cases of both espionage and subversion have been uncovered

in recent times and in several NATO countries is not due to mere accident. It is well that the world should know what the Soviets know already—namely, that the free countries of the world have been developing highly sophisticated counterintelligence organizations and have been increasingly effective over the years in uncovering Soviet espionage. Naturally, with our NATO and other alliances, we have a direct interest in the internal security arrangements of other countries with which secrets may be shared. If a NATO document is filched by the Communists from one of our allies, it is just as harmful to us as if it were stolen from our own files. This makes international cooperation in intelligence work essential.

Our allies, and many friendly countries which are not formal allies, generally share our view

of the Communist threat. Many of them can make and are making real contributions to the total strength of the Free World, including one in the intelligence field, to help keep us forewarned. However, some of our friends do not have the resources to do here all they might wish, and they look to the United States for leadership in the intelligence field, as in many others. As we uncover hostile Communist plans, they expect us to help them in recognizing the threats to their own security. It is in our interest to do so. One of the most gratifying features of recent work in intelligence, and one that is quite unique in its long history, has been the growing cooperation established between the American intelligence services and their counterparts throughout the Free World which make common cause with us as we face a common peril.

PART II

It is a part of history that intelligence should all too often be disregarded or sometimes not even sought. Cassandra, the daughter of Priam of Troy, who was beloved by Apollo, was accorded by him the gift of prophecy. But, as mythology tells us, once she had obtained the gift, she taunted the tempter. Apollo could not withdraw his gift but could and did add to it the qualification that her prophecies should not be believed. Hence Cassandra's predictions that the rape of Helen would spell the ruin of Troy and her warnings about the famous Trojan Horse—one of the first recorded "intelligence" operations—were disregarded.

Another early intelligence operation is recorded in the Bible (*Numbers*, Chapter 13). When Moses was in the Wilderness with the children of Israel, he was directed by the Lord to send a ruler of each of the tribes of Israel "to spy out the land of Canaan," which the Lord had designated as their home. Moses gave them instructions to "see the land, what it is; and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many." They spent forty days on their mission. When they came back, they reported on the land to Moses and Aaron: "Surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it"—the grapes, the pomegranates, and the figs. But then ten of the twelve who had gone on this intelligence mission, with Joshua and Caleb dissenting, reported that the people there were stronger than the men of Israel. They were "men of a great stature," and "the cities are

walled and very great," and "the children of Israel murmured against Moses and against Aaron." The Lord then decreed that because of the little faith that the people had shown in him, they "should wander in the Wilderness forty years," one year for every day that the spies had searched the land and brought in their timorous findings.

In this particular intelligence mission, there is more than meets the eye at first reading. In the first place, if one wants a fair and impartial view of the nature of the land of Israel and its people, one would not send political leaders on an intelligence mission. One would send technicians and surely not twelve, but two or three. Furthermore, Moses and Aaron did not need information about the land of Israel, as they trusted the Lord. The real purpose of this mission was in fact not to find out what sort of a land Israel was; it was to find out what sort of people—how strong and trustworthy—were these members of the various tribes of Israel. When only two met the test in the eyes of the Lord, the rest and their peoples were condemned to wander in the desert until a new and stronger generation arose to take over.

After the forty years had expired, Joshua sent out two men to "spy secretly" (*Joshua*, Chapter 2) and they were received in Jericho in the house of Rahab, the harlot. It was, I believe, the first published instance of what one now calls in the intelligence trade a "safe house." Then Joshua took Jericho "and utterly destroyed it and its people except that Rahab and her family were

saved." And thus was established the tradition that those who help the intelligence process should be rewarded.

Throughout the early ages, from Cyrus the Great with his Persian army to Alexander of Macedonia and to Caesar in Roman times, the effective use of intelligence and espionage was one of the hallmarks of the successful military leaders. Mithradates VI, king of Pontus (120-64 B.C.), fought the power of Rome to a standstill in Asia Minor, in part because he had become an outstanding intelligence officer and had mastered twenty-two languages and dialects and better knew the tribes and their customs than did distant Rome.

During the Middle Ages there was little systematic collection of intelligence by any of the Western European rulers. They were not very well informed about the Byzantine Empire and the Eastern Slavs; they knew even less of the Moslem world; and they were almost completely ignorant of anything that went on in Central and East Asia. Marco Polo's famous book about China contained material that would have been useful for strategic intelligence, but no one paid much attention to it. Italian merchants had more information about the East than any other group, but unfortunately they seldom had a chance to give it to the people who determined Europe's oriental policy. The Popes disliked the merchants' willingness to trade with enemies of the faith, and kings had little contact with them. The most serious political mistakes of Western Europe in the Middle Ages were in relations with the East.

The fifteenth-century Italians made an important contribution to intelligence collection by establishing permanent embassies abroad. The reports of their ambassadors, and especially those

of the Venetian envoys, contained a great deal of strategic intelligence. By the sixteenth century, most European governments were following the Italian example.

Another problem, in a period without maps, was local geography. Knowledge of a ford over a river might allow an army to escape encirclement; discovery of a mountain path could show the way past a strong enemy position. There was little patriotic or nationalistic feeling and local inhabitants could usually be induced to give this kind of information. Louis IX paid the equivalent of several thousand dollars to a Bedouin who showed him a ford across a branch of the Nile, thus enabling him to stage a surprise attack upon a Moslem army.

In more modern times, we find espionage developing into an important instrument as the first specialists appear on the scene. Ministers and Secretaries of State who devoted much of their careers to the collection of secret information—Sir Francis Walsingham and Lord Burleigh for Queen Elizabeth of England, John Thurloe for Cromwell.

George Washington Spent a Lot

But in American history until recent times there is little evidence of government intelligence activity except in wartime. Washington fortunately possessed a keen understanding of the value and methods of secret intelligence and of the need for keeping such activities utterly secret, so secret, in fact, that we may never have the full history of his intelligence operations. Nathan Hale's story is the most famous incident of spying—and unsuccessful spying at that—in the Revolution, but there is some evidence that the unfortunate outcome of this episode helped to draw Washington's attention to the need for more professional and dependable secret intelligence operations. Washington's financial accountings show that he spent around \$17,000—a lot of money in those days—on secret intelligence, and that one of his main targets, where he kept a complex network of agents and couriers, was the New York area. There, many supposed Tories with access to British headquarters were really secret agents of General Washington. Of the many battles in which intelligence played an important role in the Revolution, the Battle of Saratoga, the turning point of the war, was by far the outstanding one.

In the days just prior to and during the Civil War our federal government, because it lacked

— Even in 1066 —

King Harold of England had all the essential intelligence long before the landing of William the Conqueror. He had been in Normandy and had seen the Norman army in action. He knew that William was planning an attack; he estimated the planned embarkation date and landing place with great accuracy; and, judging by the size of the force he concentrated, he made a very good guess about the number of William's troops. Harold's defeat at Hastings was not due to strategic intelligence deficiencies. He lost rather because his troops were exhausted after a long forced march.

organized intelligence facilities, farmed out certain intelligence and security work to the private Pinkerton Detective Agency. Mr. Pinkerton and his men were originally hired to guard the person of President Lincoln and to run down plots against him and his Cabinet, but in the early days of the war they also watched nearby Virginia for signs of sabotage, uprisings, and military activities that could have isolated and paralyzed the city of Washington.

Mr. Pinkerton's agency later became a famous detective organization in this country, specializing in protection of industrial properties as well as in private investigations. At that time, however, Pinkerton's men were pinch-hitting in jobs which today are part of the duty of three quite distinct organizations of our government: the Secret Service (guarding the person of the President), the FBI (dealing with domestic counterespionage in the United States), and the Central Intelligence Agency (collecting foreign intelligence).

One of the great intelligence operations of the nineteenth century was that maintained, not by a government or a dictator, but by the banking house of Rothschild. In promoting their financial interests from their headquarters in Frankfurt, London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples, they were often able to gain vital intelligence before governments did.

As Europe waited in 1815 to learn the results of the battle of Waterloo, Nathan Rothschild in London had the news of victory before anyone. By depressing the market in "consols," British government securities, he was able at the proper moment to make a killing by buying them in at the low. As he was selling, those who watched his every move in the market did likewise, concluding that Waterloo had been lost by the British and their allies. He obtained his intelligence by no esoteric methods. His network was just better organized and his agents quicker than others.

As the U. S. entered the war in 1917, we had initially to rely mainly on the French and British for tactical and strategic intelligence, but we learned rapidly—thanks largely to a group of



Allan Pinkerton (left) whose agency was hired for intelligence and counterespionage work in the early days of the Civil War.

officers to whom I wish to pay tribute. There was, first of all, Colonel Ralph H. VanDeman, who is often referred to as the father of military intelligence.* I worked personally with Colonel VanDeman in World War I when I was in Bern and can attest to the effective work which he and his successors, General Dennis E. Nolan and General Marlborough Churchill, did in building up the basis of our military intelligence today.

The British, the French, the Germans, and later the Italians entered World War II with highly developed secret intelligence organizations in addition to their military intelligence services. During the war days when I was with OSS, I had the privilege of working with the British service and developed close personal and service relationships which remained intact after the war.

In Switzerland I made contact with a group of French officers who had maintained the tradition of the French Deuxième Bureau and who helped

His work is covered in the book *The Secret War* by an American author that I have seen, giving the history of the intelligence services through the ages. *The Secret War* by Simon Sebag Montefiore, Rowan (Doubleday, 1937).

to build up the intelligence service of General de Gaulle and the Free French. Toward the end of the war, cooperation was established with a branch of the Italian secret service that adhered to King Victor Emmanuel when non-Fascist Italy joined the Allied cause. In World War II days I was working with the underground anti-Nazi group in the German Abwehr, the professional military intelligence service of the German army. This group secretly plotted against Hitler. The head of the Abwehr, the very extraordinary Admiral Canaris, was liquidated by Hitler when, following the failure of the attempt on Hitler's life in 1944, the records establishing Canaris' cooperation with the plotters were discovered.

This wartime cooperation with the intelligence services of the Free World has contributed, I believe, toward creating among them a measure of unity of purpose today. This has helped us to counter the massive attack which the intelligence and security services of the Communist Bloc countries are making against us now.

Khrushchev's Eyes and Ears Abroad

On December 20, 1962, an article appeared in *Pravda* written by the present chief of Soviet State Security (KGB), V. Semichastniy, which opened with the words, "Forty-five years ago today, at the initiative of Vladimir Ilych Lenin . . .," and went on to describe the founding of the first Soviet security body, the Cheka in 1917, and to summarize the ups and downs of forty-five years of Soviet police history. While the purpose of the article was no doubt to improve the public image of this justly feared and hated institution, its importance to the foreign observer lay in the tacit admission that despite changes of name and of leadership, the Soviets really view this organization as having a definite and unbroken continuity since the day of its founding.

Most totalitarian countries have in the course of time developed not one but two intelligence services with quite distinct functions although their work may occasionally overlap. One of these is a military intelligence service run by the general staff of the army and responsible for collecting military and technical information abroad. In the Soviet state this military organization is called the GRU (Intelligence Directorate).

The other service, the most characteristic development of a totalitarian state, is the "security" service, which generally begins as a secret police organ devoted to internal repression of dissidents

and the "protection" of the regime, but gradually expands outward, thrusting into neighboring areas for "protective" reasons and finally girdling the globe as a full-fledged foreign intelligence service and more.

Since such a security service is inevitably the creature of the dictator or party in power, it will always be more trusted by the local political leader than the military service and will usually seek to control and even absorb the other. Today, the Soviet State Security Service, now known as the KGB, is the eyes and ears of Khrushchev abroad as well as at home, a multi-purpose, clandestine arm of Soviet power that can in the last analysis carry out any act for which the Soviet leadership wishes to use it. It is more than a secret police organization, more than an intelligence and counterintelligence organization. It is as well the instrument for subversion, manipulation, violence, and terror, and for secret intervention into the affairs of other countries. It is the aggressive arm of Soviet expansion in the Cold War. If the Soviets ever send a team of astronauts to the moon, I would expect that a KGB officer will accompany it.

The secret police was not the invention of the Soviets and even the foreign arm of the KGB has precedents in Russian history. The purpose of the Okhrana, the Czarist secret police, was the "protection" of the Imperial family and the regime. In this capacity it watched the Russian populace through armies of informants and once even distinguished itself by tailing the venerable Leo Tolstoy around Russia.

In the late nineteenth century there were so many Russian revolutionaries, radical students, and émigrés outside Russia that the Okhrana could not hope to keep Imperial Russia secure merely by suppressing the voices of revolution at home. It sent its agents to join, penetrate, and provoke the organizations of Russian students and revolutionaries in Western Europe. It sought to demoralize these organizations, steal their documents, and gain access to their channels for smuggling illegal literature into Russia.

The foreign arm of Soviet Security even in its earlier days had a much bigger job to do abroad than ever confronted the Czar's Okhrana. Its problem was not only to penetrate and neutralize the Russian exiles who were conspiring against the Soviets but to ferret out the plans and policies of the Western powers whose hostility the Soviet Union feared. It thus became at an early stage a political intelligence service with a militant mission. To achieve its aims, it engaged abroad as well as at home in violence and brutal-

ity, in kidnapping and murder, not only against the "enemies of the state" but against its own people whom it did not trust or found a burden.

In Paris in 1926 it murdered General Petlura, the exiled leader of the Ukrainian Nationalists. In 1930, again in Paris, it kidnapped General Kutepov, the leader of the White Russian War Veterans, and later, in 1937, the same fate befell General Miller, Kutepov's successor.

For over a decade Leon Trotsky who had gone into exile in 1929 had been the prime assassination target of Stalin. On August 20, 1940, he was slaughtered in Mexico City by an agent of Soviet Security, armed with a sawed-off Alpine ice pick.

These violent acts of the Bolsheviks in the early days were not merely manifestations of the rough-and-tumble era of early Soviet history or of Stalin's personal vengefulness. In the most recent era of "socialist legality," proclaimed by Khrushchev in 1956, a later generation of exiled leaders was wiped out. The only difference between the earlier and later crops of political murders lay in the subtlety and efficacy of the murder weapons. The mysterious deaths in Munich, in 1957 and 1959, of Lev Rebet and Stephen Bandera, leaders of the Ukrainian émigrés, were managed with a cyanide spray that killed almost instantaneously. This method was so subtle that, in Rebet's case, it was long thought that he had died of a heart attack. The truth became known only when the KGB agent Bogdan Stashinskiy gave himself up to the German police in 1961 and acknowledged that he had perpetrated both killings.

For the first murder, Stashinskiy reports he was given a fine banquet by his superiors in the KGB; for the second he received from them the Order of the Red Banner.

While the foreign arm had been expanding into a world-wide espionage and political-action organization, the domestic arm under Stalin grew into a monster that allegedly had one out of every five Soviet citizens reporting to it. The service controlled the entire border militia, had an internal militia of its own, ran all the political prisons and forced labor camps in Siberia and elsewhere, and had become the watchdog over the government and over the Communist party itself. Above all, its frightening power as an internal secret police lay in its authority to arrest, condemn, and liquidate at the behest of the director or his henchmen or on its own cognizance without any recourse to legal judgment or control by any other organ of government.

During the war years and afterwards this colossus—then called the NKVD—was split up,

reconsolidated, split up and reconsolidated again. Finally it was split up once more into one organization responsible for external espionage and high-level internal security, which later became the KGB, and another—the MVD—which retained all policing functions not directly concerned with state security at the higher levels. The history of Soviet State Security, under its various names, exhibits many cycles of growth and purge, of splintering and consolidation, of political murder carried out by it and against it. After any period during which a leader had exploited it to keep himself in power, it had to be cut down to size both because it knew too much



WIDE WORLD

The Soviet agent who murdered Leon Trotsky with an Alpine ice pick in Mexico City in 1940.

and because it might become too strong for his own safety. After the demise of a dictator, the same had to be done for the safety of his successor.

The main emphasis in Khrushchev's now famous secret address to the Twentieth Congress of the Communist party in 1956, in which he exposed the crimes of Stalin, was on those crimes Stalin had committed through the NKVD. In doing this, Khrushchev not only publicly opened his attack on Stalinism but at the same time justified new purges of existing State Security organs which he had to bring under his control in order to strengthen his own position as dictator.

At the same time, anxious to give both the

Soviet public and the outside world the impression that the new era of "socialist legality" had dawned, Khrushchev took various steps to wipe out the image of the Security Service as a repressive executive body. Once again there was a change of name. Khrushchev announced on September 3, 1962, that the old Ministry of Internal Affairs (MVD) was now to be called the "Ministry of Public Law and Order." Just what this new ministry would do he did not clarify, although he promised that there would be no more trials where Soviet citizens would be condemned in secret.

But the internal espionage system continues, though in new forms. Under the terms of a recent decree, every industrial worker becomes in effect a watchman over the carrying out of government decrees affecting corruption in industry. Recently the courts in the Soviet Union have been handing down death or long prison sentences for many economic offenses which with us would be only minor crimes or misdemeanors.

However, purges and organizational changes seem to have had remarkably little effect on that part of the Soviet Security Service which interests us most—its foreign arm. It has behind it forty-five years of continuous operations, despite various changes of name and of leadership. Throughout this period it accumulated an enormous fund of knowledge and experience, especially as to the means best suited to the execution of its particular aims in various parts of the world. It has in its ranks intelligence officers (those who survived the purges) of twenty to thirty years' experience. It has on its rosters disciplined and experienced agents and informants in all parts of the world, many of whom have been active on and off since the 1930s. Its accumulation of foreign information about persons and places in all parts of the world—in other words its files, which are the lifeblood of any intelligence service—was never hampered by political power struggles within the Soviet Union itself. The evolution of its techniques goes back even further—to Czarist days.

As a result of their attempts to evade detection and capture by the Okhrana, the Russian revolutionaries of the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries developed the conspiratorial techniques that later stood the Soviets in such good stead. The complicated and devious tricks for concealing and passing messages, for falsifying documents, for using harmless intermediaries between suspect persons so as not to expose the one to the other or allow both to be seen together—these were all survival techniques learned

after bitter encounters and many losses at the hands of the Czar's police. When the Soviets later founded their own secret police, these were the tricks they taught their agents to evade the police of other countries. Even the very words which the Bolsheviks used in the illegal days before 1917 as a kind of private slang among terrorists—such as *dubok* (little oak tree) for a dead-letter drop—became in time the terms in official use within the Soviet intelligence service.

Homo Sovieticus in the Pure Form

From my own experience I have the impression that the Soviet intelligence officer represents the species *homo Sovieticus* in its unalloyed and most successful form. This strikes me as much the most important thing about him, more important than any particular traits relevant to the pursuit of the intelligence craft itself. It is as if the Soviet intelligence officer were a kind of final and extreme product of the Soviet system, an example of the Soviet mentality pitched to the nth degree.

He is blindly and unquestioningly dedicated to the cause, at least at the outset. He has been fully indoctrinated in the political and philosophical beliefs of communism and in the basic motivation which proceeds from these beliefs, which is that the ends alone count and any means that achieves them is justified. Since the ingrained Soviet approach to the problem of life and politics is conspiratorial, it is no surprise that this approach finds its ultimate fulfillment in intelligence work. When such a man does finally see the light, as has happened, his disillusionment is overwhelming.

The Soviet intelligence officer is throughout his career subject to a rigid discipline and, as one Bloc intelligence officer put it, he "has graduated from an iron school." On the one hand, he belongs to an elite; he has privilege and power of a very special kind. He may be functioning as the Embassy chauffeur, but he may have a higher secret rank than the Ambassador and more power where the power really counts. On the other hand, neither rank nor seniority nor past achievement will protect him if he makes a mistake. When a Soviet intelligence officer is caught out or his agents are caught through an oversight on his part, he can expect demotion, dismissal, even prison.

I can think of no better illustration of the merciless attitude of the Soviet intelligence officer himself than the story told of one of Stalin's intelligence chiefs, General V. S. Abakumov.

During the war, Abakumov's sister was picked up somewhere in Russia on a minor black-marketing charge—"speculation," as the Soviets call it. In view of her close connection to this powerful officer in the secret hierarchy, the police officials sent a message to Abakumov asking how he would like the case handled. They fully expected he would request the charges be dropped. Instead, he is reliably reported to have written on the memorandum sent him: "Why do you ask me? Don't you know your duty? Speculation during wartime is treason. Shoot her."

Abakumov met the fate of many Soviet intelligence officers after the death of Stalin and the liquidation of Beria. At that time he was in charge of the internal section of Soviet security which kept the files on members of the government and of the Party. Abakumov was secretly executed and his entire section was decimated under the Malenkov regime. They knew too much.

Privileges of a Spy

Despite certain relaxations in the public life of Khrushchev's Russia today, the "terror" still holds sway within Soviet intelligence itself because this arm of Soviet power, second to none in peacetime, cannot relax, cannot be allowed any weakness.

The Soviet citizen does not usually apply for a job in the intelligence service. He is spotted and chosen. Bright upcoming young men in various positions, be it in foreign affairs, economics, the sciences, are proposed by their superiors in the Party for work in intelligence. To pass muster they must either be Party members themselves, candidates for Party membership, or members of the youth organization, Komsomol, which is a kind of junior Communist party. They must come from an impeccable political background according to communist standards, which means that there can be no "bourgeois taint" on them or any record of deviations or dissent in their immediate family or forebears.

An ambitious young man who is able to make his career in one of the branches of Soviet intelligence is fortunate by Soviet standards. His selection for this duty opens to him the ranks of the "New Class," the elite, the nobility of the new Soviet State. Service with Khrushchev's security and intelligence equals and often surpasses the prestige of service with the military. Soviet intelligence officers receive material rewards much above those given the similar ranks

of government bureaucracy in other departments. They have opportunities for travel open to few Soviet citizens. Further, a career of this kind may open the road to high political office and important rank in the Communist party.

This is the breed of men who handled such cases as Chambers and Klaus Fuchs, the Rosenbergs, Burgess and Maclean, George Blake, Houghton, and Vassall. They have had some brilliant successes. What are their weaknesses and shortcomings?

The Soviet Security Service suffers from the same fundamental weakness as does Soviet bureaucracy and communist society generally—in-difference to the individual and his feelings, resulting in frequent lack of recognition, improper assignments, frustrated ambition, unfair punishment, all of which breed—in a Soviet Russian as in any man—loss of initiative, passivity, disgruntlement, and dissidence. Service in the Soviet bureaucracy does not exactly foster independent thought and the qualities of leadership. The average Soviet official, in the intelligence service as elsewhere, is not inclined to assume responsibility or risk his career. There is an ingrained tendency to perform tasks "by the book," to conform, to try to pass the bureaucratic buck if things go wrong.

Most important of all, and I shall have more to say about this later, every time the Soviets send an intelligence officer abroad they risk his exposure to the very systems he is dedicated to destroy. If for any reason he has become disillusioned or dissatisfied, his contact with the Western World often works as the catalyst which starts the process of disaffection. A steady and growing number of Soviet intelligence officers have been coming over to our side, proving that Soviet intelligence is by no means as monolithic and invulnerable as it wishes the world to believe.

Father of Security

The necessity of procuring good Intelligence is apparent & need not be further urged. All that remains for me to add, is, that you keep the whole matter as secret as possible. For upon Secrecy, Success depends in most Enterprizes of the kind, and for want of it, they are generally defeated, however well planned & promising a favourable issue."

—General George Washington to Colonel Elias Dayton, July 26, 1777

PART III

The collection of foreign intelligence is accomplished in a variety of ways, not all of them mysterious.

Overt intelligence is derived from newspapers, books, learned and technical publications, official reports of government proceedings, radio, television, etc. Even a novel or a play may contain useful information about the state of a nation.

The two main Soviet mouthpieces are, of course, the newspapers, *Izvestia* and *Pravda*—which translate into “News” and “Truth” respectively. A wit once suggested that in *Izvestia* there is no news and in *Pravda* there is no truth. This is a fairly accurate statement, but it is of real interest to know what they publish and what they ignore, and the turn they give to embarrassing developments which they still must publish.

For example, Khrushchev’s now famous remark at a Polish Embassy reception in Moscow on November 18, 1956, to Western diplomats, “We will bury you,” was not carried in this form in the Soviet press reports though it was overheard and reported by many guests. Later, of course, the “burying” remark caught up with Khrushchev and he explained he meant that

communism would one day conquer capitalism, just as capitalism had replaced feudalism.

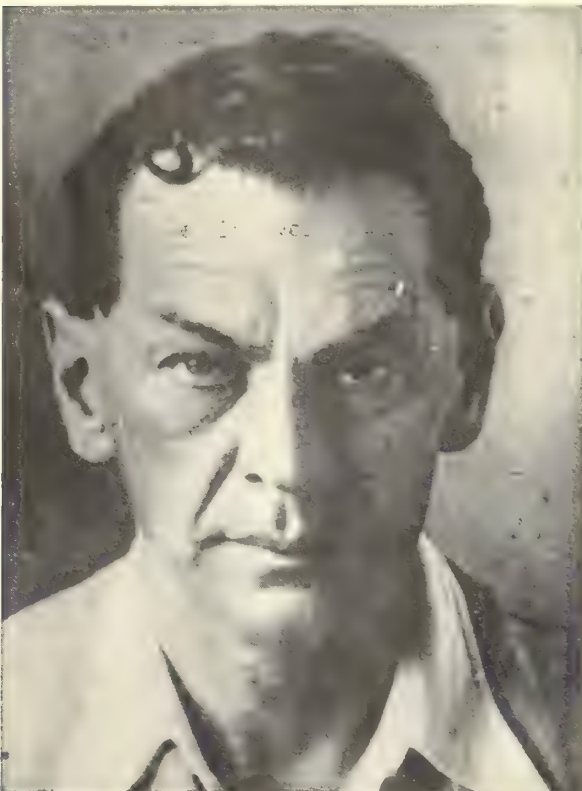
The collection of overt foreign information by the U. S. is largely the business of the State Department, with other government Departments cooperating to meet their own needs. The CIA shares in the work of collection, selection, and translation. To collect such open intelligence on a world-wide basis is a colossal task. The monitoring of foreign radio broadcasts of interest to us is one of the biggest jobs. Taking the Iron Curtain countries alone, several millions of words on the average are spewed out every day, most of them from Moscow and Peiping, some beamed to domestic audiences and some abroad.

How and why they twist a story is as interesting as its contents. Often there is one version for domestic communist consumption, one for the other Bloc countries, and still other versions for foreign countries. At times the fairy stories the communist regimes tell their own people give a clue to new vulnerabilities and new fears.

All this overt information is grist for the intelligence mill. We were, for example, forewarned by a few hours of the Soviet intention to resume atomic testing in the fall of 1961. This happened through the interception of a vague news item sent out by Radio Moscow for publication in a provincial Soviet journal. A young lady analyst at a listening post far from Washington, spotted this item and relayed it to headquarters immediately. Vigilance and perceptiveness succeeded in singling out one crucial piece of intelligence from the miles of deadly verbiage that had to be listened to every day.

When Khrushchev made his famous secret speech in 1956 to the Twentieth Party Congress denouncing Stalin, it was clear from press and other references to the speech that a text must be available somewhere. The speech was too long and too detailed to have been made extemporaneously even by Khrushchev, who is noted for lengthy extemporaneous remarks. An intelligence document hunt was instituted by CIA headquarters. Various posts all over the world with good contacts to local Communists were informed of the requirement. Eventually the text of the speech was found, but far from Moscow, where it had been delivered.

The release of this speech for publication by the State Department, after its authenticity had been verified, caused a sensation, particularly among members of the Communist parties of the



Richard Sorge, a German Communist, directed a Soviet spy ring in Tokyo during World War II.

Free World, who up to this time had been taught to revere Stalin. Bits and pieces of Khrushchev's castigation of Stalin have been given out to the Soviet people from time to time, but the Soviet leaders have not yet given them the full text.

Since we are a free country with a free press, the Soviets, of course, pick up some of their most valuable information about us from our publications, and particularly from our technical and scientific journals, Congressional hearings, and the like. For example, the freely circulated newspapers of the Armed Forces in reporting on social and sports events may give away to the interested reader the order of battle, that is, the location of American forces both here and overseas. Altogether we make it too easy for the unfriendly to learn of military matters. Much that we can only learn about the Soviets, for example, through an enormous investment of manpower and money, they can learn about us by merely reading what we publish.

Some years ago my predecessor as Director of CIA, General Walter Bedell Smith, who was disturbed by this situation, decided to make a test. He contracted for the services of a group of able and well-qualified academicians from one of our large universities for some summer work. He asked that they examine recent open publications, news articles, hearings of the Congress, government releases, monographs, speeches, and the like, with the idea of determining what kind of estimate of U. S. capabilities the Soviets could put together from unclassified sources. All these were easily available either free or at a small cost. The "Soviet" picture of our military stance drawn up by the university analysts indicated that a few weeks of work in the overt literature by a competent task force would suffice for any intelligence service to learn some important defense secrets and our general order of battle.

Pawel Monat, the former Polish Military Attaché in Washington, who sought and found asylum in the United States, in his recent book *Spy in the U.S.*, tells how under Soviet direction he had collected large quantities of valuable information from our publications and from Americans who like to be friendly to a foreigner. In a chapter entitled "Americans talk too much," he remarks: "I found it a delightful country in which to carry on espionage." And most of what he did was quite legal—he simply listened to garrulous Americans and read what we publish.

Monat has told us that the Polish diplomatic mission in Washington has been assigned by the Soviets the task of collecting literature for Moscow's use. There is no problem about ac-

quiring it. The Soviets simply want to spare themselves the effort in order to be able to devote their time to more demanding tasks. Also they feel that a Polish collection agent is less likely to be refused information than a Soviet.

Another kind of information is acquired through the ordinary conduct of our diplomatic and other official relations with a foreign power. For example, if the Foreign Minister of Country X hesitates to accept a United States offer on Monday, it may be that he is seeing the Soviets on Tuesday. Later, from an entirely different quarter, we may get a glimpse into the Soviet offer. These two items have much more meaning together than either would have had alone.

We cannot depend on the Soviets' intentionally or inadvertently making public or telling us in other ways what our government really wants to know—only what they wish us to believe. Published statistics credit a Soviet Five Year Plan with great success. Economic intelligence from inside informants shows that the Plan failed in certain respects and that the ruble statistics given were no true index of values. Photographs are doctored or faked, as was the famous Soviet publicity picture of the junk heap which was supposed to be the downed U-2. A rocket in a May Day parade may be a dud, an assemblage of odd rocket parts that do not really constitute a working missile. For all these reasons espionage must remain an essential supporting activity to all other methods of intelligence collection.

Clandestine Collection—Espionage

Clandestine intelligence collection is a problem in circumventing obstacles in order to reach an objective. We choose the objective. The opponent has set up the obstacles. Usually he knows which objectives are most important to us, and he surrounds these with appropriately difficult obstacles. For example, when the Soviets started testing their missiles, they chose sites in the most remote and unapproachable wastelands. Today we delve in the Communist World for the intentions and capabilities of states pledged to secrecy and organized for deception, whose sensitive installations may be buried a thousand miles off the beaten trails.

Our government determines what the objectives are, what information it needs, without regard to the obstacles. It also establishes priorities among these objectives—ICBMs will take priority over steel production. Whether or not the Soviets would go to war over Laos takes priority

over the political shading of a new regime in the Middle East.

Once priorities are established, obstacles are then examined. If the information can be obtained in the ordinary course of diplomatic work or by overt collection, the intelligence service will not be asked to use its limited clandestine assets to duplicate what can be accomplished by other means. If it is decided that secret intelligence must do the job, it is generally because there are serious obstacles to overcome.

The Iron and Bamboo Curtains divide the world in the eyes of Western intelligence into two kinds of places—free areas and “denied areas.” The major targets lie in the denied areas behind the Curtains. They are the military, technical, industrial, and nuclear installations that constitute the backbone of Sino-Soviet power—the capabilities. They are also the plans of the people who guide Soviet Russia and Communist China—their war-making intentions and their “peaceful” political intentions.

The Berlin Wall not only shut off the two halves of a politically divided city from each other and limited the further escape of East Germans to the West in any appreciable number. It also tried to plug one of the last big gaps in the Iron Curtain—a barrier of barbed wire, land mines, observation towers, mobile patrols, and sanitized border areas stretching southward from the Baltic. When they put up the Berlin Wall, the Soviets finished sealing off Eastern Europe in their fashion, and it took them sixteen years to do it.

Yet today one can get under or over, around, or even through this barrier. It is just the first of a series of obstacles. Behind that first wall, there are further segregated and restricted areas and, behind these, the walls of institutional and personal secrecy which all together protect everything the Soviet state believes could reveal either strength or weakness to the inquisitive West.

When a “Plant” Is Needed

The essence of espionage is access. Someone, or some device, has to get close enough to a thing, a place, or a person to observe or find out the desired facts without arousing the attention of the authorities whose job it is to protect these facts. The information must be delivered to the people who want it. It must move quickly or it may get stale. It must not get lost or intercepted en route.

The simplest method of espionage is recon-

naissance. This is only useful if a brief look at the target is all that is needed. An agent makes his way to an objective, observes it, then comes back and reports what he saw. The target is usually the kind that lends itself to visual observation, such as troop dispositions, fortifications, airfields, etc. Perhaps the same agent can make his way into a closed installation and have a look around, or even make off with documents. In either case, the length of his stay is limited. Continuous reportage is not possible if his presence in the area is secret and unauthorized.

Behind the Iron Curtain today, this is hardly an adequate method. Not because the obstacles cannot be breached but because the kind of man who can breach them is not likely to know what he is looking at if the target is complex. If you don't know anything about nuclear reactors, there is little useful you can report about one, even when you are standing right next to it. What you need is someone who understands what he is looking at.

These are incidentally some of the reasons why it is unrealistic to think that American or other tourists to the Soviet Union can be of much use in intelligence collection. For propaganda reasons, the Soviets continue to arrest tourists now and then in order to give the world the impression that American espionage is a vast effort exploiting even the innocent traveler.

Sometimes it is possible for an agent of one power to insinuate himself into the offices or the elite circles of another power entirely on false pretenses. In popular parlance, this has always been called a “plant.” The history of espionage is packed with such instances. Back in 1776 the British spy, Dr. Edward Bancroft, an adroit dissembler, who was born in the Colonies, successfully wormed his way into the employ and confidence of Benjamin Franklin. At the time, the latter was negotiating in Paris for French aid. Our Revolutionary War had just started, and Bancroft, professing loyalty to the American cause, made himself useful to Franklin by working as his secretary and assistant for little pay.

His real mission was to report to George III's government everything he could learn about Franklin's progress with the French. He passed his reports to the British Embassy in Paris by depositing them in a bottle hidden in the hollow root of a tree in the Tuileries gardens. When he had more information than he could fit into the bottle or needed new directives from the British, he simply paid a visit to London—with Franklin's blessings. How did he do that? By persuading Franklin that he could pick up valu-

able information for the Americans in London. He was therefore also one of the first "double agents" in American history because the British obligingly supplied him with what we today call "chicken feed"—misleading information prepared, in this case, for American consumption.

To deflect suspicion from their own agent, the British even arrested Bancroft once as he was leaving England, so that he could impress Franklin with his *bona fides* and with the dangers to which his devotion to the American cause exposed him. Everything depended on the acting ability of Dr. Bancroft. It was apparently so good that when Franklin was later presented with evidence of Bancroft's duplicity, he refused to believe it. But Franklin was not the first nor will he be the last wise man to fall afoul of such deception. I suggest that anyone who thinks he is wise enough always to see through a clever "plant" should have a good second thought about it. I had my own troubles, including a cook who was foisted on me by the Nazis. At least she excelled as a cook.

One of the most notorious Soviet espionage cases in the Far East before and during World War II was that of Richard Sorge, a German Communist who provided the Soviets with top-level information on Japan's military planning. Although Sorge's network consisted almost entirely of Japanese agents and was primarily directed against Japan, Sorge cultivated his fellow countrymen in the German Embassy in Tokyo and eventually succeeded in having himself assigned to the Embassy's Press Section. This not only gave him excellent cover but provided him with additional information about the Nazis' conduct of the war and their relations with Japan.

To achieve this Sorge had to play the part of the good Nazi, which he apparently did convincingly. The Gestapo chief in the Embassy as well as the Ambassador and the service attachés were all his friends. Eventually—in 1942—Sorge was apprehended by the Japanese.

On our side we had similar experiences with the physicists Klaus Fuchs and Bruno Pontecorvo, and several others who were uncovered as Soviet agents after the war. In certain of these cases records of previous communist affiliations or associations were later found in the files of Western security and intelligence services.

Scientists like Fuchs and Pontecorvo moved from job to job—one year in Great Britain, another in Canada, and another in the United States. Because the scientific laboratories of the Allies were working under great pressures, in-

vestigations of such personnel were not always conducted with the same thoroughness when they came with credentials from Allied countries as were the cases of our own citizens. Available data, particularly if of Nazi origin, seems often to have been discounted at a time when Russia was our ally and Hitler our enemy, and the war effort required the technical services of gifted scientists in sensitive spots. Also, some of them were pro-Soviet by way of being anti-Fascist or anti-Nazi. Today, investigations of persons seeking employment in sensitive areas of the American government and in its technical installations are thorough and painstaking.



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To glean atomic secrets, the Russians used scientist-agents like physicist Klaus Fuchs.

The only way to "disguise" a man today for intelligence purposes is to make him over entirely. This is, of course, a matter of years of training, of concealing and burying the past under layers of fictitious personal history which have to be "backstopped."

If you were really born in Finland but are supposed to have been born in Munich, Germany, then you must have documents showing your connection to that city. You have to be able to act like someone who was born and lived there. Arrangements have to be made in Munich to confirm your origin in case an investigation is ever under-

taken. Perhaps Munich or a similar city was chosen because it was bombed and certain records were destroyed. A man so made over is known as an "illegal."

Training "Illegals"

Sometimes, to provide their illegals with documents, the Soviets make use of the papers of a family which has been wiped out. For example, after the liberation of the Baltic states in World War I, many Americans of Lithuanian extraction returned to their native habitat with their children. Two decades later, when the Baltic states were overrun by the Soviets, many of these people were caught in the liquidation of anti-Communists which followed. Their papers, including the birth certificates of their American-born children, fell into the hands of the Soviet police. Later the KGB found these extremely useful for documenting their agents with *bona fide* American passports.

In most Western countries lax procedures in the issuance of duplicate birth certificates, records of marriage, death, etc., make it relatively easy for hostile intelligence services to procure valid documents for "papering" their agents. This situation has been frequently used by the Soviets and any measures taken to correct it would be of distinct service to Western security. The Soviets will send a man to live abroad

for as many years as it takes him to learn another language and the ways of another country. He may even acquire the citizenship of an adopted country. During this whole time he has absolutely no intelligence mission. He is "pure" as the driven snow. When he has become sufficiently acclimatized, he disappears and returns to Russia, where he is trained for his intelligence mission, documented for it, tested for his loyalties, and eventually dispatched to the target country, which may be the same one he has learned to live in, or a new one. In either case, he is unrecognizable as a Soviet or Eastern European. None of that stigma attaches to him. He is a refugee or a Scandinavian or a South American. His papers show it and so do his accent and his manners. In a recent case the Soviets assigned an "illegal," masquerading as a Canadian, to work in England where he would be quite acceptable but would not be subject to much curiosity about the details of his background.

An intelligence service will only go to all this trouble when it is intent upon creating deep-set and long-range assets. When it succeeds in doing so, such "illegal" agents constitute the gravest security hazards to the countries they are working against. They have almost perfect camouflage and are consequently immensely difficult to locate.

If an intelligence service cannot insert its own agent within a highly sensitive target, the alternative is to recruit somebody who is already inside the target. You might find someone who is inside but is not quite at the right spot for access to the information you need. Or you might find someone just beginning a career which will eventually lead to his employment in the target. But the main thing is that he is a qualified and "cleared" insider. Most of the notorious instances of Soviet penetration of important targets in Western countries were made possible by the recruitment of someone already employed inside the target.

David Greenglass at Los Alamos during World War II, though only a draftsman, had access to secret details of the internal construction of the atomic bomb. Judith Coplon was employed shortly after the war in a section of the Department of Justice responsible for the registration of foreign agents in the United States. She



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The espionage trial of Judith Coplon made headlines in 1949-51. She is shown here with her attorney, Archibald Palmer.

regularly saw and copied for the Soviets FBI reports which came across her desk on investigations of espionage in the United States.

Henry Houghton and John Vassall, although of low rank and engaged chiefly in administrative work, were able to procure sensitive technical documents from the British Admiralty, where both of them were employed in the late 1950s.

Alfred Frenzel, a West German parliamentarian, had access to the NATO documents which were distributed to a West German Parliamentary Defense Committee on which he was serving in the mid-1950s.

Irwin Scarbeck was only an administrative officer in our Embassy in Warsaw in 1960-61. But after he had been trapped by a female Polish agent and blackmailed, he managed to procure for the Polish Intelligence Service, which was operating under Soviet direction, some of our Ambassador's secret reports to the State Department on the political situation in Eastern Europe. Heinz Felfe, of the West German intelligence service, whose case is still pending in the German courts, had plenty of opportunity to pass valuable information to the Soviets. He served them for more than ten years as he was progressing up the ladder as a promising young intelligence expert.

All of these people were already employed in jobs which made them interesting to the Communists at the time they were first recruited. Some of them moved up later into jobs which made them of even greater value to the Soviets. In some instances, this may have been achieved with secret Soviet guidance. Houghton and Vassall were both originally recruited while stationed at British Embassies behind the Iron Curtain. When each was returned home and assigned to positions in the Admiralty, his access to important documents naturally broadened. Similarly, had Scarbeck not been caught as a result of careful counterintelligence efforts while still at his post in Warsaw, he probably could have continued for years to be of ever-increasing use to the Soviets as he was reassigned to one United States diplomatic post after another.

There are techniques for "spotting" agents, for recruiting agents, for running agents, for testing agents, and for communicating with agents. If



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General Chennault, Elizabeth Bentley, and Whittaker Chambers at a Senate investigation of Far East policy in 1952.

the operation is very sensitive, the Soviets will use one of their illegals to direct it. The illegal, unless apprehended with the agent or betrayed by him, can successfully disappear into the woodwork if something goes wrong and the trail will not lead to any Soviet diplomatic installation. Sometimes, however, the cover of the Embassy lends certain advantages which the illegal does not have, and if the resident is caught in the act, all that happens is that he is sent home and a replacement comes to fill his shoes.

If the Soviets, for example, are anxious to find an agent in a Western country who can report to them on a certain sensitive industry, the Soviet trade mission will advertise that it is interested in purchasing certain nonstrategic items manufactured by that industry or one closely allied to it. Manufacturers or middlemen will be attracted by the ad and will visit the Soviet mission to talk over possible business. They will be requested to fill out forms that call for personal and business data, references, financial statements, etc.

All this material is reviewed by the intelligence officer stationed at the mission. If any candidates seem promising because of their innocence, their political or perhaps apolitical attitudes, their need for money or susceptibility to blackmail, the Soviets can cultivate them further by pretending that the business deal is slowly brewing. The hand of espionage has not yet been shown. Nothing ostensibly has yet been done that is against the law.

The Communist party apparatus and Communist front organizations are also sometimes used to "spot" potential agents for espionage. However, actual Communist party members have been used as espionage agents only intermittently. Every time some element of the Communist party is caught in acts of espionage, this discredits the Party as an "idealistic" indigenous political organization and exposes it for what it is, the stooge of Moscow. Also the intelligence service itself suffers when its operations are exposed as a result of the apprehension of amateur collaborators from the ranks of the Party.

Nevertheless the Soviet intelligence services have had recourse to the Party. In the United States during World War II this was the case. One of the reasons for the eventual collapse of Soviet networks that reached deeply into our government at that time was the fact that many people who had strong ideological leanings toward communism but little or no conspiratorial or intelligence experience were drawn into Soviet networks. Eventually some refused to submit to or were repelled by the discipline. Some, like Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, finally balked and told their stories to the FBI.

The sordid story of Vassall is a typical case of Soviet recruitment. In my own experience, I have run across a score of cases where the scenarios are almost identical with this one.

Here the KGB operatives assigned to the task, after studying his case history from all angles and analyzing his weaknesses, set up the plan to frame the victim. In this case, the homosexual angle was the weakness that was exploited. The victim is invited to what appears to be a social affair by disguised KGB operatives and the appropriate temptation is proffered. His behavior is recorded on tape or on film. Then he is confronted with the evidence and told that unless he works for the Soviet, the evidence will be brought to the attention of his employers. Vassall succumbed.

If the target individual is strong despite the peccadilloes which made him seem a likely candidate to the Soviets and if he immediately tells the whole story to his superior officer, then the Soviet attempt at recruitment can be thwarted, and with relatively little danger to the individual concerned, even if he is in the Soviet Union. Sometimes his superior officer, particularly if the approach has been made in a free country, will want to play the man back against the Soviet apparatus in order to ferret out all the individuals and the tactics involved. Sometimes if the man approached does not seem qualified to play

such a role, he is merely told to break off from his tormentors and to tell them that he has disclosed everything.

The Vassall type of case is routine for the Soviet Union. I doubt whether a day goes by that the KGB does not try to suborn, to trick, or to make captive some poor benighted soul somewhere. Interestingly enough, some of the KGB operatives, disgusted with the roles assigned to them in these recruitments, leave the service of the Soviet.

"Volunteers" for the West

It is no secret that the piercing of the Iron and Bamboo Curtains is made easier for the West because of the volunteers who come our way. They are numerous because of widespread discontent inside the Soviet world, Red China, and the Satellites. Some of these volunteers are refugees and defectors who cross over the frontier to us. Others remain "in place" behind the Iron Curtain in order to serve us.

Information from refugees is often piecemeal and scattered, but for years it has added to our basic fund of knowledge about the Soviet Satellites in Europe. The Hungarian Revolution in 1956 sent over a quarter of a million refugees fleeing westward. They brought us up to date on every aspect of technical, scientific, and military achievement in Hungary and gave us an excellent forecast of likely capabilities for years to come. Among the hundreds of thousands of refugees who have come over from East Germany, other Satellites, and Communist China since the end of World War II, many have performed a similar service.

The term "defector" is often used in the jargon of international relations and intelligence to describe the officials or highly knowledgeable citizens, generally from the Communist Bloc, who leave their country and come to the West. It is, however, a term that is resented, and properly so, by persons who repudiate their society and leave it in order to join a better one.

I do not claim that all so-called defectors have come to the West for ideological reasons. Some come because they have failed in their jobs; some because they fear a shake-up in the regime may mean a demotion or worse; some are lured by the physical attractions of the West, human or material. But there is a large band who have come over to us from Communist officialdom for highly ideological reasons. They have been revolted by life in the Communist World and yearn for some-

thing better. Hence, I use the term defector sparingly and then with apology.

If the man who comes over to us belonged to the Soviet hierarchy, he knows the strengths and weaknesses of the regime, its factions, its inefficiencies, and its corruption. As a specialist, he knows its achievements in his chosen field. Defectors are soldiers, diplomats, scientists, engineers, ballet dancers, athletes, and, not infrequently, intelligence officers. Behind the Iron Curtain there are many dissatisfied persons unknown to us who seriously consider flight. Many of them hesitate to take the final step, not because they have qualms about forsaking a detested way of life, but because they are afraid of the unknowns that await them.

The answer is to make it clear that they are welcome and will be safe and happy with us. Every time a newly arrived political refugee goes on the air over the Voice of America and says he is glad to be here and is being treated well, countless officials behind the Iron Curtain who were thinking of doing the same thing will take heart and go back to figuring out just how they can get themselves appointed as trade representatives in Oslo or Paris. Short-term visitors to the West from the Soviet Bloc would probably defect in far greater numbers were it not for the Soviet practice of keeping wives and children behind as hostages.

Some have gone from our side over to theirs. Their fate would not serve as a particularly good advertisement for further defections in that direction. Some of them recently have talked to Western visitors and have admitted, without prompting, that their lot is an unhappy one and that they have no future. The scientific defectors, like the atomic physicist Pontecorvo, who continue to be useful to the Soviets in their technological efforts, seem to fare better than the others. The Burgesses and Macleans, the Martins and Mitchells, have had their day of publicity and now eke out a dull living sometimes as "propaganda advisors." Some of them still hope one day to be able to return to the West.

Some defectors from the Communist side are not exactly what they seem. They have been working "in place" as agents for long periods of time before they defect and only come out because they or we feel that the dangers of remaining inside have become too great. Some who come over from the Soviet Bloc have never been "surfaced" and for their own protection must remain unknown to the public.

People who volunteer "in place" have many ways of doing so, even though the isolation, the



ERIC H. LUSING MAGNUM

Budapest 1956. After the revolt, the West reaped an intelligence harvest from refugees.

physical barriers, and the internal controls of the Soviet Bloc are all supposed to prevent this kind of thing from happening. It is possible, also, to communicate safely with the West in a number of ways, surprisingly enough, even by mail, as long as the address of the recipient looks harmless and the identity of the sender within the Bloc remains concealed. Soviet Bloc censorship cannot possibly inspect every piece of mail passing to and fro over their borders since the volume is too great. Even if a letter is censored or intercepted, it need give no clue whatever to the sender if proper security precautions are followed. Various radio stations in Western Europe that broadcast to the Soviet Bloc solicit comments and fan mail from listeners and usually supply a postbox to which such mail can be sent. They receive letters by the thousands from behind the Iron Curtain. If a volunteer who has mailed out information succeeds later in reaching the West, he then of course has his credentials on file there.

People—whether "agents," "sources," "informants," or "volunteers"—are not the only tools of clandestine intelligence collection. It may also use machines because there are machines today that can do things human beings cannot do and can "see" things they cannot see.

PART IV

The intelligence service needs a man who speaks Swahili and French, has a degree in chemical engineering, is unmarried and over thirty-five but under five feet eight. You push a button and in less than forty seconds a machine—like those commonly used in personnel work—tells whether such a man is available and, if so, everything else there is to know about him. Similar machines are used in sorting and assembling intelligence data.

But this is no feat compared with the uses of technology in collecting information. The technical nature of so many targets of contemporary intelligence in itself suggests the creation of technical devices with which they can be observed. If a target emits a telltale sound, then a sensitive acoustical device comes to mind for monitoring and observing it. If the target causes shock waves in the earth, then seismographic apparatus will detect it.

Moreover, the need to observe and measure the effects of our own experiments with nuclear weapons and missiles hastened the refinement of equipment which, with some modifications, can also be useful for watching other people's experiments. Radar and accurate long-range photography are basic tools of technical collection. Another is the collection and analysis of air samples in order to determine the presence of radioactivity in the atmosphere. Since radioactive particles are carried by winds over national borders, it is unnecessary to penetrate the opponent's territory by air or land in order to collect such samples.

In 1948 our government instituted round-the-clock monitoring of the atmosphere by aircraft for detecting any experimentation with atomic weapons. The first evidence of a Soviet atomic explosion on the Asiatic mainland was detected in September of 1949, to the surprise of the world and of many scientists who until then had believed, on the basis of available evidence, that the Soviets would not "have the bomb" for years to come. Refinements in instrumentation now reveal to us not only the fact that atomic explosions have taken place but also the power and type of the device or weapon detonated.

Some targets, of course, are static and do not betray their location and nature by any activity such as bomb detonations or missile launchings, which can be traced from afar through the upper atmosphere. To observe construction of missile sites and other strategic installations one must

get directly over them at very high altitudes, armed with long-range cameras. This requirement led to the development of the U-2, which could collect information with more speed, accuracy, and dependability than could any agent on the ground. Eloquent testimony to the value of scientific intelligence collection, which has proved its worth a hundred times over, has been given by Winston Churchill in his history of World War II. He describes British use of radar in the Battle of Britain in September 1940 and also tells of bending, amplifying, and falsifying the direction signals sent by Berlin to guide the attacking German aircraft. Churchill calls it all the "wizard war" and he concludes that "unless British science had proved superior to German and unless its strange, sinister resources had been effectively brought to bear in the struggle for survival, we might well have been defeated, and being defeated, destroyed."

About fifteen years later, the U-2 marked a new high, in more ways than one, in the scientific collection of intelligence. Thomas S. Gates, Jr., Secretary of Defense at the time of the U-2 incident, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on June 2, 1960, that these flights furnished vital "information on airfields, aircraft, missiles, missile testing and training, special weapons storage, submarine production, atomic production, and aircraft deployment" in the Soviet Union. These, he said, "were considered in formulating our military programs. We obviously were the prime customer, and ours is the major interest."

To come up to more recent days, it was the high-altitude reconnaissance U-2 flights which gave the first hard evidence of the positioning in Cuba of Soviet medium-range missiles in late October of 1962. If they had not been discovered while work was still in progress and before the bases could be camouflaged, they might have remained for a long period as a deadly secret and an equally deadly threat. In this case reports of agents and refugees from Cuba led to the gathering of proof by aerial reconnaissance.

A technical aid to espionage of another kind is the concealed microphone and transmitter which keep up a flow of live information from inside a target to a nearby listening post; this is known to the public as "tapping telephones" or "bugging" or "miking." "Audio-surveillance"—as it is called in intelligence work—requires excellent miniaturized electronic equipment;



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At the UN in 1960 U.S. Ambassador Lodge exhibited the miniaturized microphone and transmitter installed by the Soviets in the Great Seal of the U.S. in the American Embassy in Moscow.

clever concealment, and a human agent to penetrate the premises and do the concealing.

Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge in late May of 1960 displayed before the United Nations in New York the Great Seal of the United States which had been hanging in the office of the American Ambassador in Moscow. In it the Soviets had concealed a tiny instrument which, when activated, transmitted to a Soviet listening post everything that was said in the Ambassador's office. Actually, the installation of this device was no great feat for the Soviets since every foreign embassy in Moscow has to call on the services of local electricians, telephone men, plumbers, charwomen, and the like. The Soviets have no difficulties in seeing to it that their own citizens cooperate with their intelligence service.

In countries other than one's own, it is more of a trick to find the man who can do the job, who has the talent and the motive (or will do it for a price). In one instance, the Soviets managed to place microphones in the flower pots that decorated the offices of a Western embassy. The janitor of the building, who had a weakness

for drink and for a little extra pocket money, never knew who the people were who borrowed the flower pots from him every now and then or what they did with them. Sometimes, if listening devices have been detected, it is profitable to leave them in place and feed them with false or misleading information,

Secret Codes and Ciphers

There is hardly a single technological device against which countermeasures cannot be taken. This is true of the secret codes and ciphers which the diplomatic service, the Armed Services, and the intelligence service of every country use for classified and urgent long-distance communications. Transmission may be via commercial cable or radio. Any other government can generally obtain copies of enciphered cables and can intercept and record radio traffic. The problem is to decipher such material. Every government goes to great lengths to invent unbreakable systems of communication and to protect these

systems and its cryptographic personnel. And every intelligence service is continually on the alert for access to cryptographic materials of other governments. Certain codes and ciphers can be broken by mathematical analysis of intercepted traffic, or more dramatically and simply by obtaining copies of codes or code books or information on cipher machines being used by an opponent, or by a combination of these methods.

The uncontrollable accidents and disasters of war sometimes expose to one side cryptographic materials used by the other. Early in World War I the Russians sank the German cruiser *Magdeburg* and rescued from the arms of a drowned sailor the German naval code book, which they promptly turned over to their British allies. British salvage operations on sunken German submarines were responsible for similar findings. In 1917 two German dirigibles, returning from a raid over England, ran into a storm and were crippled over France. Among the materials retrieved from them were coded maps and code books used by German U-boats in the Atlantic. Once the Germans noticed that their submarines were being cornered with startling frequency, it was not difficult to guess that radio communications with their underwater fleet were being read. As a result, all codes were immediately changed.

During World War I the first serious American cryptographic undertaking was launched under the aegis of the War Department. Officially known as Section 8 of Military Intelligence, it liked to call itself the "Black Chamber," a name which for centuries was used by the secret organs of postal censorship of the major European nations. Working from scratch, a group of brilliant amateurs under the direction of Herbert Yardley, a former telegraph operator, had become by 1918 a first-rate professional outfit.

One of its outstanding achievements after World War I was the breaking of the Japanese diplomatic codes and ciphers. It is now well known that we were able to decipher messages passing between the Japanese Embassy in Washington and the Foreign Office in Tokyo at the time of the Washington Disarmament Conference in 1921, at which the United States above all wished to get Japanese agreement to a 10:6 naval ratio. The Japanese came to the conference with the avowed intention of holding to the 10:7 ratio. Decipherment of the Japanese diplomatic traffic by the Black Chamber showed that the Japanese were ready to back down to the desired ratio if we forced the issue. Knowing this, we did

force it. If we had not known it, who can say whether we would have risked breaking up the conference over the issue?

Reading a Gentleman's Mail

The Black Chamber remained intact, serving chiefly the State Department until 1929 when Henry L. Stimson, then Secretary of State under President Hoover, refused to let the Department avail itself further of its services. McGeorge Bundy, Stimson's biographer, provides this explanation:

... Stimson adopted as his guide in foreign policy a principle he always tried to follow in personal relations—the principle that the way to make men trustworthy is to trust them. In this spirit he made one decision for which he was later severely criticized: he closed down the so-called Black Chamber. . . . This act he never regretted. . . . Stimson, as Secretary of State, was dealing as a gentleman with the gentlemen sent as ambassadors and ministers from friendly nations, and, as he later said, "Gentlemen do not read each other's mail."*

Later, however, when Stimson was serving as Secretary of War under President Roosevelt during World War II, he came to recognize the overriding importance of intelligence, especially cryptographic intelligence. When the fate of a nation and the lives of its soldiers are at stake, gentlemen do read each other's mail—if they can get their hands on it.

Our Navy had, fortunately, begun to address itself to the problems of cryptography in the late 1920s, with particular emphasis on Japan, since American naval thinking at that time foresaw Japan as the major potential foe of the United States in whatever war was to come next. By 1941, the year of Pearl Harbor, Navy cryptographers had broken most of the important Japanese naval and diplomatic codes and ciphers; and we were, as a result, frequently in possession of evidence of imminent Japanese action in the Pacific before it took place.

The Battle of Midway in June 1942, the turning point of the naval war in the Pacific, was an engagement we sought because we were able to learn from deciphered messages that a major task force of the Imperial Japanese Navy was gathering off Midway. This intelligence concerning strength and disposition of enemy forces gave our Navy the advantage of surprise.

A special problem, in the years following Pearl

* Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy, *On Active Service in Peace and War* (Harper, 1948).

Harbor, was how to keep secret the fact that we had broken the Japanese codes. Investigations, recriminations, the need to place the blame somewhere for the disheartening American losses threatened to throw this "magic" as it was called into the lap of the public, and the Japanese. Until an adequate Navy could be put on the seas, the ability to read Japanese messages was one of the few advantages we had in the battle with Japan. There were occasional leaks but none evidently ever came to the attention of the Japanese.

Mr. Dewey Keeps Quiet

In 1944, Thomas E. Dewey, who was then running for President against President Roosevelt, had learned, as had many persons close to the federal government, something about our successes with the Japanese code and our apparent failure before Pearl Harbor to make the best use of the information in our hands. It was feared

that he might refer to this in his campaign. The mere possibility sent shivers down the spines of our Joint Chiefs of Staff. General Marshall himself appealed personally to Mr. Dewey in a letter to keep patriotic considerations above partisan politics. Mr. Dewey never mentioned our code successes.

One of the most spectacular of all cryptographic coups in the field of diplomacy was the British decipherment of the so-called Zimmermann telegram in January 1917, when the United States was on the brink of World War I. The job of decipherment was performed by the experts of "Room 40," as British naval cryptographic headquarters were called. The message had originated with the German Foreign Secretary Zimmermann in Berlin and was addressed to the German Minister in Mexico City. It outlined the German plan for the resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare on February 1, 1917, stated the probability that this would bring the United States into the war, and proposed that Mexico



Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State, with delegates to the 1921 Washington Disarmament Conference. American cryptographers, at this time, had broken the Japanese diplomatic code.



CULVER PICTURES, INC.

As Secretary of State in 1929, Henry L. Stimson closed down the Black Chamber, saying, "Gentlemen do not read each other's mail."

enter on Germany's side and with victory regain its "lost territory in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona."

Admiral Hall, the legendary Chief of British Naval Intelligence, had this message in his hands for over a month after its receipt. His problem was how to pass its deciphered contents to the Americans in a manner that would convince them of its authenticity yet would prevent the Germans from learning the British had broken their codes. Finally, the war situation caused Lord Balfour, the British Foreign Secretary, to communicate the Zimmermann message formally to the American Ambassador in London. The receipt of the message in Washington caused a sensation at the White House and State Department, and created serious problems for our government—how to verify beyond a doubt the validity of the message and how to make it public without letting it seem merely an Anglo-American ploy to get the United States into the war. Robert Lansing, who was then Secretary of State and an uncle of mine, later told me about the dramatic events of the next few days which brought America much closer to war.

The situation was complicated by the fact that

the Germans had used American diplomatic cable facilities to transmit the message to their Ambassador in Washington, Count Bernstorff. He relayed it to his colleague in Mexico City. President Wilson had granted the Germans the privilege of utilizing our communication lines between Europe and America on the understanding that the messages would be related to peace proposals in which Wilson had been interested.

The President's chagrin was therefore all the greater when he discovered to what end the Germans had been exploiting his good offices. However, this curious arrangement turned out to be of great advantage. First of all, it meant that the State Department had in its possession a copy of the encoded Zimmermann telegram which it had passed to Bernstorff, unaware, of course, of its inflammatory contents. Once this copy was identified, it was forwarded to our Embassy in London, where one of Admiral Hall's men re-deciphered it for us in the presence of an Embassy representative, thus verifying beyond a doubt its true contents. Secondly, the fact that deciphered copies of the telegram had been seen by German diplomats in both Washington and Mexico City helped significantly to solve the all-important problem that had caused Admiral Hall so much worry, namely, how to fool the Germans about the real source from which we had obtained the information. In the end the impression given the Germans was that the message had leaked as a result of some carelessness or theft in one of the German Embassies or Mexican offices which had received copies of it. They continued using the same codes, which displayed a remarkable but welcome lack of imagination on their part. On March 1, 1917, the State Department released the contents of the telegram to the Associated Press. It hit the American public like a bombshell. In April we declared war on Germany.

Guidance in Intelligence Collection

The matters that interest an intelligence service are numerous and diverse. Some order and some priorities must be established in the process of collecting information. This is logically the responsibility of the intelligence headquarters, because it alone has the world picture and knows what the requirements of our government are from day to day and month to month.

Without guidance and direction, intelligence officers in different parts of the world could easily spend much of their time duplicating

each other's work. The intelligence officer at his post abroad cannot fully judge the value of his own operations because he cannot know whether the information he is procuring has already been picked up somewhere else, or is known from overt sources, or is of too low a priority to be worth the effort or the expense.

Usually the means of getting the information once a task has been assigned—how to use or communicate with the agent—is left to the ingenuity of the intelligence officer in the field. One of my best sources on Germany when I was in Switzerland during World War II was an anti-Nazi official in the German Foreign Office. He had access to practically all the cable traffic between Berlin and German Embassies and missions all over the world. During the last eighteen months of the war, he brought out or secretly smuggled to me, by the hundreds, choice selections of the most secret diplomatic and military messages in this traffic. For various technical reasons, he could only send a fraction of the total available to him, and he had to pick and choose on his own initiative and under my guidance.

As the war in Europe was drawing to a close, the possibility of a protracted conflict with the Japanese still loomed ahead. I received from headquarters a request that our source concentrate on getting more reports from German missions in the Far East, particularly Tokyo and Shanghai. Even though I agreed with headquarters that this window on the Far East should be opened wider, I saw no way of carrying out the instruction speedily.

My source was in Germany and I was in Switzerland. He was able to travel out only rarely, I might not see him for weeks, and the matter was too urgent to let go until our next meeting. Normally we never communicated with him across the Swiss-German border because it was too dangerous, but we did have an emergency arrangement based on a fictitious girl friend of the source who was supposedly living in Switzerland. Since postcards seem more innocent to censors than letters, the "girl friend" sent to the source's home address in Berlin a beautiful postal card of the Jungfrau. "She" wrote on it that a friend of hers in Zurich had a shop which formerly sold Japanese toys but had run out of them and couldn't import them because of wartime restrictions; in view of the close relations between Germany and Japan, couldn't he help her out by suggesting where in Germany she could buy Japanese toys for her shop? My source got the point immediately since he knew all messages from the Swiss "girl friend" were from me. The

next batch of German Foreign Office cables he sent me were devoted largely to Far East affairs and told the plight of the Japanese Navy and Air Force.

Sometimes for diplomatic or other reasons an intelligence headquarters gives out negative guidance, *i.e.*, what not to do. An enterprising intelligence officer may run into some splendid opportunities and learn to his disappointment after corresponding with his headquarters that there are good reasons for passing them up. He may or may not be told what these good reasons are.

General Marshall, in the letter to Governor Dewey mentioned earlier, emphasized the sensitivity of operations involving enemy codes and ciphers by telling him of an uncoordinated attempt by American intelligence to get a German code in Portugal. The operation misfired and so alerted the Germans that they changed a code we were already reading, and this valuable source was lost.

I had no knowledge of this incident at the time when I received an instruction at my wartime post in Switzerland not to try to get *any* foreign codes without prior instructions. Shortly after this—in late 1944—one of my most trusted German agents told me that he could get me detailed information about certain Nazi codes and ciphers. This put me in quite a quandary. If I showed no interest, this would have been an indication that we had them already. No intelligence officer would otherwise reject such an offer. I asked my friend for time to think over how best this could be worked out. The next day I told him that as all my traffic to Washington had to go by radio—Switzerland was surrounded then by Nazi and Fascist forces—it would be too insecure for me to communicate what he might give me. I said I preferred to wait till France was liberated—the Normandy invasion had already taken place—so I could send out his code information by diplomatic pouch. He readily accepted this somewhat specious answer.

The best planning and the best guidance cannot, of course, foresee everything. No intelligence service and no intelligence officer rules out the possibility of the random and unexpected and often inexplicable windfall. Sometimes a man who has something on his mind feels safer talking to a Western intelligence officer 10,000 miles from home and so waits for the opportunity of a trip abroad to seek one out. A Soviet scientist or technician visiting Southeast Asia, for example, might talk in a more relaxed manner than if he were behind the Curtain or even if he were

visiting in New York. The Kremlin's instruction to a Soviet official in Egypt, if it came to our attention, might throw some light on their policy toward Berlin.

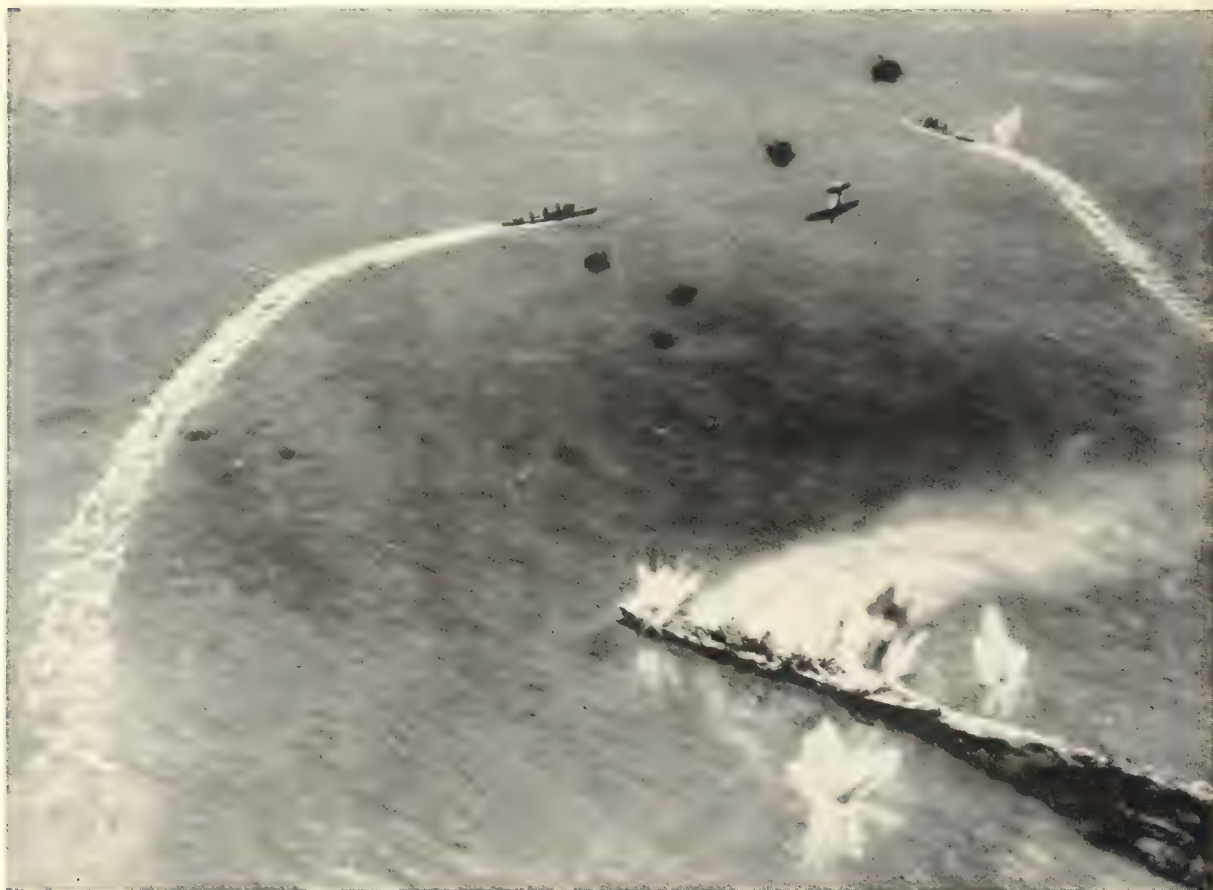
The Open and Closed Societies

Our free society does not breed deepset and widespread disaffection as does the Communist society. Even though in this country we have had our share of "ideological" Communists, particularly in the days of Nazi power, and cases of entrapment and of disoriented and disillusioned souls, there is no large pool of malcontents here for the Kremlin to draw from when it looks for agents. The Soviets know that the watchful eye which every government of necessity keeps trained on the local Communist party hardly recommends it for clandestine work.

On the other hand, the Communist society produces a closed and isolated mentality which Soviet citizens carry with them when they go abroad. While this makes it difficult for us to get

close to them, it also cuts them off from the societies and governments they wish to penetrate. They cannot really believe we would be so foolish as to give away as much information as we do and they frequently assume that we may be practicing deception and that the big secrets are safely tucked away—because this is, after all, the way they behave.

Their judgment of the true loyalties of born Westerners or even of adoptive citizens is often bad. When Soviet agents approach nationals of Western European and North American countries for espionage work under the impression that they have found a willing source, they often find their own names in the papers not long after because the source was not really willing at all. Many Americans of Russian and East European origin whom the Russians or their Satellites have tried to approach have reported such approaches to our authorities immediately after they were made. An outstanding case of this kind was that of the distinguished Romanian businessman, V. C. Georgescu. In 1953 shortly after his escape from Communist Romania and when he was seeking



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Intelligence based on deciphered messages enabled the U.S. Navy to surprise a major Japanese task force at Midway in June 1942. Here American bombers strike the Mogami during the battle which proved the turning point of the naval war in the Pacific.

American citizenship, he was approached by a Communist intelligence agent, acting under Soviet guidance, with a cruel attempt at blackmail. The agent told Georgescu in so many words that if he would agree to perform certain intelligence tasks in the United States, his two young sons, who were still being held in Romania, would be released and returned to their parents. Otherwise he could never expect to see his sons again. Georgescu courageously refused any discussion of the subject. He threw the man out of his office and reported the full details to the U.S. authorities. The Communist diplomatic agent was expelled from the United States. The whole case received wide publicity so harmful to Romania's relations with this country that they finally sought to repair their damaged prestige by acceding to President Eisenhower's personal request for the release of the boys.

Of course, American and Western intelligence services have also had their share of cases that went sour or blew up in their faces because of miscalculation or misunderstanding of the real frame of mind of persons from Communist areas.

The ease with which the Soviets can place their intelligence officers in Western countries is an enormous advantage. In addition to their "illegals," they make massive use of their Embassies and trade missions abroad for cover. They also use their Mission at the United Nations and

even such bodies as the sacrosanct Secretariat of the United Nations.

These advantages which the Soviets have in the West cannot be matched behind the Iron Curtain. There are few immigrants or long-term visitors to the Soviet Union. So far no international body has chosen to settle there or has been invited to do so. A Soviet citizen cannot walk into a foreign embassy in Moscow without having to explain later to the police what he was doing there. The Soviet people are taught to distrust the foreigner although they do not always follow instructions, and the Soviet internal police see to it that the foreigner does not get into sensitive areas. Under these conditions, espionage operations are difficult to initiate from scratch behind the Iron Curtain. The possibility that agents can be sought and found and cultivated there without the knowledge of the local police is so limited that no intelligence service is going to try to solve many of its problems by this means. Fortunately there are other ways of achieving the objectives of intelligence collection. And I have pointed to some of them.

Our free societies, with all their blessings, cannot be made over merely to even the balance sheet of intelligence. But some of the loopholes, some indiscretions, some carelessness in our publicity can possibly be dealt with more effectively than they are today.

PART V

If a country wishes to protect itself vigorously against hostile intelligence services, it must do more than keep an eye on foreign travelers crossing its borders, more than place guards around its "sensitive areas," more than check on the loyalties of its employees in sensitive positions.

It must find out what the intelligence services of hostile countries are after, how they are proceeding, and what people they are using. Operations having this distinct aim belong to the field of counterespionage, and the information that is derived from them is called counterintelligence.

The counterespionage function is assigned by our government to a group of agencies each of which has a special area of responsibility. The FBI is charged with guarding us against the hostile activities of foreign agents on our own soil. The CIA has the major responsibility for counterespionage outside the United States. It attempts to detect the operations of hostile in-

telligence before the agents reach their targets. Each branch of the Armed Forces also has a counterintelligence arm whose purpose is mainly to protect their commands, technical establishments, and personnel both at home and abroad, against enemy penetration.

It was a coordinated effort that resulted in the capture of Colonel Rudolf Abel, the Soviet spymaster who masqueraded in Brooklyn as a photographer and who, four years after his apprehension and conviction, was exchanged in 1961 for the U-2 pilot, Francis Gary Powers. In May 1957, Reino Hayhanen, a close associate and co-worker of Colonel Abel in the United States, was on his way back to the Soviet Union to make his report. While in Western Europe, he decided to defect and approached U. S. intelligence, showing an American passport obtained on the basis of a false birth certificate. Hayhanen's fantastic story of espionage included specifics as to secret caches of funds, communications among agents in his

network, and certain details regarding Colonel Abel. All this information was immediately transmitted to Washington and passed to the FBI for verification. Hayhanen's story stood up in every respect. He was brought back quietly and willingly to the United States.

As soon as he reached our shores, primary responsibility for the case was transferred to the FBI, while CIA continued to handle foreign angles.

The classical aims of counterespionage are "to locate, identify, and neutralize" the opposition. "Neutralizing" can take many forms. Within the United States an apprehended spy can be prosecuted under the law; so can an intelligence officer who is caught red-handed having contact with agents, if he does not have diplomatic immunity. If he has immunity, he is expelled. But there are other ways of neutralizing, and one of the best is exposure or the threat of exposure. A spy is not of much further use once his name, face, and story are in the papers.

Counterespionage operations are often compared to chess, and the Russians are notoriously good chess players. Our target is massive and diverse because the Soviets use not only their own intelligence apparatus but also those of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria, all of which are old in the ways of espionage if not of communism. Chinese Communist espionage

and counterespionage operations are largely independent of Moscow though many of their senior personnel were schooled by Soviet intelligence.

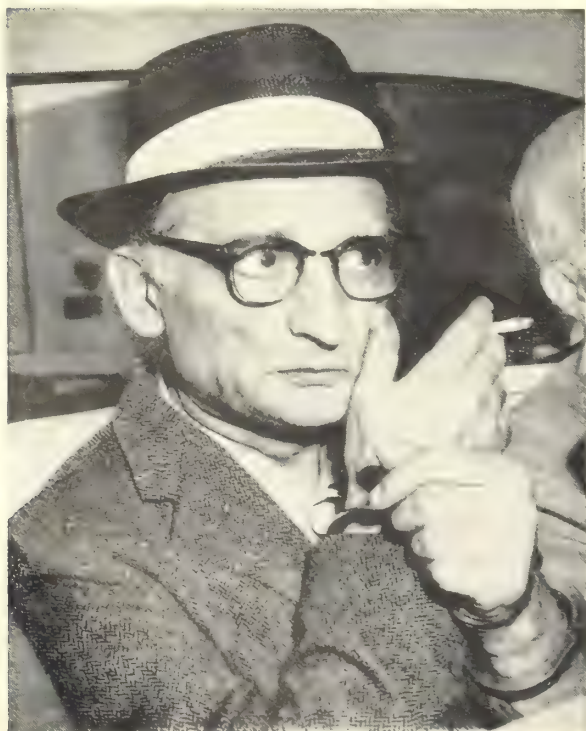
Penetration, Provocation, Doubles

The most sophisticated operations of counterespionage, and the most rewarding if they succeed, are directed against the staff and the installations of the opponent's intelligence service.

One of the most famous such cases is that of Alfred Redl, who from 1901 to 1905 was chief of counterespionage in the Austro-Hungarian Empire's military intelligence service, and later its representative in Prague. From the available evidence it would appear that from 1902 until he was caught in 1913 Redl had been a secret agent of the Russians, having been trapped by them early in his intelligence career on the basis of two weaknesses—homosexuality and overwhelming venality. He also sold some of his wares at the same time to the Italians and the French. But that wasn't all. As a leading officer of the military intelligence, Redl was a member of the General Staff of the Austro-Hungarian Army and had access to the General Staff's war plans. These too he gave to the Russians.

Today the headquarters of an intelligence service is as impenetrable as the best minds assigned to the task can make it. Counterespionage usually aims at more accessible and vulnerable targets. These are chiefly the intelligence service's offices in foreign countries from which field operations in espionage and counterespionage are directed.

How does the counterespionage agent penetrate his target? By what means can he gain access to the personnel of another intelligence service? One of the ways is to come supplied with beguiling information and offer it and his services to the opposition. Since some of the most crucial intelligence in recent history has been delivered by people who just turned up out of a clear sky, no intelligence service can afford to reject out of hand an offer of information. Of course, behind the Iron Curtain and in most diplomatic establishments of the Soviet Bloc outside the Curtain, the general distrust and suspicion of strangers is such that an uninvited visitor, no matter what he is offering, may not go beyond the receptionist. In the end, however, his ability to get a foot in the door depends on the apparent quality of the information he is offering. Every



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Rudolf Abel, Soviet spymaster who masqueraded as a photographer in Brooklyn.

intelligence service has the problem of distinguishing, when such unsolicited offers come along, between a bona fide volunteer, and a penetration agent who has been sent in by the other side. This is no easy matter.

If counterespionage succeeds in "planting" its penetration agent with the opposing service, it is hoped that the agent, once he is hired by the opposition, will be given increasingly sensitive assignments. All of them are reported duly by the agent to the intelligence service running the penetration.

The Soviets favored this method in West Germany and Austria during the 1950s when refugees from the East were numerous. The Soviets inserted their agents in the refugee channel and provided them with information of interest to Western intelligence. We were thus tricked into employing some of these "refugees" as interrogators and assistants. Later they turned out to be Soviet agents.

Ancient and Dishonorable

This same penetration tactic can be used to quite a different end, namely, provocation, which has an ancient and dishonorable tradition. The expression *agent provocateur* points to French origins and was a device used in France during times of political unrest, but it is the Russians again who made a fine art of provocation. It was the main technique of the Czarist Okhrana in smoking out revolutionaries and dissenters. An agent joined a subversive group and not only spied and reported on it to the police but incited it to take some kind of action which would provide the pretext for arresting any or all of its members. Since the agent reported to the police exactly when and where the action was going to take place, the police had no problems.

The most notorious of all Czarist *provocateurs*, the agent Azeff, appears to have originated the idea of murdering the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, and the Minister of the Interior, Plehve. These murders then took place, solely to give the Okhrana the opportunity of arresting the terrorists.

One of Lenin's closest associates from 1912 until the Revolution, Roman Malinovsky, was a Czarist police agent and *provocateur*, suspected by Lenin's entourage, but always defended by Lenin. Malinovsky helped reveal the whereabouts of secret printing presses, secret meetings, and conspiracies to the police, but his main achievement was far more dramatic. He got

himself elected, with police assistance and with Lenin's blessing, as representative of the Bolshevik faction to the Russian parliament, the Duma. There he distinguished himself as an orator for the Bolsheviks. The police often had to ask him to restrain the revolutionary ardor of his speeches. Indeed in the cases of both Azeff and Malinovsky, as with many "doubles," there is some question as to where their allegiance really lay. Since they each played their "cover" role so well, they seem frequently to have been carried away by it and to have believed in it, at least temporarily.

Nowadays when you read in the paper that an individual has been expelled from one of the Soviet Bloc countries, it is frequently either a completely arbitrary charge, often in reprisal for our having caught and expelled a Soviet Bloc intelligence officer in the United States, or else it is the result of a provocation.

The routine goes like this. One day a foreigner behind the Iron Curtain is called upon at home or encountered in a restaurant, on the street, or even in his office by a member of the "underground" or by someone who feigns dissatisfaction with the regime and offers important information. The target may accept the information and continue to meet the informant. If so, sooner or later during one of these meetings, the local security police arrest the informant for giving information to a foreign power. The target may find his name in the paper, and if he is an official, his Embassy will receive a request from the local Foreign Office that he leave the country within twenty-four hours. The informant was, of course, a provocation agent planted by the police.

Even though these incidents are generally faked, this doesn't faze the Soviets; nor will much of the world audience whom the Soviets try to impress recognize that these incidents are the result of provocation. Whenever the Soviets can accuse the West of spying, of abusing their diplomatic privileges, of meddling in the affairs of the "peace-loving socialist republics," they will do so; and instances of Westerners allegedly "caught in the act" provide the best ammunition for their propaganda.

The double agent is the most characteristic tool of counterespionage operations, and he comes in many guises. In an area like West Germany with its concentration of technical and military installations, both those of the West Germans and of the NATO forces stationed there, there is a flood of agents from the Soviet Bloc spying on airfields, supply depots, factories, United States Army posts, etc. Many are caught. Many give



CULVER PICTURES, INC.

Hollywood director Boris Morros who worked as a double agent for the FBI.

themselves up because they have found a girl and want to stay with her or simply because they find life in the West more attractive. Such men become double agents when they can be persuaded to keep up the pretense of working for the Soviet Bloc under Western control. The ones who are caught often agree to this because it is preferable to sitting in jail for a couple of years.

The aim is to build up the agent, allowing him to report back to the Bloc harmless information, which is first screened. It is hoped that the Soviets will then give him new briefs and directives, which show us what the opponent wants to know and how he is going about getting it. Sometimes it is possible, through such an agent, to lure a courier or another agent or even an intelligence officer into the West. When this happens, one has the choice of simply watching the movements of the visitor, hoping he will lead to other agents concealed in the West, or of arresting him, in which case the operation is naturally over, but has succeeded in neutralizing another person working for the opposition.

A more valuable double is the resident of a Western country who, when approached by a Bloc intelligence service to undertake a mission for

them, quietly reports this to his own authorities. The advantages are obvious. If the Soviets, for example, try to recruit a Westerner, they must have something serious in mind. Secondly, the voluntary act of the person approached, in reporting this event, points to his trustworthiness. The target of Soviet recruitment will usually be told by his own intelligence authorities to "accept" the Soviet offer and to feign cooperation, meanwhile reporting back on all the activities the Soviets assign him. He is also provided with information which his principals desire to have "fed" to the Soviets. This game can then be played until the Soviets begin to suspect their agent or until the agent can no longer stand the strain.

The case of the late Boris Morros, the Hollywood director, was of this kind. Through Morros, who had checked in with the FBI early in the game, the Soviets ran a network of extremely important agents in the United States, most of them in political and intellectual circles. Morros reported on them regularly to the FBI.

Surveillance Rounds Up Five

Surveillance is the professional word for shadowing or tailing. Its purpose in counter-espionage is twofold. First, if a person is suspected of being an enemy agent, close observation of his actions without his knowledge over a period of time may confirm the suspicion and supply the missing details about his mission. Secondly, an agent is rarely entirely on his own. Eventually he will get in touch, by one means or another, with his helpers, his sources, and perhaps the people from whom he is taking orders. Surveillance at its best will uncover the network to which he belongs and the channels through which he reports.

Surveillance was largely responsible for the British success in rounding up five Soviet agents in the Lonsdale ring in January 1961. Henry Houghton, an Admiralty employee, was suspected of passing classified information to an unidentified foreign power. Scotland Yard tailed Houghton to a London street where he met another man so briefly that it was impossible to tell for certain whether anything had passed between them or whether they had even spoken.

However, the fact that both parties acted furtively and seemed extremely wary of surveillance convinced the British that they were on the right track. The Yard split its trained men into two teams to follow the suspects separately. This

eventually led them, after many days of tireless and well-concealed surveillance, to a harmless-looking American couple who operated a second-hand book shop. Their role, if any, could not be immediately ascertained.

On a later occasion Houghton came up to London again, this time with his girl friend, who worked in the same naval establishment. Again under surveillance, the two of them, walking down the street carrying a market bag, were approached from the rear by the same man whom Houghton had previously met so furtively. Just as this fellow was about to relieve Houghton and the girl of the market bag, which was clearly a prearranged method for passing the "goods," all three were arrested. The unknown man was Gordon Lonsdale, a Soviet illegal with Canadian papers who was running the show.

A few hours later, the harmless-looking American book dealers met the same fate. They were being sought by the FBI for their part in a Soviet net in the United States and had disappeared when things had become too hot for them here. In London, they had been operating a secret transmitter to relay Lonsdale's information to Moscow. The police found in their apartment microfilms and other incriminating evidence besides the transmitter.

From the Inner Circle

One of the biggest breaks for counterespionage is the defection of a staff intelligence officer of the opposition. This is the equivalent, in the information it provides, of a direct penetration of hostile headquarters for a period of time. One such intelligence volunteer can literally paralyze the service he left behind for months to come. He can describe the internal and external organization of his service, and the work and character of many of his colleagues at headquarters. He can identify intelligence personnel stationed abroad under cover. Best of all, he can deliver information about operations. He may not know the true identity of a large number of agents for the reason that all intelligence services compartmentalize such information. No one knows true identities except the few officers intimately concerned with a case.

The West has been singularly fortunate in having many such defectors come over to its side in the course of recent history. In 1937 two of Stalin's top intelligence officers stationed abroad defected rather than return to Russia to be swallowed up in the purge of the NKVD, which

followed the purges of the Party and of the Army. One was Walter Krivitsky, who had been Chief of Soviet intelligence in Holland. He was found dead in a Washington hotel in 1941, shot presumably by agents of the Soviets, who were never apprehended. The story that he committed suicide seems most unlikely. The second was Alexander Orlov, who had been one of the NKVD chiefs in Spain at the time of the Civil War. Unlike Krivitsky, he has managed to elude Soviet vengeance.

An early postwar Soviet defector was Igor Gouzenko, a military intelligence officer who was in charge of codes and ciphers in the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa. Thanks in large part to information he brought with him, the international atomic spy ring which the Soviets had been running against us during and after the last years of the war was uncovered.

Following the liquidation of Beria shortly after Stalin's death in 1953, it was clear to officers of the Soviet security service that anyone who had served under him was in jeopardy. There were many reasons for this. The new regime would not feel sure of the loyalty of old-timers who knew too much. The new regime could also make itself more popular by going through the motions of wiping out the hated secret police of a previous regime and quietly putting its own loyal adherents in their places.

Among the major defectors to the West at that time were Vladimir Petrov, who had been KGB Chief in Australia; Juri Rastvorov, an intelligence officer stationed at the Soviet mission in Japan; and Peter Deriabin, who defected from his post in Vienna. All these men had at some time been stationed at intelligence headquarters in Moscow and possessed valuable information that went far beyond their assignments at the time they defected.

Defections in recent years have also involved Soviet intelligence personnel employed on assassination missions. One was Nikolay Khokhlov who was sent to West Germany in early 1954 to engineer the murder of a prominent anti-Soviet émigré leader, Georgi Okolovich. Khokhlov told Okolovich of his mission and then defected. In 1957, Soviet agents tried to poison Khokhlov in Munich but fortunately did not succeed.

Recently the Soviet diplomat Aleksandr Kaznachayev defected in Burma, where he was stationed. Kaznachayev was not a staff member of Soviet intelligence but he was used in intelligence work in cases where his position as a bona fide diplomat enabled him to move about or perform certain tasks with less risk of discovery



WIDE WORLD

Igor Gouzenko, a military intelligence officer in the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa, defected at the war's end. Here, masked, he is interviewed by an American reporter.

than his colleagues in the intelligence branch. His recent book, describing what went on in the Soviet Embassy in Rangoon, has done a great deal to debunk the picture of Soviet skill and American incompetence which has been sold to the American public in the book *The Ugly American*.

Numerous high-ranking staff officers have defected from the Satellite countries and have contributed information not only about their own services but about Soviet intelligence also. In almost every department and section of the Satellite intelligence service, in Prague, Warsaw, Bucharest, etc., there sits a Soviet "advisor" who is supposed to be shown all significant material and must give his consent to all important operational undertakings. He is, to all intents and purposes, a supervisor and his word is final. The Soviets do not, however, rely wholly on their own advisors. They also secretly recruit intelligence officers of the Satellite services who can supply them with information on plans, personnel, conflicts in the local management, disaffection, and the like, which might not have come to the attention of the advisor.

Joseph Swiatlo, who defected in 1954, had been chief of the department of the Polish intelligence service which kept tabs on members of the Polish government and the Polish Communist party. Needless to say, he knew all the scandal about the latter.

Pawel Monat had been Polish Military Attaché in Washington from 1955 to 1958, after which he had returned to Warsaw and was put in charge of world-wide collection of information by Polish Military Attachés. He served in this job for two years before defecting in 1959.

Frantisek Tisler defected to us after having served as Czech Military Attaché in Washington from 1957 to 1959. The Hungarian secret police officer, Bela Lapusnyik, made a daring escape to freedom over the Austro-Hungarian border in May of last year and reached Vienna in safety, only to die of poisoning, apparently at the hands of Soviet agents, before he could tell his full story to Western authorities.

What has brought these men and others over to our side is naturally a matter of great interest, not only to Western intelligence, but to any seri-

ous student of the Soviet system and of Soviet life. Gouzenko, for example, has told how he was gradually overcome by shame and repugnance as he began to realize that the U.S.S.R., while a wartime ally of Britain, Canada, and the United States, was mounting a massive espionage effort to steal scientific secrets. This moral revulsion eventually led to his defection.

The postwar defectors were not in a similar situation because the Soviets after 1946 were no longer even pretending to be our friends. Every Soviet official was well indoctrinated on this point and could not easily survive in his job if he had any soft feelings about the "imperialists." Nevertheless feelings akin to those which stirred Gouzenko seem to have moved these others. All defectors have suffered some kind of disillusionment or disappointment with their own system. One defector has told us, for example, that he could trace the disillusionment which later led to his own defection back to the day when he found out that Stalin and the KGB, and not the Germans, had been responsible for the Katyn massacre (the murder of 10,000 Polish officers during World War II). The Soviet public still does not know the truth about this.

Some of the most important and also some of the most recent defectors have so far chosen not to be "surfaced." Their defections and their identities have remained secret; but they too have made, and are making, a continual contribution to our inside knowledge of the work of the Soviet intelligence and security apparatus. There have been defectors from Communist China too. A serious problem for every defector is where to go and how to make contact with the other side. What better welcome could an intelligence officer find than with his former opponents and who else would know so well how to find them?

Confusing the Adversary

When one deliberately misleads, sometimes friend as well as foe is misled. And later the deceiver may not be believed when he wishes to be. This is the situation of the Soviets today after Cuba.

Often the very fear of deception has blinded an opponent to the real value of good intelligence which accidents have placed in his hands. On January 10, 1940, during the "phony war," a German courier plane flying between two points in Germany lost its way in the clouds, ran out of fuel, and made a forced landing in what turned out to be Belgium. On board were the complete

plans for the German invasion of France through Belgium, for which Hitler had already given marching orders. When the Luftwaffe major who had been piloting the plane realized where he had landed, he quickly built a brush fire and tried to burn all his papers. But the Belgian authorities reached him before he could finish the job and retrieved enough half-burnt and unburnt documents to piece together the German plan.

Some of the high British and French officials who studied the material felt that the whole thing was a German deception operation. How could the Germans be so sloppy as to send a small plane aloft close to the Belgian border in questionable weather with a detailed invasion plan on board? The plan must be a deception. Churchill opposed this interpretation. Putting himself in the place of the German leaders, he asked himself what advantage they could possibly find in perpetrating a deception of this sort. Obviously, none. We learned after the war that Hitler had to change his plans to invade Belgium six days after the plane came down, as he believed the plans had fallen into Western hands.

A windfall for the Nazis late in World War II was Cicero, the code name they gave the Albanian



Now rusticated and middle-aged, Elyesa Bazna was once "Cicero," the Nazi spy who cracked the safe of the British Ambassador in Turkey.

valet of the British Ambassador to Turkey, who had succeeded in cracking the Ambassador's private safe and had access to top secret British documents on the conduct of the war. One day he offered to sell them to the Germans and he kept bringing them more. However, some of Hitler's experts in Berlin could never quite believe that this wasn't a British trick.

The Cicero documents gave evidence of the massive offensives to come and the growing power of the Allies, which collided head-on with the illusions cherished in the highest German circles. But the competition and discord among different organs of the German government, particularly between the intelligence service, under Himmler and Kaltenbrunner, and the diplomatic service, under Ribbentrop, was so keen that if Kaltenbrunner thought information was good, Ribbentrop automatically tended to think it was bad or vice versa. An objective analysis of the operational data was out of the question when rival cutthroats were vying for position. Contrary to the general impression, there is no evidence that the Nazis gained from Cicero any information about the planned invasion of Europe except possibly the code word for the operation—"Overlord."

A further ironical twist to this famous case is that the Nazi intelligence service paid this most valuable agent in counterfeit English pound notes, and ever since he has been trying to get restitution from the German government for services rendered—in real money.

The Body Floated to Spain

Deception techniques of many kinds were used by both sides during World War II. Airfields in Britain were made to look like farms from the air. Sod was placed over the hangars, and maintenance shacks had the appearance of barns, sheds, and outbuildings. Elsewhere mock-ups were built that looked from the air like real airfields with planes on them. Even faked naval vessels were stationed where the real ones might well have been.

In wartime a major intelligence goal is to get information into the hands of the enemy by some means and in some form which will deceive him as to one's next move. This was the problem of the Allies after we had occupied North Africa in 1943 and held the whole southern coast of the Mediterranean. It was clear to all that our next move would be into southern Europe. The question was where. Since Sicily was an obvious step-

pingstone and was in fact the Allied objective, every effort had to be made to give the Germans and Italians the impression that the Allies were going to bypass it. To have tried to persuade the Germans that we were not going to attack at all or were going to move across Spain would not have been credible. The deception, astutely mounted by the British, made use of an "accident" which had all the appearances of a wonderfully lucky break for the enemy.

The Germans learned early in May of 1943 that Spaniards had found the body of a dead British major between the Portuguese border and Gibraltar. A courier briefcase was still strapped to his wrist and in it were copies of correspondence to General Alexander in Tunisia from the Imperial General Staff, which clearly hinted at an Allied plan to invade southern Europe via Sardinia and Greece.

As we learned after the war, the Germans were wholly taken in. On the basis of this "information" Hitler sent an armored division to Greece and the Italian garrison on Sicily was not reinforced. This highly sophisticated feat of deception, called "Operation Mincemeat," has been fully reported by one of its main planners, Ewen Montagu, in his book, *The Man Who Never Was*.

Actually, the body was that of a recently dead civilian dressed in the uniform of a British major; in his pockets were all the identification papers, calling cards, and odds and ends necessary to authenticate him as Major Martin. He was floated into Spain from a British submarine, which surfaced close to the Spanish coast to make sure that he would reach his target. And he did.

It was not a single ruse but a variety of misleading maneuvers that kept the Germans guessing as to the exact area of the intended Allied landing in June 1944. False rumors were circulated among our own troops on the theory that German agents in England would pick them up and report them.

Agents in the French underground were sent deceptive orders by radio. It was known that some of them were under German control and would pass these messages on to the German intelligence service. To focus German attention on the Le Havre area, agents in the vicinity were asked to make certain observations which pointed to heightened Allied interest in fortifications, rail traffic, etc. More aerial reconnaissance sorties were flown over Le Havre and other areas where the invasion was not going to take place than over the Normandy beaches.

The mounting of strategic deception requires the complete cooperation and the complete se-

curity of all parts of government engaged in the effort. For a democratic government this is difficult except under wartime controls.

Bombers Flying in Circles

For the Soviets, of course, the situation is somewhat easier. With their centralized organization and complete control of the press and dissemination of information within their country, they can support a deception operation far more efficiently than we can. Soviet propagandists are expert in the faking of documents, forgeries, and the like. In fact, a special section in their intelligence service is called the "Disinformation Bureau." Often the Soviets put armaments on display with a certain amount of fanfare in order to draw attention away from other armaments they may have in their arsenal or may plan to have. Sometimes they exhibit mock-ups of planes and other equipment, which may never see the light of day as operational types.

For example, on Aviation Day in July 1955, in the presence of diplomatic and military representatives in Moscow there was a "fly-by" of a new type of Soviet heavy bomber. The number far exceeded what was thought to be available. The impression was thus given that many more had lately come off the assembly line and that the Soviets were therefore committed to an increasing force of heavy bombers. Later it was surmised that the same squadron had been flying around in circles, reappearing every few minutes. The purpose was to emphasize Soviet bomber production. In fact they were soon to shift the emphasis to missiles.

Deception can also use social channels. A Soviet diplomat drops a remark in deepest confidence to a colleague from a neutral country at a dinner party, knowing that the neutral colleague also goes to British and American dinner parties. This casual remark was contained in a directive from the Soviet Foreign Office. When it is studied in intelligence headquarters somewhere in the West it is found to agree in substance with something said by a Soviet official at a cocktail party ten thousand miles away. Thus the two remarks seem to confirm each other.

In reality both Russians were speaking as mouthpieces in a program of political deception which the Soviets coordinate with their ever-shifting plots in Berlin, Laos, the Congo, Cuba, and whatever is next on the program.

One of the most successful long-range political deceptions of the Communists convinced gullible people in the West before and during World War II that the Chinese People's Movement was not communistic but a social and "agrarian" reform movement. This fiction was planted through Communist-influenced journalists in the Far East and penetrated organizations in the West.

The Soviet intelligence service in recent years has been particularly busy in falsifying and distributing what purport to be official documents of the United States, Britain, and certain other countries of the Free World. In January of 1961 Mr. Richard Helms, a high official of the CIA, presented the evidence of this activity to a Congressional committee. Out of the mass of forgeries available, he selected thirty-two, which were fabricated in the period of 1957 to 1960.

He pointed out that the Russian Secret Service has a long history in the art of forgery, having concocted the Protocols of Zion over sixty years ago to promote anti-Semitism. The Soviets have been adept pupils. The purpose of their forgeries is to discredit the West, and the United States in particular, in the eyes of the rest of the world, especially in the newly emerging nations; to sow suspicion and discord among the Western allies;



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Artful chitchat. Khrushchev at a Moscow party in 1956 with Defense Minister Zhukov and visiting U.S. General Nathan Twining.

and, to drive a wedge between the peoples of non-Bloc countries and their governments by promoting the notion that these governments are the puppets of the U.S.

The falsified documents include purported communications from high officials to the President of the United States, letters to and from high State and Defense Department and USIA officials. To the initiated, these documents are patent fabrications, but the technical errors and inconsistencies they contain are not apparent to the audiences for which they are intended. One of the most subtle of the documents purported to be an "eyes-only" annex to a British Cabinet paper, wholly misrepresenting the American and British attitude with respect to trade-union policies in Africa.

The forgery technique is particularly useful to the Communists because they possess the means for wide and quick distribution. Newspapers and news outlets are available to them all over the world. While many of these are tarnished and suspect because of Communist affiliations, they are nevertheless capable of placing a fabrication quickly before millions of people. The denials, the proof of fabrication, ride so far behind the initial publication that these forgeries have had considerable impact. Quite apart from

ethical considerations, Western intelligence services in peacetime would not be able to make use of such forgeries for the reason that we would end up deceiving our own people.

There is another type of deception which cannot be directly blamed upon communism but which complicates the task of the intelligence officer and particularly the analysts. This deception is the product of what are called "papermills" in intelligence parlance. A papermill is a producer of phony intelligence, primarily for profit. In the latter days of World War II and afterward, when thousands of the intelligentsia of Eastern Europe were uprooted and sought refuge in the West, they came to rely on their wits to make a living. Some of the less scrupulous turned to fabricating intelligence reports. These were often cleverly conceived, attuned to the desires of prospective purchasers, and almost impossible to reject at first glance as fabrications. Many of them brought a good price.

Unfortunately for the fabricators, they were often too zealous in seeking more than one outlet for their product. Eventually the American and other intelligence services who had been victimized made a joint drive to eliminate the papermills. They have very largely succeeded, but it took much doing.

PART VI

Information gathered by intelligence services is of little use unless it is got into the hands of its "consumers," the policy makers. This must be done in good time and in clear, intelligible form so that the particular intelligence can easily be read and properly related to the policy problem with which it deals.

These criteria are not easily met, for the sum total of intelligence received is immense. Thousands of items come into CIA headquarters every day, directly or through other agencies of government, particularly the State and Defense Departments. When we consider all we need to know about happenings behind the Iron Curtain and in over a hundred other countries, this volume is not surprising.

One of the major reasons why the CIA was organized was to provide a mechanism for coordinating intelligence work so that the President, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of Defense could have before them a single reasoned analysis of the factors involved in situations affecting our national security. In 1950 the In-

telligence Advisory Committee, which later became the United States Intelligence Board (USIB) was set up. It is often referred to as "the intelligence community" and includes, in addition to the CIA representatives, the senior intelligence officers of the State and Defense Departments, of the Armed Services, and of the Atomic Energy Commission and the FBI. The USIB meets regularly every week and more frequently during crises or whenever any vital new item of intelligence is received. The Director of Central Intelligence is responsible for the estimates arrived at by the board, but if any member dissents and desires his dissent to be recorded, a statement of his views is included as a footnote to the estimate that is finally presented to the President and interested members of the National Security Council.

Arrangements are made so that the President and other senior officers of government, as required, can be instantly reached by the Director of Central Intelligence or by their own intelligence officers in any emergency. Experience over

the years has proved that this system really works. There was not a single instance during my service as Director when I failed to reach the President in a matter of minutes with any intelligence I felt was of immediate importance.

The CIA has also set up a Board of National Estimates within the Agency, on which sits a group of experts in intelligence analysis, both civilian and military. The board prepares initial drafts of most estimates, which are then coordinated with USIB representatives. To deal with highly technical subjects, such as Soviet missiles, aircraft, or nuclear programs, competent technical subcommittees of USIB have been established. And, in certain cases, experts outside of government may be consulted.

Obviously, the procedure of preparing and coordinating an initial draft, passing it on to the USIB, formulating the final report along with any dissenting opinions, and submitting it is time-consuming. There are times when "crash" estimates are needed. One of these occasions was the Suez crisis of November 1956. I had left Washington to go to my voting place in New York State when I received early on election eve a telephone message from General Charles P. Cabell, Deputy Director of the CIA. He read to me a Soviet note that had just come over the wires. Bulganin was threatening London and Paris with missile attacks unless the British and French forces withdrew from Egypt. I asked General Cabell to call a meeting of the intelligence community, and immediately flew back to Washington. The USIB met throughout the night, and early on election morning I took to President Eisenhower our agreed estimate of Soviet intentions and probable courses of action in this crisis.

The contents of this and other estimates are generally kept secret. However, the fact that this mechanism exists and can operate quickly should be a matter of public knowledge. It is an important cog in our national security machinery.

When, on October 22, 1962, President Kennedy addressed the nation on the secret Soviet buildup of intermediate-range missiles in Cuba, the intelligence community had already been receiving reports from agents and refugees indicating mysterious construction of some sort of missile bases in Cuba. It was a well-known fact that for some time past, Castro—or the Soviets purporting to be acting for Castro—had been installing a whole series of bases for ground-to-air missiles. These, however, were of short range and their major purpose apparently was to deal with possible intruding aircraft. Since the reports received

—Where, When, What Kind—

The war taught us this lesson—that we had to collect intelligence in a manner that would make the information available where it was needed and when it was wanted, in an intelligent and understandable form. If it is not intelligent and understandable, it is useless.

—President Truman's *Memoirs*

came largely from persons who had little technical knowledge of missile development, they did not permit a firm conclusion to be drawn as to whether all the missiles on which they were reporting were of the short-range type or whether something more sinister was involved.

The evidence that had been accumulated was sufficient, however, to alert the intelligence community to the need for a more scientific and precise analysis. Reconnaissance flights were resumed and the concrete evidence was obtained on which the President based his report to the nation and his action. This required, of course, not only the most careful intelligence analysis but immediate intelligence judgments. As the President stated, the air reconnaissance established beyond a doubt that more than antiaircraft installations were being constructed on Cuban soil. This was a case, incidentally, in which it was obviously necessary to give publicity to intelligence conclusions. Khrushchev's subsequent statements and actions testified to their accuracy.

Most of the estimating can be done on a more ordered basis than in such situations, although today there is a sense of urgency in the whole field of intelligence.

Few fields have proved more difficult of analysis than that of certain Soviet weapons systems. In 1954, for example, there was evidence that the Soviet Union was producing long-range intercontinental heavy bombers comparable to our B-52s. At first, every indication, including the 1955 fly-by I have described, pointed to the conclusion that the Russians were adopting this weapon as a major element of their offensive strength and planned to produce heavy bombers as fast as their economy and technology permitted. Certain estimates of the buildup of this bomber force over the next few years were called for by the Defense Department and were supplied by the intelligence community. These were based on knowledge of the Soviet aircraft-manufacturing

industry and the types of aircraft under construction, and included projections concerning the future rate of buildup on the basis of existing production rates and expected expansion of industrial capacity. There was hard evidence of Soviet capability to produce bombers at a certain rate if they so desired. At the time of the estimate, the available evidence indicated that they did so desire, and intended to translate this capability into an actual program. All this led to speculation in this country as to a "bomber gap."

However, production did not rise as rapidly as had seemed likely; evidence accumulated that the performance of the heavy bomber was less than satisfactory. At some point, probably about 1957, the Soviet leaders apparently decided to limit heavy-bomber production drastically. The bomber gap never materialized. Meanwhile evidence of

progress in the Russian intercontinental missile program was beginning to cause concern. The Soviets saw—probably earlier than we did—the significance of the missile as the weapon of the future and the potential psychological impact of space achievements. They had carefully followed the progress made by the Germans with their V-1 and V-2 missiles in World War II and gathered together as much of the German developmental hardware and as many German rocket experts as they could get their hands on while they were conquering Eastern Germany. They also hired a considerable number of German experts in addition to those they seized and forcibly deported.

It is a mistake, however, to credit their missile proficiency today largely to the Germans. The Soviets themselves have a long history in



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The Cuba crisis of October 1962 focused nationwide attention on U.S. intelligence, particularly aerial surveillance. These photographs were released in November. Above a U.S. destroyer checks the cargo on a Soviet freighter which (below) pulls away with a missile-like object uncovered.

this field and developed high competence quickly. They never took the Germans fully into their confidence but pumped them dry of knowledge, kept them a few years at the drawing boards and away from the testing areas, and then sent most of them back home. While these people proved to be a useful source of intelligence, they had never been brought into contact with the actual Soviet development and could tell little beyond what they had themselves contributed.

In the first decade after the end of the war we had only a scant knowledge of Soviet missile progress. Drawing boards are silent, and short-range missiles make little commotion. As the techniques of science were put to work and the U-2 photographs became available after 1956, "hard" intelligence began to flow into the hands of the impatient estimators. Their impatience was understandable, for great pressure had been put on them by those in the Department of Defense concerned with our own missile programs and missile defenses.

Thus, early figures of Soviet missile production had to be developed on the basis of estimated production and development capabilities over a period in the future. Once again we had to decide how the Soviet Union would allocate its total military effort. How much of it would go into missiles? How much into developing the nuclear potential? How much into the heavy bomber, as well as the fighter planes and ground-to-air defense to meet hostile bombers? How much into submarines? And, in general, how much into elements of attack and how much into those of defense?

It was due to this measure of incertitude during the late 1950s that the national debate over the so-called missile gap developed. Then, based on certain proven capabilities of the Soviets and on our view of their intentions and overall strategy, estimates were made as to the number of missiles and nuclear warheads which would be available and on launchers several years in the future.

If there was an error, which is always unfortunate in intelligence, in this case it was possibly fortunate that we erred on the side of overestimating the opponent. There is no doubt that tests of Soviet missiles in 1957 and afterward showed a high competence in the ICBM field. Soviet shots of seven to eight thousand miles into the far Pacific were well advertised, as, of course, was the orbiting of the first Sputnik. Their testing in the intermediate fields must also have been gratifying to them. But would they use their bulky and somewhat awkward "first

generation" ICBM—effective though it was—as the missile to deploy, or would they wait for a second or third generation? Were they in such a hurry to capitalize on a moment of possible missile superiority that they would sacrifice this to a more orderly program? The answer, in retrospect, seems to be that they chose the more orderly program. As soon as this evidence appeared, the ICBM estimates—as in the case of the bombers—were quickly revised downward.

Today, after the Cuba incident, one may well ask whether their present actions do not indicate some change of attitude toward their missile program. In any event, the intelligence collected on Soviet missiles has been excellent as to the nature and quality of the potential threat. Our intelligence was also both good and timely as to Soviet production of high-thrust engines and the work on Sputnik. And all of this intelligence spurred us to press forward with our own missile and space programs.

Yalu, Suez, the Bay of Pigs

When one turns from the military to the political field, the problems for the estimators are often even more complex. Analysis of human behavior and anticipation of human reactions can never be assigned to a computer, and sometimes they baffle the most clever analyst.

More than a decade ago, in the autumn of 1950, this country had to face in North Korea the difficult decision of whether or not to push forward to the Yalu River and reunite Korea. If we did so, would the Chinese Communists answer with a direct attack? Or would they stay quiescent—if, for example, Korean rather than U.S. and UN troops formed the bulk of the advance, or if we did not disturb the Chinese sources of electric power in North Korea?

At that time, we had good intelligence as to the location and strength of the Chinese Communist forces on the far side of the Yalu. We had to estimate the intentions of Moscow and Peking. We were not in on their secret councils and decisions. In such cases it is arrogant, as well as dangerous, for the intelligence officer to venture a firm opinion in the absence of tell-tale information on the positioning and moving of troops, the bringing up of strategic supplies, and the like. I can speak with detachment about the 1950 Yalu estimates, for these were made just before I joined the CIA. The conclusions of the estimators were that it was a tossup, but they leaned to the side that under certain circum-

stances the Chinese would probably not intervene. In fact, we just did not know what the Chinese Communists would do, and we did not know how far the Soviet Union would press them or agree to support them if they moved.

One cannot assume that a Communist leader will act or react as we would or will always be right in his estimates. For example, normally one would not have estimated that Khrushchev would choose the opening day of the Unaligned Nations Conference at Belgrade in September of 1961 to announce to the world, without forewarning, that he was breaking the gentleman's agreement on suspension of nuclear testing. Yet, this is exactly what he did. In Cuba in October of 1962 Khrushchev presumably estimated that he could sneak his missiles into the island, plant them and camouflage them, and then, at a time of his own choosing, face the United States with a *fait accompli*. Certainly here he misestimated—just as some on our side had misestimated that Khrushchev would not attempt to place offensive weapons in Cuba, right under our nose.

Whenever a dramatic event occurs in the foreign-relations field—an event for which the public may not have been prepared—one can usually count on the cry going up, "Intelligence has failed again." The charge may at times be correct. But there are also many occasions when an event has been foreseen and correctly estimated but intelligence has been unable to advertise its success.

This was true of the Suez invasion of 1956. Here, intelligence was well alerted as to what Israel and then Britain and France were likely to do. The public received the impression, however, that there had been an intelligence failure; statements were issued by U.S. officials to the effect that the country had not been given advance warning of the action. Our officials, of course, intended to imply only that the British and French and Israelis had failed to tell us what they were doing. In fact, United States intelligence had kept the government informed but, as usual, did not advertise its achievement.

On other occasions the press and the public have been mistaken about the actual role of intelligence in certain situations. Take, for example, the Bay of Pigs episode in 1961. Much of the American press assumed at the time that this action was predicated on a mistaken intelligence estimate to the effect that a landing would touch off a widespread and successful popular revolt in Cuba. Those who had worked, as I had, with the anti-Hitler underground behind the Nazi lines in France and Italy and in Germany itself during World War II and those who watched the tragedy

of the Hungarian patriots in 1956 would have realized that spontaneous revolutions by unarmed people in this modern age are ineffective and often disastrous. While I have never discussed any details of the 1961 Cuban operation and do not propose to do so here, I repeat now what I have said publicly before: I know of no estimate that a spontaneous uprising of the unarmed population of Cuba would or should be touched off by the landing.

Not an Exact Science

Clearly, our intelligence estimates, particularly in dealing with the Communists, must take into account not only the natural and the usual but also the unusual, the brutal, the unexpected. Actions and reactions can no longer be estimated on the basis of what we ourselves might do if we were in Khrushchev's shoes because, as we have seen at the United Nations, he takes off his shoes. Often Soviet moves seem to be influenced by the theories of Ivan Petrovich Pavlov, the famous Russian physiologist who induced certain reflexes in animals and then, by abruptly changing the treatment, reduced the animals to a state of confusion. The Pavlovian touch applied to humans can be seen in Khrushchev's abrupt changes in attitude and action. The scuttling of the Paris Summit Meeting in 1960, when he had for years known about the U-2, the surprise resumption of nuclear testing just at the time the nonaligned nations were assembling in Belgrade in 1961, even the famous shoe-thumping episode, were staged so that their shock effect would help produce certain results.

The willingness of a country to accept unpopularity in defense of its vital interests can be an element of strength. Often, I feel, because of our desire to be loved, this element has been lacking in American foreign policy, but that does not mean that we should emulate the brutal techniques of a Khrushchev.

Of course, one rarely has knowledge of all the factors bearing on any given situation. No one can predict with assurance the workings of the minds of the leaders whose decisions make history. As a matter of fact, if we were to set out to estimate what our own policy decisions would be a few years hence, we would soon be lost in a forest of uncertainty. And yet our estimators are called upon to decide what others will do. Unfortunately the intelligence process of making estimates will never become an exact science.

But at least progress has been made in assem-

bling the elements of a given situation in an orderly manner so as to assist our planners and policy makers. It is possible, often, to indicate a range of probabilities or possibilities and to isolate those factors which would influence Kremlin or Peking decisions. In any event, we have come a long way since Pearl Harbor and the somewhat haphazard system of intelligence analysis which prevailed at that time.

Danger at the Doorstep

So-called wars of liberation, guerrilla wars, political penetration, subversion, and "popular fronts" are Communist methods for achieving piecemeal what they hesitate to attempt by direct military action. In such campaigns, their objectives are openly declared; but many of their methods, particularly in the important early period of any attempted takeover, are largely secret. Rakosi, the Moscow-trained dictator of Hungary in Stalin's later days, in boasting of the communization of Hungary, called these methods "salami tactics." This is truly descriptive of their slice-by-slice techniques.

Initially we met the many-sided Communist thrust chiefly with open measures of economic and military aid such as the Marshall Plan and NATO and by building up our own defenses. When there was open military mischief as in the Berlin Blockade, the airlift was the answer. In Korea, direct armed intervention was needed. In Vietnam today guerrilla warfare by North Vietnam against the non-Communist South is supported by outside Communist aid. Here again there can be military action—something short of direct military intervention, but military aid, training, and assistance.

But what are we to do about the secret, underground, creeping techniques such as were used to take over Czechoslovakia in 1948 and Cuba in recent years under the cloak of a Castro? Because Castro in one of his rambling and incoherent speeches has boasted about early Marxist views, the "wise ones" are now saying that this should have been recognized years ago and action taken. Exactly what action, they do not specify except for those who advocate open military intervention. But thousands of the ablest Cubans, including political leaders, businessmen, and the military, who worked hard to put Castro in and were risking their lives and futures to do so, didn't suspect that they were installing a Communist regime. Today they are in exile or in jail.

This is not the place to argue out the Cuban

issue, except to point out that it is an example of a situation somewhat like that in Czechoslovakia, where the Communists, through subversive Cold War tactics, were able to effect a take-over before the means of effective action could be developed. It is a challenge to intelligence to give the early warnings that are necessary for such action.

The outcome has been quite different in countries where there was timely and effective organization of the anti-Communist elements. Notable victories were achieved, for example, against the threat of the Huks—the Philippine Communist guerrillas. They are no longer a serious menace to Philippine freedom. In like manner the Malayan Communist guerrilla movement was practically eliminated during the mid-1950s. Mossadegh, who was on the road to turning Iran over to the Communists, was overthrown in 1953; and Arbenz, the Communist leader of Guatemala, fled the country in 1954.

Communist parties in most Free World countries are more divided over policy today than at any time in the past decade. The Communist World is no longer monolithic. Even little Albania made Khrushchev hastily withdraw his forces from that country.

But Moscow and Peking are still hopeful of new conquests. We cannot always wait to have a formal, public invitation by a threatened country, documenting the Communist subversion. The invitation may come too late or not at all if the danger is not clearly perceived by governments all too prone to say, "This can't happen to us." Or power can slip into the hands of a leader who is interested in playing the Communist game, as

— Communist Party Pains —

The indigenous Communist parties are torn between local nationalistic issues and the overall policies of communism. It is hard for them to shift as fast as Moscow does. One day they must bow down to a Stalin; then Khrushchev tells them that Stalin is a blood-stained tyrant. They preach Moscow's peaceful intentions and then have to explain the brutal crushing of the Hungarian patriots, just as earlier, in 1939, their strong appeal as an anti-Nazi force was dissipated overnight by Moscow's alliance with Hitler to destroy Poland—a country which Molotov once described as "the ugly duckling of the Treaty of Versailles."

Castro plays it. We must help to build up both the will and the confidence in the ability to resist long before the Communist penetration reaches a point of no return. Ferreting out Communist objectives in a given country, indentifying the guiding personnel within it, their targets and timetables, are tasks primarily for the security and intelligence services of the threatened country. However, many of the countries most immediately in jeopardy do not have adequate internal-security services to do this job. They need help which they can get only from a country like the United States, which has the resources in funds, personnel, and techniques to aid them. Most governments in such countries affected welcome this help and, over the years, have profited greatly by it.

Fortunately for us, because of the nature of the subversive activities in which the various Communist parties—more than seventy of them outside the Bloc—are engaged and the large numbers of untrained personnel involved, it is difficult for them to maintain adequate security and secrecy. It is revealing no secret to report that many Communist parties and front organizations throughout the world have been penetrated. Dra-

matic information has already been published about the effective work of the FBI in neutralizing the Communist party and its appendages in the United States.

Obviously it is more difficult to deal with Communist activities in other parts of the Free World because this depends upon the willingness of the local authorities to cooperate. Often local publicity in the early stages of a planned "putsch," pinpointing the plotters, tying them to Moscow and Peking, has proved effective. This has been particularly useful in dealing with Communist "front," "youth," and "peace" organizations and their highly advertised meetings and congresses. Here a free press is a great asset.

Formidable as is the Communist subversive apparatus, it is vulnerable to exposure and to vigorous counteraction. But to act effectively one must have timely intelligence about the plot and the plotters and the technical means, overt and covert, which are being employed. Both in the collection of information as to the peril that threatens and in the field of covert action, our intelligence services have an essential role to play—one that is new to this generation perhaps, but none the less vital.

PART VII

From time to time the charge is made that an intelligence or security service may become a threat to our own freedoms; that the secrecy under which such a service must necessarily operate is in itself vaguely sinister; and that its activities may be inconsistent with the principles of a free society. There has been some sensational writing about the CIA's supposedly supporting dictators, making national policy on its own, and playing fast and loose with its secret funds.

Harry Howe Ransom, who has written a study on *Central Intelligence and National Security* (Harvard, 1958), puts the issue this way:

CIA is the indispensable gatherer and evaluator of world-wide facts for the National Security Council. Yet to most persons CIA remains a mysterious, super-secret, shadow agency of government. Its invisible role, its power and influence, and the secrecy enshrouding its structure and operations raise important questions regarding its place in the democratic process. One such question is: How shall a democracy insure that its secret intelligence apparatus becomes neither a vehicle for conspiracy nor a suppressor of the traditional liberties of democratic self-government?

It is understandable that a relatively new organization in our government's structure like the CIA should—despite its desire for anonymity—receive more than its share of publicity and be subject to questioning and to attack. In writing this analysis of intelligence, I have been motivated by the desire to put intelligence in our free society in its proper perspective. As I have already indicated, CIA is a publicly recognized institution of government. Its duties, its place in our governmental structure, and the controls surrounding it are set forth partly by statutes, partly by National Security Council directives. At the same time, as in many other enterprises of government, much about its work must be kept secret.

Our government in its very nature—and our open society in all its instincts—under the Constitution and the Bill of Rights automatically outlaws intelligence organizations of the kind that have developed in police states. Such organizations as Himmler's Gestapo and Khrushchev's KGB could never take root in this country. The law which set up CIA specifically provides



WIDE WORLD

Determined "not to make a mystery of what is a matter of common knowledge," CIA authorized this aerial photo of its new Headquarters in Virginia about eight miles from downtown Washington.

"that the Agency shall have no police, subpoena, law-enforcement powers, or internal-security functions." Furthermore, it is the servant, not the maker, of policy. All of its actions must stem from and accord with settled national policy. It cannot act without the authority and approval of the highest policy-making organizations of the government.

The legislation which was adopted with bipartisan support, also threw other legal and practical safeguards around the work of the CIA. But these accorded for the most part with the safeguards that hedge any bureaucracy.

The President's Responsibility

The Central Intelligence Agency is placed directly under the National Security Council and is, therefore, immediately under the President. Thus it is the Chief Executive himself who has the responsibility for overseeing the operations of the CIA. It is the President who selects, and the Senate which confirms, the Director and the Deputy Director of the Agency, and this choice is no routine affair. In the fifteen years since the

Agency was created, it has had four Directors: (1) Rear Admiral Roscoe Henry Hillenkoetter, who had distinguished service in the Navy and in Naval Intelligence; (2) General Walter Bedell Smith, who, in addition to an outstanding military career, for almost three years was American Ambassador to the Soviet Union before he was Director and, afterwards, Under Secretary of State; (3) the writer—and here any comment by me would be out of place, except at least to mention a long period of government service and many years in intelligence work; and (4) John A. McCone, who before being named Director in 1961 had done outstanding service in both the Truman and the Eisenhower Administrations in many important government posts—as a member of the President's Air Policy Commission, as a Deputy to the Secretary of Defense, as Under Secretary of the Air Force, and then as Chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission.

The law provides that a civilian must be either in the position of Director or Deputy Director. The last two Directors have been civilians with highly experienced military men as Deputy Directors—General Charles Pearre Cabell during

the period of my own Directorship, and now under John McCone, Lieutenant General Marshall Carter.

Eight of my eleven years as Deputy and Director of CIA were served under President Eisenhower. I had many talks with him about the day-to-day workings of the Agency, particularly about the handling of its funds. He counseled me to set up procedures in the Agency for the internal accounting of *unvouchered* funds, *i.e.*, funds appropriated by the Congress and expendable on the signature of the Director, which would be even more searching, if that were possible, than those of the General Accounting Office. While obviously many expenditures must be kept secret as far as the public is concerned, the CIA always stands ready to account to the President, to the responsible appropriations subcommittees of the Congress, and to the Bureau of the Budget for every penny expended, whatever the purpose may be.

Watchdogs on the Purse

During the earlier years of the Agency, there was a series of special investigations of its activities. One of the recommendations that emerged from the Hoover Commission survey in 1955 called for establishing a permanent Presidential civilian board, often called a watchdog committee. This would take the place of *ad hoc* investigation committees from time to time. I discussed with President Eisenhower how this could be done. He appointed a "President's Board of Consultants on Foreign Intelligence Activities," which for some time was chaired by the distinguished head of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, James R. Killian, Jr. President Kennedy, shortly after he took office, reconstituted this Presidential committee with a slightly modified membership and again under the chairmanship of Dr. Killian. The files, the records, the activities, the expenditures of the Central Intelligence Agency are open to this Presidential committee, which meets several times a year.

The other recommendation of the Hoover Commission, that a Congressional watchdog committee should also be considered, had a somewhat more stormy history. In April 1956 the Senate, after a most exhaustive debate, voted against the watchdog committee resolution by a surprisingly large majority. During the debate it was pointed out with a great deal of emphasis that procedures serving the intended end had already been set up and had been functioning well for some years.

Any public impression that the Congress exerts no power over CIA is quite mistaken. Control of funds gives a control over the scope of operations—how many people CIA can employ, how much it can do, and to some extent what it can do. Even before a Congressional subcommittee sees the CIA budget, there is a review by the Bureau of the Budget which must approve the amount set aside for CIA and this, of course, includes Presidential approval. Then the budget is considered by a subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee of the House, as is the case with other Executive Departments and Agencies. The only difference in the case of the CIA is that the amount of its budget is not publicly disclosed, except to this subcommittee, which includes three members of the majority and two members of the minority on the Appropriations Committee.

The chairman of the subcommittee is Clarence Cannon, and a more careful watchdog of the public treasury can hardly be found. This subcommittee is entitled to see everything it wishes to see with regard to the CIA budget and to have as much explanation of expenditures, past and present, as it desires.

All this was clearly brought out in a dramatic statement that Mr. Cannon made on the floor of the House on May 10, 1960, just after the failure of the U-2 flight of Francis Gary Powers:

The plane was on an espionage mission authorized and supported by money provided under an appropriation recommended by the House Committee on Appropriations and passed by the Congress.

He then referred to the fact that the appropriation and the activity had also been approved and recommended by the Bureau of the Budget and, like all such expenditures and operations, was under the aegis of the Chief Executive. He discussed the authority of the subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee to recommend an appropriation for such purposes and also the fact that these activities had not been divulged to the House and to the country. He recalled the circumstances during World War II when billions of dollars were appropriated, through the Manhattan Project, for the atomic bomb under the same general safeguards as in the case of the U-2, *i.e.*, on the authority of a subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee. He referred to the widespread espionage by the Soviet Union, to the activities of their spies in stealing the secret of the atomic bomb. Alluding to the surprise attack by the Communists in Korea in 1950, he justified the U-2 operation in these words:

Each year we have admonished . . . the CIA that it must meet situations of this character with effective measures. We told them, "This must not happen again and it is up to you to see that it does not happen again," . . . and the plan that they were following when the plane was taken is their answer to that demand.

Mr. Cannon took occasion to commend the CIA for its action in sending reconnaissance planes over the Soviet Union for the four years preceding Powers' capture and concluded:

We have here demonstrated conclusively that free men, confronted by the most ruthless and criminal despotism, can under the Constitution of the United States protect this nation and preserve world civilization.

I cite this merely to show the extent to which even the most secret of the CIA's intelligence operations have, under appropriate safeguards, been laid before the representatives of the people in Congress.

In addition to the scrutiny of CIA activities by the Appropriations Committee, there is also a subcommittee of the House Armed Services Committee, chaired by Congressman Carl Vinson, who for years has been head of the Armed Services Committee itself. To this subcommittee, the Agency reports its current operations to the extent and in the detail the committee desires, dealing here not so much with the financial as-

pects of operations but with all the other elements of our work. In the Senate, there are comparable subcommittees of the Appropriations and Armed Services Committees.

Fifteen years ago when the legislation to set up a Central Intelligence Agency was being considered, the Congressional committees working on the matter sought my views. In addition to testifying, I submitted a memorandum, published in the record of the proceedings, in which I proposed that a special advisory body for the new Agency should be constituted to include representatives of the President, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of Defense. This group should, I proposed, "assume the responsibility for advising and counseling the Director of Intelligence and assure the proper liaison between the Agency and these two Departments and the Executive." This procedure has been followed. All operations of an intelligence character which involve policy considerations are subject to such approval.

When Silence Is Golden

Of course, the public and the press remain free to criticize the actions taken by intelligence, including those which are exposed by mishap or indiscretion. This holds just as true for intelligence activities as for any government operations except where the national security is involved. When an intelligence operation goes wrong and publicity results, the Intelligence Agency and its Director, in particular, must stand ready to assume responsibility wherever that is possible. There have been times, as in the case of the U-2 descent on Soviet territory, and the Cuban affair of April 1961, where the Executive has publicly assumed responsibility. Here, if CIA had attempted to take the position that it, unguided and alone, had planned and carried out the action, it would have been tantamount to an admission that the Executive Branch of the government, which has the responsibility for the CIA as well as for all actions affecting the national security, was not on the job. Of course, in intelligence operations, silence is the best policy where silence is possible. Sometimes it is not possible without gravely calling into question the vigilance of the Executive.

It is an established rule not only that the Agency should keep out of policy matters but that its personnel should keep out of politics. No one in the Agency, from the Director on down, may engage in any political activities of any nature, except to vote. A resignation is immediately ac-



WIDE WORLD

Pilot Francis Gary Powers, with a model of the U-2, after his release from a Soviet prison.

cepted—or demanded—where this occurs and the political aspirant is given to understand that quick re-employment, in case of any unsuccessful plunge into the political arena, is unlikely.

In the last analysis, however, the most important safeguards lie in the character and self-discipline of the leadership of the intelligence service and of the people who work for it—on the kind of men and women we have on the job, their integrity and their respect for the democratic processes and their sense of duty and devotion in carrying out their important and delicate tasks.

A Place for Devotion

After more than ten years of service, I can testify that I have never known a group of men and women more devoted to the defense of our country and its way of life than those who are working in the Central Intelligence Agency. Our people do not go into intelligence for financial reward or because the service can give them, in return for their work, high rank or public acclaim. They are there because of the opportunity to serve their country, the fascination of the work, and the belief that through this service they personally can make a contribution to our nation's security.

There is a fundamental question about our intelligence work which, I realize, worries a good many people. Is it necessary, they ask, for the United States with its high ideals and its traditions to involve itself in espionage, to send U-2s over other people's territory, to break other people's coded messages?

Many people who understand that such activities may be necessary in wartime still doubt that they are justified in time of peace. Do we spy on friend and foe alike, and do we have to do it merely because another less scrupulous and less moral type of country does it to us? I do not consider such questions improper, frivolous, or pacifist. Indeed, it does us credit that these questions are raised.

Personally I see little excuse for peacetime spying on our friends or allies. Apart from the moral issues, we have other and far more important ways of using our limited intelligence resources. Also there are other ways of getting the information we need through normal diplomatic channels. Of course, we have to take into account the historical fact that we have had friends who became enemies—Germany on two recent occasions, and Italy and Japan. Hence it

The Sweep of History

I am sure you realize how important is your work, how essential it is—and in the long sweep of history how significant your efforts will be judged. So I do want to express my appreciation to you now, and I am confident that in the future you will continue to merit the appreciation of our country, as you have in the past.

—President Kennedy to the men and women of CIA, Washington, November 28, 1961

is always useful to have “in the bank” a store of basic intelligence—most of it not very secret—about all countries. I recall that in the early days of World War II, a call went out to the public for personal photographs of various areas of the world, particularly the islands of the Pacific. We did not then have adequate knowledge of the beaches and the flora and fauna of many places where our forces might shortly be landing.

But the answer to the question of the need for intelligence, particularly on the Communist Bloc, is that we are not really at peace with them, and we have not been since communism declared its own war on our system of government and of life.

We are faced with a closed, conspiratorial, police-dominated society. We cannot hope to maintain our position securely if this opponent is confident that he can surprise us by attacking the Free World at the time and place of his own choosing and without any forewarning.

It is not our intelligence organization which threatens our liberties. The danger is rather that we will not be adequately informed of the perils which face us. If we have more Cubas, if non-Communist countries which are today in jeopardy are further weakened, then we could well be isolated and our liberties, too, could be threatened.

The military threat in the nuclear-missile age is well understood, and we are rightly spending billions to counter it. We must similarly deal with the invisible war, Khrushchev's wars of liberation, the subversive threats orchestrated by the Soviet Communist party with all its ramifications and fronts, supported by espionage. The last thing we can afford to do today is to put our intelligence in chains. Its protective and informative role is indispensable in an era of unique and continuing danger.

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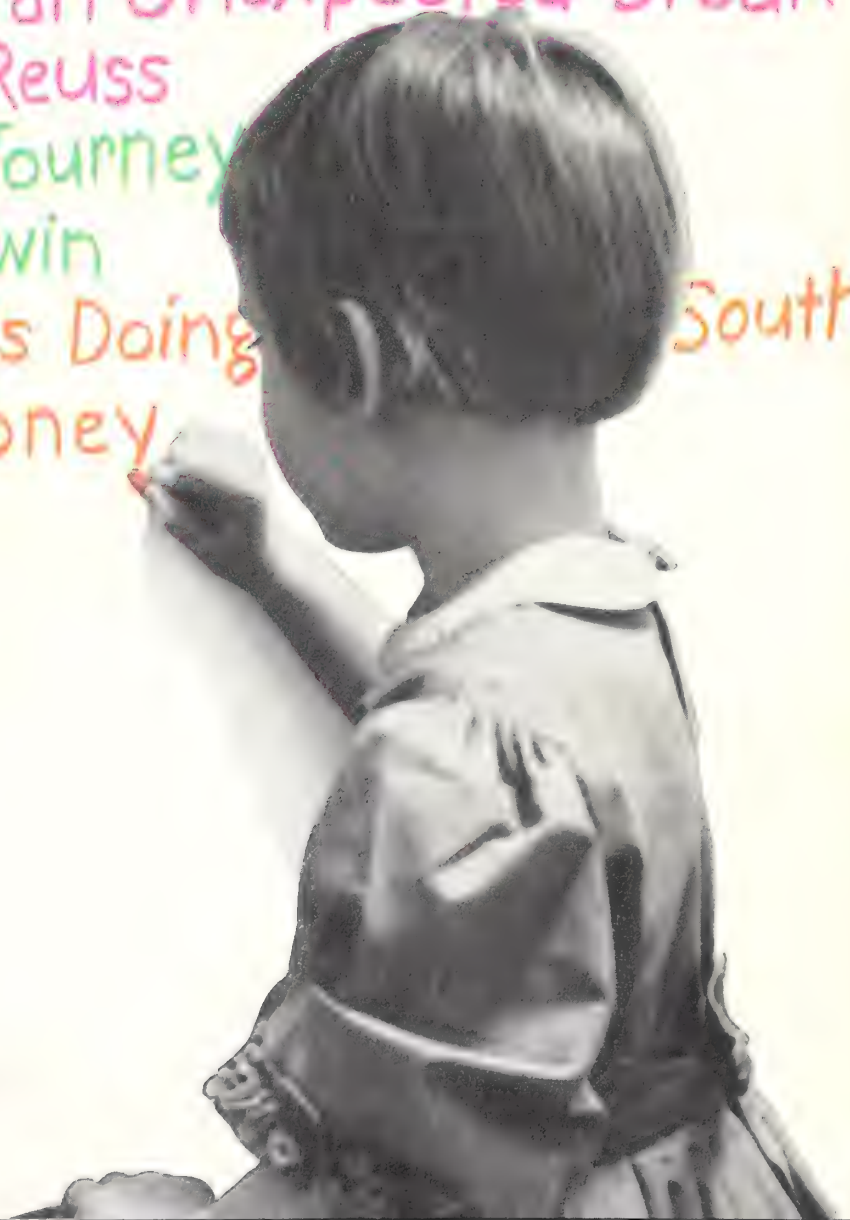
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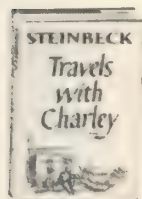
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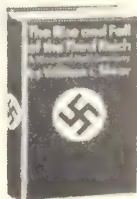
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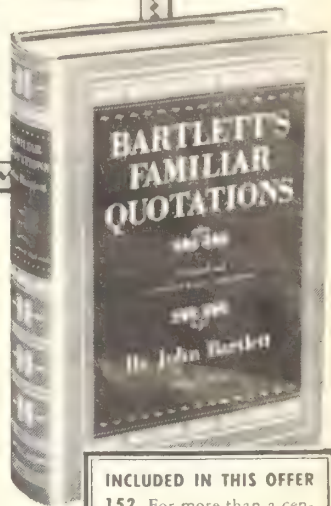
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LETTERS

An admirer said of Jane Austen that she had "that sanguine expectation of happiness which is happiness itself." It's probably true that people who are optimistic by nature and look forward with pleasure to new experiences are generally happy people.

Still, life isn't quite so simple as that. Most of us need some of the things that cost money in order to be happy. Jane herself valued money for the comforts and pleasures it gave her—the satisfaction of ordering a new gown from the seamstress, taking the coach to London to visit her brother, buying some gloves for Cassandra.

In point of fact, we all need some money unless we propose to live like hermits in caves. And many of the things we want most, tangible and intangible, are on the costly side: house, travel, education, medical care, for example. That's why many people put their surplus money to work in stocks and bonds, taking the risks of investing for the sake of the potential rewards and hoping to improve their standard of living.

Maybe you'd like to consider that course yourself. In fact, maybe you'd like a copy of our booklet called "*How to Invest in Stocks and Bonds*." It's fundamental and it's free at any of our offices.



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Pauling's Position

TO THE EDITORS:

In the article by John Fischer in January ["A 'Scientific' Formula for Disarmament," Easy Chair] there are some derogatory and damaging allusions to me. The first statement is: "In this country two scientists at opposite ends of the political spectrum—Dr. Linus Pauling and Dr. Edward Teller—are equally fond of issuing oracular (and highly debatable) pronouncements on international affairs." The statement that Professor Teller and I are at opposite ends of the political spectrum is equivalent to accusing him of being an ultraconservative Rightist or Fascist and me of being a Communist. From my decades of acquaintance with Professor Teller, I think that you are wrong about him. As for me, I am not a Communist and I never have been a Communist. I have considerable sympathy for socialism, but I have refused to join Norman Thomas in the Socialist Party—Social Democratic Federation because I am not willing to sign a pledge stating that I will support all its policies and decisions. The description of me and Professor Teller as being at opposite ends of the political spectrum is completely without justification, and it is damaging to me for you to have made this unjustified accusation.

Moreover, it is not true that I have issued oracular pronouncements on international affairs, and the use of this pejorative adjective may well do damage to me among those of your readers who may be unfamiliar with my writings. My statements about international affairs cannot properly be described as revelations or utterances supposed to issue from a divinity through a medium; they are not obscure and enigmatical, and they have not involved my forecasting the future. In my book *No More War!* and in my published articles I have described in detail some of the ways in which the world has changed during recent years. I have said that my ethical principles have caused me to reach the conclusion that the evil of war *should* be abolished; but my conclusion that war *must* be abolished if the human race is to survive is based not on ethical principles but on my thorough and careful analysis, in relation to international affairs, of the facts about the changes that have taken place in the world during recent years, especially with respect to the nature of war.

In the article there is the following further reference to Professor Teller and me: "Neither is abashed by the fact that his qualifications in this field [international affairs] are no greater than those of, say, Dean Rusk in biochemistry or nuclear physics." This statement is false. For many years I have devoted a great amount of effort to the study of international affairs. My work in the field of international affairs is similar to my work in the fields of biology and medicine. I was formally educated in engineering, chemistry, physics, and mathematics. I have never formally studied a single subject in either biology or medicine; this has not, however, prevented me from learning enough about these fields to permit me to make contributions to knowledge in them. These contributions have been recognized by the awards to me of the Thomas Addis Medal by the American Nephrosis Society, the John Phillips Medal for Contributions to Internal Medicine by the American College of Physicians, the Rudolf Virchow Medal for Medical Research by the Rudolf Virchow Medical Society of New York, and the Modern Medicine Award for 1963.

I estimate that my independent studies in the field of international affairs are equivalent to several years of full-time work. . . . But Dean Rusk has not devoted several years of his life to the study of biochemistry or nuclear physics, and accordingly the statement made by Mr. Fischer is false.

LINUS PAULING
Pasadena, Calif.

JOHN FISCHER REPLIES:

No such accusations were implied, against either Dr. Teller or Dr. Pauling. Fascism and communism are not at opposite ends of the political spectrum; they are variants of the same political malignancy—a messianic faith in totalitarian ideology—and both lie outside the American political spectrum.

Bertrand Russell has written two letters to Harper's about the January Easy Chair. His letters will be published in the June issue, together with an editorial comment.—THE EDITORS

Community in Shadow

TO THE EDITORS:

Congratulations on your excellent article, "New York's 'Middle-class' Homosexuals" [March]. William J. Helmer's approach was both objective and accurate. However, let me qualify two state-



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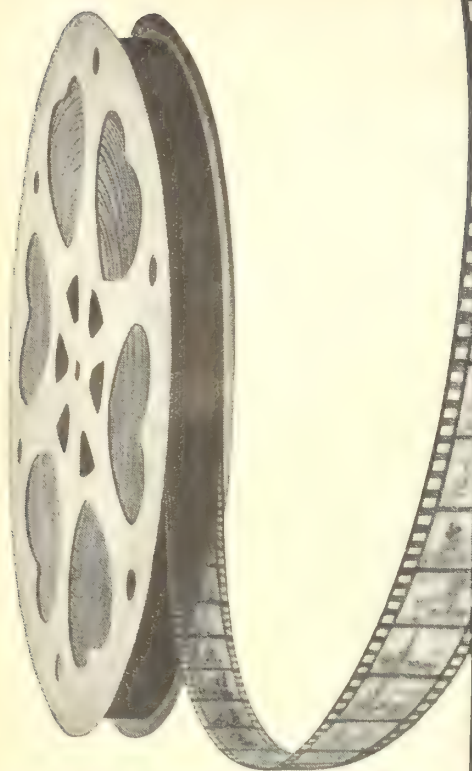
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LETTERS

ments. In every state (except Illinois and New York) homosexual relations invoke severe legal penalties. Since the beginning of 1962 homosexual relations between consenting adults have not been illegal in Illinois. That state was the first to adopt the recommendations of the American Bar Association's Model Penal Code regarding this area. . . .

RANDOLFE WICKER

Public Relations Director

Homosexual League of N. Y.

New York, N. Y.

Not enough is being written to warn of the frantic, aimless, ultimately wasted life which homosexuality must bring to the young man who leans toward the "gay" life but who, with some effort and sacrifice, could go "straight." I am in my late thirties, happily married, and the father of three children, successful in business and active in affairs of my community, totally unsuspected of being a homosexual. But I have led and enjoyed the "gay" life in almost all its facets, from New York to Los Angeles. I have gone "straight" not because I am no longer tempted, but because I realize that nothing in my former life could provide any of the lasting values that make my life today so meaningful. The practicing homosexual cannot know complete fulfillment. If he chooses the relative stability of "marriage" with one of his own sex he becomes an outcast, a "queer" to family and friends. If he chooses to observe society's dicta, he must move in a shadowy world of secret sex, always afraid of exposure. . . .

I do not for a moment suggest that homosexual "marriages" be sanctioned by law and society—that would be the easy way out for too many who would otherwise lead productive lives in the "straight" world. However, until homosexuality is accepted as a respectable way of life, the young man who is tempted should give serious thought to the race in which he will find himself if he succumbs to temptation.

NAME WITHHELD

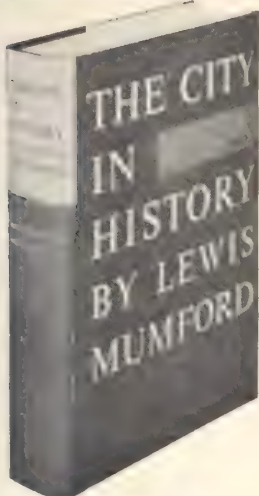
Lunar Gamble?

TO THE EDITORS:

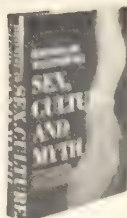
Carl Dreher expresses concern that technical unknowns still exist in the moon project ["Martyrs on the Moon?" March]. If the space program were merely a string of serial experiments, one after another, his concern might be well-founded; however, the space program consists of parallel groups of experiments. Thus, while Project Apollo works on control and guidance, Project Gemini will investigate rendezvous techniques in detail. Both Gemini and the X-20 should yield information on the

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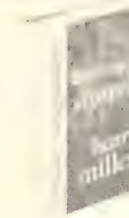
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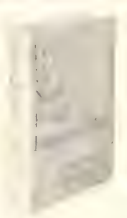
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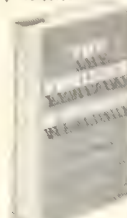
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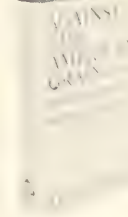
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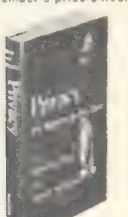
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K-6 NASA Wallops Station
Wallops Island, Va.

From Cinema to Gallery

TO THE EDITORS:

Stewart Beach complained about the practice of showing what he called "The Penalty Short" [After Hours, March] at the art [film] houses. Mr. Beach describes the films [animated abstractions] with evident distaste: "Hands disembodied from arms dance across the screen. . . . Lights of many colors erupt, fade, and weave into fabrics. . . ." He then calls us to account. "This is art? This is entertainment? This is nonsense!" . . . All the customers in art houses may not agree with him. . . . His descriptions of the films might well fit a Picasso painting. We have artists already in the field who produce animation that warrants attention from any lover of modern art. I invite Mr. Beach to screen "The Adventures of an Asterisk" by John Hubley, the animated titles for "Around the World in Eighty Days" by Saul Bass, "Boundary Lines" by Phillip Stapp, "The Tell-tale Heart" by UPA, "The Magic Canvas" by Halas-Batchelor. . . .

It is true that there is a pecking order of media in the art field. Murals and oil paintings tend to be more seriously considered than etchings, water colors, and woodblocks. Animated films have yet to find their level in the hierarchy. Sometime, fairly soon, an artist of the very first rank is going to be exposed to the possibilities of this medium. It may be that the animated film will go on from the art house to the art gallery.

SHAMUS CULHANE, Pres.
Shamus Culhane Motion
Picture Enterprises
New York, N.Y.

Endangered Wilderness

TO THE EDITORS:

I would like to point out some of the bases for mining-industry opposition to the Wilderness Bill discussed in Paul Brooks's article ["Congressman Aspinall vs. the People of the United States," March]. . . . As population grows and as the standard of living increases, the demand for things will also increase spectacularly in the years to come. The raw materials must come from the earth, and the mining industry will be called upon



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INTERPRETER

Slide rules and petticoats . . . what a combination! Incongruous? Yet this home economist, who is employed by the Frigidaire Division of General Motors, is involved with each. She wears many "hats" . . . tester, designer, writer, demonstrator. She conducts classes in home economics in schools and companies—teaches how to get the most out of new GM-built household appliances.

She and her counterparts spend full time interpreting the desires, needs and habits of American women in the kitchen and laundry room. Her department, for example, will bake enough cakes to make a stack 125 feet high just in testing a single oven design! In checking a new washer design, thirty tons of clothes are washed. In fact, she's "the voice of women" to the men who engineer and manufacture these appliances.

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Can't Hear the Music for the Drum

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Allan Trout of Frankfort tells about the critic of a small Kentucky town band who complained to its bass drummer—"You don't make very good music!"

"No," replied the drummer, "but I drown out a lot of bad!"

A cover-up can be mighty useful when there's little there to start with. Ketchup bottles, I've noticed, are most frequently emptied on the tables of the sorriest cooks.

And as a distiller of 69 years standing, I often wonder if the man who spikes his glass with all manner of foreign condiment, does so for added flavor, or to drown out the off-key taste of "sour-note" whiskey.

If, when you hold a glass, sociability is your sole desire, almost anything that's pourable may do. But if you're a man who really likes the taste of bourbon, you'll want its rich clear flavor to come through with a minimum of drum accompaniment.

You'll find OLD FITZGERALD marries comfortably with the simplest of mixers. I personally like it best with ice and our pure Kentucky limestone water from which it takes its birth.

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*Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Mellow 100 Proof*

LETTERS

to supply the lion's share. . . . To supply that demand the mining industry must be able to explore and develop mining properties and to produce metals and nonmetallics. The proposed Wilderness areas are likely to contain some of those necessary minerals. . . .

Secretary Stewart Udall's point that "there were few producing mines in the national forest wilderness in 1960" and that, therefore, there probably won't be any more in the future, doesn't hold. There were few mines in the Colorado Plateau area before the uranium boom in the early 'fifties, but that didn't prevent the development of scores of new properties when uranium was needed. . . .

If exploration and development, where warranted, are permitted in the Wilderness areas, we may expect the area involved to be smaller and less unsightly than most shopping areas and drive-ins. . . . And we can expect the mining industry to conform to antipollution laws and conservation practices to harm as little Wilderness as possible.

D. P. EGO, Managing Ed.
Engineering and Mining Journal
New York, N. Y.

Regardless of what specific industrial purpose is involved. . . . those whose work would irreversibly alter our remaining areas of scenic and natural value [should be required] to demonstrate to the satisfaction of us all exactly how their product will be of greater social worth than the area to be despoiled in its production. . . .

JOHN R. SWANSON
Madison, Wis.

Distaff Crusaders

TO THE EDITORS:

Others can rest easy now, the Women Strike for Peace movement has been put in its place ["The Peace Ladies," March]. . . . Midge Decter should feel so ashamed at her easy superiority. There is fire in this completely spontaneous movement and a purpose she has entirely missed. . . . These women found they could ask questions, educate themselves, embarrass their representatives into taking stands, and convey a sense of urgency to those in responsible positions. . . .

RAE BROOKS
New York, N. Y.

It's too bad that Midge Decter is set against "Peace Ladies," because with her analytical mind and fact-finding knack she would be an asset to us. . . .

MARION C. CARSON
Marion, Ia.

That Women Strike for Peace has deficiencies is undeniable. . . . But the

charge that such deficiencies . . . offset the groups' value in helping to create "a firm and enlightened and vocal public opinion" can only be sustained by the most unrealistic view of our world situation. Apathy is much neater and less embarrassing than protest, but it will not contribute to our salvation.

ROBERT STEIN
Editor, *Redbook Magazine*
New York, N. Y.

Aid to Church Schools

TO THE EDITORS:

Mr. Paul Blanshard, who is usually a careful critic on matters of fact, is completely mistaken in his letter in your March issue when he says that "Reinhold Niebuhr and John C. Bennett, with their small magazine *Christianity and Crisis*, . . . have even contended that full-blown religious instruction inside the public schools would be constitutional." We have never suggested such a thing, as it is obvious that such religious instruction would be unconstitutional and that it would also be both very unfair and imprudent in a pluralistic society.

We differ from Mr. Blanshard in his legalistic negativism in this whole field and in his unwillingness to seek alternatives such as an effective use of the method of "released time." Some ways must be found by which the state can aid all children regardless of the school they attend. . . . We have emphasized the "shared time" proposal as a means of improving the quality of education for children in all schools without causing the taxpayer to subsidize religious teaching in which he does not believe.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR
JOHN C. BENNETT
Co-editors, *Christianity and Crisis*
New York, N. Y.

Culinary Treasure

TO THE EDITORS:

My public relations man brought to my attention Sylvia Wright's article, "The Drip Spoon Plate Society" [February]. As president and founder of American Drip Spoon and Ladle Plate Dynamics Corporation and an upright, down-to-earth citizen of the U.S., I am moved to speak out against such an unwarranted attack on an infantile industry. . . . Miss Wright ignores the complexity of the industry when she suggests that any old cracked saucer can serve in the place of a well-designed, fully oriented drip spoon plate. Does she know the viscosity of chicken liver gravy? . . . Gentlemen, I trust not! . . .

PAUL J. BUTERBAUGH
Columbus, O.

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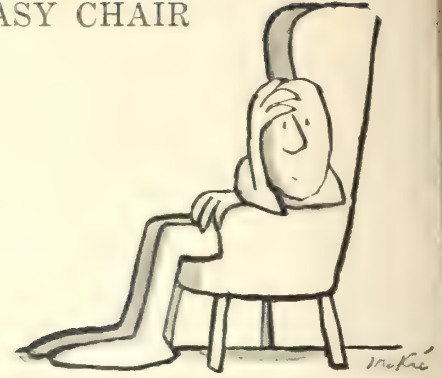
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Why American political reporting is better than England's

by D. E. Butler

The guest in the Easy Chair this month is Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford, and author of "The Study of Political Behaviour" and other books.

When I first came to the United States in 1947 as a graduate student, I was much impressed by how far American newspapers seemed to take me into the inside of politics. As I read the *New York Times* and the newsmagazines, the daily columnists, and the monthly and weekly journals, it seemed that I was getting a great deal nearer to what was really happening at the heart of affairs than I had ever been able to get in the most assiduous of newspaper reading in Britain. Since then, the chances of life have enabled me to see something of the "inside" of politics on both sides of the Atlantic, and I have become convinced that I was right—that the American press does offer, to the reader who is prepared to look for it, much more of the essence of national politics than does the British press.

Let me make it plain that I am discussing the picture of politics presented in the "serious" press in both countries—the score or more of major American newspapers and magazines, and the "quality" papers of Britain: the *Times*, the *Guardian*, and the *Daily Telegraph* among the dailies, and the *Sunday Times*, the *Sunday Telegraph*, the *Observer*, *Spectator*, *New Statesman*, and *Economist* among the Sundays and weeklies. These are the papers most

read by politicians and therefore are themselves influences on the national scene. They provide contemporary historians like myself with their main source material; and they show political reporting at its national best.

Seven types of story familiar in the American press are much less conspicuous in Britain.

1. The "inside" story, the perceptive anticipation of news about to break.

Mr. Thorneycroft's resignation from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in January 1958 provides an example: It was announced at 9:00 P.M. and provoked some desperate shuffling of first editions. No newspaper was prepared for it, although it followed four days of coming and going in Downing Street. Some correspondents had guessed at a Cabinet reshuffle and some at a foreign-policy upheaval; none suggested that a really major row on financial policy was in progress. It is hard to believe that this could have happened in Washington. So critical a battle, with so many of the top people in government involved, inevitably would have leaked to the press.

2. The "atmosphere" story, the report that depends on the journalist's awareness of the general climate of informed public opinion.

On January 8, 1957, at 7:00 P.M., it was announced that Sir Anthony Eden had resigned the Premiership. The morning papers had ample time

to prepare stories on who his successor would be—the choice was not to be announced until the following afternoon.

Yet none of the major morning papers guessed right; they did not say explicitly who would be appointed, but all seemed to expect the lightning to strike Mr. R. A. Butler. This represented a complete failure of judgment by the political correspondents. The choice of the Prime Minister rested *de facto* with the Conservative Members of Parliament and the Cabinet. It had been apparent for some time to those on the inside that Sir Anthony's health was breaking down and that he could not long continue in office. It is now quite clear that, although there was no formal meeting, a comfortable majority of MPs and of ministers would, if polled, have preferred Mr. Macmillan to Mr. Butler. But, perhaps because of the Christmas vacation, correspondents had failed completely to sense this.

In Washington, if the Speaker of the House were about to retire and if there were a clear consensus among Democratic Congressmen as to his successor, the more diligent and perceptive members of the press corps would not be caught off guard in a similar way.

3. The "character" story.

The ordinary news-conscious Englishman who has no contacts in the "Establishment" has extraordinarily little chance to assess the qualities of any but the two or three most

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eminent of politicians. If the Labor party wins the next general election, Denis Healey, James Callaghan, and Patrick Gordon Walker will certainly be among those holding the most senior Cabinet offices, and within reach of succession to the Premiership. But none of these men is really known to the general public; the newspaper reader has been offered very little frank information about their backgrounds and their personal strengths and weaknesses. Compare the situation in the United States where months and years before an election, a host of articles appear about anyone who is remotely considered a Presidential or even Vice Presidential possibility.

4. The "background" story, the analytical reassessment of a situation.

In 1960, the Labor party was tearing itself to pieces. The struggle was a very complicated one, but there were singularly few articles in the British press which analyzed how the situation developed or the nature of the forces at work. Nor was the public in any way prepared for the Trade Union turnabout which enabled Mr. Gaitskell in 1961 to recover that control of the Labor party conference which he had so notably lacked in 1960. Compare this with an American Presidential contest when the press constantly—and often very perceptively—examines the candidates' strategies before the conventions and during the campaign.

5. The "press" story, the description of a specimen political event.

Many educated Englishmen would profess complete ignorance of pressure groups; they would have no idea of the way in which the National Farmers' Union or the British Medical Association tries to persuade the government or MPs to a particular course of action. They would indeed have few notions about what goes on in a Cabinet meeting—or in a constituency's selection conference. These things, although right at the heart of British politics, are very little written about.

In the United States, on the other hand, such matters are dealt with both in routine coverage and in special exposés: *The Reporter's* issue devoted to "The China Lobby" is an outstanding example; the day-to-day

coverage of pressure group activity in the Tidelands Oil dispute and the biographical revelations about Eisenhower Cabinet meetings are perhaps more typical.

6. The "departmental" story.

The great British newspapers have very few correspondents assigned to the government agencies and they publish few stories about the thinking in government departments. There is nothing in London to compare with the assiduously researched stories about minority views in the State Department or about the development of disputes between the Army and Air Force.

7. The interview and the press conference.

Here British reporting practice has been very different from American. Until television journalism came to Britain in the last ten years, astonishingly few political stories were based on verbatim quotation of what politicians said to newsmen, and American reporters at British press conferences have been struck by the lack of skill and persistence in the questioning. The press continues to be jealous of the rather good interviews now conducted on television and has seemed reluctant to report them, even when they contain major newsbreaks. The contrast with America needs no underlining.

I do not want to suggest that the types of reporting which have just been listed are totally neglected in Britain. Journalists do get scoops about things to come—in his much criticized Cabinet reshuffle of July 1962 Mr. Macmillan got himself into additional trouble for his admission that "the widespread speculation in the press and the undesirability of

a period of uncertainty made it necessary to complete the reconstruction of the Government as soon as possible." Journalists do sometimes provide perceptive "atmosphere" stories, political "profiles," and analytic "background" pieces. But in both quantity and quality, such material is sparse by comparison with this side of the Atlantic.

Such stories, of course, are not perfectly exploited in the United States either. Often major controversies go on undiscovered in Washington; reporters misread the atmosphere of a situation; sometimes the essence of the character of leading politicians is not frankly reported (there are, for better or for worse, some notably misunderstood figures on the American stage today). Nonetheless anyone looking carefully at the coverage of any major development in American politics cannot fail to see that it reaches a level of intimacy and perception which is seldom matched even by the best of the British press.

Behind the Barricades

The failings of the British press are not due merely to the cussedness and incompetence of newspaper proprietors, editors, and reporters. The main barriers to full and frank political reporting lie in the customs of the country.

For example, the principle of ministerial responsibility. In theory the minister—the political head of a government—is personally responsible for every one of its actions. His civil servants are no more than his confidential advisers and he can never evade blame before Parliament by saying that X or Y advised him wrongly; in theory at least, if things go wrong, it is up to him to resign. His civil servants, therefore, have every incentive to avoid talking to the press. Since the minister is the sole spokesman for the department he will resent and punish "leaks" from his subordinates.

Moreover, suspicion of the press is part of the code of most of Britain's highly professional civil servants. In Washington, although civil servants are on the whole loyal to their departmental heads, there is no comparable tradition of discretion. At least in Congressional hearings, it is





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often tacitly accepted that Congress and the public have a right to know who was responsible for a particular decision and how it was arrived at. The monolithic front which Whitehall so often presents to reporters has no American equivalent.

Then, too, once a policy has been approved by the British Cabinet, every member of that Cabinet shares in the responsibility. Unless he resigns in protest, he may not subsequently disclaim involvement or reveal that he was one of a dissenting minority. The secrecy of Cabinet proceedings is very strictly enforced by tradition and by the Official Secrets Act. A minister, on leaving office, has to return all his Cabinet papers and he is supposed to clear any later articles or memoirs with the Cabinet Secretariat. (This body has been extremely tough with lesser mortals but very weak in dealing with the revelations of Sir Winston Churchill and Sir Anthony Eden.) Consequently, the way in which most of the biggest political decisions are arrived at is excluded from the ordinary commerce of reporting. In the United States, of course, Cabinet proceedings are less central to decision making and also less shrouded by secrecy. Mr. Robert Donovan, the Eisenhower biographer, was allowed access to them; many Cabinet members—and White House aides—have felt free to publish fairly explicit reminiscences within a few months of leaving office.

A third barrier lies in the primacy of Parliament. Members of Parliament are very jealous of their right to be informed before anyone else of a new policy. A minister would hesitate to jeopardize the Parliamentary reception of his proposals by prior revelation to the press. This again is very different from Washington, where there is no formally established machinery for announcing government proposals. They often leak out gradually in the process of being made—sometimes in the form of deliberate "trial balloons" to test reactions. Since there is no single way in which such stories break, journalists have every incentive to try to find out about new policies while they are in the process of formation. In Britain the wraps of secrecy are fairly successfully tied around such matters until they are

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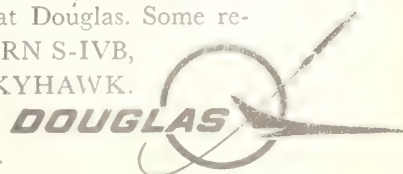
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THE EASY CHAIR

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A fourth barrier to frank political reporting is Parliamentary privilege. This is an ancient safeguard which has perhaps been abused. In simplest terms it is a Parliamentary equivalent to judicial contempt of court. Since the war, three editors have been hauled to the bar of the House of Commons to apologize humbly for publishing disrespectful things about the conduct of MPs. In ordinary circumstances the danger of running into such jeopardy is slight—yet the possibility must be in the mind of every editor as he handles Parliamentary stories. There is, needless to say, nothing remotely parallel in the United States.

The law of libel, moreover, is much stricter in Britain. In America it is virtually impossible to libel a politician. But in Britain several public figures have received substantial sums of money from libel suits—even though, in one or two instances, the actions perhaps illustrated the old British legal dictum: The greater the truth, the greater the libel.

Another barrier, probably even more formidable, lies in the traditions of the "Establishment." Britain is a small, centralized country. The people who govern it, in Parliament and in the Civil Service, are old acquaintances; many were at school together and an extraordinarily large proportion went to Oxford or Cambridge. They live (generally) in an atmosphere of mutual trust; if they gossiped about each other to the press, they would quickly destroy their own credit among their friends. The press in London is thus rather suspect among "those who matter"; so it is much harder for journalists to gain access to high places than in Washington. (The Conservatives are the most secretive, because their party is much more club-like than the Labor party; many more of its members know each other in completely nonpolitical contexts, or are even related to each other. Members of the Labor party, being less inhibited by a dominant code and background, are more free in talking with the press.)

A final handicap for the British political reporter stems from the routes of advancement in British public life. In Britain promotion



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comes from on high. A man anxious to rise in either party—but particularly on the Conservative side—seeks the favor of those above him. Generalized public esteem and successful headline hunting do little to help a man to the front benches of the House of Commons. A Premier looking for new ministerial talent may well suspect that the publicity seeker would be a poor member of his team.

There have been individualists whose rise has not been hindered by their notoriety—Winston Churchill is an outstanding example—but in general, the veteran's advice to the young MP is the best prescription for success: "Make your name in committees not in the country." Lobby correspondents, therefore, are sadly aware that the MPs who are the most communicative often are the least significant. In Washington, of course, Congressmen have much more incentive to make news. Senator Kennedy was not a member of the Senate "Club"; instead of concentrating on the good esteem of his colleagues, he sought public recognition—and he is now President of the United States.

Practicing Self-denial

These seven factors are all largely outside the control of the British press. Proprietors, editors, and reporters simply have to live with them. But there are two further inhibitions which stem from Fleet Street's own tradition and organization.

One is that newspaper owners and editors tend to be part of the "Establishment" themselves. Their instinct to avoid rocking the boat is very strong. The most extreme illustration was the involvement between Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson in 1936. While this situation was providing the staple diet of the American and European press, not one word about it appeared in a British newspaper. The voluntary conspiracy of silence was only broken, after three months, because one provincial daily inadvertently assumed that the self-denying ordinance had been lifted. Such a situation probably could not occur now—but it would never even have been thinkable in the United States, where there are many more competitive outlets, both



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daily and weekly, and where newspapers have made "the public's right to know" much more of an article of faith. The press in America, far more than in Britain, has been an effective lobby for its own privileges, for the sacred duty to learn all and to tell all.

Another British handicap lies in the way political reporting is organized and (to some extent) in the quality of the reporters. The task of providing political news and analysis is largely left to the Parliamentary "lobby"—the one, or at most two, journalists for each paper who are accorded the right to loiter in the inner lobby of the House of Commons and to talk to members (on certain clearly understood ground rules). These correspondents tend to be grossly overworked. When Parliament is in session they may have to work on four or five different news stories simultaneously, with little chance to pause and think. They tend also to be accorded a far lower social status than in Washington. At a fashionable London political dinner one would be surprised to meet a lobby correspondent; at an equivalent affair in Washington, one would be surprised if at least one of the better-known columnists or reporters were not present. The men who run the major British newspapers do not choose political writers who will mingle socially with their raw material—outside the Parliament buildings—or give them the leisure to do so.

I must not paint too black a picture. The faults of British political reporting are almost entirely sins of omission. Though much is left out, what is printed about politics in our serious newspapers is usually accurate, concise, and well-written; the headlines are normally proportionate to the story. There is, moreover, one very valuable feature of political coverage in the "quality" press—the long semi-verbatim reports of proceedings in Parliament. These give the citizens a direct and unadorned picture of politicians arguing the great issues of the day, of ministers exposed to searching and wounding questioning. The most nearly comparable thing in America—the verbatim reports of Presidential news conferences—are far less informative about the realities of politics.

I should say that political reporting is probably improving in Britain. David Wood, the political correspondent of the *Times*, has done notable work to raise standards in the last three years, and his Monday morning column, "In and Out of Parliament," occasionally matches the sort of work James Reston has so long offered in the *New York Times*. In the Sunday papers and weekly magazines, too, notably in *The Economist*, there have been signs of a more penetrating and realistic analysis of politics.

When a Story Breaks

Some technical and moral problems are common to political reporting in both countries. The practical difficulties of securing a steady supply of usable news, plus the challenges to judgment and taste in deciding how to present it, are in many ways similar—even though they evoke different responses.

News editors exercise a constant pressure upon correspondents; they want a regular flow of news and they want new material just before deadline times.

Deadlines impose special difficulties in Britain. Almost all important reporting appears in morning newspapers whose first edition is put to bed between 9:00 and 10:00 at night. If an important political story breaks at 8:30 P.M. (and Parliament usually sits until 10:30 P.M.), lobby correspondents have to rush to get it to press. If they piece together a good deal more detail next day, they may find their follow-up story rejected by the news editor on the ground that the episode has already been covered. The quality of coverage thus depends on when a story breaks, and how fast. If news gets out at 10:00 A.M., the lobby can do a much better job. If the story is one that breaks gradually, day by day, no single development quite making up to a big headline, it very often gets no proper coverage. The pressure for "new" and "big" news prevents correspondents from pausing to pull the pieces together into a full and vivid narrative. Sometimes this gap is filled by the weekly and monthly journals, sometimes not.

In many ways, the problem is worse in America, where deadlines



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THE EASY CHAIR

are more unevenly spread throughout the day and where the demand for ever newer news is more relentless. In America there is more demand, particularly from the wire services, for a good political "lead" every day. This leads to the phenomenon, relatively unknown in Britain, of the wholly artificial, or created, story. Douglass Cater, in *The Fourth Branch of Government* (easily the best book on political journalism), describes how an AP correspondent, lacking a worthwhile lead, rings up a Senator to seek an off-the-cuff opinion on some current issue. He then uses the answer, as though it were a major pronouncement, to extract contrary news from other Senators. In the end he has a story based not on any hard news but created by his own stimulations. It takes a great deal of experience in reading the press to learn to distinguish between the solid and the artificial story.

There is another phenomenon far more common in Washington than London—the leaked or planted story. From Pierre Salinger down, a great deal of effort goes into using the press to promote particular ideas, policies, and individuals; and the press has not always resisted the efforts of departments and of politicians to purvey such press agency as hard news.

Ultimately, the differences between political reporting in the two countries turn on the attitude toward the public's "right to know"—the attitude not just of journalists and publishers, but also of politicians and civil servants. Many people in London would say that every one of the limitations on frank reporting described here is for the good, and that the decent restraint of the press contributes substantially to the orderly efficiency of British government. They would view with horror the routine intrusions and exposés of the Washington press corps and contend that, in Britain at least, there is no need for the diligently researched muckraking which is such an element in American press tradition.

The American public, on the other hand, has always had a suspicion of politicians and diplomats—a feeling that if they arrange things in private, something shady must be going on. Consequently the press works

THE EASY CHAIR

in an entirely different climate.

It seems to me that, while the British press certainly fails in its duty to keep the public informed, the American press in some respects goes too far. Was any good purpose served by the fanfare given to the launching—especially when unsuccessful—of “spy” satellites, or to the details of President Eisenhower’s bowel movements? And isn’t it true that inspired leaks regularly hamper the solution of interdepartmental disputes?

No Happy Medium

However, I do not want to argue that there is a happy mean halfway between British and American practice, an ideal toward which the press in both countries should move. The two presses serve different functions and, properly, have different styles of operation.

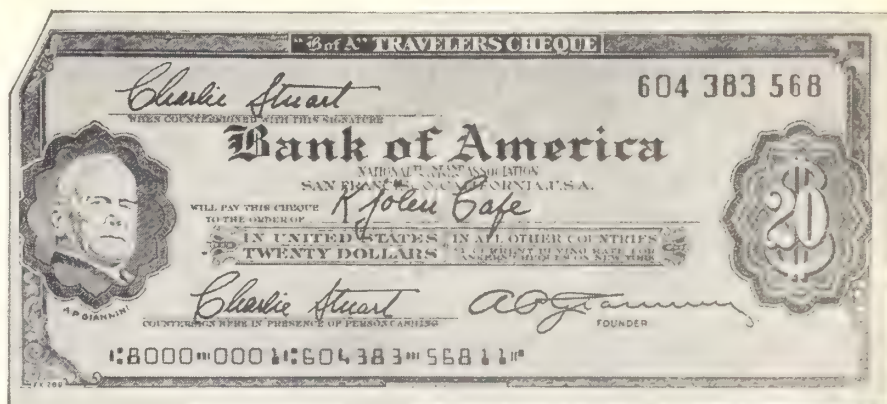
In America, the press needs to be a great deal more vigorous and intrusive than in Britain. In the extraordinarily diverse structure of American government, newspapers serve a major role as a means of communication among its various parts. So it is essential that the American press should be, as Cater puts it, a fourth branch of government—a channel of information and a watchdog against inefficiency and corruption.

Yet there is plenty of scope for the press in both countries to improve its service both to government and to the public—and for that end, what is most needed is informed criticism. Neither British nor American publishers seem prone to self-examination. Extraordinarily little has been written about political reporting in Washington—and almost nothing about it in London. In both countries we need to know more about the way what we are being told is getting to us. We need the press to train us to read more perceptively, recognizing the limits of its sources. More informed criticism of political reporting would make it easier for the public to understand what reliance to place on the news. It would help contemporary historians to assess their raw material. It would serve to keep politicians up to the mark. Above all, it would contribute to improving the quality of the press.



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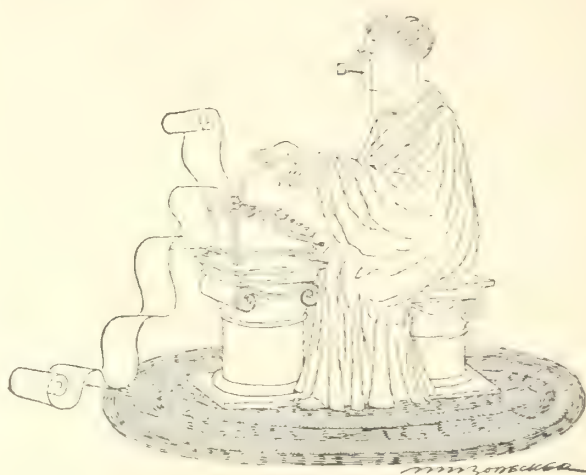
India's legends and true-life stories are rich with anecdotes of hospitality—wholeheartedly given and gracefully accepted. When a stranger stood at the threshold, he became an honored guest of the house. The tradition of centuries is even stronger today. The people of India wish to welcome visitors from other lands, and to share with them, even if briefly, the Indian way of life. To make it easier for you to meet them a special program has been developed.

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AFTER HOURS



AUXILIUM LATINUM

By Charles Morrow Wilson

Vermont Wilson was born in Fayetteville, Arkansas. He has written many books, including "Ambassadors in White" and "Bodacious Ozarks."

West Topsham, Vermont, has 201 people, one general store, one filling station, one church, a volunteer fire department, and the world's only general-circulation magazine published in Latin. The editor-publisher is Albert Edward Warsley, B.A., M.A., Litt.D, a career Latin teacher and an authority on medieval Latin literature with a doctorate from the University of Paris.

Back in 1950, a heart condition forced the Latin man to retire from teaching. But instead of expiring scenically against an engaging Green Mountains background, as his physician had envisaged, Albert Warsley decided to live and continue to help Latin live—as an ever-magnificent language with a strong, gay heart and enduring genius for causing yesterdays to clasp hands with tomorrow.

This Vermont *Vir Latinus*, who is featured and statured considerably like Gaius Julius Caesar, but has a Horatian love of the open country and a Ciceronian sense of humor, readily effected the first part of his resolve. But he is finding that trying to help Latin come alive again

is almost as redundant as making eloquent upward gestures at a space rocket which is already taking off quite successfully.

For Latin hasn't died or even extensively hibernated. It not only lives; it keeps soaring on its own power and pertinence. Thus, the Latin magazine which Warsley founded, edits, and publishes—its name is *Auxilium Latinum*—actually "aids" Latin more as a monitoring station than as a propulsion.

Back in 1926 while a very young Latin instructor at St. John's College in Brooklyn, Warsley began mimeographing a single sheet "Latin Aid" ("*Latinum Auxilium*") for those of his own students who had survived first-year Latin and come back for more. At first he published the sheet once per semester at his own expense (around \$20 a pass-around). The goal, or hopeful intent, was to help students realize that Latin is a lusty, living, singing language, ever pertinent, gusty, and contemporary. It served Great Rome most ably for a dozen centuries. It has been the saving language of Christianity for nearly twenty centuries. It served for more than a thousand years as the basic international language. It has mothered or helped mother most of the contemporary languages of the Western World. And in the death-

AFTER HOURS

less words of Don Marquis' itinerant tabby, mehitabel, "there's life in the old girl yet."

While convalescing from the malady known as retirement, Warsley combined restoring a 113-year-old farmhouse (on which he had made the down payment) with making a dummy of what could be a revived and improved *Latinum Auxilium*. Putting together a sample issue took the best part of a year. He spent up to thirty days polishing a single page of text and footnotes. Back in his earlier schoolteaching days his "Latin Aid" had been mostly a pep sheet with some easy steps in the for-fun use of Latin in everyday living. This time he set out to demonstrate in fact and text that an all-Latin publication can be made both readable and contemporary.

Having sweated and sandpapered out a twenty-page demonstration, Albert Warsley drove to Burlington, the metropolis (pop. 33,000) of the Green Mountains, for long serious talks with printers. The first outcome was a trial printing of 1,000 copies and a couple of printers who mooned about speaking strange words to themselves. Using his self-restored farmhouse and one-time parsonage as editorial and circulation headquarters, he began wrapping copies on his dining-room table.

His first pitch was for group subscriptions from high-school and college Latin classes. It turned out to be a hit and confirmed *Auxilium Latinum* as a bimonthly for the school year. But as subsequent print orders began rising to 5,000, then 10,000, then 20,000, and currently around 40,000, the subscriber list grew as variable as wind directions in a Vermont snowstorm. The very first paying customer turned out to be a grain merchant in a nearby county seat. The first hundred or so included a New York bank guard, the manager of a Manhattan Automat, a Wyoming chief justice, a Minnesota mayor, and a Methodist bishop who wrote in to admonish, "Keep it lively, son."

Editor-Publisher Warsley vowed to accommodate—within limits of taste and correctness. He instituted a continuing series of covers from authentic Roman sources, drawings, tapestries, frescoes, bas-reliefs, sculpture, all of accredited classic antiquity



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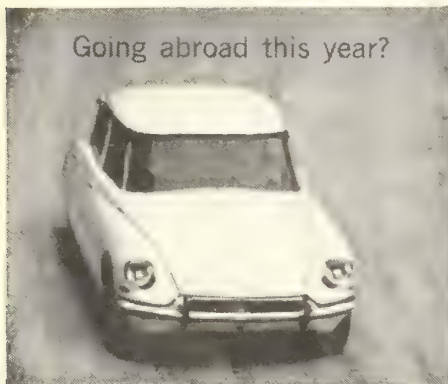
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yet each delineating present-day applicability—a Roman beauty parlor, butcher shop, roadside snack stand, little theatre, etc. By discreet stage he introduced a Latin joke column (*Subrideamus*); an all-Latin comic strip (*Titurius Terribilis*), being the unending adventures, misadventure and misunderstandings of a well-meaning but perennially mixed-up Roman teen-ager; and a song department (*Canamus*) with classic and popular songs and folksongs "singably" translated into Latin. The neat format includes an historical narrative, a profile of a theatre or motion picture personality, and of an eminent American hero, all in highly readable Latin bolstered with generous footnotes for the benefit of the young beginner or the more or less rusty old-timer at the *sum, es, est*.

THE effectiveness of his aim was promptly spotted both by circulation tallies and reader mail. A 103-year-old multi-great grandmother in the Bronx wrote in to advise that reading Latin is what keeps her young. A 96-year-old Manhattanite confided by letter that insofar as he had previously studied Latin as a "dead language" in the Universities of Brussels, Liverpool, and Heidelberg, he welcomed the overdue opportunity to begin reading and enjoying Latin as a living language.

Recently a Congressman wrote in for etymological assistance. He wished to call his campaign opponent a rat in a nice way. Al Warsley answered that in nice Latin *mus muris* is the word for rat; "murine" is therefore a very nice adjective for "ratty." Hearing himself labeled "my murine opponent," the opposing candidate publicly admitted, "While I do not entirely follow my opponent's meaning, I am nevertheless gratified since very frankly I was expecting a slur."

Even before the printer's truck drove up to deliver No. 2 of Vol. 1, Latin Man Warsley was clearly aware he was clutching an international circulation. Even before the school circulation in the United States had gained its first goal of 5,000, subscriptions began trickling in from the British Isles and Europe, particularly France, West Germany, Italy, and Spain. Extensive correspondence confirmed that ex-

AFTER HOURS

cept for the Vatican's daily newspaper published in Latin, and a small publication in Spain directed to Catholic seminarians studying Latin, there is no other all-Latin publication in general circulation.

But overseas acceptance proved more than an unsought monopoly for the twenty-page *Auxilium* in backhill Vermont. Surprisingly, or maybe not surprisingly, it threw a new light on our Armed Services personnel, who are now stationed pretty much completely around the globe. Within two years Warsley found himself with some 300 Armed Service subscribers. That number keeps growing. So do the listings of doctors, lawyers, architects, teachers, homemakers, business people, and sundry other homeland adults. And the spread of circulation now includes all the continents, half-a-hundred islands, and better than sixty nations, many outside our so-called Western Society.

One notable windfall of intelligence picked up by the Latin Scout is the almost desperate shortage in America's supply of Latin teachers for our schools and colleges. In daily routine Warsley receives telegrams, phone calls, urgent letters, even personal calls from college presidents and deans, public-school principals and superintendents, and masters of private schools who are frenziedly in quest of "good" Latin teachers. The current shortage here is estimated as at least 15,000. Many school authorities, including some spokesmen of the National Educational Association and U. S. Office of Education, believe that Latin enrollment could and would be doubled overnight if only the teachers could be supplied. Al Warsley agrees. But insofar as he is now just a mere editor-publisher he can do little about it except offer consoling words and strive to improve his *Auxilium Latinum*.

This is by no means in vain. The invincible Latin enthusiast believes that the best use of his effort is to keep on proving the point that the magnificent language of Great Rome is vividly and usefully contemporary. And that the basic moods, problems, and social viewpoints of Great Rome are as up-to-date here as tomorrow's newspaper.

Albert Warsley keeps completely beyond speaking range of the too-



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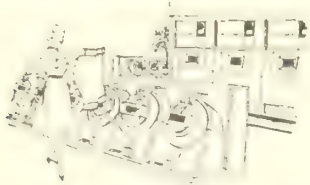
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synthetic Latin texts which still reek with such sparklers as "The uncle of my sister and me resides along the Appian Way growing sweet and delicious fruits . . ."

On the contrary, *Auxilium Latinum* makes a fetish of alive people speaking alive Latin. On meeting Alfredus, Robertus says: "*Heus tu, Alfrede, quomodo tecum?*" Alfredus answers: "*Satis bene; sed tu, quid egisti? . . . Ego domesticus otiabar, et loquens cum fratre atque sorore.*" This reporter, who will readily stand corrected, would translate the latter: "Good enough and how're things with you? . . . I was taking it easy at home, just chinning with my brother and sister."

In *Auxilium Latinum* teen-age friends don't just view the chariot races or gambol at the political clam-bakes. Instead, and in Latin, they attend ball games, which the Romans had; inadvertently drive the wrong way into one-way streets, which the ancient Romans also had; double-date for the school dances, which were standard in classic Rome; take their *puellae* to the drive-ins, which were numerous in the Caesars' times, or even sneak into the minstrel shows, which classic Romans especially cherished, and *ex libris* sometimes gate-crashed or at best Annie Oakleyed into.

Glancing through current and back issues of *Auxilium* reminds one that authentic Latin jokes of Julius Caesar's time (100-44 B.C.) were pretty well at par with the going crop. For two brief examples:

Hospes: "*Ego sic esurio ut equum edere possim.*" (Customer: "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse!")

Ministra: "*Perbene; ad rectam cauponam venisti.*" (Waitress: "That's just peachy. You've come to the right restaurant.")

Puella: "*Cur faciem non rasisti antequam venisti ut me duceres ad saltandum?*" (Girl: "Why didn't you shave before you came to take me to the dance?")

Puer: "*Facilem quidem rasi antequam adveni, sed diutissime tibi praestolor.*" (Boy: "I did shave before I came, but I've been waiting for you a long time.")

The same vital-use quality permeates the *Canamus* column, which features great singing songs—all the way from "*Sancta Nox*" to "Home

on the Range" and up to "Batt Hymn of the Republic" and down to "Boola Boola." The last name gives translation difficulties, but any Harvard man will affirm, Latin is not to blame for this. A lyrical climax was recently faced and conquered when Latin Man Warsley undertook translating some of the million-record hits of Elvis Presley. The immortal hound dawg title came out—"Tu Nihil Aliud Nisi Canis Venaticus," which my long corroded Latin pipeline can translate only as "Nothing Unless a Low down Dog You Are."

BUT *Auxilium Latinum* in rural Vermont keeps proving that the reach of Latin is almost as great as that of Elvis Presley. An item of evidence came from everlasting Rome. Albert Warsley happens to be an Episcopalian who attends the local church, which happens to be Methodist. Even so, during his third year of editing and publishing, his efforts received commendation directly from the Vatican. In the course of a morning meditation Pope Pius XII was heard to praise *Auxilium Latinum*.

The Holy Father's Representative to the United States, then Alletto Cardinal Cicognani subsequently cited the publication as "an important scholarly tool for keeping the Latin language alive and updated."

Along with understandably pleasing Albert Warsley this confirmed and wholly truthful occurrence resulted in a much-relished local story. The filling-station attendant reportedly said: "This morning while I was tendin' pump, a carload of Catholics drove up asking for Doc Warsley. One of 'em in the back seat was wearing a silly-looking little red cap."

Yesterday while revisiting Warsley and West Topsham, I sought confirmation from the filling-station proprietor. He viewed me diagonally while explaining he wasn't on duty at the time, and that the boy was no longer around. He then summarized while glaring at the oil gauge: "I'd say you might collect your own Vermont tellin' stories. . . . But I'd say, too, was you to twist my arm, that boy's not too stupid. Nor neither is Doc Warsley, nor the Pope, nor what folks call Lat-in. . . ."



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AMERICA GETS AN UNEXPECTED BREAK

HENRY S. REUSS

*Why de Gaulle's mischievous behavior
may turn out to be a favor to us
—by jarring Washington out of its
myopic concentration on Europe.*

INSTEAD of cursing de Gaulle, we ought to thank him for compelling us to reexamine the goals of our foreign policy. For the past two years we have uncritically supported the Common Market, although it was bound to impair Free World trade by discriminating in favor of the insiders and their former colonies, and against those on the outside looking in.

Our vision was warped. For, in fact, since World War II our goal should have been nothing less than a community of the entire Free World. In such a community, the industrialized countries—Western Europe, the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, and perhaps some others—would strive together for full employment and rapid growth within their own borders. They would also work toward the removal of trade barriers which separate them from each other and from the developing nations. And they would seek a mechanism of

international exchange and payments which would avoid crises and permit each country to progress socially and economically. The industrialized countries would achieve full employment and at the same time provide their partners, the developing countries, with growing export markets and a dynamic source of public and private capital.

From time to time there have been glimmers from official Washington that we were dedicated to such a large concept. But mostly we have been preoccupied with a particular view of Europe, centered on the Common Market. European regionalism should have been seen as merely a means to an end. Instead we have allowed it to become an end in itself. When Common Market policy collided with Free World policy, the former nearly always won out.

Immediately after World War II it made sense to concentrate on rebuilding war-torn Europe as a step toward a Free World community. We invented the Marshall Plan. We encouraged regional institutions, such as the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, the Council of Europe, the Coal-Steel Community, and Euratom. The Common Market of France, Italy, Germany, and the three Benelux countries (often called the Six) was part of this pattern.

In the beginning its entirely valid purpose was to strengthen the economies of its members by giving them a mass market and the spur of com-

petition. Another sound objective was the ending of animosity between France and Germany. These things have now been done.

Curiously, the most significant steps toward Free World unity were taken in the immediate postwar period, when emphasis on Europe was amply justified by the need to fend off chaos. At Bretton Woods in 1945, we laid the foundation for a world-wide monetary order. In 1948 we convened the countries of the Free World to establish the multilateral tariff-cutting procedures of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade known as GATT. With the Point Four program in the early 1950s, we gave direct aid to the developing nations. Those programs have not been matched by any comparable efforts since the mid-fifties. European regionalism has had top priority in our foreign policy. Ironically, as Europe came to need less of our concern and the Free World more, we gave Europe more and more and the Free World less. In effect, we turned our backs on the larger goals and, as a result, little progress toward them has been made since the promising postwar beginnings.

We knew, for example, that the Free World needed a better system of international payments. But we were unwilling to go to France and other prosperous European countries and frankly ask for needed help. So we staggered along with monetary arrangements that have remained at best precarious.

Likewise we recognized that the developing countries needed economic assistance. But until very recently, we allowed the Europeans to drag their feet on foreign aid. And, although we paid lip service to the principle of multilateral, liberalized trade, we hailed the Common Market, with its obvious discriminatory features, as a great progressive step.

Strangely, hardly anyone questioned the assumptions that led to our single-minded concern with Europe. In the Great Non-Debate, few people pointed out that the Common Market was encouraging a European particularism rooted in the ancient dreams of unity of Charlemagne, Dante, and Henry IV, at just the time in history

Henry S. Reuss, a Democrat from Wisconsin, was first elected to Congress in 1954. Besides being legislative author of the Peace Corps, he is Chairman of the Joint Economic Committee's Subcommittee on International Exchange and Payments and is a member of other important committees. A graduate of Cornell and the Harvard Law School, he saw action in World War II and was Deputy General Counsel for the Marshall Plan.

when speedy communications and the aspirations of rising peoples everywhere required a Free World generalism.

THE DISHWASHER GAP

TO understand how great a mistake this was, let us see just how the Common Market works, and who gets hurt.

First of all, *we* do. Unless our surplus of exports can be increased to offset our deficit items such as military expenditures overseas and investments abroad, we face continuing deficits in our balance of payments. Incomes are rising in the Common Market countries. They could be our fastest-growing export area. But if the Common Market continues on its recent inward-looking course, we will lose rather than gain exports. The Common Market aims to insulate its members against the rest of the world with an external tariff averaging 11 per cent and no tariff wall between its members. Such discrimination will hurt us.

Metal lathes provide a case in point. In 1958, the last pre-Common Market year, we exported \$1.5 million of metal lathes to Germany, and \$3 million to France. The German tariff was zero; the French tariff 11 per cent. The Common Market external tariff is now 9 per cent. The increase in the German tariff from zero to 9 per cent is likely to cut us off from that market entirely. And the decrease in the French tariff from 11 to 9 per cent is not likely to help us, since the Germans can ship their lathes into France duty-free. Thus even if Americans were to lead a Spartan life, keep wages and prices stable, and make admirable gains in productivity, our export possibilities to the Common Market could be largely gobbled up by its own members.

Consider, for instance, our consumer durable-goods industry, which produces such things as washing machines, driers, refrigerators, dishwashers, garbage-disposal units, and lawnmowers. Market studies show that these commonplace amenities of the American home have been rare luxuries abroad. Now, however, there is a shortage of domestic help in Europe due to full employment. There is a huge new market for every kind of appliance from clothes driers to dishwashers. And we could easily meet this demand, for our appliance plants have vast idle capacity while over 6 per cent of our labor force is unemployed.

Yet the new Common Market external tariffs effectively exclude most United States appliances (the tariffs are: electric percolators, 18 per cent;

dishwashers, 19 per cent; vacuum cleaners, 18 per cent). Were it not for this tariff wall, exports of our consumer durable goods to Europe could match the spectacular sales in America of Europe's compact cars, which have been admitted under our low (6.5 per cent) automobile tariff.

The man from Mars might well clutch his forehead and wonder: Why don't these foolish mortals put some of the unemployed in the United States back to work making and exporting these household appliances which Europeans now want and can afford? This would not merely spur the U.S. economy and create jobs for Americans. It would also help the European countries. At present, a wage increase in Europe can cause inflation because higher purchasing power will compete for roughly the same amount of consumer goods. If Europe were to let down her trade barriers, new imports could sop up this excess purchasing power. And these sales of our products abroad would help wipe out the U.S. international payments deficit and Western Europe's payments surplus, to the advantage of the whole Free World. Only thus can the dollar—the international currency of Europe and the U.S.—become stable once again.

The discriminatory tariffs of the Common Market imperil not only our exports of manufactured goods. Our farm exports face at least an equal threat from the Market's policy of agricultural protectionism. For other countries of the Free World—including the European countries left out of the Common Market—the prospect is ominous.

RICH MAN'S CLUB

EXPORTS are the economic lifeblood of Sweden, Switzerland, Austria, and other members of the European Free Trade Association. A large share of their exports have traditionally gone to the Common Market countries.

Denmark's efficient farmers, for example, have earned about half of the nation's export income. A major market for their products has been West Germany. However, as the Common Market agricultural policy goes into effect, Denmark is already beginning to feel the pinch. The Danes must anticipate the probable loss of \$150 million yearly in export trade.

Israel, as well as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other British Commonwealth countries, also face serious problems of discrimination from the Common Market, although they are breathing a momentary sigh of relief at Britain's failure to join it.

Israel, for example, has staked her economic future on expanding trade with Europe. Sixty per cent of her exports now go to Britain and the Six. She sells oranges, her principal export earner, to Britain at a nondiscriminatory tariff of 10 per cent—that is, the same tariff paid on oranges from any other country. This enables Israel to compete successfully with other orange-growing countries. If Britain joins the Common Market, Israel would have to pay a tariff of 20 per cent to sell her oranges in Britain. It would be hard to compete with oranges from Italy and North Africa, which are members of the Common Market and thus pay no tariffs.

Or take Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. They sell vast quantities of grain, meat, dairy products, and fruit to Britain duty-free, or at a low tariff. Britain fought for a provision that would safeguard the present level of Commonwealth exports to Britain, and this insistence proved a major stumbling block to British entry.

Grave as is the threat to the other industrialized nations, the most damage will be done to the developing countries. A few former French and Belgian territories will receive preferential entry for their products into the Common Market. But to most of Latin America, Asia, and Africa the Common Market looks like a rich man's club designed to make the rich richer.

Argentina, for example, will be hurt if the Six proceed to eat French duty-free grain, rather than Argentine grain that must pay the Common Market external tariff. Brazil will be hurt when the former French African colonies increase their coffee production and export it to the Six duty-free. Ecuador faces the same problem as cocoa production shifts to former French Africa. What the United States gives to Latin America through the Alliance for Progress it can take away by failure to bargain away the Common Market's discriminatory policies.

Some time ago our policy makers perceived that the Common Market could become a threat as well as a blessing. We then decided that Britain must be helped to join in order to leaven the lump of the Six with the yeast of British democracy and free-trade philosophy. Future historians may well dispute whether Britain's entry might not instead merely have enlarged the area of the Common Market's discrimination against the outside world.

But whatever the merits of the Britain-must-join-at-all-costs position, the method we used to pursue it did a disservice to ourselves and to the rest of the Free World. We distorted and crippled the tariff-cutting power of President

Kennedy's Trade Expansion Act of 1962 to make it a lever to push Britain into the Common Market. The key and much-publicized provision of this Act was the power to abolish tariffs entirely on many major industrial commodities, such as consumer durable goods, machinery, chemicals, and paper. Not only the United States but the whole Free World stood to benefit. But this power was conditioned on Britain's joining the Common Market. The intent was to convince all concerned that if Britain failed to join, there could be no effective tariff-cutting negotiations. Now that Britain is out, we awaken to find the Act's zero-bargaining clause "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."*

A second result of our fixation on the Britain-must-join policy has been the postponement of the negotiations made possible by the Trade Expansion Act. There is no reason why these negotiations should not be taking place now. But State Department spokesmen have let it be known that bargaining must be delayed until at least 1964 while we wait for the British position to be "clarified."

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME

WHAT should the United States do now? To pursue an outworn policy would be the worst folly. It could result in a revival of American protectionism and isolationism. Such a course would make it impossible for us and other advanced countries to meet our responsibility to developing nations. This is a forbidding prospect.

But where there is danger there is also oppor-

* The wording of the zero-bargaining clause of the Act is complicated. It allows us to bargain foreign tariffs down to zero on commodities of which the U.S. and the Common Market are the "dominant supplier"—carrying on together at least 80 per cent of the world trade in that commodity. The big hitch is that without Britain in the Common Market, there simply are no such commodities (except jet aircraft and margarine). Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois and I last year pressed an amendment to the Act which would have given the U.S. down-to-zero bargaining power on some twenty-six major groups of commodities, *whether or not* Britain joined the Common Market. The amendment was adopted by the Senate, but was deleted in Senate-House conference, and hence is not in the Act. Under Secretary of State George Ball testified that the reason for the Administration's opposition to the Douglas-Reuss amendment was that "we would be injecting ourselves into the UK-EEC negotiations." Senator Douglas replied to Mr. Ball at this point: "I would say you have already been injecting yourself on the side of putting pressure on Great Britain to get into the Common Market."

tunity. De Gaulle's veto of Britain may shake us out of our obsession with the Common Market and its enlargement and cause us to concentrate on the logical goal—a Free World community—in trade, in international payments, in economic growth, and in aid. We should take positive steps toward that goal now. This means that we must use the Trade Expansion Act to reduce Free World trade barriers quickly and multilaterally, for our own benefit and for everyone else's.

When? Instead of a business-as-usual approach to negotiations, we should start tomorrow.

With whom? Our main bargaining partners, hopefully, will be the Common Market and the Free World's other industrialized nations. If the Common Market refuses to negotiate, we should immediately conduct aggressive bargaining with the other industrial nations. We should extend the benefits of these negotiations to the developing countries, but not to a noncooperating Common Market. This would require an amendment to the present GATT "most-favored-nation" clause, under which tariff reductions negotiated between any countries accrue to the benefit of all other GATT members.

How Deep? We should enact the Douglas-Reuss amendment to the Trade Expansion Act, which will give us the power to abolish tariffs on major groups of commodities. At present, Administration policy is to the contrary. At his February 7, 1963, press conference, when he was asked whether he planned to seek passage of this amendment, President Kennedy said:

"No, we haven't planned to ask the Congress, because we do have the power, under the Trade Expansion bill, to reduce all other tariffs by 50 per cent, which is a substantial authority. We lack the zero authority."

It is true that a 50 per cent tariff-cutting power is better than none at all. But it is far from sufficient to stimulate a large expansion in world trade. In fact we had this 50 per cent tariff-cutting power several times under the old Reciprocal Trade Agreements Acts of the 1930s and 1940s which President Kennedy consigned to limbo on January 24, 1962, when he sent the Trade Expansion bill to Congress. "The Trade Agreements Act," he said at that time, "must be replaced by a wholly new instrument. A new American trade initiative is needed to meet the challenges and opportunities of a rapidly changing world economy."

The President went on to request the special authority to *eliminate* tariffs: "To be effective in achieving a breakthrough agreement with the

EEC so that our farmers, manufacturers, and other Free World trading partners can participate," he said, "we will need to use both the dominant-supplier authority (to eliminate tariffs) and the general authority (to reduce tariffs by 50 per cent) in combination."*

The President, it would now seem, was right the first time—in his 1962 trade message rather than in his 1963 press conference. In the modern industrial world, a vestigial tariff of a few percentage points can effectively block trade.

There is an even more important reason why we need the power to eliminate, not just reduce by 50 per cent, the Common Market's tariff wall. The Common Market internal tariffs will shortly be at zero. Discrimination against countries outside it can be eliminated only if the Common Market's external tariff is also reduced to zero. Unless we likewise have the power to reduce our own tariffs to zero we lack the leverage to get rid of those aspects of the Common Market which threaten us and the whole Free World. Regardless of the benefits of the Franco-German rapprochement and a new market for the Six, our initial support of the Common Market made sense only if we were prepared to try to bargain away its threatening features as soon as possible.

As the Trade Expansion Act now stands, we are in effect saying: "Since France has kept Britain out of the Common Market, we are going to punish ourselves. We will make it impossible to bargain effectively for the entry of American goods into foreign markets."

Clearly this position makes very little sense. Instead, our first order of business should be to

* Administration witnesses testified to this same effect before the House Ways and Means Committee on the Trade Expansion bill. For example, Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges on March 12, 1962, said:

"This 50 per cent authority by itself is simply and clearly not enough to accomplish our objectives concerning the European Common Market. If we were able to reduce our tariffs by no more than 50 per cent, the EEC could then be expected to impose a similar limitation in its reductions, still leaving an only partially reduced tariff wall as a formidable barrier against many particularly large U.S. export products.

"With the internal tariffs paid by our European competitors being eliminated altogether, this would still leave U.S. business trying to export to the EEC under a heavy cost disadvantage tariffwise. . . .

"The Europeans are moving to free trade; we need authority to go to zero, too, on at least part of our trade which is primarily concerned with European markets. Either we give our exporters a real chance to keep their markets and share in the growth of the new Europe, or we turn our backs in retreat. . . ."

invigorate the Trade Expansion Act by including down-to-zero bargaining power. This would be helpful in many ways.

We in the United States, with our lagging growth rate, our persistent balance of payments deficits, our chronic unemployment, will benefit particularly.

The United Kingdom, the European countries not in the Common Market, Canada, and Japan, seriously damaged by the Common Market's protectionism, would also gain. They would welcome U.S. leadership in bargaining down tariffs.

Similarly, the developing nations of Latin America, and the Asian and African countries not affiliated with the Common Market, would profit. They need expanded outlets in the industrialized world for both their raw materials and their growing manufactures. American initiative in eliminating tariffs would be a major step in opening up such markets.

Even the nations of the Common Market themselves would be aided in their economic progress, if not in the political aspirations of some of their leaders. An attempt at autarchy does not make the best use of the resources of the Six or of their former colonies associated with them. They would do far better by concentrating on the items which they are best suited to produce, rather than by using protective tariffs to make uneconomic enterprises profitable.

As U. S. trade policy shifts from its Common Market fixation to a Free-World-wide orientation, we must take other steps to advance the prosperity of the Free World community.

Foremost, our rate of economic growth must be stepped up. We are already committed to this objective. President Kennedy's tax reduction is to be the prime mover. But this measure must be supplemented by the vigorous trade policy I have outlined here. It will serve to make our industry better able to compete in the world market and also give us some new customers.

Additionally, we need a more durable system of international payments. As the Joint Economic Committee of Congress has pointed out, the present policies of the Treasury and the Federal Reserve System to protect the dollar are inadequate. Our foreign creditors could still start a run on the dollar. Because of this possibility, the Federal Reserve is anxious to make bank loans harder to get, and interest rates higher, all "to protect the dollar." This threat of renewed tight money could mean continued stagnation for our economy.

Fortunately, a way out of this dilemma exists. The countries of Europe should be asked to do

for us what we helped them do for each other in the Titlies. Form a payments agreement under which capital that flows from one country is matched by compensating credits from the others. With such an agreement in effect, the Federal Reserve would have no excuse for restricting growth "to protect the dollar," since the dollar would be protected by our international partners. If France's financial authorities have acquired the habit of saying "No" from France's President, and oppose such an agreement, we should go ahead and negotiate one without France.

At the same time we must continue to push all the industrialized nations to increase their foreign aid efforts in the developing countries. A good start in this direction has been made by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. It should be energetically encouraged. However, I believe that a healthy economic relationship between the industrialized countries—with freer trade, an adequate system of international payments, and full employment—will actually help the developing countries more than any amount of direct aid they are likely to get.

Will the kind of Free World community I am proposing involve the surrender of sovereignty by its members? The answer is surely: not much. Existing political machinery—like GATT, for trade; the International Monetary Fund, for payments; the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, for growth and aid—can do the job for a long time to come.

MEETING WITH A PURPOSE

INDEED, elaborate political machinery might do more harm than good. If it is less broad than the Free World—just Sixes or Sevens or Atlantic powers—it may merely divide the Free World. I do not think we need another supranational organization now. It would be far better, I believe, for parliamentarians and ministers from the industrial countries of the Free World to meet from time to time to debate trade or payments or growth or aid. If new institutions are needed they should be allowed to evolve organically from progress in economic and social cooperation rather than from an advance blueprint.

Obviously the Free World community cannot be born without the cooperation of other industrial nations. Cabinet ministers must agree to mutual tariff-cutting, to buttress each other's currencies, and to share the foreign-aid burden. Such agreements, our own standpatters may say, are unlikely. Perhaps the Belgians will balk, or

the Germans will refuse, or the French will once again say "No." How foolish, our pessimists will argue, to make requests that are bound to be turned down, to everyone's embarrassment.

I do not agree. I think we should go ahead and make our requests. Ministers in democratic countries come and go, but public opinion remains. If we place our proposals before the world, public opinion just might bring public officials around, sooner or later.

Sometimes, when the cause is just, the result comes sooner rather than later. In 1962, for instance, Congress had before it the bill to reimburse Philippine citizens for war damage caused by U. S. Armed Forces. On May 9, the House unexpectedly voted the bill down, 201-171. The Philippine government stuck to its guns, saying very publicly that the bill was a just one and ought to pass. President Macapagal canceled his June trip to the U. S. The Philippine Independence Day was changed from July 4 to June 12. The American people and then Congress got the message. On August 1 the House passed the bill, 194-35, and it became law on August 30.

Similarly if we develop a just proposal for a Free World community, it is better to make it publicly, and to take our chances that it will one day prevail. To keep quiet about it is simply to insure failure.

A summit conference of the heads of the Free World's industrialized nations might well serve to get us all moving toward the goal of community, and away from interim means that have failed. The sooner we can fix our minds on that goal, the better the chances that the Free World will avoid shaking itself apart over U. S.-European political or military disputes—over who joins or does not join the Common Market, for instance, or over who should have nuclear weapons and how they are to be controlled.

These disputes will continue to occur. They may become more heated as, in one European country after another, power is transferred from the old men who now wield it to younger hands. But these disputes need not be fatal if the Free World has a larger purpose to hold it together.

From the standpoint of domestic politics, the goal of a Free World community is one the American people can grasp. Once they understand, they will give more support to programs designed to end our economic lag and unemployment at home. For Americans respond best when they can see the connection between domestic and foreign policy, between individual measures and broad goals, between practical means and idealistic ends.



A Clean Rural Comedy

RUFUS JARMAN

Like avant-garde drama, the traditional theatre of bucolic America gets its most exciting action off-stage and impromptu . . . and sometimes it is just as absurd as Beckett or Ionesco.

I HAVE been thinking a lot lately about culture or what passed for it when I was attending Lascassas High School, down in rural Middle Tennessee.

What brought on these reveries are some notices in the press about a \$30-million National Culture Center on a thirteen-acre plot, designated by Congress, near the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. Now, this is a splendid concept, and I favor it. There is, however, one important phase of our national cultural heritage that would be difficult, if not impossible, to transfer successfully from its natural habitat to Washington, D.C., or, indeed, to any urban area or regular theatre.

I refer here to the Bucolic Broadway, the field of rustic dramatics, those humble two- and three-act plays, simple and guileless, requiring no royalty payments and written more with the idea of providing convenient sizes of casts and fitting

simple staging conditions and cultural levels than of achieving great dramatic impact. They are performed in lodge halls, community centers, or church basements but principally in rural or small-town high schools, to raise money for basketball jerseys or a new piano, or simply as an expression of local enlightenment.

Taken outside its familiar environment, a play like, for example, *Aaron Slick from Punkin Creek* (*A Clean Rural Comedy in Three Acts*) would be just plain silly. An adequate theatre would rob it of the qualities that give it allure on its home grounds, to wit:

A. Every actor in it has at least three dozen relatives in the audience.

B. The effort required to create a land of make-believe in such homely surroundings stimulates the imaginations of both cast and audience to such a degree that everything appearing on the stage is bathed in fantasy, which makes it attractive, regardless.

C. The problems involved in creating a dramatic entertainment and in accommodating a crowd of people, especially at night, with makeshift equipment and facilities, in a building that is just not up to the ordeal physically, create a climate of strain and a series of crises, confusions, and calamities of far vaster dramatic impact than the playwright's lines.

At Lascassas, our stage, the physical and intel-

lectural corner of the high school was perhaps thirty feet wide by twenty deep, occupying two-fifths of the Chapel, a somber, oblong room that also served as study hall, auditorium, and main recitation room for all four grades. The stage was flanked on two sides by classrooms with folding doors that, when opened, made a three-room auditorium, seating about 350 persons.

From my earliest memories until the old schoolhouse burned down when I was in the eleventh grade, Lascassas High School used the same scenery for all productions. There were some ancient flats, painted to represent a hybrid type of Corinthian-Moorish arches. The years' accumulations of soot and mildew, however, had dimmed their columns and capitals into filmy obscurity—which was rather fortunate, since few high-school plays have classical settings. And there was a backdrop visible through the main entrance at stage center, but wrought with more authoritative colors. These had defied age and dirt, and carried faithfully the inspiration and fire of their creator, which had been remarkable. In concept, the work was basically pastoral, but the artist, a gifted lady from Readyville, Tennessee, had inserted into her opus interesting suggestions of various historic shrines and wonders of the ancient and modern worlds.

After years of intermittent study, I managed to identify, at least to my own satisfaction, the following among the backdrop's components: A section of Lake Louise, the Acropolis including the Parthenon, Niagara Falls, Mount Vernon, Pike's Peak, and Fujiyama in the distance, the Pyramid of Cheops, a portion of the Great Wall of China, the White Cliffs of Dover, and the Palace of Light (Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Missouri, 1904 A.D.).

We had no props at all, but fortunately a good-natured local lady named Mrs. Ward owned a set of living-room furniture, widely admired throughout the community, which she was not averse to showing off from our stage. It was cream-colored wicker, as I recall, with gay cretonne backs and cushions. Mrs. Ward often knocked out some new trimmings for her furniture when word got about that another play was in production.

Rufus Jarman went on from his dramatic apprenticeship in Lascassas to the University of Missouri, newspaper work, nightclub, radio, and TV entertainment, and writing. He is the author of "A Bed for the Night" and is now on the Washington staff of the Newhouse newspapers.

After the first curtain had gone up, we would stall around the stage for a minute or so, to allow the ladies in the audience time to study Mrs. Ward's new models and exchange comments.

PERILS FROM OFFSTAGE

OUR constant crisis was the threat of fire. Heating arrangements were usually left to the larger, slower-witted boys, who tried to distinguish themselves by overstocking. The old, barrel-shaped stoves got so hot sometimes that their bellies burst, spilling hot coals on the splintery pine floors, which smoked and sputtered until wetted down from buckets, kept ready. Little puffs of smoke and acrid aromas issued from the clothing of people sitting near the stove.

For lighting we used big nickel-plated kerosene lamps, shaded with heavy frosted glass. Striving for maximum illumination we usually turned the wicks dangerously high, and before the evening was over, an angry dark-red flame was likely to start shooting out of one or more chimney tops, licking at the ceiling. After some hero scrambled up a ladder and removed the raging lamp to the out-of-doors, we usually became overcautious, and turned the lamps so low that the play proceeded in flickering shadows, like the grave diggers' scene in *Hamlet*.

The most disconcerting force of all was of direct human derivation, "the rough element," grown youths of antisocial temperament, from our own and adjoining communities. They would sit in the dark in their "runabout" buggies or Model Ts, drinking homemade whiskey from fruit jars, smoking "ready-rolled" cigarettes, and plotting confusion to the culture-seekers within.

They might throw rocks against the building or shout under windows or produce discordant, whining sounds by stroking a resined cord fastened to a loose plank. Their superweapons, though, were giant firecrackers, sometimes exploded on the roof, or in the air like mortar shells, but most effectively set off beneath the building, which had no basement, being supported by stone piers about eight inches above the ground.

From his seat halfway back in the audience, some raw-boned, sunburned farmer would be leaning forward earnestly, a palm cupped back of an ear. And then, abruptly, from no more than four feet beneath him, and with only a thin floor between, a great firecracker would let go with a thundering detonation that knocked the

dust and splinters out of the floor, and shook the very building. The farmer would leap straight up into the air from his seated position, halfway to the ceiling. Expressions of alarm, bewilderment, and outrage flashed across his countenance with an emotion-charged intensity never achieved on our stage.

It was difficult in all this excitement for us actors to remember our lines, poorly learned in the first place. Furthermore, we knew that shortly we were going to lose the most vital member of the cast, our prompter and school principal, Mr. Harvill. A moody and forceful man, Mr. Harvill hovered backstage with playbook in hand, and when one of us forgot, he read the line in a fierce, hoarse whisper that was clearly audible, not only to the faltering actor, but to the entire audience. As the cannonading increased outside, Mr. Harvill's promptings became interspersed with mumblings and threats. Then, following some outstanding explosion, we would hear a distinct "*flap*" from backstage. This was Mr. Harvill's playbook hitting the floor. Next, his heavy strides thudded offstage; a door slammed, and our prompter had flung himself into the lively night in pursuit of the bombardiers.

Our mouthings and struttings about the stage now became academic, as the main attention of everybody in the cast and in the audience was occupied with the stirring events transpiring unseen outside. These were conveyed to us through muffled sounds suggestive of conflicts, cavalry charges, and hand-to-hand combat—pantings, puffings, blowings, collisions, and stumblings in the dark.

RUINING THE DOUGH

IN THE entire history of the theatre, there have been very few plays of sufficient vigor and intensity to compete successfully with such goings-on. Since Shakespeare completed *The Tempest*, perhaps the only one written with enough noise and confusion to qualify is the previously mentioned *Aaron Slick from Punkin Creek* (A Clean Rural Comedy in Three Acts).

The author, Lieut. Beale Cormack, shows his mettle early by the way he describes his principal characters, to wit: Aaron Slick ("not as green as he looks") . . . Mr. Wilbur Merri-dew ("a crooked speculator") . . . Mrs. Rosy Berry ("an Oklahoma widow") . . . Gladys May Merri-dew ("a sweet young thing") . . . Little Sis Riggs ("a regular tomboy").

The play shows how Aaron, a bumpkinish but lovable and shrewd local character who is

romantically interested in Mrs. Berry, foils Merri-dew from swindling the widow out of her Oklahoma farm, which, unknown to everybody except the speculator, is practically floating in oil.

This plot unfolds with such an abundance of good-humored clamor and confusion that an audience would probably not notice an earthquake. I shall illustrate by quoting* from the final scene of Act I of *Aaron Slick*, Etc., which has been said to contain more action than any known theatrical effort, with the possible exception of the chariot race from *Ben Hur*.

The scene develops as Little Sis Riggs rushes into Mrs. Berry's kitchen to inform the widow that her cat is behaving strangely on the back porch:

Sis (runs in carrying broom): Oh Miss Rosy, you ought see the cat. She's rearin' around like all possessed.

(Lively music; all speak lines rapidly until end of act.)

Mrs. B. Has she got a fit?

Sis: She's worse'n that. She knocked over the churn, and spilled all the cream.

Mrs. B. My land of love.

Sis (loud and fast): She run under my foot and knocked me down. I fell into the big pan of apple butter, and spoiled my dress.

Gladys: Oh, isn't that awful!

Aaron: Let me shoot her.

(Loud noise outside. R of tin pans falling with great clatter.)

Mrs. B. (screams): What's that?

Sis (looks out door. R.V. She's after a mouse. (Screams.) Oh, there it comes.

(Points to floor: ladies scream. Gladys jumps on rocking chair. Cat runs after mouse. Note: This effect is easily worked. Make the cat mad; rush her on stage; what she does then is of little importance.)

Aaron: There she is!

Mrs. B. Gimme that broom.

(Grabs broom; strikes at cat; misses it.)

Sis (jumps on chair): Look out, Miss City Gal; that mouse'll eat you alive. (Gladys screams.)

Mrs. B. Where is she? I'll kill that cat.

(Twirls around, waving broom; strikes Aaron across the chest with flat side of broom.)

Aaron: Help! Help! Falls on pine table.

Mrs. B. Heavens and earth, he's ruined my dough.

Aaron (rises): There, take your dough. (Grabs dough; gives it to Mrs. B.)

Mrs. B. (hits him on head with dough): There!

QUICK CURTAIN

(Second Picture. Aaron seated. L. noisy music. Mrs. B. standing by him, picking dough from his head.)

Mrs. B. I didn't mean to do it. Oh, Aaron, speak to me. Don't faint. Speak to me, and say you forgive me. (Keep talking until curtain falls.)

* Quoted with permission of the publisher, Walter H. Baker Co., Boston, Mass.

Dozens of other action-packed dramas could be staged for the mere cost of the playbooks, usually around five dollars. These were also humorous, colorful, and no strain on the intellectual capacities of audiences. Their titles, regarded as vital to success in this field, are simple, striking, unsubtle, and often rhythmic, such as:

Singin' Bill from Blue Ridge Hill, Sunbonnet Jane from Sycamore Lane, Mr. Simkins from Simkinsville, The Hick from Hicksville, Beacon Hill Billy, Hen-Pecked Henry, High-Pressure Homer, Young Mother Hubbard, Father Spills the Beans, Uncle Cy Hits a New High, Aunt Susie Shoots the Works, The Adventures of Grandpa, Good Gracious Grandma, and The Sweetheart of Ubaka Pie.

A prominent playwright in this school of dramatics confided in me one time the practical rules that guide him and his colleagues.

"Above all, these plays must be clean," he said, "with no reference to drinking, preferably none to smoking, and you can't recognize sex at all. Use party scenes whenever possible; they allow girls in the cast to dress up. Never write a scene for anything but the brightest possible stage; a dim stage depresses an audience. Never have an exterior scene; they are too hard for amateurs to build. People will always laugh when someone falls on his face or has to go home in a barrel. Never use gag lines; they date a play; the amateurs never deliver them properly, and, anyway, they are too hard to think up. Always remember when you run out of funny ideas, put the leading man in women's clothes, and the audience immediately falls into the aisles. When the interest lags, slam a few doors. Never use out-and-out love scenes. These embarrass the actors, and the audience always laughs in the wrong places."

He was dead right about that love business. When I entered high-school dramatics, the only really terrifying prospect was that I might have to kiss a girl. This I had never even done in private. And to commit the act right out in the middle of a stage with the whole community looking on, would, I felt, somehow taint, stain, contaminate, and humiliate me, and render me a laughingstock forever.

MISERABLY TRAPPED

I HAD hoped to be assigned exclusively to comedy or character roles, calling for no intimate contact with the opposite sex, but I was trapped miserably in my first part. The play, *Mr. Bob*, was a venerable drawing-room comedy

in which practically every character mistakes every other character for somebody else. Actually, I did not have to kiss anybody, but, as Philip Royson, prominent young yachtsman, I was expected to "embrace" two girls near the end of the play.

Without undergoing the experience, it is impossible to realize how utterly awkward and miserable this can make a boy feel, especially when he is afraid of girls. What made it worse, one of the girls, named Mary Dunaway, was older than I and, I felt, far more blasé and cosmopolitan. I was sure that my bumbling embraces would move her to derisive laughter.

I had managed to survive the rehearsals by off-handedly simulating the embraces, while standing at a safe distance from Mary Dunaway, but I could not help brooding about my impending disgrace on the big night.

I held hopes that one of those calamities which were forever threatening when we gave a play would take place and empty the auditorium in time to save me. But, as it turned out, the evening proceeded with no heating or lighting crises, and even the hecklers in the dark seemed unusually subdued. The principal confusion of the night was provided by the play itself which referred to situations, places, and objects unfamiliar to either our cast or our audience.

Mr. Bob is laid in a fashionable Eastern watering place, like Newport, Rhode Island, and its climax concerns a yacht race that is proceeding, unseen by the audience, in the bay and is visible to the characters from the drawing-room windows. We were expected to convey the excitement of this event by rushing over to entrance-center now and then. We would point out (through what in our scenery was a gap between Pike's Peak and Fujiyama) and exclaim: "She's making the turn at the buoy . . . they're skimming along splendidly, aren't they? . . . he's just cast his spinaker! . . ."

Reflecting back, I should like very much to know what these exclamations conveyed to an audience, most of whom were not certain just what a yacht was.

Their idea of a butler was probably equally hazy. My cousin Ivan Brown played Jenkins and his main duties seemed to consist of carrying his mistress' bevy of cats on and off the stage several times. (Early playwrights of this school—*Mr. Bob* was written in 1894—leaned heavily upon fauna, especially cats, to add dash and fire to their works. In those days, the ASPCA was not as powerful as now.)

There had been sporadic firecracker explosions

around the schoolyard throughout the evening, but the firing had not become intense or near enough to disturb the audience noticeably, or even to lure Mr. Haysill away from his post as prompter. I had given up all hope of being rescued by catastrophe as I made my final entrance prepared to recite: "Your Mr. Bob is a hero, Kitty," and then, as the playbook instructed, "embrace Katherine." By then, my temples were pounding, and my palms were clammy. I was sweating from head to foot. Embarrassment had so affected my eyesight that the audience, the stage, and everybody on it were a spinning blur, except that I seemed to make out a taunting gleam in the eye of Mary Dunaway, standing not five feet from me, waiting to be embraced. I had no doubt that she sensed my distress, and was enjoying it.

At that point, the grand champion firecracker of all firecrackers ever brought into Lascassas let go beneath the floor with a thunderclap of terrible and historic dimensions, directly under Mr. Hershel Elrod, prominent farmer and potentate of our only local fraternal order, the Lascassas Chapter of Modern Woodmen. Mr. Elrod was a gaunt, skinny man whose features ran largely to Adam's apple, nose, and a drooping mustache that made him look a little like Ben Turpin, without cross-eyes.

When the firecracker went off, he leaped straight up to what undoubtedly was an all-time record for height in this event. Others of the audience within a twelve-foot radius of Mr. Elrod also sprang straight up to varying altitudes, their heads spinning around like those of startled ducks.

The windows shook so hard that several panes of glass fell out, and the entire building rocked and rolled. This jarred open the door of the old stove. A double shovelful of red-hot coals spilled out upon the floor, and promptly burst into flames. Several men leaped for the water buckets.

The flaring lamps above the stage swung on their cables, upsetting the delicate balance between flames and wicks so that great fires began shooting wildly out of two chimney tops, scorching the ceiling.

The two cats from the cast, having made their final exit, had been caged somewhat carelessly, I fear, in a box in the boys' dressing-room by Jenkins, the butler alias Ivan Brown. These cats had endured much that evening, and the explosion had a galvanic effect upon them. With what must have been impassioned effort, they flung themselves free.

An instant later, the two frenzied felines came shooting through, like a couple of gray streaks across the stage. They swept between our legs and over the furniture, knocking over one of Mrs. Ward's tall wicker flower stands filled with artificial roses, and disappeared in a melee into the audience, in an exit far more memorable than anything the playwright had had in mind for them.

OF COURSE, no one person could have seen and recorded all of these events, happening all at once. I reconstructed the situation later on by piecing together accounts from various witnesses and examining the debris.

In the midst of this cataclysm, everybody was too startled and concerned for his own safety to pay much attention to what was happening on stage—everyone that is except me. I managed to keep my head, and, with the whole world exploding around me, I embraced Mary Dunaway.

I am sure that nobody else in the house, including Mary Dunaway, noticed what I had done. But I was aware of it, emphatically. With the help of a benign Providence, and a little gunpowder, I had passed a milestone.

And its effects have been lasting. Never again was I to feel any great aversion to embracing the ladies, either on stage or off.



Letters from a Journey

By JAMES BALDWIN

Introductory Note by Robert P. Mills

One advantage of being James Baldwin's literary agent, as well as his friend, is that business matters oblige him to keep more or less continually in touch as he wanders here and there in the world—his friends are so numerous that he cannot possibly write any but letters that must be written immediately. The observations which follow were all included in communications sent back to New York during a trip motivated largely by an invitation from William Shawn, editor of The New Yorker, to write a series of articles on Africa, and from his publishers, The Dial Press, to write a book based on the trip.

When Mr. Baldwin left this country in September 1961, he was very close to the end of Another Country, a novel he had been working on for some five years, and in the middle of a long essay then called "Down at the Cross," about religion and the Black Muslims. (This later became the major part of The Fire Next Time.) He took Paula, his charming teen-age sister, with him as far as Paris and left her there with friends, not fully realizing that he had taken her from "a ghetto to a developing plastique battleground." Then he proceeded, as a guest of the government,

to Israel, which he looked upon as a sort of gateway to Africa. Another Country refused to be finished on the way, and it had to be finished before Africa, so he went ahead of schedule to Turkey, where friends offered refuge. By the time that work was done, time was pressing in—he had accepted an invitation from Grove Press to be a judge in the awarding of the Prix International des Editeurs, which meant he had to be in Mallorca by April 30, and there were other things that had to be done before then.

The pressures and pains of being a writer are clearly not easy to bear—as Mr. Baldwin specifically points out in his reference to my nine-year-old son, Freddie, some of whose stories he had read shortly before his departure—but perhaps not quite as agonizing as these extracts might imply. When Mr. Baldwin read his words over on his return to this country, his first comment was that he had not really been that gloomy all the time he was gone. This is not altogether surprising; it would be difficult, I should think, to be so penetrating about the problems of man living with man without possessing an abundant, even zestful, sense of the enduring nature of life.

Paris, September 15, 1961

I feel very strange and naked, but I guess that's good. Appetite seems to be returning, and I'm able to work. And Paris is still beautiful, in spite of its danger and sorrow and age.

Pray for me.

Israel, October 5

This is almost the only night I've had since I got here when it's been possible to write letters. Being a guest of the government really involves becoming an extremely well cared for parcel post package. But the visit seems, so far, to have been a great success: Israel and I seem to like each other. I've been trying, as usual, to do too many things at once and I've been keeping a diary of

sorts of things as they happen—places I've been, people I've talked to—every night, when I come home. But I come home late and I get up early (the phone rings, and it's the hotel manager informing me that "my" car has arrived)—and off I and the government go—tomorrow morning, for example, to the Negev and the Dead Sea. I am always worried about wearing out my welcome, and imagined I'd be gone by now: but no, they keep saying, Please don't hurry. Still, I'm leaving Monday morning.

I must say, it's rather nice to be in a situation in which I haven't got to count and juggle and sweat and be responsible for a million things that I'm absolutely unequipped to do. All I'm expected to do is observe, and, hopefully, to write

about that which I've observed. This is not going to be easy; and yet, since this trip is clearly my prologue to Africa, it has become very important to me to assess what Israel makes me feel. In a curious way, since it really *does* function as a homeland, however beleaguered, you can't walk five minutes without finding yourself at a border, can't talk to anyone for five minutes without being reminded first of the mandate (British), then of the war—and of course the entire Arab situation, outside the country, and, above all, within, cause one to take a view of human life and right and wrong almost as stony as the land in which I presently find myself—well, to bring this thoroughly undisciplined sentence to a halt, the fact that Israel is a homeland for so many Jews (there are great faces here, in a way the whole world is here) causes me to feel my own homelessness more keenly than ever. (People say: "Where are you from?" And it causes me a tiny and resentful effort to say: "New York"—what did *I* ever do to deserve so ghastly a birthplace?—and their faces fall.)

But just because my homelessness is so inescapably brought home to me, it begins, in some odd way, not only to be bearable, but to be a positive opportunity. It must be, must be made to be. My bones know, somehow, something of what waits for me in Africa. That is one of the reasons I have dawdled so long—I'm afraid. And, of course, I am playing it my own way, edging myself into it: it would be nice to be able to dream about Africa, but once I have been there, I will not be able to dream anymore. The truth is, that there is something unutterably painful about the end of oppression—not that it *has* ended yet, on a black-white basis, I mean, but it *is* ending—and one flinches from the responsibility, which we all now face, of judging black people solely as people. Oh, well. I think of the poor Negroes of the US who identify themselves with Africa, or imagine that they identify themselves with Africa—and on what basis? It would seem to be clear, but it is not: Africa has been black a long time but American Negroes did not identify themselves with Africa until Africa became identified with power. This says something about poor human nature which indeed one

would rather not be forced to see—enough of this. And, at the same time, the continuing situation of the black people of this world, my awareness of the blandness with which white people commit and deny and defend their crimes, fill me with pain and rage. Well. This promises to be an extremely valuable journey.

Israel, October 8

Stood on a hill in Jerusalem today, looking over the border: the Arab-Israeli border. There is really something frightening about it. There is something insane about it, something which breaks the heart. I've been wandering up and down Israel for a couple of weeks now, have stayed in a kibbutz near the Gaza Strip, have been in an art colony near Haifa, wandered through bazaars; and indeed all of this, all I have seen, is Jewish—if you like. But it is really the Middle East, it has that spice and stink and violence and beauty; and it is not Jewish so much as it is Semitic; and I am very struck by the realization that the Semites were nomads and this is still, somehow, the atmosphere of the entire country.

What is a Jew? An old question, I know, but it presents itself to one with great force once one is in this country. Jehovah, Christ, and Allah all came out of this rocky soil, this fragile handkerchief at the gate of the Middle East. And the people—the Jews—of this beleaguered little country are united, as far as I can tell, by two things only (and perhaps "united" is too strong a word). One is the experience of the last world war and the memory of the six million—which is to say that they are united by the evil that is in the world, that evil which has victimized them so savagely and so long. But is this enough to make a personality, to make an identity, to make a religion? (And *what*, precisely, is a religion? And how dreary, how disturbing, to find oneself asking, now, questions which one supposed had been answered forever!) But one is forced to ask these kindergarten questions because the only other thing which unites the Jews here is the resurrection of the Hebrew language.

The most religious—or, in any case, the most orthodox—people here are the Yemenites, who are also the most lively, and who seem to produce the only artists—well, that is not quite true; but it is almost true; they produce the only artists who can be said to be working out of the Jewish or Semitic or nomadic past. They are also at the bottom of the social ladder, coming from the most primitive conditions—having been, in fact, only yesterday transported from the twelfth cen-

James Baldwin's first work in "Harper's" was an essay (published in October 1953) reflecting on his experiences in a tiny Swiss village. These new letters, which return to that theme, will be part of a forthcoming Knopf collection of writing by American Negroes, edited by Herbert Hill and titled "Soon One Morning."

tury. Well. In spite of the fact that the nation of Israel cannot afford, and is far too intelligent, to encourage any form of social discrimination, the fact remains that there is a tremendous gap between a Jew from Russia or France or England or Australia and a Jew but lately arrived from the desert. Is the resurrection of the language enough to bridge this gap? And one cannot help asking—I cannot help asking—if it is really desirable to resurrect the Jewish religion. I mean, the Jews themselves do not believe in it anymore: it was simply one of the techniques of their survival—in the desert. Lord, I don't know. One cannot but respect the energy and the courage of this handful of people; but one can't but suspect that a vast amount of political cynicism, on the part of the English and the Americans, went into the creation of this state; and I personally cannot help being saddened by the creation, at this late date, of yet another nation—it seems to me that we need fewer nations, not more: the blood that has been spilled for various flags makes me ill.

Perhaps I would not feel this way if I were not on my way to Africa: what conundrums await one there! Or perhaps I would not feel this way if I were not helplessly and painfully—most painfully—ambivalent concerning the status of the Arabs here. I cannot blame them for feeling dispossessed; and in a literal way, they have been. Furthermore, the Jews, who are surrounded by forty million hostile Muslims, are forced to control the very movements of Arabs within the state of Israel. One cannot blame the Jews for this necessity; one cannot blame the Arabs for resenting it. I would—indeed, in my own situation in America, I do, and it has cost me—costs me—a great and continuing effort not to hate the people who are responsible for the societal effort to limit and diminish me.

Someone said to me the other day that the real trouble between Arabs and Jews has to do with the fact that the *idea* of a nation—the Arab idea, the Jewish idea—is essentially religious. For the word “religious,” I read “tribal.” Is it not possible to hope that we can begin, at long last, to transcend the tribe? But I will think about this more another day. Whether I want to or not.

Anyway—Jerusalem, God knows (!), is golden when the sun is shining on all that yellow stone. What a blue sky. What a beautiful city—you remember that song? *Oh, what a beautiful city!* Well, that's the way Jerusalem makes one feel. I stood today in the upper room, the room where Christ and his disciples had the last supper, and I thought of Mahalia and Marian Anderson and *Go Down, Moses* and of my father and of that

other song my father loved to sing, *I want to be ready To walk in Jerusalem, Just like John*. And here I am, far from ready, in one of the homelands which has given me my identity and on my way to another. To ask oneself, “What is a Jew?” is also, for me, to ask myself, “What is a black man?” And what, in the name of heaven, is an American Negro? I have a gloomy feeling that I won't find any answers in Africa, only more questions.

Turkey, October 20

In great haste, far from my own desk. A virus, Mideastern, & trouble, account for my silence. News from Paris bad, Algerian situation unutterable; & Paula, especially as my sister, much too close to it, & frightened. (“Fear,” she says, “is an awful thing.”) Well. More of this in a real letter.

I have an awful feeling that I've only moved Paula from a ghetto to a developing *plastique* battleground.

But have been working, steadily, just the same, & will send a batch of stuff, finally, including contracts, before I finally leave here.

Hold on, hold on. Don't be mad at me, if you are, this is a fearful passage.

Turkey, November 20

I am seeing Kenyatta's daughter sometime this week—she is in town; and this encounter, along with the news of the famine in Kenya, may take me out of here at a moment's notice. But I hope not, it would be extremely awkward for me now. I'm barreling ahead with the book, because I want the book in NY before I go to Africa. I dare not predict, again, the time that it will take; but I'm very close to the end.

I am also working on “Down at the Cross.” It's my hope that God will be good and that it won't take too long to hammer into its final shape. For I also want *that* in NY before I leave here—I particularly want it to be finished before I try to deal with Africa. The Israeli notes are still disorganized, and the Israeli story—for reasons which have nothing to do with the Israeli character, really—is fairly disheartening. But I must do it. And I am also preparing an essay on Turkey. With these last two, I can only hope to have everything down, and up-to-date, before I take off.

My actor friend's military duties have taken him to the Turkish Siberia, and I'm staying with his sister and brother-in-law. I had meant to move to a hotel, but they all considered this to be an insult. They're very nice people. There's

something very sweet, for me, and moving and rare in feeling their impulse to make life as easy as possible for me, so that I can work. I've gained a little weight here and this is taken, apparently, as an enormous justification for Turkey's existence. Well, I exaggerate, of course—but life *has* been, after my prolonged storm, very restful here. The only trouble is that you do not know how you can possibly repay such people. Perhaps it is important to learn that there are some people who don't think of payment—time, perhaps, for me to learn how to take. If you don't learn how to take, you soon forget how to give.

Best to Anne, Alison, Freddie, you. I hope Freddie's having some hard, second thoughts about that business of being a writer. But he sounded pretty definite. Your trials with me, dear friend, may prove to be but a weak rehearsal for what's coming.

Love. Write.

Turkey, December

I've just cabled you to send money to me here, so I can get out, and money to meet me in Paris. I thought I had explained to you—but perhaps I didn't, I've been so goddamn swamped and upset—that I am going, now, Saturday, from Paris to Dakar and Brazzaville. I have temporarily eliminated Kenya mainly because I wanted to have my novel finished before I went to Africa (have you received it and have you read it? anxiety is eating me up); and then because Kenyatta seemed never to be in Kenya; and finally because Turkish currency regulations do not allow one to buy traveler's checks or take any money out of Turkey; so that I would have had to arrange to stop somewhere else, anyway. I first thought Athens, and then decided on Paris—at first because I thought Paula was still there, and now because I'm indescribably weary and depressed and weary of new places. Mary will be in Paris, I'll spend the holidays with her, and take off at the beginning of the year. I'll be there a month, and be in NY in February. I'll certainly turn in one, possibly two, of the NYorker articles, and return to Africa in the spring and finish up their assignment in the summer. Then, back to NY, and the play. (I'm in correspondence with Gadg [Elia Kazan], he'll be in Athens next month, but I, alas, will not be.)

This is one of the reasons I jumped at the Grove Press invitation: it gives me a deadline to get out of NY. For I must say, my dear Bob—though I am perhaps excessively melancholy today—one thing which this strange and lonely journey has made me feel even more strongly is

that it's much better for me to try to stay out of the US as much as possible. I really *do* find American life intolerable and, more than that, personally menacing. I know that I will never be able to expatriate myself again—but I also somehow know that the incessant strain and terror—for me—of continued living there will prove, finally, to be more than I can stand. This, like all such decisions, is wholly private and unanswerable, probably irrevocable and probably irrational—whatever that last word may mean. What it comes to is that I am already fearfully menaced—within—by my vision and am under the obligation to minimize my dangers. It is one thing to try to become articulate where you are, relatively speaking, left alone to do so and quite another to make this attempt in a setting where the terrors of other people so corroborate your own. I think that I must really reconcile myself to being a transatlantic commuter—and turn to my advantage, and not impossibly the advantage of others, the fact that I am a stranger everywhere. For the fact won't change. In order for me to make peace with American life, as it is now lived, I would have to surrender any attempt to come to terms with my own. And this surrender would mean my death.

In fact, I'm probably suffering from a species of postnatal depression. Something very weird happens to you when a book is over, you feel old and useless, and all that effort, which you can't, anyway, remember, seems to have come to nothing. But I'll feel less grim, probably, when I write you again, from Paris, and I'm pushing ahead with the essay and will get it to you before I leave for Dakar.

Loche-les-Bains, February 1962

Got to Paris, late, as you know, and began tracking down debts and possessions—no easy matter—with the intention of leaving almost at once.

Anyway, partly because I was running around Paris without a winter coat, I came down with the grippe, which rapidly developed into a heavy and painful bronchitis—I thought it was pleurisy, and had visions of pneumonia. The doctor filled me with drugs and told me that, fantastically enough, there was nothing seriously wrong with me, except the bronchitis, but that I was terribly run down and ought not go on to Africa in my exhausted state. I was glad enough to hear this, in a way, I was certainly tired and sad; and so I came here, to the mountains, to the village where I finished my first novel, ten years ago. And Lucien, very much as he did then, came up with

me to help me get settled—and he has now gone back on the road; he is a salesman to feed his robins.

So, I meant to write you sooner, but at first I simply could not get myself together enough to do it, and then couldn't stay awake long enough: the French notion of medicine is to knock you out. Then, when I got to the mountains, all I did was sleep—the mountain air, I guess. I feel much better now, ready to start again—though I also feel very still and sad.

This is not quite the tone I meant to strike when writing you, for I know that you tend to worry about me, but it seems to be the only tone I can manage—but please do not worry, everything is much better now. And in fact, Paris was the only really bad spot and that might not have been so bad if I had not fallen ill. Though, in another way, I think that that might have been lucky.

I am again reworking the interminable "Down at the Cross," and will send it off to you as soon as I've sent the rewrites to Jim. You'll see, I imagine, when you read it, why it has been so hard to do, and it probably also illuminates some of the unsettling apprehensions which have so complicated this journey.

Which brings us to the third point: I've kept, as I've told you, a kind of incoherent, blow by blow account of this trip, and I intend, before I leave the mountains, to get at least the Israeli section out to you, so that you can send it to Shawn. Again, I think that this will make clearer than any of my letters can, how complex, once I got to Israel, the whole idea of Africa became. It became clear to me at once that I could not hope to manage that confrontation with an exhibition, merely, of journalistic skill. I could deal with it only in an extremely, even dangerously personal way, and try to make the reader ask his own questions and make his own assessments. And this sorrow, if I may call it that, was deepened in Turkey, where the whole somber question of America's role in the world today stared at me in a new and inescapable way; and the question of America's role brings up, of course, the question of what the role of the American Negro is, or can be. Well, I suppose the Israeli piece will cause some people to think I'm anti-Semitic, and God knows what the reaction to the Turkish chapter will be. But they are part of the African book, they must be.

As for Africa, I'd rather like your advice at this point. I, personally, would like to go from here to Dakar at the end of this month—Dakar and Brazzaville and stay down there until I

meet Grove Press in Mallorca at the end of April. In May, I have a tentative rendezvous to meet Elia Kazan in Greece—I saw him just before he left Paris. My own idea was to finish the play during May and June; and then return to Africa, Ghana, Nigeria, and Kenya, and return to New York in the fall. Once I get to Africa, I imagine that I will be extremely busy, particularly with students, and I don't want to stint: it has taken me so long to get there!

The only problem, as far as I can see, involves the American lectures. As you know, I don't have any very clear idea of what that schedule was; but it's my impression that the only firm commitment was Monterey College, sometime in April. If need be, I can fly back for that, since Grove Press, in any case, will fly me out. What do you think? I don't see that there's any great need for me to be home for *Country's* publication—though I am willing to listen, of course. Finally, though, I must say, I simply dread facing the tigerish Negro press if I return to America without having visited the land which they so abruptly are proud to claim as home. The more particularly as neither *Another Country* nor my report on Africa is likely to please them at all.

This trip has had the effect of opening something in me which I must pursue, and I do not think that I can do that and be a Negro leader, too. And, in any case, my whole attitude toward the fact of color undergoes several melancholy changes: I don't know where they will lead me, but I must buy the time to find out. There is a very grim secret hidden in the fact that so many of the people one hoped to rescue could not be rescued because the prison of color had become their hiding place. I don't know what this means, for me, for us, for the world, for the future of Africa—I don't yet know what color means in Africa (but I *will* know). Life has the effect of forcing you to act on your premises—the only key I can find to my spectacular recklessness—and I have said for years that color does not matter. I am now beginning to feel that it does not matter *at all*, that it masks something else which *does* matter: but this suspicion changes, for me, the entire nature of reality.

Ah. Bear with me, dear friend. I make my journeys by a radar I must trust, and must pursue and bear my discoveries in the best way I can. I know it's hard on everybody's nerves, and it's certainly hard on mine, but I'm not being frivolous and it is done out of love.

Write me, quickly, please, the morale is wildly fluctuating, I'm always afraid, and I'm pregnant with some strange monster.

Allston Wheat's Crusade

by Mark Episcopo



How a patriot (he says) is saving American youth from the most insidious subversive idea yet uncovered.

In the field-house locker room of a large Mid-western university, a tall, serious-looking boy has just shaken hands with a little group of teammates and is saying good-by to the coach. The coach holds the boy's hand for a moment and pleads with him. The boy shakes his head, squares his shoulders a little, and walks slowly out the door. There is a sequel next morning. Students stare at the headlines in the university daily:

CAI CLAIMS ANOTHER AT STATE

Previously: Tennis in Uniform, Tennis Squad

This scene hasn't been enacted as yet. But the day is not distant when it may be commonplace. For a crusade is in the making to convince America that team sports are subverting her youth. It is still too early to say whether it will succeed. If it does, it will plunge organized athletics into the most serious crisis of its existence. Men who have never heard of Karl Marx, who consider Joseph Stalin another troublemaker now safely with the majority, and who find the baseball averages rather high mathematics will be involved in one of the hardest political, philo-

sophical, and ethical decisions of the decade.

The man who is sounding the tocsin is a solidly built, kindly-looking Pennsylvania man with sharp blue eyes and an almost self-assured manner. Why, despite a tendency to slight corpulence, carries himself with the easy grace of the athlete he once was. His name is Allston C. Wheat and until a few months ago his fame rested on having been one of the best tennis players ever graduated from Cornell and on a subsequent career as a wholesaler of ethical drugs, antibiotics, and rubber drug sundries in Philadelphia. He retired from business a few years ago when his company passed into the ownership of a chain of wholesale druggists and he now lives with his divorced daughter and two grandchildren in the town of Haverford.

The termination of his business career gave "All" Wheat as he was called in his youth, the time to catch up on the reading which he had been forced to neglect as an active businessman. He delved into the works of Jeremy Bentham, Ludwig von Mises, Henry Hazlitt, William Buckley, Dr. Herschel McLandress, Ayn Rand, The National Association of Manufacturers, The American Medical Association, and Senator Barry Goldwater. He also made a study of the advertisements on social and economic policy of the Warner and Swasey Corporation and began to take serious interest in movements designed

to alert America to the menace of domestic socialism and communism. This study and experience provided him, he has since said, with the basic insights for understanding the world of sport. These he presented in his thoughtful but plain-spoken pamphlet, *The Menace of the Team*, which has been called the Bible of his movement.

Allston Wheat's case against team sports is regularly cited by his admirers as an example of the powerful and logical mind of the modern conservative leader at work. The following quotations are from *The Menace of the Team* unless otherwise indicated:

America, as we know it, was built on the system of individual free enterprise. Under that system every individual stands on his own two feet, shoulders his own burdens, and fights his way to the top by his own two-fisted efforts.

American individualism means that the individual is guided by his own self-interest. He is not responsible for, or to, others. He is responsible for, and to, himself. He knows that because some win in the game of life some must lose. He is out to win. He is not concerned with what happens to those who lose. Nor does he want to be.

The individualist is his own boss. He does not take orders from any commissar or bureaucrat. He is answerable only to himself. What he gets he keeps.

These are the principles of American individualism. But do we train our people in these principles? *We do not*. We consciously and deliberately train the youth of our nation in principles that are completely opposed to the spirit of American individualism.

Every healthy, able-bodied young American is encouraged to participate in organized athletic sports—to play on a team. There he is indoctrinated with the team spirit. This tells him to think not of himself but of the other players. It tells him he must not shine at the expense of others, for if he does so he is a bad team player. It tells him that he must always back up the other players, be responsible for them, do what they fail to do. He learns it is the team that wins, not the man. If there is a prize or reward it goes not to the man but to the team. The team is the social group which always comes first. Society comes first, the individual last. At every point the young American is schooled against individualism. At every point team sports indoctrinate him in the principles and practices of collectivism and socialism.

Nor is this all. The team player is taught that he must accept without question the com-

mands of the coach, captain, or quarterback. He must bow to the authority of the group or accept the consequences. This is authoritarianism and since he must comply completely with the voice of authority, it is also totalitarianism. If a man has been schooled in totalitarianism on a sandlot or in the Yale Bowl or even as a spectator at the Yankee Stadium, is he likely to resist it in real life?

America is a country of team sports. We must see these sports for what they are. They are brainwashing stations for individualism. They are the training schools for collectivism, socialism, authoritarianism, and totalitarianism.

.

If you are looking for the real advance guard for modern communism you should go to the field houses and the football stadiums.¹

Documenting his case, Allston Wheat shows that the great expansion in team sports—football, basketball, baseball, volleyball, hockey—has taken place in the last forty years or since World War I. Thus its rise coincides almost exactly with the rise of socialism, communism, welfarism, and other forms of collectivism since the Russian Revolution. It would be indeed naïve, Mr. Wheat insists, to imagine that the two movements are unrelated.²

In fact Allston Wheat thinks our entanglement in collectivist athletics was a well-planned operation. Like most other collectivist ideas, team sports originated in the Ivy League colleges. Some Ivy League intellectuals certainly saw with considerable clarity what the role of team sports would be. Wheat especially notes the conclusions of Professor Barton Wheeler some fifty years ago in his book, *The Social Instinct*, as proof of this point:

Although the higher anthropoids derive pleasure from each other's company and form themselves readily enough into social groups, until we get to man himself we find them deficient in the instinct to social cooperation. While they can be taught simple games, *vide* the baseball game made familiar by apes at the circus, there is no evidence of such play as a *form of social skill* or as a spontaneous mani-

¹ The last quotation is from an address by Mr. Wheat entitled "Athletics and Americanism," given at the Workshop on Athletic Individualism, University of Greater Dallas, January 22-31, 1961.

² The parallel is, in fact, even more striking. In 1867 the first rules for collegiate football were drawn up in Princeton, New Jersey. That was the year of the publication of *Das Kapital*. The National League (originally the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs) was organized just nine years later. Basketball was invented in 1891 and the Socialist Labor party ran its first candidate for President in the following year.

festation of enjoyment. The reason is that a game is a highly developed social phenomenon involving a complex commitment to interdependence and a highly developed capacity for providing and accepting leadership. These social qualities are developed only at a relatively advanced state in man.³

Wheat thinks that what was clear to Professor Wheeler in 1911 was surely evident to other Professors before and since. "Harvard introduced the ideas of Marx and Keynes to the United States," he says in *The Menace of the Team*. "Why, therefore, should it draw the line at collectivist sports? The modern socialist state and modern collectivist athletics are both founded on the same fundamental idea, namely the subordination of the individual to the group—or mob."

In Allston Wheat's view, the individual's instinctive reaction to athletics is a precise index of his attitudes toward collectivism.⁴ He scoffs at the idea that Dwight D. Eisenhower was either a conscious or an unconscious agent of the Communist conspiracy. Eisenhower showed his instinctive individualism by his preference for a strongly individualist game, namely golf. Many conservative businessmen and Republicans react naturally in the same way. Liberals have never liked golf. Herbert Hoover showed his extreme individualism by his preference for fishing—a sport which requires neither another player nor a companion. Franklin D. Roosevelt, by contrast, went sailing with a crew and, very significantly, insisted on being the captain. The Kennedys showed from the very outset by their impromptu games of touch football that they are collectivist to the core. And Nelson Rockefeller, he predicts, will show up in the baseball bleachers and at football games and otherwise play for the collectivist vote.

"Ideas are all very well," Allston Wheat has said, "but to alert America to the menace of collectivism, there is no alternative to effective organization." Following the publication of *The Menace of the Team* he invited a group of like-

minded patriots to meet with him to formulate a program of practical action. Over a dozen answered the call and the fruit of nearly a week of arduous planning and discussion at French Lick, Indiana, early last year was the decision to launch the Crusade for Athletic Individualism, now popularly known as the CAI. The aim of CAI is a comprehensive educational program on the dangers of team sports, or as the French Lick Congress declared in its Call to Action, "The lifting of the storm warnings on the collectivist training of our youth in the principles of athletic cooperation."

No one in CAI minimizes the difficulty of the task. Other collectivist ideas—social security, socialized medicine, consumer cooperatives, publicly-owned utilities, government-owned communication satellites, farm price control, post exchanges, new TVAs—have been successfully attacked and their advocates have been exposed. But collectivist athletics have gone largely unnoticed.⁵ It will not be easy to awaken people to their danger. Nevertheless, it is Allston Wheat's conviction that the American people invariably respond to any danger that is effectively presented.



The Communist party has always placed its principal accent on youth. So, according to Allston Wheat, have the sponsors of collectivist athletics. And so will the Crusade for Athletic Individualism. Present plans call for an organization, called a Cell for Individualist Athletics, in every sizable American community and in every high school, junior high school, preparatory school, college, university, and at West Point, Annapolis, and the Air Force and Coast Guard academies. "You may depend on it," Allston Wheat said in a recent address inaugurating the

⁵ Not everyone was fooled. For many years J. Edgar Hoover has been an habitu  of Toots Shor's and "21." Many supposed it was because he liked the sporting company. It is Wheat's view that he had more serious business in mind.

³ Beacon Hill Press, Boston, 1911. Italics added.

⁴ Mention may be made here of the use which Wheat makes of the work of Dr. Herschel McLandress, the famed Boston Psychometricist. Dr. McLandress has shown that successful participants in team sports have a McL-C that is substantially higher than that of most other celebrities. The McL-C or McLandress Coefficient measures the intensity of the individual's relation to self: the lower the coefficient, the higher the intensity. Wheat, who has checked his conclusions carefully with Dr. McLandress, considers the McL-C to be a good index of individualism.

Yale University Cell; "wherever sports for our youth are organized we will be organized." Wheat's first great triumph occurred two months ago when two Army divisional commanders, responding to his appeal, abolished all collectivist athletics in their commands. Their action was warmly endorsed by Congressional supporters of Wheat's crusade who have warned Secretary of Defense McNamara against any effort to withdraw *The Menace of the Team* from the list of approved pamphlets for Army orientation programs.

In most American communities the Crusade will concentrate initially on the Little Leagues. In Allston Wheat's view, if an eight- or ten-year-old can be sufficiently indoctrinated with the team spirit and the habit of submission to group authority he will become the finished raw material for collectivism for life. He says in *The Menace of the Team*: "No ten-year-old who has been taught that he must submit to the authority of the team and that all glory accrues to the team will ever again be an unadulterated individualist." Wheat notes that the Little Leagues are a modern development and that our forefathers would never have thought of organizing children into teams. "They are the product of the same period and the same paternalist thinking that brought us the Welfare State. In my book there is very little difference between the man who destroys the individualist character of our children and the man who molests them in a park."

In the colleges The Crusade for Athletic Individualism will work closely with Young Americans for Freedom and the Intercollegiate Society for Individualists. Together CAI, YAF, and ISI hope to bring coaching staffs into the same line of critical fire that has hitherto been concentrated on socialist and other semi-subversive professors. There is no intention of interfering with established traditions of academic freedom and tenure. But it is believed that if the position of the coach can be made intrinsically uncomfortable and less remunerative, many of the more dangerous men will be driven from the profession. "One must suit the means to the ends." Allston Wheat has said. "The coaches are the training cadres of athletic collectivism."

However, the principal effort will be to enroll athletes in CAI which, of course, means their immediate withdrawal from team sports. A number of colleges and universities—the University of Southern California, Notre Dame, Georgia Tech, Swarthmore, Harvard, Ohio State, Brandeis

—are expected to meet this step by requiring promising young athletes to sign pledges at the time of their recruitment that they will not join CAI. Allston Wheat has strongly denounced these "yellow dog contracts."⁶

One important function of Wheat and his followers will be advising corporations on their recreation and athletic programs. Many large firms—General Motors, General Electric, General Dynamics, General Mills, General Baking, General Telephone, General Aniline and Film, International Shoe—have used team sports in their company recreation programs or have encouraged their dealers to sponsor teams or have given moral support to team sports in their communities. This means, according to Wheat, that they have been unconsciously indoctrinating their executives, employees, and customers in the ideas of collectivist cooperation and leadership.

General Motors would never allow the organization of its younger executives into Production Brigades, Communes, Stakhanovist Groups, Work Cooperatives, or Industrial Shock Troops. It knows that these ideas belong to the Russians and the Red Chinese. Yet it encourages athletic teams which are constructed on exactly the same principles. Both insist on the absolute supremacy of the group over the individual and of socialist achievement as compared with individual achievement. . . . The modern American corporation—deploying as it does great resources in money and manpower—is the natural defender of individualism. It should be the leader in the fight against collectivist indoctrination on the playing fields. It has not yet begun to shoulder its mandate."⁷

Industrial firms have responded well to CAI appeals. A number have dropped their recreation programs or revised them to exclude team sports. One large Delaware corporation has retained Allston Wheat as its recreation consultant. Word was quietly passed at the last meeting of the Congress of Industry of the National Association of Manufacturers that responsible and patriotic executives should henceforth set a good public example in their own recreational activities.

⁶ He has had a measure of support in this from the Harvard and Stanford law schools. Writing in a forthcoming issue of the *Harvard Law Review* a visiting West Coast professor has said that the pledges "may well raise questions related to the enforceability of contracts that are against public purpose. . . . The ghosts of Norris and La Guardia are hovering unpleasantly in the wings."

⁷ Both quotations are from *Making Your Recreation Program Both Physically and Morally Healthy: A Handbook for Industrial Executives*. Crusade for Athletic Individualism, Haverford, Pa., 1961, \$1.75.



There remains the problem of the public. In the old days, Allston Wheat notes, it was the policy of the Communists to charge admission to their big rallies in Madison Square Garden. Many non-Communists went to see the show. But their dollars went to help finance the Communist conspiracy. "There is no such thing as an innocent spectator," says Wheat. "Dollars that nourished collectivism at Madison Square Garden can also nourish it at the Yankee Stadium and the Yale Bowl."

It is plain, nonetheless, that educating the American public against attendance at athletic events will be a long and slow process. Allston Wheat has rejected proposals for picketing and also for a boycott of the products of firms sponsoring team sports on television. ("Is your razor the instrument of the collectivist conspiracy?" was one of the slogans proposed.) These measures could cost the Crusade needed support and there is some doubt about the legality of a boycott. Wheat has repeatedly warned his more enthusiastic followers to stay within the law and last summer he personally reprimanded a Jackson, Mississippi, cell which had raided a number of sandlots in the city and confiscated and destroyed balls, bats, gloves, and uniforms and in one park set fire to the bleachers and backstop.

CAI has other problems to solve. In Washington last summer Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy gave an off-the-record denunciation of the organization that for vehemence startled even seasoned Washington reporters. It developed during the questioning that he was under the im-

pression that CAI opposed all forms of physical exercise. In fact it makes a careful distinction between those sports where the individual submerges himself in the socialist environment of the team and accepts authoritarian direction from a captain or some other control apparatus and those such as swimming, diving, boxing, wrestling, and squash where he is on his own. These latter sports may even nurture individualism and the spirit of individual enterprise. Allston Wheat points out that many of his crusaders are graduates of the enterprise sports⁸ and reminds audiences that CAI Vice President Timothy Jeffers once went eight rounds with the late Floyd Bennett. Wheat is also proud of his own tennis days although he concedes that, strictly speaking, the brilliant net play for which he is remembered would be partly ruled out by his ban on doubles.

His other problem is the exceedingly well-heeled character of his opposition. "Every person who passes through the turnstiles is an unwitting tool of this collectivist conspiracy, for he adds something to its fighting fund."

Texas money is beginning to come in. Also large corporations, Wheat feels, will soon see the need for backing individualism with dollars. Workshops on athletic individualism will be held this coming winter in Los Angeles, Oakland, Indianapolis, and Midland, Texas. Still Allston Wheat stresses the need for enlightened mass financial support: "The collectivists will fight with all they have. Those of us who are waging this battle will give generously of our time. We can only hope that the millions of Americans who have a stake in this struggle will be as generous with their money."

In a more intimate mood, Allston Wheat has analyzed the financial prospect. "There are, we estimate, about a half-million people in this country who can be taken by a movement such as ours. In the past year or two, they have been hit pretty hard by the Birchers, the Christian Crusade, the National Indignation boys, the Katanga Freedom Fighters, and the rest. And some of the best gulls will think that we are pretty far out. Still, I am predicting a pretty damn good score."

⁸ In *The Menace of the Team* Wheat advocates the use of the term "Enterprise Sports" to distinguish these activities from the team sports. He also strongly protests references to tennis, boxing, wrestling, table tennis, squash, and track "teams." These are not teams in the usual sense of that word. Rather they are individual athletes who, for reasons of convenience, travel and compete in company. They might more accurately be called "consortiums."

How Three-year-olds Teach Themselves to Read — and Love It

When introduced to Dr. Moore's Talking Typewriter, they think it is a glorious kind of toy—and they may never find out that it is, in fact, a remarkably effective "learning machine."

SITTING alone in a bare cubicle, a little girl of five happily pecks away at a specially designed automated typewriter and composes a poem. A two-and-a-half-year-old teaches herself to read and write by banging the jam-proof keys of a similar "talking typewriter." Along with several dozen other youngsters, they are taking part in a series of experiments which may have loud repercussions and a surprisingly humanistic effect on education as a whole. The project is the brainchild of a Yale sociologist, Dr. Omar Khayyam Moore.

He believes that the years from two to five are the most creative and intellectually active period of our lives. This is when children first acquire speech and begin to classify their environment. Normally they receive no schooling at this time. And certainly they should not be stuffed with rules and facts. But—says Dr. Moore—they are capable of extraordinary feats of inductive reasoning if left to themselves in a properly "responsive" environment. Furthermore, performing such feats may become a habit and lead to a new breed of highly individualistic, highly imaginative human beings far better prepared than their parents to cope with a complex and unpredictable society.

To Professor Moore—himself highly individualistic and imaginative at forty-three—this is the significance of his "Responsive Environments Laboratory." A man of medium height, with

close-cropped hair and deep-set expressive eyes, he is now on sabbatical from his associate professor's post at Yale. He spends most of his time at Hamden Hall Country Day School, a small private school near New Haven, Connecticut. In his laboratory, which is supported by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, Hamden Hall's pupils learn to read, write, type, take dictation, and compose their own stories before they enter first grade. To Dr. Moore this accomplishment is just a happy by-product of his extensive research on culture, learning theory, and "human higher-order problem solving" behavior.

The children who come to his Lab spend no more than half an hour a day there. They may stay away if they wish, or leave after only a few minutes. While the child is in the Lab he is free of all outside pressures. His parents never come in with him and are never told how he is doing. Even his regular teachers, to whom he may be emotionally attached, stay out of the picture. Staff members themselves—half-a-dozen young wives of Yale graduate students—try to be as impersonal as possible.

The "talking typewriter" consists of a standard-size typewriter keyboard with colored keys, a small speaker, an exhibitor (a frame on which printed matter can be displayed) with a red pointer, a projector which resembles a miniature TV screen, and dictation equipment. Blank paper in the typewriter stands ready to take anything the child types, in jumbo type. There is nothing in the soundproof, air-conditioned booth to distract the child's attention from the machine. Only the keyboard is accessible to the child; all the other gadgets are enclosed in plexiglass or in a wooden cabinet behind the typewriter.

The child discovers immediately that this interesting, adult-looking typewriter is his to play

with on his own initiative. The younger the child, the more joyous his response.

The game begins when he presses a key. At once a large letter, number, or punctuation mark appears on the paper, and a soft voice names it through the loudspeaker. The same things happen no matter what part of the keyboard he strikes, as rapidly and as often as he desires. (To test his new-found powers, one two-year-old gleefully struck the asterisk key seventy-five times in succession.)

JOYOUS DISCOVERIES

WHEN the teacher who has been watching through a one-way mirror sees that the child's interest is waning, she switches a control dial. A curtain lifts over the exhibitor and a red arrow points to a single letter. At the same time the machine's voice names it. Puzzled, the child may try to depress a key, but to his surprise it doesn't work. He tries more and more keys, until he finds the right one. Then the key goes down and prints the letter while the voice names it again. As a new letter pops up on the exhibitor, the child faces an exciting puzzle, a game of "try and find me." Every time a number, letter, or punctuation mark appears on the exhibitor, he hunts for it amid the blocked keys until he hits the jackpot.

From stage to stage, the rules of the game keep being changed for the child, who must constantly adapt himself to fresh situations.

Meanwhile he is learning to touch-type without effort. Each set of keys to be struck by a particular finger has its own identifying color, and the group meant for the right hand responds to a slightly different pressure from that meant for the left. He is also learning to recognize different styles and sizes of type as they appear on the exhibitor, and handwritten letters which may be flashed on the projector's screen.

About once a week the child plays with a blackboard and chalk in a booth which has little automated equipment. (Only one "talking typewriter" is fully automated at present, and the children are assigned to booths at random.) Under ordinary circumstances, when you give a child a piece of chalk, he will scribble or draw pictures. But there are horizontal lines on this blackboard which discourage art work, and eventually the child tries to make letters. At this point, the teacher helps by putting a letter on the projector and suggesting that he draw one like it. Soon the child learns to write the letters he has begun to read and type.

The teacher's role depends on the degree of automation in the booths. Sometimes she takes over the machine's voice part, speaking as gently and patiently as the "talking typewriter." Sometimes she operates the exhibitor by hand. When using the fully automated booth, she merely watches the child through a one-way mirror and comes to his rescue if he raises his hand for help. This may happen if the machine gets stuck (until now the Lab has had only an experimental model to work with) or if the child needs a handkerchief or human company.

As the child advances he finds that the exhibitor suddenly shows him a series of letters, such as "CAT." By now he may be able to pick out a "T" right away, but when he tries this the key is blocked. "A" is blocked, too. When he strikes "C" however, the machine responds by typing it and saying, "C." The exhibitor's red arrow, which had been pointing to "C," then moves to the right over "A." As he strikes all three keys in the proper sequence, the machine prints them, names them one by one, and then says, "Cat." From now on, letters appear only in series—but to the child they are still letters, not words. Then one day, although no one has been "teaching" him, the child suddenly realizes that the letters he knows so well determine words. Overwhelmed by the revelation he is likely to run out of the booth ecstatically—a reaction the Lab has witnessed over and over again.

This joy in discovery, Professor Moore believes, is sadly lacking in most methods of early childhood education. "By the time a child is three, he has achieved what is probably the most complex and difficult task of his lifetime—he has learned to speak," he points out. "Nobody has instructed him in this skill; he has had to develop it unaided. In bilingual or multilingual communities, children pick up several languages without accent at a very early age. There's plenty of information-processing ability in a mind that can do that."

I visited his "Responsive Environments Laboratory" a few weeks ago. It is a modest, green, prefabricated structure with a narrow corridor, five cubicles with "talking typewriters" in various stages of automation, and a few offices.

At 8:30 in the morning I watched a very small

Maya Pines is the author of "Retarded Children Can Be Helped." A graduate of Barnard with an M.S. from the Columbia School of Journalism, and a former reporter for "Life," she is free-lancing and bringing up her family in Manhattan.

girl enter the building, trailed by a few slightly older children. After being helped to remove her coat and muffler, she walked over to a long table on which stood open jars of bright-colored paints and let a teacher paint her fingernails different colors, to match the color code on the typewriter keys. Then she went into the automated booth and sat down at a chair facing the typewriter. First she pressed the carriage-return key a couple of times, seeming satisfied with the noise it made and the voice which said, each time, "carriage return." Then she banged on "C" and listened to the machine's response, "C." For a while she hummed a tune. Next she fiddled with a side lever. Finally she began to type a few letters rapidly, glancing up at the characters she produced and alert to the voice which came from the loudspeaker. After eighteen minutes in the booth, she suddenly raised her hand. A teacher came in to help her off the chair. "Bye-bye," said the little girl, and walked out.

She was exactly two years and eight months old. In less than two months she had taught herself all the letters in the alphabet, both upper and lower case, and could also write some of them on the blackboard.

Most children pay little attention to the adults in the Lab—they are too fascinated by the machine. The only exceptions are some older ones who have learned to be careful before they start work at the Lab. Thus one newcomer, a little boy of six, would go into his booth and hesitantly press a few keys, then run out to ask the teacher, "Am I doing it right?" He could not get used to the idea that *anything* he did was all right.

Watching the children in the nursery group, mostly four-year-olds, I saw that several who had been in the Lab no more than four months were writing full sentences.

"Barry is a RAT," one little boy typed in complete, silent concentration. He had ranged all over the keyboard, typed the numbers from 16 to 20 in proper sequence, played with the quotation marks, and written several nonsense words before producing his gem, to which he suddenly added, "and a cat." He was using correct fingering technique. Later on, checking his records, Professor Moore told me that while the boy was bright, he did not test in the "gifted" range, which begins above an IQ of 140. He did have one incalculable advantage however: permissive parents who laid heavy emphasis on intellectual skills, thus giving him much to relate to what he learned in the Lab.

Because of their individual differences, I found

it hard to gauge the progress of the kindergartners, the next group, who had been in the Lab for a year and four months. But the first-graders were impressive. Two of them—aged six—were busy in one of the offices editing a newspaper which they and a few classmates had dictated into the tape recorder and then typed. It contained little stories, poetry, and riddles: "Why is grass like a mouse?—Answer: because the cat'll eat it (cattle)." One poem by a girl of five was entitled "A Duck" and read as follows:

There was a duck,	He could run in a race,
Who could kick.	He would win.
He had good luck,	He would get some lace
Because he was quick.	And a magic pin.

When I met the pint-sized poet she was engrossed in her daily session with the "talking typewriter." From the projector she fluently read a story about Aladdin's lamp. Then she questioned the teacher about the plot and answered the teacher's questions about the meaning of certain words and the story. When she came out of the booth, she sat down with me in an empty office. I asked her whether she wanted to be a poet when she grew up. "No," she replied without hesitation, "I want to be a housewife." Writing poetry was fun, she said, but the really nice part was being able to work on the newspaper "with Jeff," one of the editors. Did she prefer the Lab when a teacher was there, as today? She liked it best when she was alone in it, she replied emphatically, "so I can do *exactly* what I like."

The most advanced children in the Lab are the two young editors. One is Professor Moore's gifted daughter, Venn, who started playing with the "talking typewriter" when she was two years and seven months old and could read first-grade stories before she was three. Jeffrey, who is the same age, joined her in Professor Moore's early experiments at Yale, and now both children read seventh-grade books with pleasure. To test their skill, I opened a copy of *Scientific American* at random and asked them whether they could read it. They did so exuberantly, taking turns. Although they stumbled over some words which they did not understand, they could clearly handle anything phonetically.

THE CRUCIAL YEARS

PEOPLE have an idealized version of the playpen as happy and *mindless*, Professor Moore observes. "They say, 'Life is hard enough as it is, let's leave the early period alone.' But we're using only half-an-hour a day! And with

the 102 children we've seen so far, we have yet to run into one who'll come in, explore the place, and not want to come back. Of course the children still have their sand-box and paints and so on—in fact, the Lab actually allows us to prolong some of these things.

As traditionally handled now in the reasonably good nursery schools, at least the children are free, though they receive little intellectual stimulation. But comes the first grade, and the game is over. At the very time when he is becoming interested in the wider world around him, the child must divorce himself from such matters and confine himself to squiggles. He must learn the alphabet, learn to print, and because of his low skill, read baby stories that are not appropriate for him. All of this takes so long that many important things are dropped as frills—painting and music, for instance.

"No wonder so many children develop a hatred for intellectual work early in school. Yet intellectual things are as natural as anything else."

The human mind is extraordinarily open between the ages of two and five. The problem, Dr. Moore believes, is not to miss this critical period. Researchers have found that even rats and monkeys have an inborn curiosity which impels them to seek new territory for its own sake. Experiments have also demonstrated that the key to a rat's learning ability is what happens to it during infancy—which lasts only a few weeks. If rats are exposed to a stimulating environment during this crucial period, they acquire skills with ease later. If not, their whole subsequent performance is impaired.

"If animals are comfortable and have free time, then they will explore," says Professor Moore. In human beings, behavioral scientists have begun to recognize this same "competence drive" as a major motivation along with the drives of hunger, thirst, and sex. But often the drive is stifled. "Every year we lose hundreds of thousands of children who have the ability to learn but who don't go on to college," Professor Moore says. "They have made a nearly irreversible decision very early in life, long before they reach the guidance people in the last year of high school."



PAUL BERG—ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Moment of discovery! . . . He has found and typed correctly the letter called for by the recorded voice.

For this reason he feels that our educational spending habits are topsy-turvy. "If I had a certain sum to spend on twenty Ph.D. candidates and twenty nursery-school children, I'd use most of it on the youngest children," he says. "They're the ones who need it most." But generally, he points out, schools provide only minimum equipment and teachers for nursery school and kindergarten.

"We're going to have to change our whole notion of how much capital investment should go into education, especially in the early years," Dr. Moore says. "If necessary, we can cut down on expense later; older students should be able to make use of more community facilities, and anyway they can do more on their own."

Dr. Moore has recently set up additional experimental centers in Boston, Massachusetts, and Freeport, New York. Another is being established in Cooperstown, New York. He wants to find out whether his methods work equally well with children in other settings and also to explore the problem of cost.

The matter of expense is possibly the major objection voiced by visitors to his Lab. And indeed it does present a problem. The first production model of his fully automated typewriter (called "A.R.E." for "Automated Responsive Environments") cost an estimated \$400,000 to de-

velop. Built by the Thomas Edison Research Laboratory of West Orange, New Jersey, it is a cross between an analogue and a digital computer, new enough to have been patented, and small enough to be portable. The computer coordinates the action of the typewriter keyboard, the voice, the dictation equipment, the exhibitor, and the projector. Even on a mass-production basis, this combination would not be cheap. An effort is now being made to develop a low-cost, only partially automated device that can do many of the same things.

But even so, the Moore program cannot be a bargain. The "talking typewriter" actually increases the need for skilled teachers. There must be several monitors in the Lab, at least for young children. In addition, regular classroom teachers must be able to deal with unusually inquisitive, individualistic youngsters. This requires teachers who are not wed to routines.

MORE FUN FOR FATHER

AT Hamden Hall, as the Lab produced more and more small children who could read, write, and think independently, some teachers were upset. All their past training seemed threatened when first the kindergarten, then the first grade, were reorganized to make use of the children's skills. One dogged conservative simply refused to face facts. Although nearly all her charges could read and take dictation, she insisted on the standard "reading readiness" exercises.

"That's like giving young children a 'talking readiness' test, and not letting them speak until they pass it," scoffs Professor Moore. "It would mean never saying anything in front of a child that he can't understand, when actually he bathes in speech from the time he is born, and eventually catches on to its patterns."

It was Edward I. McDowell, Jr., headmaster of Hamden Hall, who three years ago took the initiative in bringing Professor Moore and his experiment to the school, in which 340 boys and girls attend classes running from nursery through twelfth grade. Like some of the teachers, a few of the trustees have not been happy about the consequences and last year they tried to oust McDowell. With the backing of parents whose children were directly involved in the experiment he fought back and won out.

This year the first-grade class is reading fourth-grade geography books, going on field trips (to a bakery and other nearby points of childhood interest), and enjoying other extras usually called

"enrichment." The children are also plodding—with considerably less enthusiasm—through penmanship practice and the standard school workbooks (the latter at third- and fourth-grade level).

Mr. McDowell foresees far more drastic changes in the kind of school that might in the future evolve from these experiments. "It's going to lead to an ungraded school system all the way up the line," he says. "Educationally this is nothing new, but administratively it's quite a problem. It means the children won't stay in the same room all day long; when it's time for math, for instance, they'll have to split up. In general they'll remain with their own age groups. But in reading-writing, math, and science, they will be grouped according to achievement."

Before starting in the Moore program, each child is given a battery of intelligence and projective tests by a clinical psychologist, as well as physical and eye examinations and hearing tests. A speech expert evaluates his ability to make sounds and a sociologist takes a look at his parents and his home. The clinical psychologist checks up on the children at various stages of the program. So far, there have been no negative results, and according to the psychologist the children's Rorschach tests show "greater richness and better balance" as they advance in the program. Some of their parents report that their children become more interesting.

"Now that letters and numbers are her friends, everything has more meaning for her," commented one mother. Another child's father admitted, "I was waiting for my boy to grow up before I spent time with him. Now, I'm sorry when he goes to bed."

Many aspects of the program are specifically designed to give the child an early grasp of reality. When the child learns to read into the recording equipment and then take his own dictation, for instance, he becomes his own judge of what constitutes adequate reading. If his original reading from the projector is unclear, he realizes that he is the source of his difficulties; if he reads well, he will find that he is helping himself. Such objectivity presumably should help children to think better and develop a more adequate "social self."

"However, we keep watching for other, negative consequences," Professor Moore says. "Maybe they will show up in time."

Meanwhile, Dr. Moore hopes that the less gifted children will benefit even more than the brighter ones from their sessions with a "responsive environment." Because they are alone with the machine, those who don't understand quickly

and not be embarrassed or suffer from constant comparison with the faster learners. In the standard classroom, the gifted child often supplies virtually all the central principles, interpretations, and key facts; thus slower students are deprived of exhilarating discoveries. This may be one of the reasons why slower students come to resent the gifted child, he suggests: they intuitively associate him with their loss.

A "talking typewriter" has infinite patience. It plays no favorites. It does not hold out bribes or threats, nor need the child feel anxious about losing its love. For these reasons, it seems ideally suited to teaching retarded children and others with severe handicaps.

Last year, five retarded boys and girls who had been rejected by public kindergartens because of their low IQs and behavior problems came to the Lab, tried out the gadgets, and liked them. After seven weeks of work their attitude improved enough for their schools to agree to take them back conditionally. After a year of work in the Lab, all had learned to read simple material. Their IQs ranged from 59 to 72, classifying them as "educable" retarded who, with the best of standard methods and three to four years of painstaking drills, might begin to read around the age of nine. Yet here was a six-year-old boy (IQ 64) typing away, "The goose laid a golden egg." Although it might take them five or six times as long to reach the same stage as a normal child, they made steady progress at their own pace.

Had these five children been institutionalized or simply deprived of further education, they would probably have become wards of the state for the rest of their lives. In this case the cost of the machine was clearly justified.

Professor Moore plans to concentrate his future research on the deaf, the retarded, and others with severe handicaps. The Responsive Environments Foundation, Inc., a nonprofit organization he has set up with Mr. McDowell, will open its doors to such children next fall.

These experiments with children evolved from Professor Moore's earlier work for the Office of Naval Research. For the past nine years he has dealt with the kind of "human higher-



PAUL BERG—ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Watching behind a one-way mirror, the teacher can lend a hand as a child goes from random typing to reading and writing.

order problem solving" involved in mastering artificial symbolic languages. As his emphasis shifted from deductive to inductive processes, his research with adults became more and more difficult. What he needed was a research lab in which an entirely new order of things had to be discovered.

"Rather than create a whole new environment that was strange enough," he said, "I decided to go in for ignorant subjects."

The most ignorant subjects, of course, are newborns. The most practical time to start experimenting was when these children were up and about, at two-and-a-half or three.

LEARNING MACHINES OR TEACHING MACHINES?

UNLIKE parrots, young children don't learn item by item, but by overall search—they absorb whole patterns, Dr. Moore believes. Instead of just repeating a word or phrase over and over, they make up their own sentences. This is the key difference between the "responsive environments" approach and usual "programed instruction" or "teaching machines." Some children explore the keyboard systematically, others scatter their efforts—they are not all sent along a pre-set path from A to B to C.

This flexibility may make it possible to pro-

gram the "talking typewriter" for six languages simultaneously. The teacher can then select the language she wants by the flick of a switch. She can program the projector to show, for instance, a picture of a cat with the word "cat" in a foreign language. After the student has seen the word, typed it, and heard it pronounced, the machine may ask him to repeat it, and then play back his own and the correct pronunciation. If the dials are set correctly, anybody can insert his own program simply by typing and talking into the machine. Unlike other computers, this machine does not require a mathematician to translate commands for it.

All kinds of unfamiliar subjects can be presented in this fashion. A system for teaching basic arithmetic, using an electric calculator, has been worked out in a preliminary way. The Navy and Air Force plan to try out the "talking typewriter" with adult illiterates as soon as enough machines are available. The city of Freeport, New York, has passed a special bond issue to build a new-model "Responsive Environments Laboratory" for its kindergarten and first-grade pupils next year; circular in design, it will consist of ten booths monitored by a yet undetermined number of teachers in the center of the Lab. And Israel—despite the problems involved in converting to a different alphabet—expects to put several machines on trailers in the near future and send them out to far-flung kibbutzes, to help new immigrants learn Hebrew.

Meanwhile the machines which already exist represent a unique "learner-tracking system," in the words of P. Kenneth Komoski, President of the nonprofit Center for Programed Instruction, Inc., which is supported by the Carnegie Corporation. Very little is known about how children actually learn; most of our theories on the subject really deal with performance, rather than the learning process. Yet here are some machines—Mr. Komoski prefers to call them "learning machines," rather than "teaching machines"—which keep records of every relevant or irrelevant path their subjects take while learning.

"Suppose we discover that children with certain kinds of background learn in a certain, restricted way," he speculates. "Eventually it may become possible to open up such closed systems and show these children other ways. Studying the tracks they leave, one might figure out some exercises which would help them break out of overly limited patterns of thought."

Even more important is the impact Professor Moore's work may have on programed instruction as a whole, according to Mr. Komoski. "Pro-

graming today takes the best we already know about teaching and puts it into a more efficient means of communication," he says. "It makes the students come up with the right answers, but it is very didactic, with all the little pieces in a preconceived sequence. And because of the tremendous commercial activity in the field, a lot of unimaginative programing is being sold—or oversold. Professor Moore's work is the only real attempt, in automated teaching, to keep alive the student's curiosity and ability to deal with new problems."

TOMORROW'S THINKERS

IF future experiments prove as successful as those to date at Hamden, what passes for early-childhood education in most nursery schools may come to seem a terrible waste. Professor Moore, however, declines to be drawn into the controversy that is almost certain to result. He has wisely steered clear of an area where slogans like "Why Johnny Can't Read" can arouse the nation, where proponents of the "look-see" method of reading instruction can wage a sterile fight for years with teachers of "phonics," and where the very age at which children should be taught reading is an explosive issue.

"We've been trying very hard to develop an adequate technology and test it carefully. We do not advocate that other people use it" he says. "We don't yet have a finished program. We want to keep the atmosphere free for further experimentation." When the Department of Agriculture wished to convince farmers to shift to hybrid corn and contour farming, he points out, "they simply put up a few model farms here and there, where farmers could come and watch. They did not argue." Professor Moore hopes similarly to proceed by example.

The one issue on which this quiet man speaks with undisguised emotion is the need to develop the next generation's inductive processes. "Modern society is evolving so dynamically that we can no longer depend on child-rearing methods which were adequate before," he says. "We have no time. We can't stand pat. We have more new problems today than we can even name, and we must turn out larger and larger numbers of youngsters who can make fresh inductions about our world."

"A new kind of person is needed to handle the present rate of change. This is our chief trouble today: Technological change but intransigent behavior. It's too late for us—our generation can't make it. At best, we are just the transition group."

HAITI: LAST ACT OF A TRAGICOMEDY

"Papa Doc" Duvalier—one of the Caribbean's more preposterous dictators—is about finished . . . but even the Communists can't quite figure out what to do when he is gone.

THE curtain is ringing down on another Caribbean dictatorship and no one knows how the leading player will make his exit. According to the Constitution, Haiti's present ruler, François Duvalier, should be through this May. But there has been no election, and political change in Haiti has never had much to do with a constitution.

The normal and expected rarely happen in Haiti, for Haiti is an anachronism. Only fifty miles from Cuba, it shares the island of Hispaniola with the Dominican Republic. But aside from geography, Haiti belongs neither in the Caribbean nor in Latin America, and certainly not in the middle of the twentieth century. Economically and racially it belongs in Africa, where 90 per cent of the population are Negroes scratching a meager living out of tiny plots of eroded land. Socially it belongs in pre-Revolution France, where a highly cultured elite attempts to ignore the existence of this 90 per cent and watches with disdain and horror as a small but rising middle class takes over the politics and commerce of the country. Politically it belongs in a grade-C gangland movie, where a one-man machine rules by means of shakedowns, goon squads, and terror. At times it belongs in a comic opera.

Haiti is not merely the poorest nation in the Western Hemisphere. It is one of the poorest and most underdeveloped nations in the world. Unlike many of the others, however, Haiti is not

standing still—it is moving steadily backward. The average per-capita income in Latin America is \$307, while in Haiti it is \$75, and getting lower. The rate of literacy is an almost unmatched 10 per cent, and decreasing.

One of Haiti's major problems is its people—there are too many of them. The 4.2 million living there today are squeezed into a mountainous country slightly larger than Vermont, which has one-tenth as many people. Only one-third of this area is arable, and even this is seriously threatened by erosion. Haiti's population density is twenty times that of Argentina or Brazil, 2.5 times that of Cuba or the Dominican Republic, and even higher than that of India or China. The population is growing at an alarming rate and there are no plans at present for any program of birth control. The only form of population control now in effect is rather crude—a 50 per cent infant mortality rate.

When the U. S. Marines ended their nineteen-year occupation of Haiti in 1934, they left 4,000 miles of serviceable roads, 100 miles of railroad, and the first dial telephone system in the Hemisphere. Today there are 2,000 miles of roads, one-tenth of which are paved, and during the rainy season many of the dirt roads are impassable. A single freight train runs twenty-five miles north from the capital to a French-owned cement factory and twenty miles south to a U. S.-owned sugar plantation. There are no functioning telephones in Haiti today.

The capital, Port-au-Prince, is a teeming city of 250,000 people, 30 to 40 per cent of whom are unemployed. The sidewalks are filled with beggars, self-appointed guides, lottery ticket sellers, and vendors who sell almost nothing. In the evening—as seen from one of the many palatial homes up in the surrounding hills—Port-au-

Prince is a fairy city of sparkling lights, shimmering in the palm-lined harbor. Then suddenly, like all fairy cities, it begins to disappear. After 6:00 P.M., each district faces a blackout ranging from one to three hours. Because of illegal current tapping and unpaid government electric bills, the cost of electricity is four times as high as in the United States and is getting higher.

IT'S SAFER INSIDE

FRANÇOIS DUVALIER, Haiti's Negro President, is a fifty-six-year-old former country physician who spends most of his time in his palace brooding over the problems of state. One reason for this is that he has some serious problems. Another is that he lacks Fidel Castro's charismatic effect in public. He is a small, round man with thick, horn-rimmed glasses which give him the look of a disgruntled owl.

The main reason why the President stays in the palace is that he does not possess the fullest devotion of all his subjects. In the past some of them have had the ill-breeding to throw bombs at him when he went out. There have also been two abortive attempts at invasion by exile groups. His infrequent public appearances are so heavily guarded they seem like military maneuvers. At a recent Army Day ceremony which he attended, there were so many machine guns trained on the crowds that an onlooking diplomat remarked, "If someone threw a firecracker now, five hundred people would be killed instantly."

President Duvalier manages to live quite comfortably on his annual salary of \$24,000. When he does leave the palace, he can stay in any one of his five mansions. He is known to be a generous friend, and has given gifts of several thousand acres of choice state land to worthy acquaintances. Rumors persist that he has deposited over \$10 million in Swiss banks. As evidence, Haitians point out that his predecessor, General Paul Magloire, left the country for exile in New York with somewhere between fifteen and twenty million dollars.

In the last few years the President has launched a public relations campaign reminiscent of the late Dominican dictator. Like Trujillo, he attempts to buy favorable foreign press coverage. He paid John Roosevelt's public relations firm of Roosevelt, Summers, and Hamilton \$150,000 for one year's work. Last fall Duvalier sent one loyal editor on a tour of Europe to drum up articles on Haiti, which were then reprinted in the Haitian dailies. The longest and most flattering article appeared in the *Washington Journal*,

Addis Ababa's largest English-language daily. It stressed the efforts of Duvalier "in favor of stability, peace, and economic development."

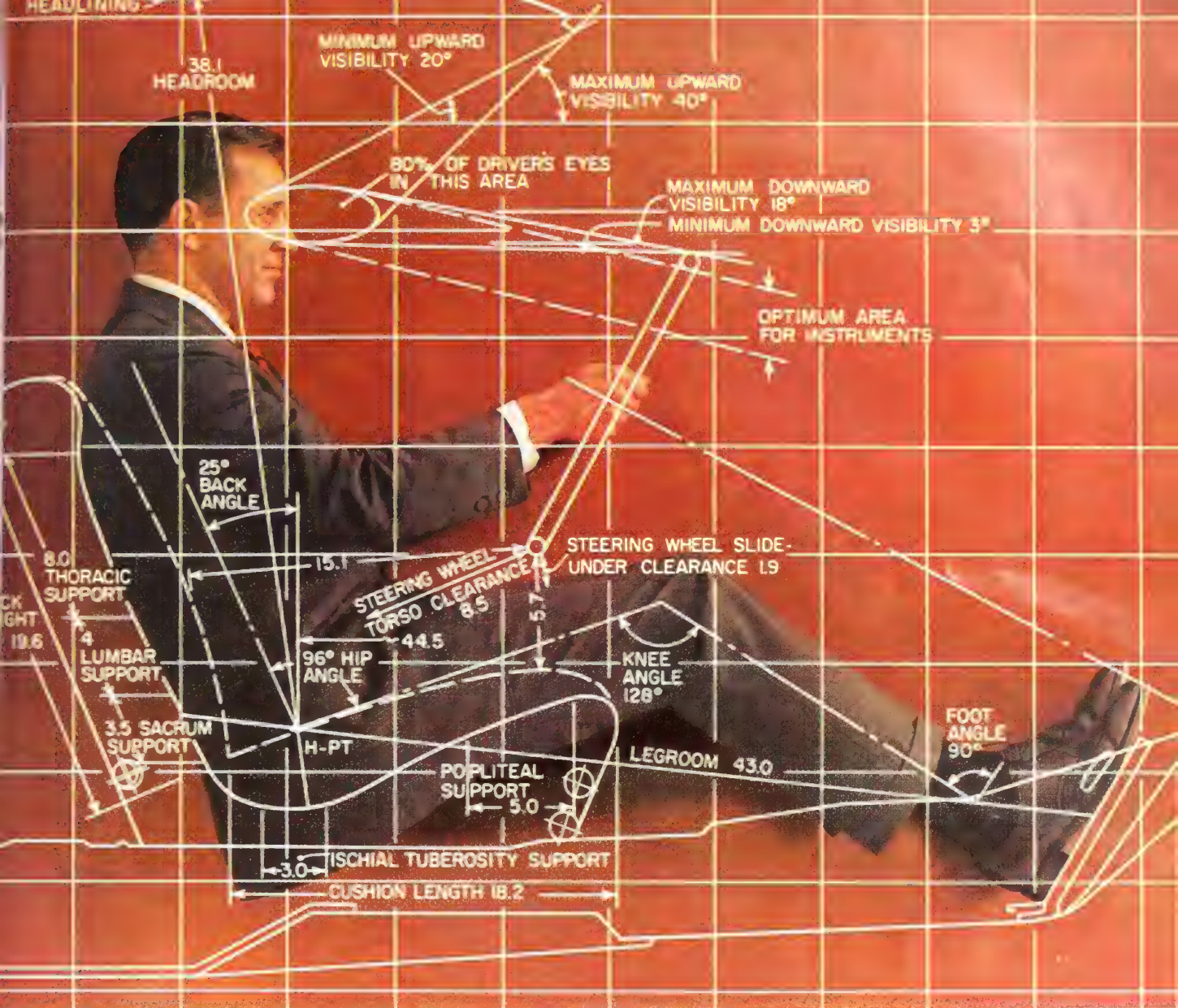
In recent years Duvalier buttons have sprouted on the lapels of government workers and political supporters. Photographs and posters of the President are seen everywhere, and public buildings built by his own and previous administrations proudly bear his name. Port-au-Prince is filled with billboards displaying his benign features surrounded by slogans such as "Peace, Bread, and Prosperity" and "Survival with Dignity." At night, the waterfront glows with a garish neon sign proclaiming "*Vive le Pacificateur, François Duvalier.*" No one knows whom he has pacified other than his own people, and it is considered rather poor political taste to inquire.

To the black, Creole-speaking peasants who make up nine-tenths of the population, Duvalier assumes the role of "Papa Doc," the fatherly country doctor defending the interests of the backcountry against the big-city politicians. This is a tough one to swallow, and few are sure how it tastes to the peasants. It is quite likely that most of them do not particularly care who is president, for no president has brought any significant change to their lives since they won their independence a century and a half ago.

For the French-speaking mulatto elite, the Negro Duvalier has not even bothered to play a role. A self-styled sociologist, he calls on Haiti to throw off its economic and cultural dependence on the U. S., Latin America, and France, and look to its African heritage. He also talks of a social revolution in which the black masses will replace the mulatto elite as the ruling class of Haiti. The elite understandably do not find this a very heartening message. Most are descended from the original French colonial families and are quite sensitive about their African Negro heritage. They fear Duvalier less as a tyrant than as a Castro-like threat to their political, economic, and social supremacy.

Duvalier's chief strength is with the black masses of the capital, for whom his talk of social revolution has great appeal. It is they who have the jobs in his government, and as long as they

Berkeley Rice recently spent several months in Haiti teaching U. S. Civilization at the Haitian-American Institute. He speaks French as well as Haitian Creole, and he interviewed more than a hundred persons in preparing this article. Now on the staff of "Look," he is a graduate of Amherst 1959 and the Sorbonne and has an M.A. from Columbia.



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do they will remain loyal. While they represent less than 5 per cent of the total population, their political significance is enormous. For traditionally, whoever controls the masses of Port-au-Prince controls the country.

INSURED BY MACHINE GUN

IF THIS begins to sound like another emerging African nation, it should; for Haiti is an African nation. The great majority of its people are racially, culturally, and economically little different from their ancestors, who arrived centuries ago as slaves from Guinea, Nigeria, and Dahomey. Now they are free and own small plots of land, but that is roughly the extent of their progress.

The difference between Haiti and its mother Africa is that Haiti has been emerging for over 150 years. Discovered and settled by Columbus in 1492, it was taken over by the French in the seventeenth century and became that country's largest slave colony. During the eighteenth century its sugar, rum, and tobacco made it the most prosperous colony in the New World, providing over one-third of France's annual revenues.

In 1804, after the slaves had overthrown the French, Haiti became the first independent Negro nation in the world, and, following the U. S., the second republic in the Hemisphere. Throughout the nineteenth century, the new republic was governed occasionally with strength, but rarely with ability, by a series of petty or tyrannical dictators. These men were forced, shot, stabbed, beheaded, poisoned, and bombed—rather than voted—out of office. Chaos was the normal state of government affairs, and violence the customary means of political change.

By 1915, Haiti's economic and political condition had deteriorated to such a point that the United States sent in its Marines to restore order, protect U. S. investments, and, supposedly, to prevent European creditor nations from doing the same thing. This protective measure developed into a nineteen-year occupation which centralized the government in Port-au-Prince and broke the economies of several smaller cities. Sending troops mostly from the Southern states to govern a proud Negro nation was not a stroke of diplomatic genius. Even today, after nearly thirty years, many Haitians still feel a deep bitterness toward the U. S.

François Duvalier was elected in May 1957, in what was the first attempt at universal suffrage in Haiti. Only slightly less honest than previous elections, it was held under the supervision of

the Army chief, General Antonio Kebreau, a fervent Duvalier supporter. So zealous was Kebreau that he arranged for some of his men to vote as many as three times for Dr. Duvalier. Army troops machine-gunned a group of women holding a protest meeting in a church. When the three defeated candidates lodged claims of fraud, one was killed and the other two fled into exile.

In May 1961, after completing four years of his six-year term, Duvalier discarded one of the two legislative chambers and held new elections for the other. Only one candidate ran for each seat, and each was a member of Haiti's only recognized political group, the Duvalierist Democratic party. Its leader is citizen François Duvalier. The voting results, according to the President, showed that the people had unanimously reelected him, along with his deputies, to another six-year term ending in 1967, despite a Constitutional limit of one term.

To insure the popularity of this signal victory, Duvalier brought several hundred thousand supporters into the capital for a popular demonstration. After the crowd had milled around the palace square for three days, the President yielded to their pleas and proclaimed his second term. The U. S. refused to recognize the election, but this did not noticeably dampen his spirits. Few Haitians thought that he could make this "Government of May 22, 1961" stick, but so far he has done quite well.

The Doctor wasted no time in stifling any opposition. In the first few years of his reign, at least thirty-five persons were assassinated, dozens disappeared, and hundreds fled into exile. Newspapers were suppressed, and those that remain today compete with each other in their praise of the President. Foreign papers and magazines, especially those from the U. S., are heavily censored.

Duvalier has methodically destroyed the power of the 5,000-man Army which overthrew the last three Presidents when they tried to extend their terms. Since he took office he has changed commanding generals five times, closed the Military Academy, and replaced most of the mulatto officers with loyal Negroes. The 500-man Palace Guard and the 5,000-man Civil Militia are directly responsible to the President and supported with unbudgeted funds. Except for suppressing student strikes and unruly mobs, no Haitian military force has ever done any fighting in this century.

The Army's main support comes from a 50-man U. S. Marine training mission, which Duvalier requested and received in 1959. The U. S.

theory behind this mission, commanded until March 1 by Colonel Robert D. Heinl Jr., is that the Army has proved to be the only stable political force in the country. Washington also hopes that it would act as a deterrent against a Cuban invasion. Most Haitians interpret the mission as U. S. support for Duvalier's oppression.

Loosely connected with the Civil Militia is a civilian army of several thousand hoodlums known as the "Ton-ton macoutes" (Creole for "bogeymen") or TTMs. Some are identified by uniforms and others only by revolvers. As Duvalier's secret police, they can shoot anyone on sight if they decide he is suspicious. On several occasions they have exercised this right. Private parties are interrupted by gangs of TTMs and the bulges of poorly hidden revolvers appear in nightclubs, hotels, and restaurants. Any taxi-driver, postal clerk, or maid might be an informer. One reporter from the *New York Times* found his hotel janitor trying to piece together the torn-up notes that the reporter had earlier thrown in his wastebasket.

Beatings, disappearances, and deportations have subsided lately through lack of necessity rather than through any change in policy. While life seems to flow along outwardly in a placid

manner, Haitians notice many incidents that are missed by the casual visitor. Some are of a political nature, but many result from grudges or affronts. A European merchant who did not stop his car when passing the palace flag-raising ceremony was arrested, beaten, and deported. A young Haitian who brushed against a TTM in a crowded bus was beaten to death. A Haitian woman journalist who criticized the President was beaten and raped by a gang of TTMs.

FINANCING FOR THE FEW

IF HAITI'S country-doctor President has made striking gains in his personal finances, the nation itself has not fared as well. Coffee, which represents 70 per cent of Haiti's exports, is the government's chief source of revenue. In the last ten years the crop has decreased by one-third, while the price of coffee on the world market has fallen 53 per cent since 1958.

Unlike the rest of Latin America, Haiti's land problem is that most of its millions of peasants *do* own the land. Using archaic methods they cultivate tiny plots that would be called gardens anywhere else. While this puts a damper on communism's appeal to the peasants, it also prevents efficient farming. As one European adviser said, "Except for a few foreign-run plantations there is no agriculture in Haiti—only horticulture."

Tourism, another major source of income, is badly hurt by the fact that Haiti is the only Caribbean republic without a jet airport. Despite a boom in Caribbean travel, Haiti does less tourist business now than it did ten years ago. Another reason for this is that cruise lines and tourists are not anxious to attend the overthrow of still another Caribbean dictator.

Faced with these difficulties, Duvalier has created two autonomous government collection agencies, neither of which publishes accounts of its operations. One, the "Libération Economique," requires all government and private employees to buy monthly five-year bonds, and special lottery tickets. The price of both is deducted in advance, and few workers bother to save their bond certificates.

The other is the National Renovation Movement, or MRN. This is a shakedown organization aimed at the businessmen of Port-au-Prince. Its ostensible goal is to provide funds for public works named after the President. The most impressive of these is Duvalierville, an entire modern town of half-complete cement frames that has remained at its present stage of con-

Whose Confessions?

Readers are invited to guess the identity of the famous nineteenth-century writer whose responses to a personal questionnaire appear below. The answer appears on page 118.

Your favorite virtue? *Simplicity.*

Your favorite virtue in man? *Strength.*

Your favorite virtue in woman?

Weakness.

Your chief characteristic? *Singleness of purpose.*

Your idea of happiness? *To fight.*

Your idea of misery? *Submission.*

The vice you excuse most? *Gullibility.*

The vice you detest most? *Servility.*

Your pet aversion? *Martin Tupper.*

Favorite occupation? *Bookworming.*

Poet? *Shakespeare, Aeschylus, Goethe.*

Prose writer? *Diderot.*

Hero? *Spartacus, Kepler.*

Heroine? *Gretchen.* Flower? *Daphne.*

Color? *Red.* Name? *Laura, Jenny.*

Dish? *Fish.*

Favorite maxim? *Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*

Favorite motto? *De omnibus dubitandum.*

struction for over a year. The fact that there is no conceivable need for a town at that site does not seem to have occurred to MRN authorities.

One European merchant-consul had his diplomatic status revoked when he refused an MRN demand for \$5,000. Recently a group of Italian businessmen were called down to police headquarters and asked to contribute \$10,000 each. MRN has tried to collect road tolls from diplomatic vehicles and CARE trucks, and even forced the trucks of the UN's anti-malaria program to pay a total of \$8,000 in tolls. Customs holds up shipments of U.S. surplus food, demanding taxes from the distributing charitable organizations. Even the voodoo priests, many of whom turn quite a decent profit, have been forced to pay a fee of \$4 per ceremony or \$15 for the year.

Despite the almost daily creation of new taxes, the seams are beginning to show. The government owes the U.S.-owned electric company over \$1,250,000. Government employees, including certain Army units, have missed monthly paychecks. MRN workers received the double indignity of a 20 per cent cut in the October salary which they were not paid.

One reason the government seems to do very little with the money it collects is that operations represent only about 15 per cent of government expenses, while 85 per cent goes to salaries. After salaries are paid, few departments have enough money left to buy or do anything. For example, one of Haiti's greatest long-range economic problems is erosion. If the land continues to erode at its present rate, the country someday may not have an economy. Yet out of the \$112,000 budgeted for the Soil Conservation Division, \$110,000, or 98 per cent, goes to salaries. The division hardly has enough money left over for carfares, let alone a drastically needed reforestation program.

Although corruption in Haiti has never been considered newsworthy, it has achieved rather impressive proportions in the government of François Duvalier. Most officials and Army officers of any rank or financial opportunity construct or buy villas within weeks after taking office. The "Grande Conseille Technique," a high advisory group composed of seven former ministers, receives an annual sum of \$60,000. To the best of anyone's knowledge they have neither met nor given counsel yet.

The Bureau of Statistics is an interesting example of how a typical government bureau functions. It has not published any statistics since

1958. It divides an annual budget of \$100,000 among eighty employees, leaving less than 10 per cent for operations. About thirty of these employees are salaried friends who do not appear at the office. One of the items in the budget is the sum of \$4,000 for the salaries of the Bureau's five chauffeurs. The odd thing about this item is that the Bureau has only one car, and it is usually not running. And if it were, there is no money for gasoline.

The government's inefficiency is hardly due to a lack of trained personnel. Unlike other underdeveloped countries, Haiti has hundreds of doctors, lawyers, engineers, and teachers. The only problem is that they can not make a living in Haiti. Of the twenty students who graduated from Haiti's School of Engineering in 1960, only two had found jobs after one year. Hundreds of trained Haitians have gone to the Congo, where they earn ten times as much as in Haiti. There are more than 500 Haitian physicians practicing outside the country—200 in the U.S. alone—despite the fact that Haiti has only one doctor per 10,000 people.

What is wrong with Haiti's government is due to more than François Duvalier. For Haiti has never really had a government—only a rotating political employment agency unrelated to the common weal. To a leader, positions in his government are rewards or favors to be distributed among the loyal, the useful, or the necessary. To the average officeholder, his job is simply a means of earning a salary, and the public's welfare is usually the least of his concerns. With no civil service or pension system he must amass what he can while in office, for regardless of qualifications, when a new President comes in, most former government employees go out.

Under such a system, blatant corruption and inefficiency have always been so pervasive that the public has never learned to be shocked or even surprised. Until they do, they are unlikely to have an honest or efficient government.

A "PHASE-DOWN" ON AID

HAITI'S annual budget of \$29 million is less than was spent on hotel construction alone last year in Puerto Rico. Yet despite an excellent coffee crop last year, Haiti needed a grant of \$6 million from the U.S. to balance its budget. This year's crop is estimated at one-half the size of the last one and that means financial trouble for Duvalier. Although the U.S. has announced that it will not bail him out again, opposition leaders are still afraid it will.

PSYCHIATRIC DISCHARGES

I

WHY did our hero quit serving his nation?
Insanity: a mutual accusation.

II

O cleansing clinic, modern cloister,
don't wash the sands out of this oyster.
What if they cut him, scratch his whorls?
He makes them cores of all his pearls.

Richard Moore

They, as well as many of the elite, feel that Duvalier is Washington's man in Haiti, and in the past there has been much evidence to support their view. Dr. Duvalier worked for many years with U.S. medical programs in Haiti and was sent to the University of Michigan for a year's graduate study. Since his election in 1957, the U.S. has provided him with \$43.5 million in aid.

The U.S. aid program in Haiti has been a marked failure. There has been amazingly poor control over the money given to Duvalier, and he has openly used much of it for his secret police and other unbudgeted expenses. Few of the aid projects ever reach completion. The cost of the largest single project, the Peligre Dam, rose from an estimated \$15 million to over \$27 million before it was completed. Capable of providing cheap electricity for the entire Port-au-Prince area, it has never produced one kilowatt. Such costs have occurred in a country where most laborers are paid 70 cents a day.

It would be unjust to consider the failure of these projects solely the fault of the United States. Washington's fault has generally been an inability to foresee or avoid the difficulties of working with the Haitian government. Completed or initiated projects that have been turned over to the Haitians have been exploited, abandoned, and then pointed out as another failure of the ugly Americans.

Diplomatically the U.S. has had its problems with Duvalier. Originally he was favored because he established political stability. By the time he became unpalatable, Castro had become more so, and the U.S. felt it could not afford trouble in a country only fifty miles from Cuba. In 1961, Washington threatened to cut off its financial as-

sistance because of Haiti's misuse of aid funds. Then came the Punta del Este conference on Cuba, in January 1962, when Haiti broke a long deadlock by casting the deciding vote against Cuba. The price of this vote, as reported by the *New York Times*, was the continuation of U.S. aid to Haiti.

Last May a dispute over Haitian government meddling in U.S. aid projects led to the curtailment (called a "phase-down" by Washington) of all projects except our support of the UN's Malaria Eradication program. During the recent Cuban crisis, President Kennedy sent a personal message requesting Haiti's support. Duvalier publicized the letter, mobilized his ragtag forces, and made a great deal of noise about the Hemisphere's "two foremost democratic leaders" standing together against the Communist menace. At the same time, despite the supposed "phase-down," the U.S. signed a contract by which it will loan the Haitian government \$2.8 million for the construction of a jet airport.

Duvalier constantly plays up the threat of a Castro invasion, which is actually negligible, and although he has had Communist ministers in his government he identifies all opposition as Communist. Politically, however, he does not have much to worry about, for there is almost no organized opposition outside the government, and periodic cabinet shuffling has prevented any government official from acquiring significant power.

Outsiders wonder why the millions of starving peasants do not simply rise up and overthrow Duvalier. One reason is that they are not starving. A friendly, generous, and cheerful people, they have always managed to grow enough to feed themselves, even though most of them suffer unknowingly from malnutrition. They have developed a useful lack of concern for the country's economic and political problems, which seem to them totally unrelated to their own existence. Most of Haiti's visible misery is found in the overcrowded capital, to which thousands of jobless flock every year from the countryside. These people could cause trouble for Duvalier.

The students and young intellectuals are not organized in any major group, but many of them share a hatred of Duvalier and the U.S. government, and an admiration for Fidel Castro. In rather childish fashion they blame the U.S. completely for both Duvalier and Haiti's poverty. However, since several of the leaders of a student protest in 1961 disappeared, the rest have not been anxious to demonstrate their feelings in public again.

The two organized opposition movements have both been driven underground. One is the moderately leftist United Democratic Front, and the other is the Communist "Partie d'entente populaire," or PEP. Both hold small, irregular, and highly secret meetings, and sporadically publish flaming anti-Duvalier and anti-U.S. leaflets. Any Haitian caught with one is immediately arrested and either shot or imprisoned.

The only other internal force opposed to the government is the Catholic Church, which Duvalier has threatened to destroy. In a nominally 90 per cent Catholic country the Church has a great influence over the peasants, most of whom encounter no spiritual difficulty in embracing both Christianity and their native voodoo. Despite loose talk about the President's belief in voodoo, the mutual dislike between him and the Church is essentially political rather than religious. Each is a power whose existence is threatened by the other. The Vatican has excommunicated Duvalier, and he has responded by expelling over a dozen French priests. Many educated Haitians, although strongly anti-Duvalier, are equally against the Catholic Church, claiming that in its hundred years in Haiti it has generally hindered the few feeble attempts at peasant reforms.

In New York City there are two organized Haitian exile groups, neither of which has much effect on events in Haiti. Of the several men who consider themselves the true choice of the Haitian people, most are in New York, and only two are potentially significant. One is Luc Fouché, a former Ambassador to the UN, who is considered strong, capable, and unpopular with all but a few of the upper class. The other is Daniel Fignolé, a former schoolteacher and eighteen-day provisional President. He has an almost magical popularity with the poor masses of Port-au-Prince and many of the intellectuals, and is feared by the elite as a demagogue, fanatic, or Communist.

COOLING OUR HEELS

THE question asked by people all over Haiti is: "When is the Embassy going to get rid of him?" They refer, of course, to the U.S. Embassy. While such an overt move is possible, it is unlikely, undiplomatic, and essentially out of the question. The State Department has tried as forcefully as it dares to pressure Duvalier into reforms—with no success. Most Haitians and foreigners feel it has not tried hard enough. Washington's position now is to apply economic

pressure and wait for the Haitians to do something themselves. There is much to say for this position, for Duvalier is firmly in office and there are as yet no visible alternatives. No political figure or party is powerful or organized enough to run the country if he goes.

Duvalier is fully aware of this diplomatic power he holds, and he takes great pleasure in showing it. He expelled the British Ambassador when that gentleman, acting on behalf of the entire diplomatic corps, protested the MRN shake-downs on foreign businessmen. He has made the U.S. Ambassador, Raymond Thurston, cool his heels several times before deigning to speak with him, and in February he demanded the recall of Colonel Heinl, whose tour of duty with the U.S. Marines' mission in Haiti was almost up anyway.

Barring any new foreign aid, Duvalier's government should reach a point of financial collapse within a few months. According to Haiti's Constitution the President himself should be through in May. There has been talk of certain countries' breaking relations if he attempts to stay on, although this may be only talk. Duvalier intends to remain President and is letting no one ignore his "reelection" of 1961.

And if Duvalier goes, what then? There could be a coup by either the Army or one of several disorganized factions. While a leftist dictator might emerge, there is little danger of organized communism. As one Communist leader said in great privacy, "It would never work in Haiti. Communism requires too much efficiency for a Haitian government." Another reason is that the only thing the millions of poor Haitian peasants have is their own piece of land. They would fight any system which tried to take it away.

The prospects for democracy are not much better. To say that Haiti has no firm roots in the democratic tradition would be a horrendous understatement. Even if such a system were possible, free elections would look foolish in a country where 90 per cent of the people are unable to read the ballots and will sell them for a shot of cheap rum. Haiti has many problems to solve before it will be ready for democracy, and until then a strong, relatively honest, and liberal dictator is the best realistic hope.

In a world in which impending progress is the normal prospect of impoverished nations, Haiti seems to be losing its already feeble grip on existence. Although it does not belong in twentieth-century Latin America, it is there, and it is not going to go away.



Music in the Age of Zak

*How to tell the real thing from non-music
—in all its fashionable varieties—
chiefly by using your ears.*

NON-MUSIC, like the sister non-arts, lends itself to parody. The Philistine who playfully concocts a non-painting or a non-poem and succeeds in attracting serious public attention, to the subsequent embarrassment of connoisseurs and critics, can properly take satisfaction. He has not only fooled the professionals; he has exposed sham. It's best, certainly, not to keep it a secret if the idol has clay feet.

Piotr Zak's *Mobile for Tape and Percussion*—performed not long ago over the BBC and identified as an example of the newest in "aleatory music"—was accepted without objection by the audience and received with polite and serious attention by critics. When later it was revealed that Zak didn't exist and that the concoction was a hoax, perpetrated by two pranksters who "went around the studio" banging instruments, a few critics commented briefly on the implications of its reception. If the professional evaluators and the listening public were unable to distinguish a flippant parody from a genuine work of art, how was one to be sure any basic distinction existed? And if none existed, what reason was there to believe that "aleatory music" itself might not be a hoax? And if the shadow of suspicion was to fall on this kind of avant-garde music, what about other kinds?

Answers to these questions are worth looking into if we wish to distinguish between music and non-music. And it isn't aestheticians alone who are concerned. Music has become, in our society, a larger enterprise than ever before. Customers at record stores, patrons at box offices, fellowship committees of colleges and universities, foundations, and, through the Fulbright Act, the government itself—not to mention composers and performers—are all investors of time, thought, or money, in the present and future of music. Some of the investments are enlightened and productive. But support is too often given, in the name of Progress, to alluring enterprises which have little or nothing to do with music. *Caveat emptor*. It's up to the investor to distinguish between musical fraud and honesty. He clearly needs, in the Age of Zak, to know more both about the products he helps to produce and about their usefulness to society. And perhaps he should also know more about what the word "music" means.

Milton Babbitt, our leading apologist for "electronic music," recently produced a short article for the laity. He took as his point of departure the statement, "Music is, of course, sound." This is fine, as far as it goes. It suits Mr. Babbitt's particular purposes, and everyone, of course, would agree with it. But it doesn't go far enough to be generally useful. It doesn't stipulate that the sounds of music are sounds of a certain kind; nor does it suggest that we can have music only when such sounds occur in coherent succession.

We lead our lives surrounded by sounds, and most of them are meaningful to us. The buzzer

tells the office girls to take a coffee break. The ambulance siren says somebody has to get to the hospital in a hurry. And the town fire horn, of course, says there's a fire. But to someone standing directly across the street from the fire station, what the horn says is less important than the shattering physical impact of its sound. This is true also of the close thunderclap. Such sounds are not important to us because they state facts or raise or answer questions. They impose themselves on us primarily as *events to be experienced*, not as *signals to be interpreted*.

It's not necessary for a sound of this sort to be loud. The quiet lapping of waves is not important to us because of what it says about the weather or about fluid dynamics. We respond to it simply as a delightful sound. And we respond similarly to the thrush's song at sunset, not for what it tells us, but for what it is.

For purely musical purposes the composer can make use only of sounds that are events to be experienced. The musical sound is therefore necessarily free of significant factual, extra-musical connotation. The search for explanations is as out of place at a concert as it is at a fireworks display, where speculation as to chemical content and packaging is clearly irrelevant. We *experience* fireworks. And we *experience* music. We're missing the point altogether if, in the bassoon's chromatic descent in the coda of the *Eroica's* first movement, we look for illustrations of the laws of acoustics or for insight into Beethoven's home life in 1804.

The experience of music has to do with metamorphosis. Eliot comments penetratingly on the nature of that experience, in *The Dry Salvages*:

. . . music heard so deeply
That it is not heard at all, but you are the music
While the music lasts.

We have all watched parades. As the band approaches, the sounds of the music stimulate us, setting off reactions in our bodily chemistry and affecting the way we feel. Until the band has moved away into the distance, our dispositions are not our own but are dispositions imposed

Hubert Lamb is a composer and Chairman of the Music Department at Wellesley College. His essay, "High Fidelity—To What?" appeared in "Harper's" in January 1960. This article is based on the 1962 Honors Day address at Wellesley. A Harvard graduate, Mr. Lamb studied composition in Paris and was later awarded a Guggenheim fellowship.

upon us by the music. In the presence of marches and of dance music, whether or not we march or dance, we become marchers and dancers through an induced realignment of our feelings in keeping with what we hear.

Such metamorphosis may be thought of as a branch of magic. The composer and the performer are magicians, whose sole function is to enchant those who listen. The magic may be either black or white, that of the *Ça ira* of the French Revolution or of *Throw Out the Lifeline*. It may serve the purposes of the honky-tonk, the cathedral, the concert hall, or the living room. Music may be interesting. It may be enlightening. It may be entertaining. But its single indispensable attribute is its effectiveness as an agent of metamorphosis.

THE CONTEMPORARY PARADOX

THE production and dissemination of music in our society is big business. Distributors of canned music—from the self-effacing Muzak air-freshener and the beguiling radio commercial to the pornophony of the disk jockey's turntable and the jukebox—thrive because their products, for better or worse, bewitch those who listen to them. There's a market for magic; and that market is by no means limited to the magic of the tawdry and the tasteless. In concert halls, in performing groups, professional and amateur, in school and college classes, Americans show themselves aware of good music and deeply sensitive to it. Nor are we provincial in our tastes. The American audience is prepared to find enchantment in a Balinese dance, a medieval organum, a Viennese symphony of the 1880s, or a Bach cantata. And it's prepared to find enchantment, too, in what belongs particularly to us. The esteem in which our leading composers are held bears witness both to the American listener's readiness to accept our own new music and to the validity of that music itself.

Ives, Piston, Hanson, Thomson, Copland, and many others less well known, have given American music in our century a stature it never possessed before. This has been an era of solid and enlightened accomplishment. But, unhappily, it has seen the rise, here as in Europe, of a variety of non-musical aberrations sponsored, in music's name, by disenchanted experimenters, to whom the uses of the mathematician and the physicist are more congenial than those of the musician, and the enchantment of audiences is of little or no concern. And these aberrations, thanks partly to their shock value and partly to the persuasive

casuistry of the proponents and their followers, have survived and flourished despite the apathy of a musically literate and discriminating public.

The search for progress by the avant-garde has reflected, in part, the restless and uncaredful pursuit of novelty characteristic of our society. It has also reflected an unhappy inability to come to terms with a past which one is unwilling to accept and unable to reject.

Discovery, of course, is essential to art. The composer is an explorer, a Cortez or a Champlain, prepared to suffer hardship and frustration in the uncertain hope of returning, later on, with something negotiable. It's necessary for the composer to produce something of a sort not previously produced, and to the extent that he is aware of yesterday, he must take it into account. But yesterday in music now begins not thirty or forty years ago, as it used to, but somewhere around 1200 A.D. And if a knowledgeable composer, embarrassed by the old masters looking over his shoulder, becomes convinced that his music must stand in its flaming novelty as a rejection *in toto* of yesterday's, it's small wonder, in this age of rockets, that the temptation to go into orbit should prove irresistible.

The major musical explorations of our century, to date, were well launched by the mid-'twenties. In music, as in the other arts, it was a time of unrest and self-conscious searching for new identities. Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Bartók, and others had already presided over the musical liquidation of the nineteenth century. Their early music, in its barbaric vigor and primitivism, had earned them the reputation of revolutionaries. But as they matured in music, what they wrote began to sound disconcertingly traditional: the Prokofiev of the *Third Piano Concerto* (1921), the Stravinsky of *Apollon Musagète* (1928), and the Ravel of the *Piano Concerto in G* (1931), of which, to Ravel's evident satisfaction, an admirer used the phrase "*tout à fait Bach*" in congratulating him after the premiere.

There had, after all, been no revolution. The word "revolution," as Bartók pointed out, seems, in fact, to have little application in music. Western music has progressed continuously, by a process of stylistic evolution, since the invention of polyphony in the twelfth century. Time after time, dedication to a set of prevailing fashions has led to excess and satiety, and music has reverted to a middle ground. It turned away in the Renaissance from the overinvolved com-

plexity of the fifteenth century. It turned away in the time of Beethoven from the excessive formalities of Classicism. And early in our century the main current, predictably, turned away from the confusion and extravagance of the late Romantic style. The majority of the supposed iconoclasts, having freed themselves of their un-*gainly* inheritance, set out, in the 'twenties and 'thirties, on a course wholly in keeping with traditional methods and purposes.

FACTS AND FALLACIES

SCHOENBERG and his fellow explorers did not take part in this movement. Anyone familiar with Schoenberg's youthful work—*Transfigured Night* (1899) and the early songs—will be aware that he was a prodigiously gifted musician. He was also, by nature, an experimenter, a formulator of theories, and an articulate spokesman. But as a progressive in a time of change, Schoenberg differed from his non-Viennese counterparts. He was, in temperament and attitude, the child of post-Wagnerian Romanticism. The others were not. And when the others, for the most part, had turned their backs on the heritage of the late nineteenth century, Schoenberg and his followers were continuing to build on an extension of that heritage itself.

And their building—since its foundations lay in a style already well past its vital maturity—quite naturally took peculiar forms.

They were composing a forbidding, obscure, implacably dissonant music in which theories, musical and supra-musical, played an important part. In making no concessions to the listener, this new music appealed strongly to the avant-garde disciple who was still in search of revolution and was disappointed at not finding it elsewhere. Here was something, whether he *liked* it or not, that really seemed to speak for a new era. It was incisive, unbending, and often unpalatable. It had about it a quality of audacity and uninhibited experiment that made it seem at home in the disillusionment and confusion of the postwar society.

But there's a fallacy here. Composers aren't spokesmen for their societies. They write music, not commentaries. Except in such practical matters as performance resources and varying consumer demands, the connection between a music and its place and time of origin has always been tenuous at best. We look in vain in the Mozart.





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Executives of Union Carbide and Brunswick speak out after a round of golf

721 U.S. plants in Puerto Rico are *averaging* 28 percent annual return on investment. Such prosperity might make you think their executives have no time to play. Set your mind at rest. Our photograph shows Union Carbide and Brunswick executives at 6 P.M. on a weekday *in winter*.

UNION CARBIDE makes petrochemicals in Puerto Rico. Brunswick makes sporting goods. They compete only on the golf course.

To get an idea of the life their executives lead, we talked to these golfing rivals at the 19th hole.

Contented executives

"If you come here to live, throw away your winter woolies," says Ken West, Brunswick's General Manager. "I haven't felt the itch of long johns since I came here ten winters ago."

Union Carbide's Bob Sollenberger believes in being prepared. "Always keep your golf clubs and swimsuit in your car," he says. "You'll often want to take a dip or play a round of golf on your way home from work."

The sheer ebullience of Puerto Rico is what impresses Carbide's John Anthony.

"We've got mountains, beaches, rain forests, lakes, and some of the best fishing in the world. But sports apart, there's so much going on in the arts, in town-planning and in community education. You'd have to be a confirmed homebody to miss it all."

Is there a language problem? Oscar Castro, Jr., Brunswick's Personnel Manager

is adamant on the subject. "Forget it," says this native-born Puerto Rican. "You don't need Spanish here any more than you need it in Chicago. We all learn English at school."

The enthusiasm of these executives has its workaday side, too.

When you are fighting commuter trains, they are breezing to work by car. When you are trudging back from lunch through slushy streets, they are taking a post-prandial sunbath. When you are *searching* for skilled workers, they are *choosing* from a labor pool screened for *their* needs by the Commonwealth Government.

Puerto Rico leaves no stone unturned to help manufacturers prosper.

Blue chips in Puerto Rico

Union Carbide, Brunswick, Parke-Davis, Sperry Rand, American Can, and Shell Oil are among 47 blue-chip firms already in Puerto Rico. They make excellent neighbors and good people to challenge at golf.

For manufacturers: "Puerto Rico '63"—a report to industry on productivity, profits and special incentives. Write on your firm's letterhead to: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 3B, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Clarinet Concerto (1791) for evidence either of the poverty in which the composer was forced to live or of concern over the disquieting news of the Terror in France. Nor do we find in *Les Noces* of Stravinsky (completed in Switzerland in 1917) any reflections of the holocaust in Western Europe, though Stravinsky was profoundly aware of its horrors.

Music is not a language. It's simply music. The violin is incapable of sounding truth as opposed to falsehood, nor can it take part in arguments. It is useful exclusively for the production of events in sound; and those events, whether they originate in a time of trouble or not, will be without significance if they fail to enchant. The phenomenon of music exists only because people are *changed* by music and under its influence they enjoy *themselves*.

During the Blitz, a musician friend of mine in London carried in his wallet a little poem of Robert Herrick which he had clipped from a newspaper. It reads:

Give me a man that is not dull,
When all the world with rifts is full;
But unamaz'd dares clearly sing,
Whenas the roof's a-tottering:
And, though it falls, continues still
Tickling the Citterne with his quill.

Here is someone who, confronted with calamity, prefers, by means of music, to remain aloof from his surroundings. He's not concerned with commentaries. He doesn't sing to bear witness to unhappy circumstance, but simply for the joy, in the face of that circumstance, of singing. In despair or not, he's interested only in enchantment. And the more appealing the music is, the better his purposes are served.

If music were representational—if it could transmit ideas instead of merely specifying sensations—we might well have in music an emphasis on the shocking and the calamitous comparable to that in the literary arts, in painting, and in sculpture. But music, like architecture, cannot present commentaries through which the distasteful can be made palatable and illuminating.

In combination with pantomime or with words, music, of course, can dispose us to an acute awareness of meanings. It's this faculty of music that lies behind our rich heritage of opera. But we must distinguish between the composer and the librettist. In scenes of confusion and horror, it's not the music that's confused and horrible. The composer's job is solely to project an appropriate enchantment, and to do this he must observe the *Rules of Order*.

The very first rule of music is that it shall be

orderly. The enchantment of an audience is necessarily a cumulative process, and it depends upon the setting up of expectations, whether those expectations are fulfilled or not. Expectations cannot take shape in disorder. An incoherent music, however arresting its sonorities, will project at best a very shallow magic. Chaotic music is not a music eloquent of chaos—it's simply chaos itself.

ORDER AND DISORDER

THE validity of a piece of music can be judged only in terms of a listener's response to it. The listener will be affected partly by the sounds themselves and partly by the musical implications of the sounds. Order in music has to do, then, not merely with what the listener hears but with what he makes of it. And what he makes will depend on his grasp of implications. He will be led continually to expect consequences implicit in what he hears. The Strauss waltz may conform too much to his expectations, and he'll find it dull. The *Grosse Fuge* of Beethoven may conform too little, and he'll find it confusing and unapproachable. But so long as he's in the presence of music, the listener is obliged, consciously or not, to react to the expected and the unexpected. The more acute his hearing and the wider his experience in music, the more deeply he will be affected by the extreme subtleties of implication upon which the accomplished magician depends.

The experiments of Schoenberg in the years before and immediately following the first world war resulted in music ingeniously ordered in theory and meticulously disordered in effect. In the compositions of the late Romantics—Mahler, Richard Strauss, and the young Schoenberg—tonality, through excessive chordal alteration, had become sufficiently confused to cause the listener often to lose track of destinations and to fail to distinguish the excursion from the road home. In Schoenberg's "atonality" there is no home. The twelve tones of the chromatic scale are equal in function and in importance; and tonal order—both in melody and harmony—and the implications resting on such an order, are therefore excluded.

It's not surprising, in view of Schoenberg's musical orientation and his readiness to experiment, that he should have developed a music to which the *Rules of Order*, in any normal sense, would not apply. Nor is it surprising, in view of his natural predisposition to theory, that he should have devised a methodical approach to

the composition of such music. In 1923 he first used the so-called "serial" method of composition in which the composer confines himself exclusively to manipulation, in various melodic and chordal forms, of a basic sequence of tones.

The invention of this ingenious procedure did not lead, either in Schoenberg's music or in that of his associates, to a stylistic revolution. It was a method suited to purposes they had been sharing before. It was not dangerous for them. But in the decades to follow, it was to prove dangerous for music.

The danger has lain partly in the disorderly nature of the product the serial method is designed to produce, and partly in the fact that the method is a *system*. It's in the nature of systems to grow on their own. And the more a system proliferates, the more the application of it tends to become an end in itself. And, as everyone knows, systems in art provide a ready refuge for incompetence.

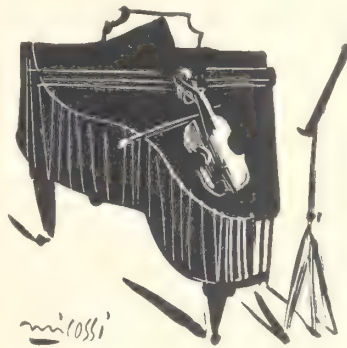
The systematic serial procedure, during the second quarter of the century, attracted increasing attention among the followers of Schoenberg-the-theorist who shared neither the background, the genius, nor the objectives of Schoenberg-the-musician. At their hands, System came to control every aspect of music; and submission to an evolving micro-orthodoxy of systematic perfection took on a quality of dedication it never possessed for Schoenberg.

The thoroughly up-to-date serialist of the 1960s—a follower of Stockhausen or of Boulez—will produce a composition made up, in melody, harmony, rhythm, dynamic scheme, and even in the specification of color, entirely of derivations systematically related to its basic formulae. His composition is, thus, an integral and exclusive realization of possibilities inherent in its point of departure. And some who speak for the serialists point out that this rigorous technical integrity is in line with the master works of the past, which are so often characterized by extreme economy of material and by concentration upon abstruse manipulation.

Procedural subtlety, of course, has played a part in music since the beginning, and often a very important part. Many of our richest experiences as listeners stem from the composer's eloquent application of principle. But in traditional music such application is functional. The elaborate isorhythm of the fifteenth-century Burgundians and the canonic writing of Bach are

not abstract. They serve directly to enrich the listener's experience.

The proper serialist, in contrast, does not intend his audience to be aware of his ingenuity in manipulating materials. His composition contains order to the highest degree. But that order, a reflection only of involved, abstract calculation, is not to be heard. It is, in fact, an integral part of the finished product only because it dictated what that product might and might not contain. The analyst who painstakingly numbers notes in a serial score, seeking to unravel its technical complexities, will uncover no secrets of musical importance. His study, at best, can serve only to demonstrate the composer's patience and ingenuity. He need not look for the kinds of order that give rise to expectations. The avoidance of such order is one of the focal proprieties of serialism.



A composer, of course, can conform to parts of the serialist dogma while rejecting other parts. He can make use of certain of the procedures for purposes alien to the total serialist orthodoxy. Stravinsky, in the course of his gradual conversion to serialism, with half-a-century of traditional composition behind him, has again demonstrated, as Berg and many others had demonstrated before, that partial adherence to serial-

ist disciplines is not incompatible with a traditional result. But, Stravinsky, from the beginning, has been a practitioner of functional order; and he has brought to his practice of serialism a cast of mind and a respect for traditional objectives distinctly out of keeping with rigorous serialist practice. It's worthwhile to note, however, that since Stravinsky first used serial procedures, the old magic has been most in evidence where, as in the *Septet* and in parts of *Agon*, the techniques of serialism are modified and restricted and are clearly not at odds with traditional purposes.

In its intellectuality and its rejection of traditional objectives and responsibilities, serialism is at home in 1963. And under Webern's influence, at the hands of a small company of gifted latter-day Impressionists with a very special flair for subtle and affecting sonority, serial procedure has recently played a part in provocative enterprises. But its widespread vogue among composers-at-large and their students has resulted in quantities of incoherent, kaleidoscopic pseudo-music—"washboard twelve-tone," to use Thomas Schip-

pers' happy phrase—eloquent only sporadically and often by accident, constructed by craftsmen whose primary allegiance is not to the production of affecting musical experience but to the manipulation of hidden, secret orders.

WHAT THE TAPE CAN DO

IF disordered music is hard on the audience, it's harder still on the performer. Everyone knows that complicated music is more difficult to play than simple music, and that in very complicated music even the masters make mistakes. But it's not generally known that disordered music poses performance problems that defy solution by traditional methods.

The experienced performer has learned that there is, even in a specified meter and tempo, no such thing as an absolute quarter-note. Quarter-notes are longer or shorter, depending on their context. And players of instruments that are not pre-tuned, as the piano and organ are, know that pitch, too, is relative. Recent research* has demonstrated that even when an overall pitch basis is specified, one E-flat differs markedly from another, depending both on other notes sounding with it and on the melodic design. How the performer sounds a particular E-flat quarter-note depends therefore, both in pitch and duration, on how he interprets its function in context. And to make that interpretation, he must be able to perceive an underlying order.

It's small wonder that so many performers, including the majority of our reigning virtuosi, have failed—in the face not of difficulty but of impossibility—to embrace the cause of disordered music with enthusiasm. Nor is it strange that some proponents of the avant-garde should have welcomed the opportunity of dispensing with performers altogether. The opportunity came with the invention of the electronic recording machine.

To anyone who knows what fun it is to fool around with tape recorders, it's unnecessary to explain part of the impetus behind the rapid development of "electronic music." The tape recorder is not merely versatile, it invites experiment. It has enabled us to carry patterns of sound around like pieces of string and to assemble them into composite constructions by cutting them, splicing them, and superposing one on another. Patterns may be readily modified in pitch and speed, and they may be reversed.

* See Charles R. Shackford, "Some Aspects of Perception," *Journal of Music Theory* (November 1961, April 1962, November 1962).

Oscillating tubes, as sources of pure sound, combined with filtering devices provide a limitless variety of sound structures. And it's possible, by means of electronic circuitry, to extend or to compress patterns of sound without altering their pitch. (The "composer," if he wished, could in fact construct an exactly accurate "performance" of *The Star-spangled Banner* which would last precisely forty-eight hours and another, perhaps preferable, lasting half a second.)

"Electronic music" is obviously an ingenious and altogether fascinating novelty. And here is something which, both in quality of sound and in design, can be wholly free of evocations of an unwelcome musical past. It really belongs to us, and no one can say it doesn't. It can contribute notably to our understanding both of sound itself and of the perception of sound. But the apologists are mistaken in thinking that they see in their *assemblages* the foundations of a new music.

These heterogeneous sounds that materialize, convolute, and vanish, often against the background of an anonymous, vacant silence, are not primarily events to be experienced. To the uninitiated they are reminders of the familiar: the distant foghorn, the pressure hammer in the hotel plumbing, the scream of diving aircraft. And to the initiated they give rise to speculations about sound structure and modification. Initiates or not, then, when we attend a session of "electronic music" we're all preoccupied with explanations—with the interpretation of signals. By our definition these are therefore not sounds of music, and no matter how astutely they may be arranged, they cannot serve as bases for the development of musical implications.

And have the apologists forgotten that music is a performing art in which performers act upon audiences and audiences upon performers, and that fortune, good or ill, and the hazards of temperament are essential ingredients? In dispensing with the performer, they have overcome difficulties and eliminated risks. But ease and safety are to be had only at a price. These constructions may intrigue, fascinate, amuse, or terrify; but they are powerless to enchant.

It's dangerous, in our time, particularly in the field of electronics, to suggest that anything is impossible. "Electronic music" is new, and it's identified with a rapidly developing technology. Present experiments, which belong essentially in the "sound effect" category, may lead to experiments in *music*. They may not. A body of traditions, which one could take for granted, might be developed. The technicians, by electronic

means, might be freed from their burdensome involvement in minute procedural detail to devote themselves more to the responsibilities of artists. Some sort of performance control might be introduced to lend the quality of uniqueness to each listening experience. But whether our children, or our grandchildren, even with these advances, will experience the joys of music through the agency of this impersonal facsimile equipment will remain, still, to be seen.

CRITERIA FOR THE INVESTOR

IT'S inevitable, perhaps, in a society shaped by technology, in which know-how takes precedence over know-what, that the musician should seek identity with his age through procedural elegance and abstruse experiment. And he sees around him, reflected in the work of his brother artists, a tide of revolution against which it would seem both reactionary and futile to attempt to stand.

Composers may well envy architects. Architecture has new materials and a new technology. But before the composer places his trust in the invention of new instruments—or the maltreatment of old ones—he should take a backward glance. Western music has got along, for more than twenty-five hundred years, for the most part with direct descendants of Nebuchadnezzar's "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psalter, dulcimer, and all kinds of music." It has got along well, and not for lack of ingenuity and enterprise. It's the composer's job to produce magic, not intriguing auditory curiosities. And magic flourishes far more readily in familiar surroundings, which one can take for granted, than in an environment of distracting oddity.

And before he seeks to align himself with the new painters, sculptors, poets, and dramatists, the composer should note an interesting fact. If these arts have gained a new vitality by rejecting tradition, it's because the practitioners of the avant-garde have sacrificed meaningful representation in favor of direct experience in which intellectual interpretation is largely superfluous. The avant-garde artist deals not in stories but in shapes, lines, and colors; the dramatist not in plot but in situation. And neither is concerned with "meaning" in the traditional sense. What has happened, in other words, is that the painters, the sculptors, the poets, and the dramatists have deserted their traditional areas and set up shop where the musician has always been in business.

"Aleatory music"—in which organization, in

large part, is left to chance—is calculated, of course, to interest both the mathematician and the student of aesthetics. It takes its place naturally as a product of the search for progress through abstruse manipulation. And anyone who has kept up with the experiments of John Cage and others is aware that its performance can make for intriguing theatre. But taken as music, this branch of the avant-garde stands as the ultimate absurdity in the evolving aesthetic of disorder.

In presenting Mr. Zak's aleatory *Mobile*, then, the perpetrators of the English hoax chose a telling target. Zak is the integral embodiment of the fallacies which have spread confusion in music, fostering the spurious and diverting attention from the authentic for more than a quarter of a century.

It's the investor's business, whether he's a promoter, a purchaser, or a producer of music, to distinguish between the Zaks and the musicians. Fraud in art, like creeping dishonesty in public office, flourishes in an atmosphere of resignation and apathy. It's the investor's business not to be taken in by the fake ovation and the articulate apology.

And the investor shouldn't forget that the magic of music possesses a unique power to align enchanted listeners in singleness and sympathy. In a world in which fear of imminent, total destruction by warfare has become commonplace, the opportunity provided by music to reach across barriers of race and ideology clearly justifies investment on a large scale. But that investment must be made in works of genuine originality, not in trivial, spurious novelties, whether those novelties purport to represent today's world or not.

In music, thanks to the primitive nature of the perceptive mechanism which initiates our response, we are traditionalists by necessity. We'd have a choice in this only if we could redesign the human physique. Whether we might wish to see it otherwise or not, man listens and reacts essentially as he always has. And music, therefore, though perpetually new, must in essence remain what it has always been.

The experience the investor has gained in dealing with Machaut, Monteverdi, Mozart, and Mahler, will apply as well in dealing with the contemporaries. He will know authenticity by what happens to him when he's in the presence of it. And the discriminating investor, who's not taken in by fads, will find in offerings of authentic new music an abundance of preferred risks.

What the GOP Is Doing in the South

And how the result may be—paradoxically—a more liberal Congress

A MORE liberal political orientation than the South has ever known could be the result of the Republican party's recent spectacular gains in that region. Amazingly, we Southerners are now only a few years away from a genuine two-party system, or so it seems to me. Of course, the outcome of such a change is unpredictable in many respects, but of one thing I have no doubt: In national terms, a truly competitive two-party system will weaken the power of conservative Southern Democrats in Congress. Many of these gentlemen will inevitably lose the grip they have long held on most of the chief Congressional committee chairmanships.

In terms of the politics of the region itself—of candidates elected and of the programs they sponsor—the results will be mixed and variable. As I see it, the Republicans in the South, by steadily draining conservative voters from the Democrats, are strengthening the liberal wing of the Democratic party. It is also possible that the future two-party competition will cause Southern Republicans and Democrats to bid against each other for the Negro and labor vote and for the vote of other liberal elements. This would greatly enhance the influence of groups which at present count for little at the polls.

By a contrasting theory, the outcome of the Republican upsurge would be the opposite. When so experienced and liberal a Senator as Alabama's Lister Hill is almost defeated by a comparatively unknown Republican businessman—as happened last fall—this may be an unmistakable signal to Hill and to other liberal Southern Democrats to move in the conservative direction. On the other hand, their reaction could be that, since they can't hope to "out-conservative" their GOP opponents, they may as well stay liberal, or become even more so.

It seems paradoxical to interpret the remarkable advances made by a conservative party in a given region as perhaps heralding a less conservative trend. Yet such may be the long-term result of the truly impressive Republican gains made in the South in the November 1962 elections. Here is a partial summary of what happened:

U.S. Congress: Republican candidates from the eleven former Confederate states polled almost two million votes, as compared to fewer than 600,000 in 1958. Republican members of the House of Representatives from those states increased from eight to twelve—the largest total since Reconstruction. Four more were very close to victory.

Virginia: Five of the state's ten Congressional districts either went Republican or were on the borderline. A young Republican obstetrician without a trace of political "oomph," Dr. Louis H. Williams, who had lived in Richmond only eight years, came within 348 votes of unhorsing Representative J. Vaughan Gary, a Democrat with eighteen years in the House.

North Carolina: A Republican may well be elected Governor in 1964—the first in sixty-two years. In the state legislature, the GOP total now stands at twenty-four, including a clean sweep of Greensboro's five seats and sensational gains elsewhere in the industrialized Piedmont. The total may double in 1964. The Reverend Charles W. Strong, thirty-seven-year-old pastor of the First Christian Church in Greensboro—totally inexperienced politically and regarded as a hundred-to-one underdog—defeated the speaker of the state House of Representatives, Joseph M. Hunt Jr.

South Carolina: W. D. Workman Jr., a Goldwater Republican and a respected newspaperman

but a political neophyte, made the best run by a Republican for statewide office in modern times—he got nearly 43 per cent of the vote against liberal, long-entrenched U.S. Senator Olin D. Johnston.

Texas: In the state which already has one Republican U.S. Senator—youthful conservative John Tower—the Republicans increased their number in the state legislature from two to seven (including six from rip-roaringly conservative Dallas) and elected a Goldwater Republican from El Paso, Ed Foreman, aged twenty-eight, to the House in Washington. The Republican candidate for Governor, Jack Cox, polled nearly 46 per cent of the vote against John B. Connally, the heavily-backed Democrat—the best showing by any GOP aspirant for that office since 1869.

Alabama: James D. Martin, an oil dealer and president of the Associated Industries of Alabama, came within a whisker of defeating veteran Senator Lister Hill. Certain members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy are said actually to have voted Republican.

Mississippi: A Republican was elected to the state legislature, the first in four decades. (This spring, Commander Rubel L. Phillips, a former Democrat and a conservative, announced his intention to run for Governor as a Republican next fall.)

In appraising these political phenomena, one should bear in mind three things:

(1) The leadership—and candidates—of the Republican party in the South are overwhelmingly *young*. The average age of its state chairmen is only thirty-seven, and its youthful candidates last fall often waged much more dynamic, imaginative campaigns than the stuffy, conventional canvasses of some Democrats.

(2) The Southern wing leans toward the Goldwater school of thought rather than to that of Nelson Rockefeller.

(3) It is doubtful if a single Southern state can hereafter be counted as irrevocably “in the bag” for any Democratic Presidential candidate. The GOP carried several Southern states in each of the past three Presidential elections.

Back in 1902, a leading Democratic newspaper

of the South referred to a Southern Republican convention as “the semi-annual gathering of the federal pie brigade.” It went on to describe the delegates as “old mossbacks,” “revenue doodles,” and “bung-smellers.” Dixie Republicanism in the early years of this century was largely weak, ineffectual, and looked down on. Political pie, in the form of appointments to federal jobs, was indeed its chief objective. The ineffable “Tieless Joe” Tolbert, a third-rate politician from South Carolina, was typical of the party’s leadership.

Today the picture is completely different. In the first place, the leadership is concerned more with principle, and less with patronage. Secondly, by virtue of this greater dedication to a cause, the Southern GOP’s “image” is distinctly more favorable. Republicanism in the South is no longer “non-U”; on the contrary, brisk young bond salesmen and other up-and-coming business executives in the cities and suburbs often consider it distinguished to be publicly identified with the party and to work for its candidates. This is also true, to a more limited extent, in the rural regions. The president of one of the largest Southern banks said to me not long ago:

“Nearly every one of my young executives, and the still younger trainees, are Republicans. They are more Republican than the older bank officers. The latter often vote Democratic in state elections—but not these young fellows. They’re Republicans all the way.”

SCORED AGAINST KENNEDY

THE present fluid situation in Southern politics reflects the drastic change in the climate of race relations. For more than half a century, the U.S. Supreme Court’s *Plessy vs. Ferguson* decision of 1896, upholding segregation, set the pattern. Southern Negroes “knew their place,” and the Democratic party was regarded as the major assurance that they would continue to do so. The GOP, the party of Abraham Lincoln and Emancipation, had little appeal, except in mountainous areas where the antebellum plantation system had never existed. The Negro vote, such as it was, regularly went overwhelmingly Republican—in the South and everywhere else.

Today this situation has been reversed. Long before the Supreme Court’s anti-segregation ruling of 1954—upsetting *Plessy vs. Ferguson*—President Franklin D. Roosevelt had successfully weaned away the Negro vote from the Republicans. At the same time, he set in motion forces which have brought about a huge increase in that vote, both North and South. The Negro vote

Virginius Dabney, since 1936 editor of the Richmond “Times-Dispatch,” has written two books on the South and lectured on the subject at Cambridge and Princeton Universities. Among the honors he has received for editorial writing are the Pulitzer Prize and the Sigma Delta Chi national award. His latest book is “Dry Messiah: The Life of Bishop Cannon.”

now leans almost universally to the Democrats. True, when President Eisenhower sent paratroopers into Little Rock, this tended to even the balance. But then President Kennedy's recent action in sending troops into Oxford, Mississippi, solidified the Negro vote behind his party once more.

The events in Oxford were an undoubted factor in the new Republican strength in the November 1962 elections. Governor Ross Barnett's foredoomed effort to buck the national government appeared to many Americans, including many Southerners, to be the height of quixotic futility. Yet a die-hard element of Southern racial extremists—a large percentage of whom had previously been supporting the straight Democratic ticket—promptly voted Republican, blaming the Kennedy Administration.

UNDER PRESSURE BY CITIES

THERE was, however, a great deal more to the South's Republican surge than resentment against one single action by a Democratic President. My feeling is that there was, for example, other strong anti-Kennedy sentiment, revolving about such things as high taxes, increasing federal spending and centralization, and "Ted" Kennedy's successful primary race. And there was also the culmination of a long series of developments, some of which have no relationship to the race problem or to President Kennedy's particular policies.

Along with the changing racial situation, the accelerating urbanization and industrialization of the South are producing political fluctuations. Traditionally, business interests in the United States tend toward Republicanism, and the new business element in the South—located mainly in the cities—is growing steadily more numerous and more potent. Furthermore, when Northern factories or businesses establish branches in Dixie, the executives who come with them are often members of the GOP. "Every time we get another industry down here, a bunch of Republicans is likely to come with it," ruefully declared a Democratic politician. Business influence in Southern cities is greater than in cities of the North and West, partly because Southern labor and Negro voters are less powerful. Hence Republicans have been carrying the cities of the South with increasing regularity, whereas nearly all the major centers of population in other sections have been going Democratic.

Another new factor bolstering the South's urban and suburban areas, where Republicanism

is strongest, is the Supreme Court's recent epochal decision in the Tennessee reapportionment case. Federal courts in several Southern states have ordered redistricting in order to give the more thickly populated regions the representation to which they have long been entitled, but which was regularly denied them by legislators from the greatly overrepresented rural areas. Georgia is perhaps the most conspicuous example, since its notorious county "unit system" kept the state in thrall for decades to the rural counties, and virtually deprived the cities of any meaningful voice in the government. A federal court ruling relegated this pernicious system to the ashcan.

As the South's business and industrial element has risen in numbers and power, the rural population has declined. With farm mechanization, thousands of tenants and sharecroppers, mostly colored, are moving into the Southern cities. Even more are moving to the North and West, where they are creating problems and tensions never dreamed of there before.

Another effect of urbanization and industrialization is a shift in the South's historic low-tariff position. It was the tariff issue which, more than three decades before the Civil War, caused a leading Southerner to say that the time had come "to calculate the value of the Union." For many generations thereafter, the South—with its dependence on foreign markets for cotton and tobacco and its comparative lack of manufactures—was overwhelmingly low-tariff, and hence Democratic. It still has cotton and tobacco for export, but it also has industries which fear competition from such things as Japanese textiles and Venezuelan residual oil. This has caused the region to lean more than formerly in the direction of high-tariff Republicanism, though it still cannot be called a predominately high-tariff area.

The growth of industry and of cities has given rise to many new problems and to the intensification of old ones. Some Southern Republicans, as well as some Democrats, contend that if the trend toward centralization of authority in Washington is to be reversed, the states will have to cope more adequately with these problems. Urban blight is one of the worst of these; others have to do with recreational facilities, traffic control, air pollution, police protection, sewage and garbage disposal, water supplies—and, always, education.

If the cities of the South are to move into these areas with adequate programs, I believe that those cities will have to be given greater flexibility of action by means of greater governing powers and additional tax resources. Amendments to



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state constitutions or additional state legislation may be necessary. The growing population and influence of the Southern cities would seem to be a plus for the Republicans, since they are relatively strong in urban districts, but this situation may not continue; for the labor vote and the Negro vote in the urban regions of the South seem destined to become more and more influential.

These new forces could become the balance of power in a number of states. If and when that happens, the result could be a distinctly more liberal polity. Already the South is moving in the direction of fuller opportunities for Negroes and complete equality for them before the law. It is also beginning to accept organized labor more willingly. These two trends could be accelerated through the development of a functioning two-party system.

FATE OF THE BYRD MACHINE

SUCH a system, in a state like Virginia, might jeopardize the future of the Byrd machine—or Byrd “organization” as its admirers and members prefer to term it. The right-wing Virginia Democrats, headed by U.S. Senator Harry F. Byrd, for well over a third of a century, have relied on a solid phalanx of Virginia conservatives, mainly from the rural areas, to keep them in power. But several things have been happening to change this picture in important respects.

Consider the recent Congressional contests. In the Shenandoah Valley district, where Senator Byrd resides, and in the Richmond district, there were wholesale defections to the Republicans by voters who have normally backed conservative Democrats. This had been happening in the last three Presidential elections—in each of which Virginia went Republican, with Senator Byrd’s sanction—but never before on such a scale in Congressional contests.

The oftener voters jump over the party traces in this manner, the easier it becomes for them to do so again. And by the same token, the hold of the political organization with which they had been formerly allied grows weaker. If this sort of thing keeps up in Virginia, it may make the Republican party the conservative party, thus forcing the Democrats—almost by default—to espouse the liberal side of public issues. Since Senator Byrd is seventy-five, and it is not known whether he will seek another term in 1964, the organization he heads is faced with some special uncertainties.

These uncertainties are compounded by two other factors. First, the federal court has directed reapportionment, which will sharply reduce the influence of rural areas, where Byrd’s group has its main source of strength. And secondly, the impending repeal of the poll tax by Congress insofar as it affects the election of federal officeholders bids fair to increase the number of Virginia voters in those elections. The prospective influx of new voters promises to be a liberalizing factor and is therefore a cause for concern on the part of Senator Byrd and his followers.

They have provided Virginia with scrupulously honest and extremely conservative government since the 1920s. They have been challenged before and emerged triumphant. Quite possibly they will triumph again, but there are important and incalculable new elements in the upcoming situation. If ultimately the liberal Virginia Democrats—under the leadership of, say, former State Senator Armistead L. Boothe—were to get control of the state, that might mean a greater change in fundamental policies and attitudes than if the Republicans took over. In either case, the reign of perhaps the most durable political organization in the country would be at an end.

REBELS WITH A CAUSE

VIRGINIA is, in some ways, a special case, but the major forces at work there are also at work elsewhere. For example, the number of Negroes eligible to vote in the former Confederate states has approximately doubled in the past sixteen years, and further substantial increases lie immediately ahead. I will return to this powerful new force of the future after discussing another and possibly more surprising political phenomenon of the present.

This is the sensational rise in the number of young Southern whites who have gone conservative and who are taking active roles in Republican campaigns. While this, as we have seen, could lead to a genuine two-party system, and to angling by both parties for Negro and labor votes, the resurgent young Southern Republicans, as of today, are anything but a liberalizing force. On the contrary, they proudly proclaim their conservatism. Why is the rallying of young conservatives to the Republican party more strikingly evident in the South than in any other part of the country? Is there something special about the region which accounts for this?

The explanation, I believe, lies in the fact that the South, overall, is the most conservative part of the United States. Sons and daughters, despite

occasionally rebellious behavior, generally tend to take advice from and to emulate their parents. Some other youthful citizens, by contrast, are inclined to be in revolt against established customs and mores. The established custom in Dixie is, or was until a short time ago, to vote Democratic. Hence the current tendency of some young persons to go in the opposite direction!

An observer has offered the following, somewhat different explanation: Young Southerners know that the Democratic party outside the South is almost completely liberal. They believe it will never nominate a conservative candidate for President. But they also realize that if enough young leaders become Republicans, their party will not only elect the next President but dominate Congress, as well.

The Republican youth movement is particularly vigorous on Southern college and university campuses. Richard Nixon was a strong favorite against John F. Kennedy in most of the student straw votes during the Presidential campaign of 1960.

Three lively organizations, with active Southern branches and a number of publications, are spreading the word below the Potomac and the Ohio. These are the Young Republicans, Young Americans for Freedom, and the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists. The last-named is the most powerful and the most conservative. Its founder and president is Frank Chodorov, elderly New York author, and among its trustees are Admiral Ben Moreell, ret., aged seventy, and Brigadier-General Bonner Fellers, ret., aged sixty-seven (all of whom, paradoxically enough, are more distinguished than young).

A vigorous type of student publication is the *Campus Conservative*, published at the University of Mississippi and edited at the University of Virginia. It goes to colleges and universities in twenty-two states and has a circulation in excess of 16,000.

Or consider the *Southern Conservative*, published at Washington and Lee University. The managing editor of this pungent journal, with an impressive readership in its area, is William T. Braithwaite. One of its columnists, who is also president of the Conservative Society at W & L, is Wyatt B. Durrette Jr. Both these Virginians are law students. Braithwaite spent the 1962 Christmas holidays, except for Christmas day, on campus, since he felt that this was necessary to carry out properly his responsibilities to the conservative movement. Durrette devoted at least half of his holiday to making fund-raising calls in various sections of the state. In the light of

traditional student mores, these sacrifices are tremendous.

Since young Southerners tend, on the whole, to be less conservative on the race issue than their elders, it would seem to be arguable that the young Republicans who are playing so large a role in the South today will be somewhat more willing than their parents to grant concessions to the Negroes of the region. The Negro voters represent a growing force, well worth cultivating, if political strength is desired.

THE NEGRO VOTE: WHO CARES?

THE pattern of Negro voting in the South is not yet clear, despite the leaning of the colored vote toward the Democrats. In Richmond's Congressional district, for example, the Negroes voted 70 per cent Republican in the November election, and very nearly upset the veteran Democrat, J. Vaughan Gary. In South Carolina and Alabama, on the other hand, they went strongly for liberal Democratic Senators Olin Johnston and Lister Hill, and provided the margins of victory. Since the growing Negro vote in the South is not irrevocably tied to any political party, this makes it all the more likely that, as the two parties battle for supremacy in the region, the Negroes will play off one against the other, and will seek concessions from both.

The Negro vote in the Presidential election of 1964 is already coming in for discussion. Certain backers of Senator Barry Goldwater are arguing that the Republicans should nominate their man and "write off" the colored vote, which will go Democratic anyway. In the unlikely event that Goldwater is nominated, it does seem probable that if he seeks deliberately to appeal to the Southern whites, while largely ignoring the Negroes, he can carry the region against President Kennedy. In that event, he would have 128 electoral votes of the former Confederate states as a starter, and would have to carry far fewer Northern and Western states than the usual Republican nominee.

Governor Nelson Rockefeller impresses me as a much more probable Republican standard bearer. His attitude on the race question is more advanced than that of President Kennedy, and the latter might conceivably find it desirable to become relatively, albeit subtly, conservative on the issue, in order to hold the South.

There is talk in the South of a Rockefeller-Goldwater ticket, comparable in some ways to the Alfred E. Smith-Joseph T. Robinson Democratic



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ticket of 1928. The latter, combining a "wet" Roman Catholic from "the sidewalks of New York" with a "dry" Protestant from Arkansas did not appeal to the South, which broke its solid front for the first time in this century, and four states bolted to Herbert Hoover. But a Rockefeller-Goldwater ticket would make a considerably better run in Dixie than Rockefeller would make with some more liberal running mate. Goldwater's emphasis on states' rights, individual liberty, economy, and governmental simplification appeals to most Southerners.

To sum up, the South is moving into a new political era. The trend strongly manifested in the November voting tends to align the region with the Middle West, a Republican stronghold. As one observer put it, we are witnessing "the union of corn belt and corn pone."

The rise and growth of a truly competitive two-party system in the South will, as I have previously indicated, shake the hold of the influential and mostly conservative Southern Democratic committee chairmen on the two branches of Congress. With ten of the sixteen standing committees in the Senate and eleven of the twenty in the House—including the strategically placed Rules Committee—headed by Southerners, the Dixie contingent has a greatly disproportionate strength in our national legislature.

Once the region becomes a political battleground, with the parties fairly evenly matched, it

will not be as easy for Southern Democrats to achieve committee seniority through repeated re-election. This will tend to give that body as a whole a less conservative orientation—a result which will be hailed or deplored, depending on one's point of view. But this will be a *long-term* result of the Republican rise and it will have to await a fully operating two-party system.

It seems to me, however, that some undoubted benefits already are discernible. These include a greater incentive to able young Southerners to embark upon public careers—since in various areas they now have a choice between two parties, instead of being virtually limited to one. Also, once having chosen to go into politics, they may develop greater political initiative and strike out on new paths. There is less encouragement to political inbreeding than there was during the long generations when one party was completely dominant and when Walter Hines Page spoke of the South's having been preserved, or "pickled," in all its Gibraltar-like conservatism and solidity.

The South's coming political and social incarnation is still unshaped; it will be determined by the broad forces of historical change and by the passion and action of individuals—white and Negro, Republican and Democratic, conservative and otherwise. But the recent spectacular Republican upsurge in the region has left an impact upon it, and upon the nation, which cannot be erased in our time.

LARRY RUBIN

THE SOUVENIR (*Poland*)

SOME day you will be rusting in a warm
 Climate, and something will stray across your eyes
 In token of the snow, of one cold year
 You spent where there weren't any oranges—
 A postage stamp, a woman in a scarf,
 An old tin coin you weren't supposed
 To take with you. And the mellow fruit will fall,
 The sun will burst all the way through autumn—
 A sudden snow flowered inside the trams,
 The knuckles of the girl who took your fare,
 Your stiffened fingers even in the gloves,
 When darkness came a little after three.
 Then hot plates and water, a red glow
 On the windowpane in some forgotten student's
 Room. Amid the mild cushions now
 You'll stretch, and reach an ungloved hand toward one
 Who handed you a burning glass of tea—
 A reflex frozen in another fall.

A Story by ROBIN WHITE

Gunfight at the Sure Enough



THERE were two ways of looking at Julian Dekker: either he was wholly unprepared for the experience of Bear Creek Canyon, California, a small, Bohemian, largely undergraduate community better known as "The Canyon," or his entire life was one long springboard of frustration from which he was flipped, naturally and inevitably, into it. That is to say, he was the product of missionary parents and therefore always mildly suspect.

Lean and rather nervous, with a freckled, somehow quizzical face, he had come to the San Francisco Bay Area on his way to India, encountered visa difficulties with the Indian government, and found himself unable to go any farther. Reportedly Living on Grant, he did whatever he pleased and was thus considered to have achieved retirement at the age of twenty-six. It was also rumored that he prayed. This, coupled with his courteous manner, at once established him as a Square-From-The-Word-Go and was responsible for the interpretation that his nickname, "Deke," was a short form of "Deacon."

At the time of his arrival, sixteen Canyonites were holdovers from Peninsula University's previous academic year. It was doubtful that they shared much else in common. Despite which, personal reaction to Deke was uniform. All took a cautious interest in him, best summed up in

the words of Ira, the barkeep, a good-willed mountain of flesh who owned the Sure Enough Neighborhood Saloon as well as the Canyon rentals, and who regarded a university education functional so long as it stimulated the consumption of beer: "He don't look," said Ira, "like much of a beer drinker, if you ask me." No one had, but Ira was a man who freely offered opinions unrequested.

Part of the general caution about Deke was due to his dog—one of the few things he had brought with him in addition to a weathered Volkswagen and a blanket roll strapped to an old footlocker. No one had ever seen anything like it. Short-legged, barrel-chested, rabbit-eared, and lion-tailed, with a coat the color of a dead orange and a bark like the croak of an ancient frog, it responded cheerfully to any form of attention, negative or positive. Deke had discovered it in a pound; he and the dog were deeply attached; the dog answered to the name of Solomon. As far as the Canyon was concerned, anyone who owned a thing like that had to have a screw loose.

Where the Canyon was prepared to reach an unfavorable conclusion and let it go at that, the reaction of the county sheriff was something else again. A tall, pear-shaped gentleman, with flushed, bulbous features and a dignity as un-

certain as Solomon's, Sheriff Joshua Hooker regarded students and immorality as synonymous and was doggedly devoted to proving the point. Owing to the proximity of his home to the Sure Enough, the Canyon had thus become the focal point of his efforts. For some reason the very sight of Solomon in all his glory, dragging his belly down the street, enraged him. And Solomon, who wallowed indiscriminately in such attention, made sure Hooker saw a great deal of him. In fact, next to Deke no one saw more of Solomon than the Sheriff, a further indication to the Canyon that "The Thing"—and so by default its owner—was abnormal.

NOW it was the Sheriff's custom to conduct what he called a check-out for all new boys. Periodically he checked out all old boys, too. But his special attention was devoted to fresh arrivals. Fraught with unexplored possibilities for wrongdoing, they presented a unique and fascinating challenge. So when it became known that cottage B-31½, recently vacated, had acquired a new occupant, Hooker dropped by to greet him.

Red light flashing, he drove across the bridge into the Canyon. Deke, who had just introduced Solomon to a very large bone, was sitting on the front steps waiting for the water pressure to improve so he could start scrubbing down the walls and floors. He rose as Hooker approached.

"Good afternoon, officer," he said. "May I help you?"

A low moan of disgust was heard to issue from the bushes surrounding the neighboring cottage.

"I'm the Sheriff," Hooker said. "You the new boy?"

"I just got here, if that's what you mean," Deke said, and introduced himself.

"Any previous arrests or traffic violations?"

Deke shook his head.

"I'm checking anyway," the Sheriff said, and registered this intent on the clipboard he carried. "You at the university?"

"No, sir, I'm not," Deke said. "I'm on special grant to do research in South India."

The Sheriff looked up, eyes narrowed. "How come you're hanging around here?"

"Because there's going to be a six-month delay on my visa," Deke explained.

This information was instantly attractive to the Sheriff. "Visa trouble," he said, and wrote this down. "What kind of visa trouble?"

"All I know is that there'll be a delay," Deke said, "since I'm not applying for a regular tourist permit."

For several minutes the Sheriff wrote busily on his pad. "You a Communist or something?" he asked.

"Shucks no," Deke said.

"Let me see your forearms," the Sheriff said.

"What for?" Deke said.

"Just let me see 'em, is all," the Sheriff said, and proceeded to conduct a minute investigation of both. Uncertainly satisfied, he was again inspired to make a lengthy entry. "OK, Dekker," he said finally. "You been in the Army, or what?"

"I haven't had any military experience, yet."

"Another draft-dodger," the Sheriff said.

"I was deferred," Deke said.

"So far as I'm concerned," the Sheriff said, "that's legalized draft-dodging, and I'm putting it down that way."

He did.

Then he went up the steps into the front room.

"Do you have a search warrant?" Deke asked.

"No, and you want to make something of it?" the Sheriff retorted.

"Please feel right at home, of course," Deke said.

"Boy, you wouldn't catch me dead in a dump like this," the Sheriff said, "except in the line of duty."

He looked around. The front room was equipped with a couch-bed, an old scarred desk, several bookcases, an upright piano, and a fireplace. The fireplace was full of ashes and beer cans. The rug on the floor was rolled.

"What you got in that?" the Sheriff asked, kicking the rug.

"Nothing," Deke said. "I just rolled it so I could scrub the floor when the water came on. You might put that down, by the way. There isn't any pressure in the pipes around here."

"Listen, fella. If the pressure's low it's on account of the water thieves in these here shacks always trying to bypass the meters. And anyhow, don't tell me what to put down." He peered into the fireplace. "You have a party last night?"

"I only got here this morning," Deke said.

The front room opened into the kitchen where Solomon was happily chomping on his bone under the sink counter.

"What the hell is that?" the Sheriff inquired.

Robert White has written a book of stories and three novels about India; his "Elephant Hill" won the Harper Prize Novel Contest in 1959. He grew up in India as the son of American missionaries, graduated from Yale, and now lives in Menlo Park, California.

"That is Solomon," Deke explained, and then added with a restrained smile, "He is a dog."

"You got him licensed?"

Deke produced a Los Monos receipt which the Sheriff studied with great care. Then he inspected the icebox and gas range, looked into the bathroom with its ancient plumbing, and went into the bedroom. Deke's footlocker was unsnapped on the floor. The Sheriff poked the contents with his pencil and glanced at the picture of Deke's parents on the bureau.

"My mother and father," Deke said.

"You think I'm stupid?" the Sheriff snapped. "What kind of work your old man in?"

"My parents are missionaries to South India," Deke said.

The Sheriff grimaced and returned to the street. "This your jobbie?" he asked, indicating the Volks.

"That's right," Deke said.

Hooker studied the license plates as if familiar with the numbers from a stolen car list. "Connecticut, huh?"

"Yes, sir," Deke said.

"How long you been in California?" Hooker asked.

"Not quite a week," Deke told him.

"Well, you plan on sticking around, you better have them changed. Now get this foreign thing off the street."

"But it is off the street," Deke said. "The pavement isn't anywhere near the wheels."

"Who said anything about pavement?" the Sheriff said. "This here is a forty-foot right-of-way, and you're on it. So I'm telling you: pull over."

Since there was no place to pull over but into the fence, Deke backed the car around into the bushes. Hooker followed him to insure the proper execution of his order. As Deke emerged he noticed that the Sheriff's face had suddenly become livid; Solomon, licking his chops, was paying his respects on the freshly blackened front tire of the squad car.

For an instant the Sheriff viewed the act in speechless rage, his mouth contorting, the veined flesh of his face puffing and turning a deep, astonishing purple. Then he roared—a single wordless sound like the bellow of a bull. Solomon at once responded. In a joyful spring he was at the Sheriff's side, lavishing affection and two front paws on the clean gray of his uniform. It was only after the Sheriff had scrambled behind the wheel and slammed the door that Deke was able to prevail upon Solomon to direct his attention elsewhere.

"You know what that stuff does to rubber?" Hooker shouted. "You know what that stuff does? Rots it! That's what it does. Go run some water on it, quick!"

Deke fetched the hose.

"Turn it on, turn it on!" the Sheriff cried.

"It is on," Deke told him. "It's just not getting any water."

"Let me see that thing," the Sheriff said.

Deke handed him the hose. The Sheriff inspected it, picked at the nozzle, shook it, and then for some reason decided to blow into it. At that moment, perhaps because taps up and down the street had been turned off to accommodate a general desire to see what was happening at B-31½, the water pressure abruptly returned. For an instant it seemed to Deke that the interior of the Sheriff's car was a solid atmosphere of spray. Then like a wave breaking it settled, and the hose writhed on the ground. Deke rushed for the valve.

Sputtering, the Sheriff poked his head out the window and brandished a dripping fist. "Boy, I'm warning you, Dekker," he said. "Here and now I'm warning you. I know you and your two-faced kind. Like a hawk I'm going to be watching you and that thing of yours. Break one law and I'm having you both put away." He gunned the motor, backed and roared out of the Canyon, looking very grim. Deke went inside with Solomon.

THE water pressure not only remained on, it remained on full and strong, a status explained by the fact that no one was doing anything but review the salient points of this latest legal development, and Deke spent the better part of the afternoon scrubbing walls and floors, carting out the junk and in general attempting to make the place reasonably livable, less odoriferous. This task completed, he sat down with pencil and paper to draw a list of materials needed to make the cottage presentable. A rough tally indicated that a hundred dollars would cover. Accordingly, he went up the street to the Sure Enough in hopes of getting Ira to foot the bill in exchange for labor.

Ira, however, happened to be in a rather troubled mood. Everything, including the john and pinball machines, was behaving capriciously. So when Deke walked in, gingerly crossed the sawdust floor, did not sit down at but leaned on the bar and announced in his best Sunday voice that he had given B-31½ a fairly thorough once-over, the only reply Ira could muster was a dour "Congratulations."

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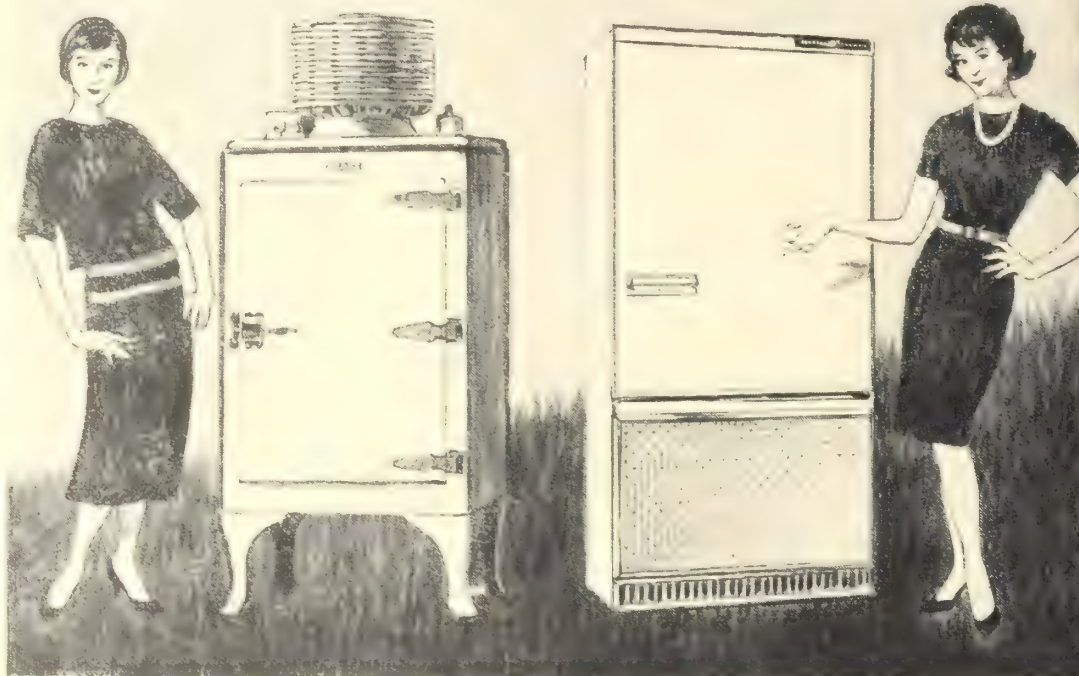
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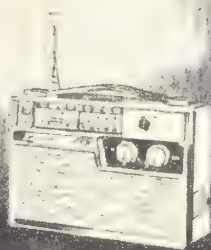
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Extra values in today's radio: conveniently portable and smaller . . . yet has richer, fuller tone. Weighs less than 5 pounds. Uses long-life transistors, powered solely by 4 flashlight batteries. Has standard AM tuning plus two short-wave bands for full coverage.

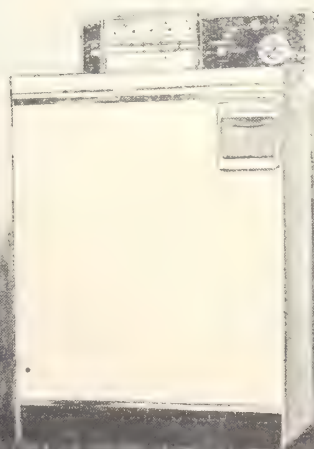
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"Thank you," Deke said, and took out his list.

"What the hell is that?" Ira said.

"Some of the stuff I'll need to fix the place you rented me."

Ira, who cleared six-six barefoot with his hair slicked down, and broke bathroom scales that did not go over two-fifty, rose from his stool by the cash register and put his face just close enough to Deke's to permit the introduction of a threatening forefinger between their two noses.

"Don't give me no gas," he said, "because I got all I can take in one day already." He detailed his woes.

Deke lowered himself onto a stool and screwed up his face sympathetically. "Rough go," he said. "I mean, really rotten luck."

"You ain't just kidding," Ira said, mollified. He took the list from Deke and checked each item. "I don't get it," he concluded. "You knew what the score was and you said OK."

"Oh, it's OK," Deke said. "I'd just like to do a little work on it and thought you might wish to put up the materials. But I can see you're in a spot, so I suppose it's no use."

Ira was at once restored to his customary good spirits. "Tell you what," he said. "You go ahead and square things away. The minute I get out from under I'll split fifty-fifty with you. That's the best I can do."

"Well," Deke said, and reviewed his cash position while he surveyed the juke box, the pinball machines, the beer signs, the tables and benches carved with initials. "All right, then," he said, "fifty-fifty."

"It's a deal, kid," Ira said. "I mean it." He moved over to the beer taps. "Small pitch?"

"Small what?" Deke said.

"Small or large pitcher of beer," Ira said.

Deke scratched his head. "To tell the truth, I was feeling more like a small coke," he said.

Inexplicably, Ira leaned forward on the taps, placed his head on his forearm and gently raised and lowered one hand. "I knew it, I knew it," he said.

BY THE TIME Deke left the Sure Enough, Ira had taken pains, despite the small coke, to inquire about the incident with Hooker and reassure Deke that the Sheriff should never be taken seriously. While Deke was fully prepared to accept the validity of this counsel, he could not escape a recurrent sense of uneasiness everytime he looked at Solomon. And in the following days, as he worked on the cottage, it became apparent that his uneasiness was to some extent justified: Solomon's enthusiasm for the Sheriff

was clearly on the ascendancy, and as it waxed so did Hooker's irritation.

At first the evidence of it came in the form of notes left in the mailbox: instructions to keep the dog at home, off the street, away from children—these being accompanied by reference to the proximity of the pound, the Los Monos dog laws. The Sheriff seemed determined to devote a great deal of attention to Solomon, and Solomon duly responded. He followed Hooker home, he performed natural functions not only on Hooker's car but also on his premises.

The frequency of the incidents led Deke to resort to precautionary measures, such as shutting Solomon in the house, tying him in the backyard, keeping him constant company, or attempting to exhaust him with long walks, much throwing of sticks to be fetched. These were largely futile. Solomon not only seemed inexhaustible, he possessed an uncanny ability to escape any and all restrictive measures. He opened doors and windows, broke ropes, dug under fences. His neck being thicker than his head, he could shuck collars with ease; the shape of his body permitted him to climb out of any harness. No matter what Deke did, he could sooner or later count on a phone call from Hooker—usually in the middle of the night or in the early morning. There would be the gruff announcement: "Your thing's squeezing 'em off on my lawn." And Deke would have to go get Solly.

Of course he had on several occasions endeavored to explain to Hooker that Solomon's only response was to attention, and that if the Sheriff would kindly attempt to be less demonstrative, Solly would very soon leave him alone. This advice, however, infuriated Hooker. All advice infuriated him.

Aware that the situation was getting out of hand, Deke was at a loss to know what to do. He could not talk sense to Hooker; he could not count on assistance from the Canyon; he had had no previous experience with anything remotely resembling the curious division that was placing him, his dog, the community, and the representative of law and order into disparate categories, isolated by a lack of any reasonable form of communication. Loving the dog as he did, he was prepared to make any sacrifice. But he had exhausted his ability to cope with things, and the impasse often filled him with brooding restlessness—particularly on still, hot afternoons when Solomon, in pursuit of cooler activities in the creek, would not answer to his call.

It was on just such an afternoon that Deke lost track of Solomon for well over three hours.

He had already checked every possible area and finally returned to the Canyon in hopes that Solly might have wandered home. He had not. The green bowl of dog food under the sink was still full, untouched since morning. Deke emptied the soggy meal into the garbage pail.

Through the window he heard a portable radio next door remark: "Oh and two the count, two men down, top of the third, Cincinnati leading San Francisco six to nothing." Deke went out the back door, followed the sound through the bushes and came upon Too-Loose sprawled in a deck chair, his eyes covered by a wet washrag, the transistor radio on his stomach. A slim, good-looking boy, pale despite constant efforts to absorb sunlight, he had received his nickname as a result of his surname, Lautrec.

"Have you seen Solomon?" Deke inquired.

Too-Loose raised a corner of the washrag. "Hi," he said wearily, and lowered the rag.

Ordinarily that would have been all Deke could have expected. To his surprise, Too-Loose suddenly seemed to have second thoughts about it. He switched off the portable, jerked aside the rag and sat up. "What was that?" he asked.

Deke repeated the question.

"That's what I thought you said," Too-Loose observed.

"Well, have you or haven't you?" Deke said.

Too-Loose shifted uneasily. "Gimme a weed."

Deke thrust a cigarette in his mouth and lighted it.

"Thanks," Too-Loose said. He inhaled deeply.

"So what about Solly?" Deke said.

"Oh. Oh, yeah," Too-Loose said. "I think he's up at the Sure Enough, or something. I don't know."

"See you," Deke said, and headed for the Sure Enough, whistling. An answering bark, that sounded like Solomon nosing out a gopher, came from the direction of Mimi's place. He peered over the hedge and saw Mimi, in a bathing suit, pulling weeds with rubber gloves. She looked up.

"Is Solomon here?" he asked. "I thought I heard him bark."

"Oh, God," Mimi said. "Was that you whistling? Oh, God. I'm sorry, Deke. I thought it was Too-Loose. I mean, I'm awfully sorry. Really I am, believe me."

Deke, who had not heard Mimi say three words in as many weeks, was a bit taken back. "That's all right," he said. "I just want to know have you seen Solly?"

To his utter amazement, Mimi's eyes widened and started to fill with tears. "You don't believe me," she said, and went into the house.

He scratched his head, shrugged and went up to the Sure Enough. Ira was seated on a bar stool, leaning over a glass and crumpled racing sheet and witnessing the defeat of the Giants on TV. As Deke pushed through the swinging door, the set announced: "And it's a high pop fly. Blasingame over, makes the catch, and the side is retired."

"What the hell they trade Blas for?" Ira inquired of the set.

"Beats me," Deke said, joining him. "Have you seen that dog of mine?"

Ira did not reply. He turned, looked at Deke, then got up slowly and lumbered around the bar. "Small coke?"

Deke nodded. "Too-Loose thought Solly might be here."

"Got a message for you," Ira said. He opened the coke and set it and a tumbler on the counter in front of Deke. "Ziff Tracey was just in looking for you. Said he'd be right back and if you came in I was to tell you you was to wait."

"Ziff?" Deke said, puzzled. "What did he want?"

"He'll tell you," Ira said, and turned away.

"How about a beef jerky?"

"Fine," Deke said. He took out his wallet.

"Forget it, kid," Ira said. "This is on the house."

"Well, thanks," Deke said. "What's the occasion?"

"Giants losing, horses losing, stocks losing, I'm losing. Somebody got to win now and again."

Deke grinned. "I've been looking all over for that hound of mine," he said. "Probably got himself cornered trying to corner someone's cat, I guess."

"Yeah, sure, kid," Ira said. "How come you ever got hooked on a pooch like that?"

"Oh, I don't know," Deke said. "It's hard to say. He's a good dog—best I ever had, in fact. And anyway, there are a lot of things about me that seem strange to people. Sol just happens to look the way I feel sometimes, if that makes any sense."

Ira nodded thoughtfully. "How's work going on the place?"

"Almost finished," Deke said. "Only ran sixty dollars, too. Want to look it over?"

"Naw, hell," Ira said. "I can see from here it don't look the same. And I was just thinking. Sixty is what you pay a month. Let's say you already paid for next month."

"Why, thank you very much, Ira," Deke said.

"Aah, you earned it, kid. I seen you."

Deke was starting on a second coke when Ziff





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walked in. A tall, wiry sophomore, Ziff was a man whose grin dominated his face, whose sense of humor dominated his personality. Of all the people in the Canyon, he had been least standoffish with Deke. He also had a way of coming straight to the point.

"Look, man," he said. "Hooker shot your dog. Ira laid him out back until I could find you."

The breath caught in Deke's throat, and for an instant all he could do was stare at Ziff. Then he set his coke down, rose, and crossed the room to the side door that opened onto what Ira called his backyard. Solomon lay on the grass under an old live oak. Deke knelt by him and placed a hand under his muzzle. He was unmarked except for a small hole slightly below and behind one eye.

"Old Sol," Deke said, and raised the dog tenderly in his arms. "Dear old Sol."

Ira came out the door. "It was with one of them compressed-air things," he said apologetically. "I didn't know he was bad hurt till he fell down. Nothing I could do, kid. Damn good dog, if you ask me."

"Thank you," Deke said thickly. "I understand."

Cradling Solomon, he left the Sure Enough and returned to his own backyard where he dug and filled the grave. Then he went inside, took a bath, and locked himself in his room.

HIS light was seen burning most of the night; his shadow crossed and recrossed the lowered window shade. Although the Canyon was immersed in its normal Saturday evening activities, much of the discussion was devoted to the killing of Solomon. There were many loud references to Hooker as a sexual deviate, and a host of crafty methods of retaliation were advanced, elaborated upon, and dismissed as unsatisfactory. The main consensus of opinion appeared to be that Deke, being what he was, lacked the necessary wherewithal to assume command of the situation and therefore, as a gesture of neighborliness, it should be assumed for him. Suggestions ranged from Mimi's idea of writing letters implicating Hooker before the House Un-American Activities Committee to Ziff's desire to tar and feather the man. But by morning no decision had been reached, and as Deke's light had gone off, the matter was adjourned.

It was adjourned again the following night, and on Monday morning Deke came out. Judging from his behavior, he had something definite in mind: he proceeded directly to his car and drove off. Several hours later he returned and went

into the house. He was seen carrying some sort of suspicious-looking package, and the word at once went out that a showdown was in the works. When he reappeared there was no doubt as to what form this showdown would take. Dressed in denims, he had strapped to his waist a gun belt and holster. A second belt and weapon he held in his hand. For a moment he stood in the street, checking the cylinders of both forty-fives. Then he rolled the other revolver in its belt and headed for the Sure Enough, where he ordered a glass of beer.

"What you aiming to do, kid?" Ira asked.

Deke placed the spare belt on the bar. "Give me the beer and keep out of my way," he said.

"Now, look, kid," Ira said. "It ain't that I don't like you and all, or that I don't know how you feel about the dog."

"Eight years I had Solomon," Deke said, "and no one minded. Eight years."

"You don't have to tell me that, kid," Ira said. "It's just that I don't want no trouble here."

"Are you going to draw that beer," Deke said, "or do I have to make you?"

Ira drew the beer.

"Now call the Sheriff," Deke said, "and tell him you caught someone writing dirty words in the head."

Ira hesitated.

"Go on," Deke said, "I mean it."

"All right, kid, all right," Ira said, and placed the call.

A few moments later the wail of the Sheriff's police siren was heard. People began hurrying into the Sure Enough, skirting Deke and filling the tables at the rear. By the time the Sheriff arrived there was a small crowd awaiting him. He drove directly up to the door, siren screaming, and got out. In the ensuing silence the ticking of the wall clock was audible. Deke sat alone at the bar. He did not look around as the Sheriff banged open the door, strode up to Ira and asked all right, who was the dirty-minded bathroom artist.

"Right over here, Sheriff," Deke said, still not turning.

The Sheriff looked down the bar at him and straightened. "Well, well," he said. "If it isn't Mr. Good-boy himself. Caught in the act." He moved toward Deke. "Come on, fella, let's go."

"Says who?" Deke said.

"What do you mean, 'Says who?'" the Sheriff said. "I'm placing you under arrest."

Deke turned and put a foot on the floor so that the forty-five was in evidence. "You and who else?" he said.

The Sheriff wet his lips and looked around. "You got a license to carry that?"

"Nope," Deke said. "And I don't have a license for this one, either." He pushed the second belt toward the Sheriff. "Put it on."

"I didn't come here to play any games," the Sheriff said.

"Neither did I," Deke said. He rose. "Put it on."

The Sheriff touched the gun but still did not appear to relish the idea of donning it.

"I'm counting to five," Deke said.

He started counting.

At two the Sheriff hastily buckled the belt around his waist.

"Any time you're ready," Deke said.

"Look," the Sheriff said, "leave us not be hasty but just sort of talk it over. This is a damn fool thing . . ." He went suddenly for his gun, struggled briefly with it, and looked up into the muzzle of Deke's forty-five.

Sweat beaded on the Sheriff's forehead. "Please," he said, raising his hands and backing. "Please. Don't shoot."

"Why not?" Deke said. "I gave you more of a chance than you gave Solomon."

"Please!" the Sheriff said. "It was a mistake. An accident."

"You got Solomon to come to you and put the gun right to his head," Deke said.

"But it was an accident," the Sheriff said. "I didn't mean the gun to go off."

"Just slipped your mind that it was loaded," Deke said.

"Believe me," the Sheriff said. "I really didn't mean it to go off."

To the immense surprise of everyone in the room, Deke appeared to waver. "You swear it was an accident?"

"I swear it. On the Bible I swear it."

Deke drew a hand across his mouth. "Well," he said, "in that case I guess I have no cause to shoot you."

Slowly he replaced his forty-five and sat down at the bar. As he raised his glass, someone shouted, "Look out!" and Hooker drew and fired. Deke turned, started slightly and leaned back. From the end of the Sheriff's gun depended a flag bearing in red the letters B A N G !

An instant later the sound of the Sheriff's rage



filled the room. "I'll see you do time for this!" he roared.

"I'm going to go peaceably, Sheriff," Deke said. "I certainly am. But if you don't mind I'd like to call my lawyer first and tell him I got caught dueling and writing things in a public latrine. Of course, the papers may be interested to know something about the guns being loaded with flags, and the bathroom not having any writing on the walls, and the things you said in front of all these witnesses about accidentally shooting Solomon. In fact, they might even think you're not fit to hold office. But, if that's what you want, I'm your man all right. So let's go, Sheriff. The wages of sin are death. Crime does not pay." He finished his beer. "Hand me the phone, Ira."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Dekker," Ira said. "One phone coming up."

Deke did not have to dial. The Sheriff turned and left. For a moment there was silence. Too-Loose was first to break it. Rushing up to the bar, he clapped Deke on the shoulder, practically knocking the phone from his hands.

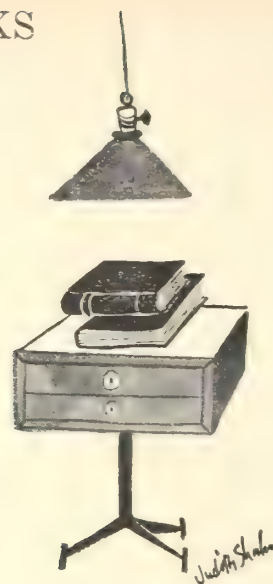
"Holy-o-crow!" he cried happily. "Man, what a stroke of genius!"

Deke's face remained expressionless as Ira swiftly set everyone up and Ziff proposed a toast: "To Deke with thanks for a smashing good show."

And then the barest flicker of amusement wrinkled the corners of Deke's eyes and mouth. "Oh, don't thank me," he said, drawing himself up. "Thank my missionary background."

Slightly cheerful news about our schools

by Benjamin DeMott



They're all there still, the old familiar faces—those that for decades have leered out at the reader of American books about education.

—Mrs. Jargon, an associate professor of education, claims “it is crucial that we: (1) review the basic interrelations of the various facets of the communicative cycle; (2) probe into and investigate the little-known aspects of the transforming and visualizing processes involved in verbal symbolization; and (3) seek the deeper significance of utilizing effectively the self-fulfillment which the creative use of language brings.”

—Posh Prep's learned department chairman of classics, a Real Regular Tin-eared Guy, praises himself for working out (in class) a swinging translation of Catullus 93:

I really couldn't care less about
you, Julius Caesar—

Whether you're lily-white
or a real black greaser.

—Herr Doctor Hardrock, a university instructor of mathematics, remarks that although the humanities are not “well-enough developed . . . to warrant spending a lot of money on them,” it might be sensible for the government to throw ‘em a bone occasionally “to encourage them to keep on trying to become respectable sciences.”

These and a dozen other recently published Authorities testify that the country's classrooms are still deep in drips. And no reader aware of the evidence is likely to rhapsodize on Imminent Educational Reform.

Yet it is a fact—to turn abruptly toward cheer—that despite the survival of every traditional form of witlessness, the world of educational discourse is rich in interest at this moment. The voice of the doctoral dope brays noisily through the land; seminars in gift-wrapping continue to be well-thought-of by the San Francisco Superintendent of Schools; the Executive Secretary of the National Council of Teachers of English recommends (in the name of Progress) that high-school seniors “try coping with mature abstract subjects, such as ‘The Impact of Change on Some Aspect of Society.’” But elsewhere serious ideas are explored, and ruling theories of American education are under scrutiny—most notably, the theory that knowledge is always a poorer guide than Guidance to the great end of life adjustment. And although the results can't be predicted (and though the scrutinizers are far from speaking in a single voice), the books that issue from the effort do stand forth as works about which it is possible to think.

Unprepared for Chaos

The most impressive of them in recent days is *Education and the New America* (Random House, \$6.75), by Solon T. Kimball and James E. McClellan, professors respectively of anthropology and philosophy of education at Teachers College (Columbia University). The writers, as should be said at once, did not set out with the simple intention of

arguing against the view that disciplined learning is the despoiler of youth. Their stated purpose was to decide how the American educational system ought to serve American society, and the bulk of their book is devoted to a description of our society, focused upon its needs. (The description owes much to Galbraith, Riesman, C. Wright Mills, W. H. Whyte, Jr., and A. A. Berle, as the authors point out; it stresses “the declining role of local community life in the country,” the “emerging dominance of great corporate superstructures,” and the difficulties facing citizens in search of means of unifying private and public experience.)

But they were led to make a case for knowledge by their discovery of a primal American need—the need for a citizenry capable of contributing effectively to a life without visible “wholeness” or final meaning. For the obvious truth, as they saw it, is that this need cannot be met by your friendly, attitude-orienting, substanceless curriculum. (The latter turns out graduates unprepared for chaos, untutored in the labor of discerning “interconnections among the varied corporate structures in which . . . personal life is embedded”—in sum, patsies bound to quake and wail at the first hint of disorder.) It can only be met by a curriculum that trains students in the activity of order-making and shows them the mind's range as an instrument of clarification.

Many readers will disagree with

THE LIVING SEA by **Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau**, with **James Dugan**, reports on the varied recent exploits of the pioneer underwater explorer and his team. "This is the book we have hoped for from the author of *The Silent World* . . . fantastic and wonderful tales told in a magical style." — EUGENIE CLARK. Lavishly illustrated in color and black and white. \$6.50

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Frank Riessman's THE CULTURALLY DEPRIVED CHILD is "a very clearly written discussion of the qualities of the lower status child that are usually neglected or abused in the classroom, though they are precisely the same qualities that enhance his value as a human being." — EDGAR FRIEDENBERG, *Brooklyn College*. \$3.95

THE GREAT ASCENT: The Struggle for Economic Development in Our Time by **Robert L. Heilbroner** is "a superb primer—that is, the first book to read—on the dominant subject of the coming decade." — DAVID T. BAZELON, *New York Review of Books*. \$4.00

In **THE ORDEAL OF CHANGE**, **Eric Hoffer**, author of *The True Believer*, gives his views on the causes and consequences of change with "a penetration and originality that are rare." — HARRY OVERSTREET. \$3.50

THE HARPER ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE, edited by **James R. Newman**, tells the absorbing, all-important story of scientific achievement through the ages and the men responsible for it. A whole science library for the general reader in four superbly illustrated volumes. Regular edition (in slipcase): \$29.95 to Dec. 31, 1963. Thereafter: \$35.00. De luxe edition (boxed): \$34.95 to Dec. 31, 1963. Thereafter: \$40.00.

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the authors' estimates of the capacity of this or that existing discipline to illuminate the idea of Interconnectedness. *Education and the New America* lobbies for four major subjects—"experimentation," "logic and mathematics," "aesthetic form," and "natural history"—but it is the last of these (which appears to include everything from biology to biography) that most excites Messrs. Kimball and McClellan. "Like Nature itself," they write, natural history is "unconcerned with the individual; its focus is on the complex, in which one system maintains its own organization as a system by responding both to its own internal dynamics and to its changing relations to larger systems of which it is a part."

And there are other objections of equal force. The authors' owliness ("The day when a Ward McAllister could preside as an arbiter of social responsibility has passed") and occasional small-mouthed rectitude are bound to trouble all the likable folk who loathe lectures. And their enthusiasm sometimes causes them to lose touch with their own intelligent skepticism.

But *Education and the New America* is, nevertheless, an important as well as heartening book. It looks beyond both current styles of "thoughtful" fecklessness—that of the sniffish, self-regarding academic community which, shuddering at the world, clutches its elegance to itself ("we happy few"), and that of the lame-brain apocalyptic who preaches non-commitment as salvation—without pretending for a moment that either is an inexplicable response to the age. And it defines some relations between the idea of adjustment and the idea of study that in this country have never been granted the respect they deserve.

The Good Teacher

A feeling for the same relations is implicit in Martin Mayer's *Where, When, and Why: Social Studies in American Schools* (Harper & Row, \$3.95, to be published May 22). This author, like Messrs. Kimball and McClellan, thinks of disciplined learning as the means by which people make sense of their experience, and cannot bring himself to regard Guidance as a discipline. His book,

though, is a work of reportage not of theory. Its first draft was a 70,000-word report about current teaching of the social studies that was produced at the bidding of the American Council of Learned Societies and the Carnegie Corporation. (The foundations wanted to know whether reforms comparable to those instituted in lower-school teaching of physics and mathematics would be feasible in such fields as history, government, economics, and psychology.) The report mentioned was based upon observations made by Mayer, as a visiting committee of one, in a large number of high-school and grade-school classrooms. And the book at hand follows the pattern of the author's *The Schools* (1961), moving from surveys of general problems and trends to dramatized reports of particular classroom presentations.

The reporter does not at every instant inspire confidence. Early on he offers melodramatics on the press of his "other commitments" and on the theme of his inability to tell All (fear of lawsuit is the inhibition). And there are touches of self-importance in his manner which hint that a writer chosen to run errands for the foundations has hell's own time remembering his fallibility.

But these are minor flaws in a valuable book. Mayer's accounts of class hours good and bad are absorbing, and his summarizing complaints about secondary-school teaching of specific subjects seem sensible. (Geography teaching is cursed by naïve environmentalism; history classes fail to drive hard enough toward a sense of the texture of life in "those days"; the disciplines of government and economics, valuable ways of "organizing the events around us to make sense of a highly complicated world," are allowed to ravel out into citizenship and current events.) He is unquestionably right in claiming that the soundest programs of reform are those which set teams of university professors and schoolteachers to work at developing "teaching ideas." And his admirable responsiveness to the Good Class—the exhilarating moment at which a man's whole classroom begins to breathe—lends power, and sometimes even beauty, to his "appreciations" of able teachers.

No one can be certain that the foundations' interest in experimental

teaching programs in the social studies will be as fruitful as was their support of the programs in physics and mathematics. New beginnings are neither as attractive nor as familiar to the teacher of, say, ancient history as they are to the teacher of Physics I. But Mayer's book is a gift of recognition to those teachers at every level who believe that social studies ought to be *studies*, rather than exchanges of "teen-age points of view." And gifts of this sort significantly strengthen those now laboring to restore intellectual substance to the ideal of adjustment.

Study the Subject!

Only one kind of teacher can afford to accept both the ideal of adjustment and the thesis that knowledge is the chief means of achieving it: namely, the scholar who knows his field. The fact that relatively few teachers can be thus described is, as the author of *Where, When* insists, a consequence in large part of the failure of teacher-training institutions. ("Textbooks for teacher training must be read to be believed," Mayer remarks; "all emphasis is on attitudes to be inculcated, 'skills' . . . to be communicated, procedures for assuring healthy 'group dynamics' and the like.") And it is precisely this failure that James D. Koerner takes as his subject in *The Miseducation of American Teachers* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95). He establishes, on the basis of a survey of transcripts of graduates of teachers' colleges, that many characters presently at the front of the classroom spent as much as 80 per cent of their undergraduate hours studying "Education" ("Occupational Information, 2 credit hours"; "Early Childhood Education, 3 credit hours," etc.), rather than the subject they now teach. His examination of certification requirements set by state departments of education reveals that in many sections of the country the official word is that high-school teachers of agriculture need twice as much college-level training in their subject as teachers of physics or chemistry need in theirs. His description of programs leading to the doctorate in Education ("The Relationship Between Personality Traits and Basic Skill in Typewriting" is

THE NEW BOOKS

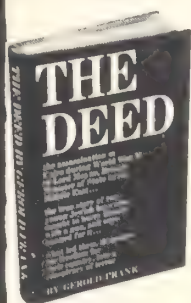
a perfectly representative dissertation subject) is depressing enough to cause the holder of a Ph.D. in Anything to think of his degree as a wound. His account of the fury with which the Educationist Establishment—state education departments and accrediting and professional associations—cries down attempts to improve the quality of teacher education is convincingly documented. And, coming after such a recital of horrors, his recommendations for changes in the curricula of teacher-training institutions, and for examinations testing teachers' proficiency, seem almost too moderate in tone.

It does not follow, however, that *The Miseducation of American Teachers* is a thoroughly satisfying book. The author, an inefficient writer, is repeatedly derailed by one or another tale of turpitude (spelling mistakes in teachers' replies to his questionnaires, comparisons of the chapter titles in works of William James and psychology texts of the present day). Like many enthusiasts of "basic learning" (Koerner is president of the Board of Directors of the Council for Basic Education), he confuses nostalgia with virtue, is oblivious to history, and believes that one Withering Proscriptive Remark can sweep away any number of awkward facts. (Informed that teachers now act as "dispensers of knowledge, taskmasters, disciplinarians, surrogate parents, therapists, and evangelists," he responds with high-toned stiffness: "The designer of any teacher-training program must first make some judgments about . . . which of these roles a teacher *should* be filling.") But the awkward facts he sweeps into sight, as presented in *Miseducation*, will undoubtedly lead to an intensification of the demand that prospective teachers study the subjects they mean to teach. And nothing is plainer than that until the demand is satisfied, talk of showing forth knowledge as an instrument of order is only holy air.

Smothered in Smugness

The question why the Cause here described has failed to gather great momentum can hardly be thought of as tricky—but it cannot be answered simply by a curt word about American anti-intellectualism or Educa-

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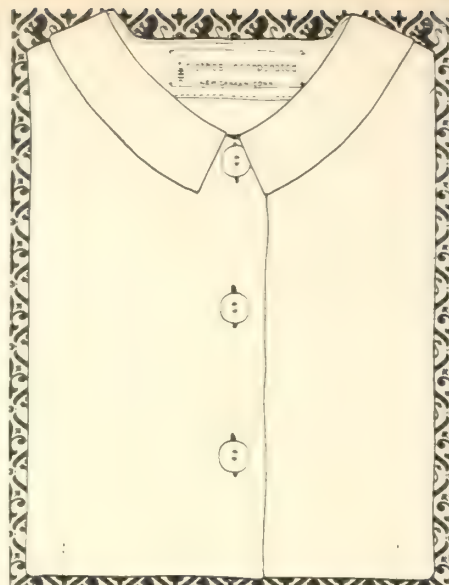
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THE NEW BOOKS

tionist Establishmentarianism. There are further, insufficiently-chronicled obstacles in the path of the writer who means to speak directly to such serious problems as teaching children how to comprehend an apparently chaotic world and "how to get along with each other." The first —popular hostility to any unflattering version of American experience—appears indirectly but vividly in *Education and the National Purpose* (University of Pennsylvania Press, \$3.75), a collection of papers delivered by educationists at a recent "Schoolmen's Week" symposium at the University of Pennsylvania. For the authors of these papers—not one of whom meant to disturb the national sense of self-satisfaction—stand together in a sort of allegorical tableau of the pleasures and powers that reformers are forever denied.

Consider the voice of Mr. Thomas G. Pullen, Jr., Maryland's State Superintendent of Schools. An attractively downright man, to judge from the literary evidence, Mr. Pullen impresses his audience at once as the sort of chap who'll never sell his country short. "Why is it," he asks, "that everything we do must be compared unfavorably with the European? Now we hear that our children cannot do as many 'push-ups' and 'bar chinings' as the European. Incidentally I have no faith in such figures. . . . I have nothing against push-ups—I did my share of them in the Marine Corps." And again: ". . . if the waiters in French restaurants can command only a few phrases in English to reply to questions about the menu, [American] children must become experts in the use of the language (I believe in a sound foreign language program in our schools; I was a language teacher) . . ." Is there a finicky type in the audience who frowns at Mr. Pullen's style? Perhaps. But when Mr. Pullen advances to an expression of distaste for "drives for curriculum revision" (he allows that the latter originate in "politicians . . . due to a desire for publicity . . ."), he is not offensive to the majority. Mother, Brother, God, and the State—all these he appears to congratulate, and all these his opponents appear to chide.

To listen to the voice of The Superintendent is, in short, to glimpse freshly the resources of persuasion



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THE NEW BOOKS

that reformers can never command.

The other obstacle of note is the eagerness with which even the most competent men transform education into a mere counter, an item to be moved idly about the landscape of public affairs. As goes without saying, not every work in which education is thus treated lacks value. There is much to be learned, for example, from Fritz Machlup's *The Production and Distribution of Knowledge in the United States* (Princeton, \$7.50)—an inquiry by a first-rate specialist into the economics of the country's knowledge industries (schools, newspapers, post offices, and other enterprises engaged in communicating information from one person to another). The author's clever trick is that of collapsing distinctions among the varieties of "information," in order to put in perspective the country's total expenditures for knowledge (about \$136 billion in 1958), and the percentage of the labor force engaged in the knowledge-producing or knowledge-transmitting work (31 per cent in 1959 and rising steadily). And in developing his argument he succeeds in creating a fascinating "overview" of the transformation of American society described in *Education and the New America*. ("Over the period from 1900 to 1959 when the total labor force increased by 137 per cent, all knowledge-producing occupations increased by 602 per cent.")

But "knowledge" and "education" are, in this work, symbols like x^2 and y^2 . The author speaks of them in the curious idiom, now puckish, now arrogant, always truth-tilting, which is the least precious of the economists' contributions to Western civilization. And although he expresses embarrassment about his classifications (insurance salesmen and mail clerks are knowledge-producers, dentists and veterinarians are not) he is quite prepared to use statistics based upon them to support an opinion about what to do with the American school. "The international comparisons of school requirements and achievements [a collection of numbers and abstract manipulations] have demonstrated . . . that the learning process in the United States could be accelerated, and the educational objectives now attained in twelve years could be attained in

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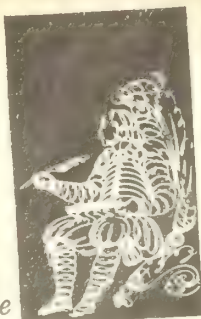
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LITERATURE AND SINCERITY

by *Henri Peyre*

Persuaded that the concept of sincerity "has become the most potent *idée-force* in the literature and psychology of our age," the noted critic and author here provides a survey of the concept in literature ranging from Cicero to Sartre. Mr. Peyre states, "Art and life are not, ultimately and deeply, altogether divergent or remote from one another, and literature and art are far more than a mere game or a pure craftsman's skill." \$6.75



THE HIDDEN GOD

HEMINGWAY,
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by *Cleanth Brooks*

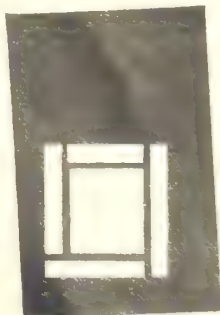
With the clarity of style for which Mr. Brooks has long been noted, here is a fresh perspective on five distinguished literary figures whose Christian commitment has long been regarded as nonexistent or nebulous. \$4.75



CONCEPTS OF CRITICISM

by *René Wellek*

Provocative and penetrating, these essays attest to Mr. Wellek's intense concern during the past two decades with the problems besetting the disciplines of literary theory, criticism, and history. \$7.50



nine or ten years of school. Such a speedup would reduce the social cost of education enormously—that is, it would increase greatly the actual national product."

Nor is this kind of pseudo-educational discourse rare. The participants in a recent National Education Association Symposium were asked to consider the highly un-Machlupian proposition that:

Given the historical trend to a shorter work week . . . the present 40 hours [should] be maintained, but . . . only 36 hours [should] be devoted to productive labor, with the remaining four hours given to education [both vocational and academic courses].

College presidents, high-ranking bureaucrats, anthropologists, economists, business executives, and labor union officials discussed the subject at length; thereafter the discussions were solemnly put forth in a volume called *Automation and the Challenge to Education*, edited by Luther H. Evans and George E. Arnstein (National Education Association, \$4). There is but one angry protest in the book against the conception of the classroom as a device for solving economic crises. And, predictably, it comes not from a scholar but from the representative of the AFL-CIO.

"Interconnectedness"

There are, to be sure, a few writers who can speak simultaneously of public policy and education without losing consciousness of the school as a unique enterprise. Harold Orlan's *The Effects of Federal Programs on Higher Education*, (Brookings, \$2.95) is the work of such a writer. The "federal programs" in question are government grants, many of them adjuncts of the Cold War, which "have made second-rate research more rewarding [in dollars] than first-rate teaching." The "effects" the book bitingly describes are those discernible in the relations of teachers and students in and out of the classroom. Inquirers who succeed in speaking in this fashion establish the feasibility of an intelligently grasped "interconnectedness"—that vision to which the redefiners of life adjustment attach their passionate hope. But the evidence currently available does indicate that the na-

tional impulse to run on from education to any of a dozen other subjects—Automation, the UN, the Dow-Jones index—is nearly as potent an enemy as complacency itself to the cause of Improving the American School. That at the moment there are writers willing to face up to both enemies is remarkable; that among those writers are legmen both energetic and sensitive, and theorists both brilliant and sound, is the foundation of what must remain our best hope.

Books in Brief

by *Katherine Gauss Jackson*

Non-fiction

The Great Hunger, by Cecil Woodham-Smith.

This is a magnificent, terrible, illuminating book. The narrative is compelling on the least likely of subjects, the Irish potato famine of the 1840s. As one finishes the first chapter, a brilliant résumé of the political and economic situation in England and Ireland at the time, one comes on the quiet, spine-chilling sentence: "Meanwhile, in 1844, a report was received that in North America a disease, hitherto unknown, had attacked the potato crop." And the story is off.

The author of a biography of Florence Nightingale and of *The Reason Why* uses her great powers of characterization in bringing to life all the participants, from the lords of government down to the most miserable pawns and victims of Trevelyan's dedication to the policy of laissez-faire. It is tragedy on the grand scale, given its full dimensions. The reader sees not only what happened in England and Ireland but in Canada and Boston and New York when the despairing exodus of sick and starving, homesick and penniless people washed up on North American shores in 1847 and after.

There is a superb chapter on the potato fungus itself (who would dream that could be made interesting?) and the story of the love affair between the Queen and the Irish people when she visited Ireland in the midst of the worst poverty and starvation is almost unbelievable.

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The Ordeal of Power, by Emmet John Hughes.

The descriptive subtitle of this book is "A Political Memoir of the Eisenhower Years." It is written by a man who drafted—by his own unabashed admission—many of the most important speeches in both of Eisenhower's campaigns, and who for the first year of his first Administration was a Presidential assistant in the White House. Hughes writes brilliantly; his exposition of ideas and policies and how—by intent or default—they came into being is often both eloquent and dramatic history. His portraits of the men around the President are as colorful as they are sometimes remorselessly revealing; and his assessment of Eisenhower, the man and the President, is a remarkable progressive analysis, interestingly and minutely documented, whether one agrees with his conclusions or not. From a long list of final judgments on his commander in chief—an odd mixture of praise and blame—I choose two as being particularly memorable:

He was the man of strong will—who reserved his greatest force for keeping unwanted things from being done. . . .

He was the man whose public speech seemed almost chronically careless of language and meaning—who made not one politically significant verbal blunder throughout eight years of press conferences and public addresses. . . .

Yet I found the book disturbing. One has a sense that in reading it one is sharing in confidence violated as one does not in any other political journal of our time that I can remember. And this in spite of an apologia by way of introduction which doth protest too much the author's reasons for writing it. Atheneum, \$5.95

The Great World: Portraits and Scenes from Greville's Memoirs (1814-1860), edited and with an introduction by Louis Kronenberger.

These wide-ranging memoirs—which included in their original eight volumes gossip and full discussion of almost all the important political and social personages and events of



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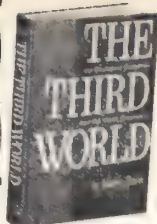
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Lord Greville's time—have been skillfully condensed by Mr. Kronenberger into one ordinary-size book. The memoirs are essential to anyone studying any phase of British or European history in the first half of the nineteenth century (Mrs. Woodham-Smith refers to them often); and in their present shortened form they are a delight to any reader. The editor's terse and witty introduction explains so well the virtues of the journals and the bases on which the cuts have been made that one needs only to quote him:

What resulted was an immense mass of speculation before the event, of discussion at the time of it, and of interpretation afterwards, much of it confidential and extremely revealing, some of it comically wishful or astigmatic, where fears loom large and come to nothing or prophecies rumble and come to even less. . . . With its comments on issues and events, and its comments on other commentators, the whole thing approaches a political round game, a hare-and-hounds of opinion, till the chronicle takes on as many voices as changes of key. . . .

We must distinguish between the Greville who chiefly provides others with information and the Greville who constantly provides us with pleasure. . . .

. . . toward royal personages, as toward almost everyone else, he was always fair enough to admit his bias or explain his bile; and in the end he did ample justice to their good points, to George's aristocratic tastes or William's democratic ways, and to what was conscientious and judicious in Victoria and Albert.

. . . how perceptive was his eye along with how patient his ear; and, finally, how well he could write up what he wrote down.

Doubleday, \$4.95

My Life in Jazz, by Max Kaminsky and V. E. Hughes.

Since jazz-trumpet-player Max Kaminsky was friend to Bix Beiderbecke and Louis Armstrong and all the other greats of the great jazz days of the 'twenties, his life story is in a sense a personal history of jazz. (A section of the book on traveling and playing with the big bands in the 'thirties appeared in the April *Harper's*.)

In a vivid way, and with direct simplicity, Mr. Kaminsky and his

collaborator draw intimate portraits of the players and band leaders of those musically fabulous days. What is even harder, by some magic transference they manage to give, in the writing, a sense of what the playing of each of them sounds like and the differences between them.

They are all here—Krupa and his drums; Pee Wee Russell ("part poet, part roustabout, seems to play from his ankles up, and hearing him play is like spending an evening with Mark Twain, O. Henry, and Damon Runyon"), Artie Shaw, Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Eddie Condon, Paul Whiteman, and any others that you think of. There is an interesting discussion of jazz as a marriage between the African sense of rhythm and the European sense of harmony, made in America. The book goes from the 'twenties to the present; from Boston to Chicago, to New York, to Europe, and round the world when Kaminsky went on a State Department good-will tour in 1958. I have read many jazz autobiographies but never one that had in it not only so much about other people, but also such a sense of the larger world. The jazz player's own world has almost invariably been tough and full of ups and downs: "No matter how great is the job you're playing one week, next week you may just be a guy out of work." But though Mr. Kaminsky's life has been as uneven as any, his book is firmly set in the world we all live in. He was fully aware of the boom of the 'twenties, the Depression, the rise of Hitler, discrimination against Negroes, and on his tour in 1958, of poverty and trouble around the world. The story gains stature and reality because of his awareness. Harper & Row, \$4.95

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SCRIBNERS

THE COMMON MARKET

can't guess either) what happens next. A literate and lively job by the author of *Sorry, Wrong Number*.

Random House, \$3.50

A Little Less Than Kind, by Charlotte Armstrong.

A mentally disturbed stepson plots to get rid of his stepfather. Nearly everyone in the Pasadena suburban community recognizes that something is wrong in the luxurious big house, including a psychiatrist friend of the family, but the problem is: who will do something to help the boy *before it is too late*? Exciting story and interesting human commentary on today's attitudes toward the mentally ill. By the author of *The Unsuspected*. Coward-McCann, \$3.95

Three on the Common Market

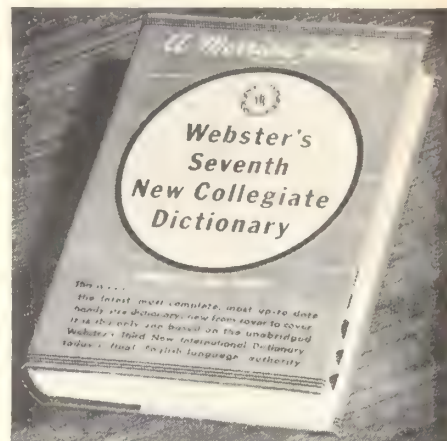
by John Brooks

Author of *"The Fate of the Edsel and Other Business Adventures"*

Like the manufacturer whose product goes out of style before he can get it on the market, the current-events author whose book is overtaken by new events between completion and publication, or shortly after publication, deserves our sympathy. He has labored long and without guile, only to be treated shabbily by fate. Three recent books on aspects of the Common Market all went to press before President de Gaulle lowered the boom on Britain's membership application. The situation would seem to make these books the Edsels of the current literary season.

Yet, curiously, it does not. Obviously, some of the attitudes and opinions on prospective British entry and related subjects appear now in a different light from that in which they were originally projected—but the new light is often an interesting one. De Gaulle or no de Gaulle, the Common Market is still very much in business, and seems likely to remain so. Eventually, of course, Britain may still join; in the meantime, what has already been accomplished in

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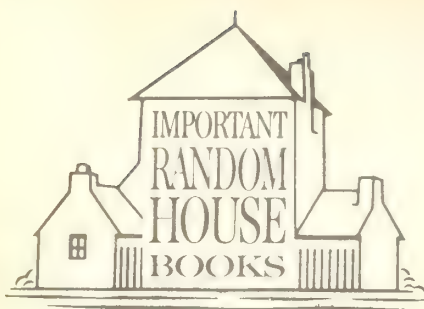
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THE COMMON MARKET

terms of economics stands as a crushing practical refutation of Marxist theory in the heart of the very cultural and economic sphere—Western Europe—that was Marx's model.

The *Genesis of the Common Market*, by W. O. Henderson (Quadrangle Books, \$5.50), is a European economic historian's history of international economic cooperation in Europe throughout the centuries. Written clearly if a bit flat-footedly, it includes a good deal of interesting information on the rise of particular industries in particular countries. The *Common Market* emerges as the culmination of a long series of efforts to achieve something like it dating back to the eighteenth century. One puts this book down feeling that much has been achieved, but that, at the same time, nothing has; "on both sides of the English Channel," writes Professor Henderson of the year 1786, "men of good will realized the folly of permanent enmity between Britain and France."

The *Common Market: European Community in Action*, by J. Warren Nystrom and Peter Malof (Van Nostrand, paperbound, \$1.45), is more contemporary in its approach, being two geographers' workmanlike analysis of the economic and geopolitical forces that brought the *Common Market* into being, along with helpful summaries of the present economic status of all Western European countries, whether *Common Market* members or not.

An even more *ad hoc* treatment of the subject is to be found in Richard Mayne's *The Community of Europe* (Norton, \$4)—and hardly suprisingly, since Mayne (an Englishman) is a key member of the *Common Market* Commission's public information staff in Brussels. Understandably prejudiced in favor of the *Common Market* and all its works, and anxious to emphasize its political implications, Mayne learnedly traces previous attempts at European political integration from Charlemagne through the Duc de Sully to Briand, and then moves on to the 1957 Treaty of Rome. In general, I can't say I consider a public relations man to be the ideal authority on his client, but the fact remains that this book gives what is surely the best-informed account extant of the *Common Market's* current operations.



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MUSIC in the round

BY DISCUS

A DAY AND NIGHTFUL OF OPERA

Milhaud, Bellini, Rossini, and Puccini are here again—belatedly—in shockers, how works, and at least one unflawed masterpiece.

Of the group of composers who made up *Les Six* in Paris just after the end of World War I, the big three were Arthur Honegger, Darius Milhaud, and Francis Poulenc. Germaine Tailleferre and Louis Durey did not produce much, and the very gifted Georges Auric went off into movie music. Honegger died a few years ago, and earlier this year Poulenc passed away. But Milhaud continues to compose, prolifically. Not only prolifically. Fantastically. He is like Villa-Lobos—the kind of craftsman who can turn out a couple of songs before breakfast, a cantata before lunch, a symphony before dinner. His list of works, a good deal of it unpublished, is enormous. This kind of facility is given to few men.

Milhaud was seventy years old last year. To honor the event, though a bit belatedly, Columbia has issued a recording of one of his early works, *Les Choéphores* (ML 5796, mono; MS 6396, stereo). Vera Zorina is the narrator, the singers are McHenry Boatwright and Irene Jordan, and Leonard Bernstein leads the Schola Cantorum and New York Philharmonic.

Les Choéphores is set to the Claudel translation of the second in the Aeschylus trilogy—*The Libation Bearers*. Milhaud composed it around 1915, and the score was a shocker in its day. With Europe still reeling from *Le Sacre du Printemps*, the Milhaud piece, which goes *Sacre* one better, must have seemed the end of the world to the conservative element. Stravinsky had touched on polytonality, but Milhaud jumped into it. The simultaneous tonalities he used, plus a great deal of rhythmic daring and a negation of melody—

at least, melody in the accepted sense—carried some of Stravinsky's theories even farther. Even today the fourth section, *Présages*, of *Les Choéphores*, remains a remarkable conception. Against the chanting of the narrator are heard a background of mutters, sibilants, grunts, clucks, chatters, chuckles, and other eerie choral sounds, backed by violent percussion interjections. It may be that *Les Choéphores* is a period piece, in which the shock value has worn off (the same is true, in a way, of *Le Sacre du Printemps*). But it remains an important work nevertheless, and Columbia is to be congratulated on presenting it—and presenting it under such fine auspices.

Flirting with the Pitch

The operatic discs of the past few months have been of a more conventional nature, if Joan Sutherland in Bellini's *La Sonnambula* can be called conventional. Until this season, the opera had been out of the Metropolitan repertoire since 1935. Lily Pons disported herself in it at that time. Others in the cast of this recording are Nicola Monti, Sylvia Stahlman, and Fernando Corena, with Richard Bonyng (Sutherland's husband) conducting the chorus and orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino (London A 4365, mono; OSA 1365, stereo; each 3 discs).

Sonnambula is a bel canto opera, which means that the soprano has to have all the accouterments: a flowing cantilena, long breath, considerable vocal range, and freedom in coloratura work. All that plus taste and style. Sutherland comes close to filling the bill, and she probably does sing this kind of music better than any living soprano. Yet she is not entirely convincing in this album. Despite the real beauty of her voice, despite the obvious knowledge of the bel canto tradition, despite even her amazing coloratura work, her singing here poses some questions. Her

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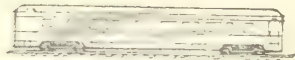
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Italian diction, for one thing, is inferior, and she does not seem to be able to color her vowels as well as she should. Even more important, she takes a long time getting under way. Her first aria, *Come per me sereno*, suffers from pitch trouble, including a trill that is uncomfortably out of tune. Later on she sounds more comfortable, and her delivery of *Ah, non credea*, is simply beautiful. But in the following aria, *Ah, non giunge*, which is the big show-piece of the opera, she once again flirts with the pitch. (Those in the know say that her performances at the Metropolitan Opera in *Sonnambula* a couple of months ago were much better and more accurate than on these discs.)

For Rossini Buffs

Also in the bel canto line is Rossini's *La Scala di Seta*, which has come out for the first time with a cast consisting of Graziella Sciutti, Ferdinando di Donni, Fernando Jacopucci, Margherita Rinaldi, Boris Carmeli, and Manlio Rocchi. The Philharmonic Orchestra of Rome is conducted by Franco Ferrara (Victor LM 7020, 2 discs, mono only).

There is some mystery attached to this album. It is the sound track of a Cine Lirica Italiana production, and the notes say that the musical revision has been made by Vito Frazzi. But no score of *La Scala di Seta* is readily available, and thus one cannot tell how close the music here is to the real thing, or what Frazzi's revisions consist of.

The recorded sound, though, is superb. Voices and orchestra are reproduced with unusual clarity. And any kind of *Scala di Seta* is better than none. All the average music lover knows of this opera is the overture, a popular concert-hall piece. As it turns out, there is enough music in the opera—despite some interminable recitatives—to make the buffs very

Answer to puzzle on page 72:

Karl Marx: Answers to a set of questions put by his daughter Jenny (in *Karl Marx, A Symposium*, edited by D. Ryazanoff. N.Y., International Publishers, 1927).

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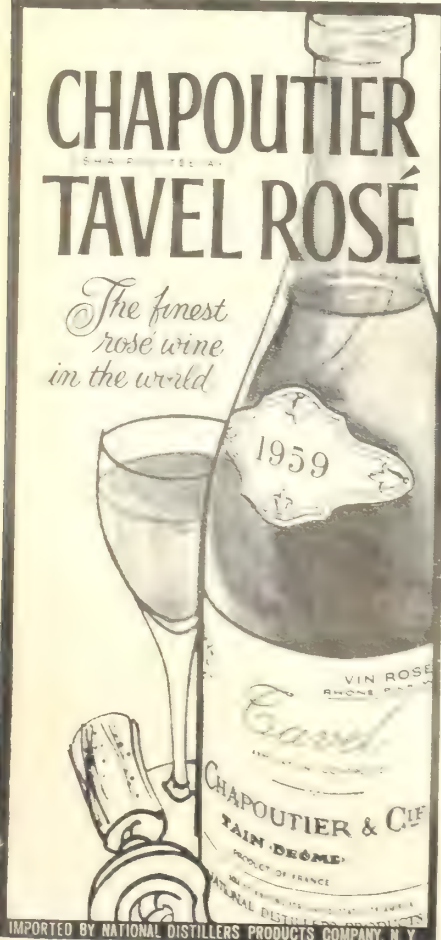
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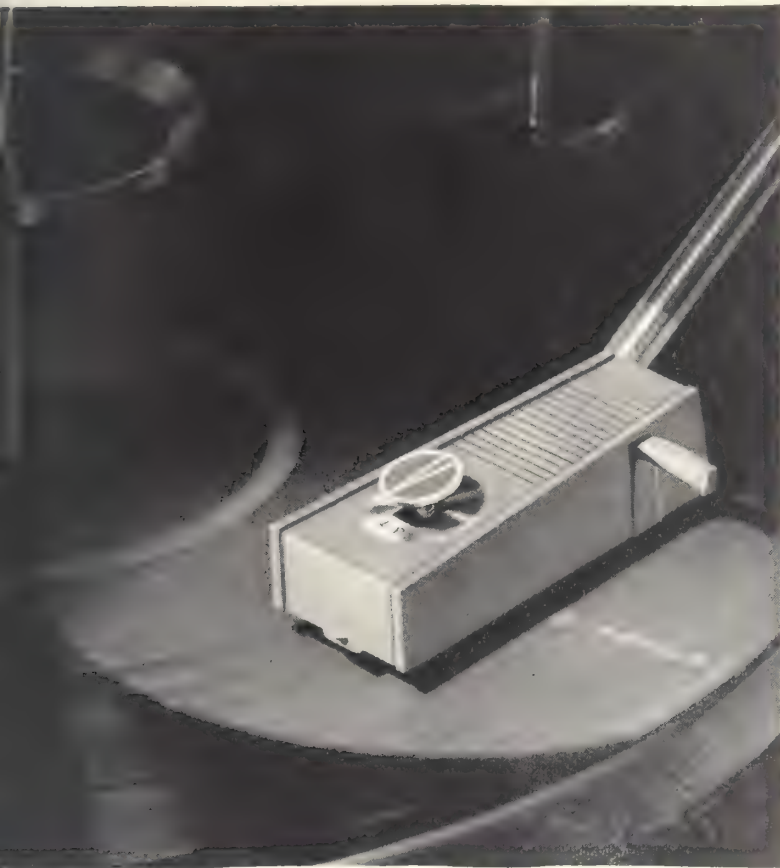
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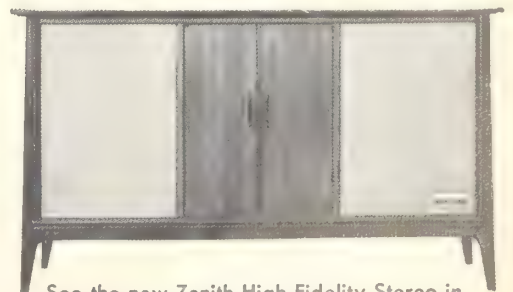
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

happy. Some of the arias and ensembles are Rossini at his most inventive and spirited; and, sure enough, there are several examples of the famous Rossini crescendo, in which the music gets louder, and louder, and louder, and LOUDER, until one is ready to explode. Rossini is one of the few composers in whom the genuine spirit of fun resides.

The later period of Italian opera represented by Puccini's *Il Trittico* comes to the fore an album starring Renata Tebaldi, who sings the leading soprano role in each opera of the triptych (London A 1364, mono; OSA 1364, stereo; each 3 discs). *Il Trittico* consists of three one-acters: *Il Tabarro*, *Suor Angelica*, and *Gianni Schicchi*. Up to very recent years, *Gianni Schicchi* received most attention. The other two operas were considered failures. But with the postwar (II) revival of interest in verismo opera, *Il Tabarro* began to be discussed with great respect. *Nobody*, on the other hand, can cotton to *Suor Angelica*, which is Puccini at his most sentimental and his cheapest.

The Brooding Barge Captain

What interests the cognoscenti about *Il Tabarro* is the way Puccini is able to sustain the atmosphere and characterization. The plot is a grim one, in which a barge captain takes matters in hand with typical Italian despatch when he finds his wife unfaithful. Puccini has woven into his score many realistic sounds—boats on the Seine, a hurdy-gurdy, river noises, and what have you. This for him is quite atypical procedure. So is the brooding, even malevolent, quality of the music. And *Il Tabarro* is all of a piece. Nobody ever steps out of characterization, and the arias are used to further the mood and action. It might be added that despite the unusual operatic approach, unusual for Puccini, that is, the score is full of the kind of melody that none but Puccini could write.

The third of the triptych, *Gianni Schicchi*, is an unflawed masterpiece. It is Puccini's great comic *geste*, and the more one hears it, the more one marvels. Some time back this column had a hysterical paean about the work, the occasion being the release of the Gobbi-De Los Angeles disc. Listening to the new disc could be an occasion of equal hysteria, except

that the Corena-Tebaldi combination does not match its competition. Voice for voice, Corena may have the edge; but Gobbi has the style, the authority, the subtlety, and the intensity.

Tebaldi sings very well in the three operas, though it would be idle to pretend that her voice is the luscious instrument of yore. In *Il Tabarro*, Robert Merrill is the resonant Michele, and Mario del Monaco is the insufferable Luigi. How that man can shout! Tebaldi and Giulietta Simonato make a fine team in *Angelica*. With Agostino Lazari, the tenor in *Schicchi*, we are back to yelling. Can't any tenor produce a loud sound anymore without letting loose a yelp that would send the entire canine kingdom back to their kennels, abashed?

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Elliot Carter's new double concerto is forbidding, exciting, fragmented, unified, full of new sounds, immensely complicated, highly dissonant. It will be all things to all men. Next to it, the double concerto by another American, Leon Kirchner, is almost romantic, with melodies that almost stand out as recognizable melodies. At any rate, two recent scores by two of America's most talked-about composers.

A Concert at the White House. Pablo Casals, Alexander Schneider, Mieczyslaw Horowitzki (Columbia KL 5726, mono only).

This disc is a souvenir of the famous evening of November 19, 1961, when Casals played before President Kennedy and a group of musical and political notables. The program consists of Mendelssohn's D minor Trio, the Couperin-Bazellire Concert Pieces, Schumann's Adagio and Allegro, and Casals's *Song of the Birds*. The recorded sound is not good, and its close-up quality emphasizes Casals' current tonal and bowing problems. Nevertheless his indomitable musical strength emerges.



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JAZZ note

Eric Larrabee

NO MORE WATER

This transcript of James Baldwin's interview by Studs Terkel, over Chicago's station WFMT, opens with a recording of Bessie Smith singing "Big Water Blues" and goes on to raise the question of jazz as tragedy, as an assertion of Negro identity, or as a symbol of all that Baldwin himself has come to stand for. The interview can be regarded as a sort of trial run, raw and less elaborated, for the extraordinary *New Yorker* article he has since embodied in his book, *The Fire Next Time*. It is the same voice speaking.

Baldwin preaches the apocalypse: the white must make a way in the world for the Negro, and come to terms inside himself with the Negro's existence, or "there will be violence." To the white audience for jazz I can imagine him saying very much what he says to the Northern white liberal, in effect: "You are the worst of all, since you are the best, and use your goodness as an excuse for refusing to face what you know to be true." Baldwin insists again and again that we all must pay, and one cannot listen to his patient, gently inflected voice without realizing that to have lived for very long with jazz—to have drawn on its emotional sustenance—is to owe a debt.

But Baldwin is a humane man and an artist, as well as a preacher: thus the words may be apocalyptic while the tone is not. He is wrapping us in love and terror, for our own good: he is trying to save the white man's soul by purging it of hate and fear. The artist in him is enlarged and lifted by the mightiness of his theme, the suffering and grandeur that have gone into it; but one senses also that another artist in him stands apart, aloof and critical—even of his own performance. Having purged himself of hatred, he knows how much of life's intractability has nothing to do with race, and needs no sermon from him.

The true material of tragedy, as Bessie Smith's attainment witnesses, is the fact that the world exists, not how we choose to harangue one another about it. She sings of it without self-consciousness or artifice, as incontrovertibly there, and the truth of that art will long outlast the tragedy which created it. Something of his own wry deference to this waywardness of the muses Baldwin hints at in his farewell: "Play it by ear, and pray for rain."

James Baldwin. *Black Man in America*. Credo 1. An Interview by Studs Terkel.

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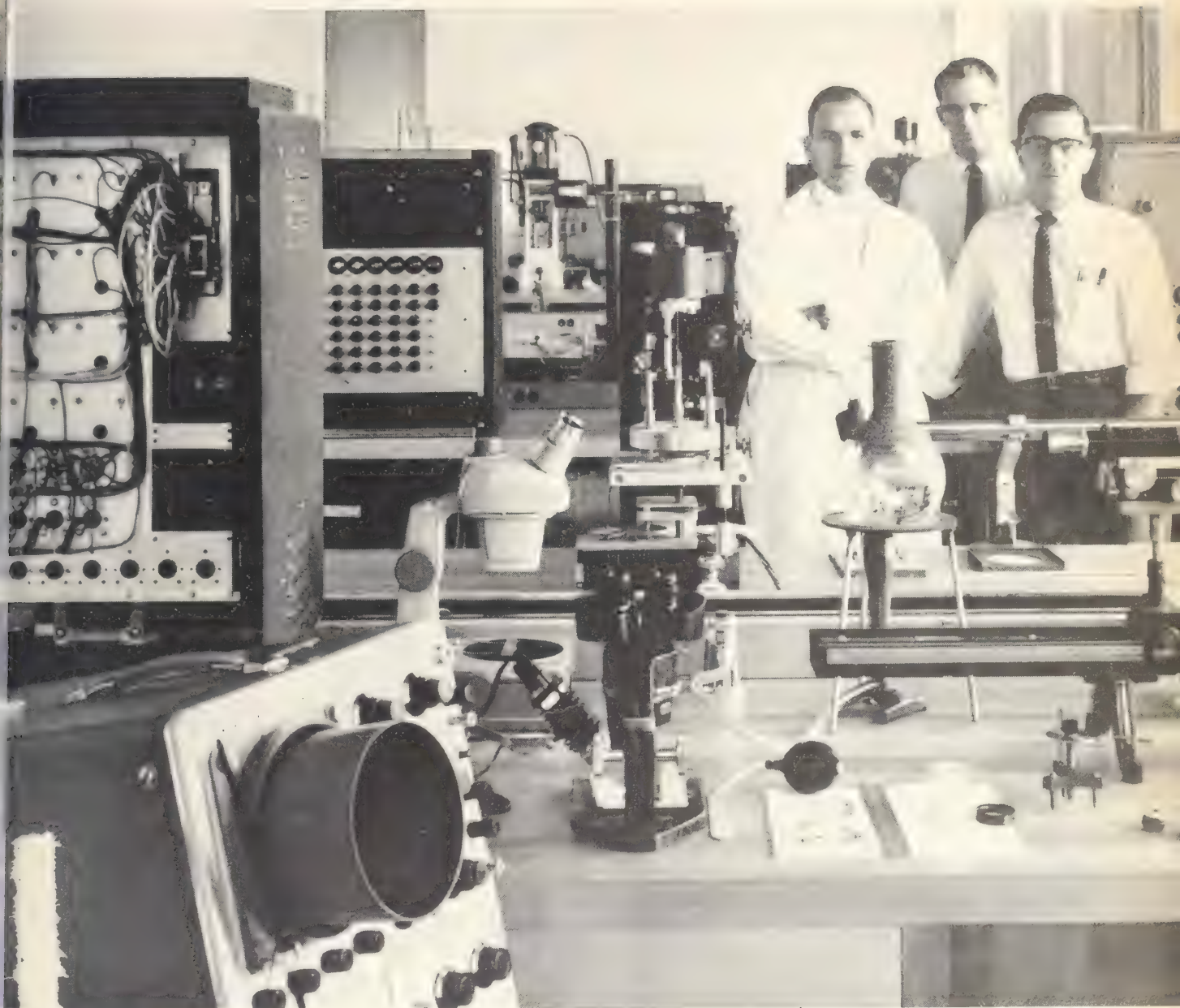
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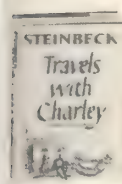


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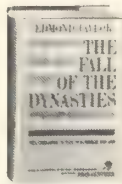
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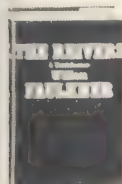
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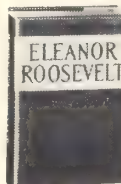
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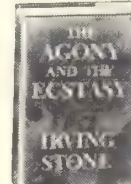
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Hope for the Unskilled?

I have just read "Learning to Be Unemployable" by Edward T. Chase [April]. My son wants very much to be a plumber. Yes, he is slow in reading, but is excellent in arithmetic. So where does that leave him? . . . Since the Camden County Vocational School became also the "And Technical School" the standards have gone up, and he is unable to pass the entrance exams. He can do wonders with his hands, and would have no trouble reading the material called for in plumbing. His ability to read prints and drawings is good. In fact, he has made things just by looking at the diagrams. He would be a good plumber. But he may never get to see the inside of any vocational school. Therefore, what is left for him to do? He can also do woodwork and electrical work. . .

Right now he is in eighth grade and is fifteen years old. . . His whole life was wrapped up in the fact that as soon as he completed eighth grade he could go into vocational school. Now that idea has almost been squelched and his incentive to finish eighth grade is slowly seen to diminish. . .

Have you any suggestions on what I can do about it? . . . In Camden there is plenty of unemployment of all the young people who quit school. And there is plenty of mischief done by them in their spare time. I don't want my son to fall into that pattern. I will be eagerly waiting to see if there is a change in the vo-ed policy, especially in Camden.

MRS. ISABELLE WEBER
Camden, N. J.

I agree that vocational education in our public schools needs improvement. But why de-emphasize vo-ag to bring about this improvement? The most sensible way to solve the problem is to emphasize vocational training in our urban schools in areas of unemployment and let vo-ag remain in our rural schools where it is needed. . . The farmer is

the backbone of our nation. . . Forty percent of our population is engaged in farm-related occupations and another ten percent are directly connected with farming. . . It is time to modify the Smith-Hughes Act so that vocational training can be given to people in farm-related occupations as well as those engaged in farming. When other areas of vocational training can reach the standards that the vo-ag program has now, a large portion of the vocational education program will be solved.

NORWOOD O. HARGROVE
Teacher of Agriculture
Eureka, N. C.

. . . We strongly protest Mr. Chase's reference to home economics courses as "disorganized, mediocre instruction in skills that have little relevance to the age of supermarkets." . . . The home economics curriculum today is more and more built around concepts of consumer education, family relations, and home management geared to the needs of the contemporary family structure. . .

A. JUNE BRICKER, Ph.D.
Executive Director
Amer. Home Economics Assoc.
Washington, D. C.

I should like to take issue with Mr. Chase on one point, if only because the rest of his article is so perceptive. . . Mr. Chase is well aware that the chief obstacle to secondary education of many young people today is lack of functional literacy. He seems, however, to assume that the vocational educators should devote some if not all of the time they have with the pupil to overcoming this lack through remedial programs in reading and other basic skills. Would it not be far more logical to provide the remedial work in general programs, preferably before the pupil reaches the proper age for skilled trade training? . . .

Perhaps where Mr. Chase and I differ is on . . . the definition of vocational education. If he sees it as



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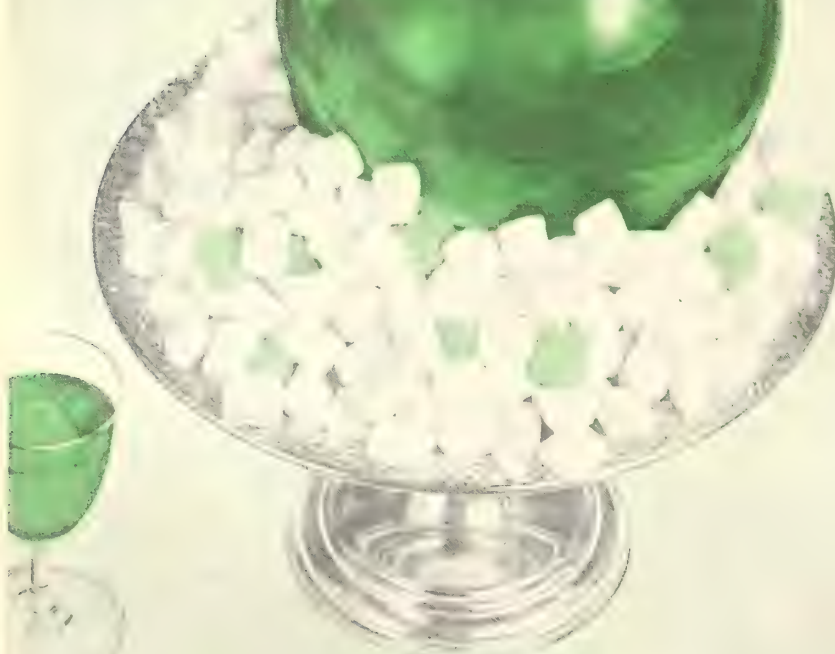
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a mass attempt to prepare everyone for entry into the first job, no matter how low-skilled or unskilled the job he is using a different definition of vocational education from its practitioners or from the federal and state laws which control it. . . . I would certainly agree that the present definition [in the Smith-Hughes Act] is too narrow. . . . I cannot, however, agree that every low-skilled and unskilled job demands a period of expensive, highly specialized, skilled training in a special vocational high school. The functional illiteracy that makes so many of our young people currently unemployable results from a failure in general education, particularly on the primary level, and the solution must be sought there. . . .

STUART C. LUCEY, Principal
Dodge Vocational High School
New York, N. Y.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

Yes, indeed, functional illiteracy would best be overcome in primary school. It isn't, however, and the harsh reality is that neither the higher cost of vocational education nor the risk of unsuccessful students (overstated, in the light of what the better vo-ed teachers are accomplishing with dross) makes defensible an admissions policy that condemns youth to limbo. In truth, there's no live option because the "general" curriculum is hopelessly inadequate. It's up to a reformed vo-ed system.

EDWARD T. CHASE
New York, N. Y.

If vocational training is being hurt by . . . concentration on academic training in schools, why do so many students enter college unable to read, write, or spell? Why *should* top academic high schools like New Trier (Ill.) and Whitefish Bay (Wis.) have to siphon off money for an auto workshop? Why *must* carpentry, plumbing, and auto mechanics be taught in schools? Whatever happened to on-the-job training? . . . Whoever said schools should teach people to earn a living, in the first place? Schools originally taught history, language, philosophy—the arts and sciences that, in theory anyway, enable people to cope with changes in the big picture, not necessarily changes in ways to earn money for groceries.

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Until now, man has never believed he could win his war against the clock. You can hardly blame him. The moment he developed anything new or wonderful, time in its remorseless way began to destroy it. Da Vinci's rueful comment seemed right, "Oh Time, Thou that consumest all Things!" And yet, Da Vinci was wrong—refuted by his own Mona Lisa, still around nearly five centuries later.

In those five centuries, man—stubbornly determined to re-make his universe instead of re-making himself to fit—has evolved a new view of our ancient foe. Far from being the eternal tyrant, time is actually something you can push around. Only a little, so far. But camera, printing press and sound recording prove that time cannot wipe out the past. And the present lasts far longer than it used to. For we've made time slow down... curbed the old despot's destructive disposition by learning to postpone, almost indefinitely, the damage he can do. The things we use and enjoy most—cars, clothes, furniture, home—now change far less in a year than they used to change in a day.

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In many big and little ways, time isn't pushing us around quite as much as he used to. We're giving the "bald old cheat" a pinch here, a pull there. We may never be able to turn time off and on like a water tap, but sure as spaceships, we *can* make him change his ways.

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I pity the poor schools. Every time someone finds a new national need, understaffed, underfinanced schools are pressured to add new courses. It matters not whether the courses are academic. We need plumbers? Schools must provide them. We need pianists? Schools must provide them. . . . The school is not the only place people can learn to drive a car or fix a sink. But it is the only place large numbers of people can learn to read, write, and think.

Let's leave the jobs that can be done by other agencies after school or on Saturdays to the other agencies and let the schools concentrate on their main task: education unmodified by "vo" or "ag."

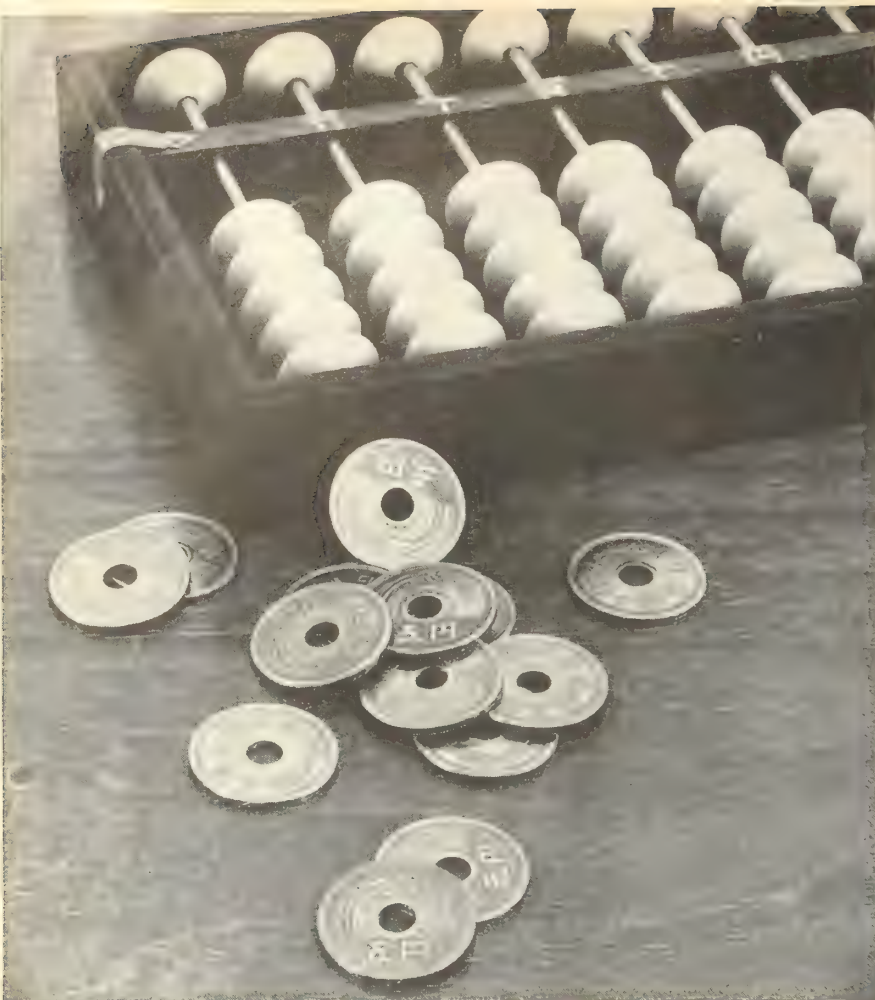
T. E. BLACKBURN
Marquette University
Milwaukee, Wis.

Girls at Prep

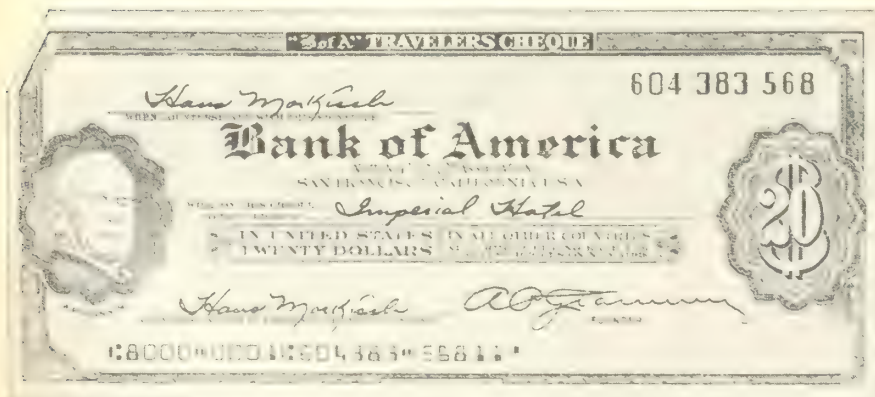
I am surprised at you! The only warmth in Phyllis La Farge's "A Warm-hearted Guide to Certain Girls' Schools" [April] is the hot flush of anger which no doubt appeared on thousands of girls' faces upon reading her article. I can now see why my mother has been telling me for years not to use those broad generalizations which this author holds so dear to her heart. . . . Does [she] really believe that most of the girls at Saint Catherine's want to "get married and live in white houses in the suburbs"? Nearly a whole school full of such unambitious people? . . . Why has she failed to mention the schools which are known for their physical work systems (e.g., washing dishes, cleaning classrooms, etc.) as well as heavy academic workloads? I can forgive her for not mentioning my own school, Kent, as it is comparatively new. . . . But how can a school such as Northfield be omitted? . . . This type is certainly worth as much notice as the "society" schools. . . .

SUSAN S. SCHREIBER
Kent School (Girls)
Kent, Conn.

I don't know whether Phyllis La Farge's appraisals and inferences regarding Saint Catherine's are accurate, but of this I am confident: when the sainted cats and their kittens, claws bared, emerge from those



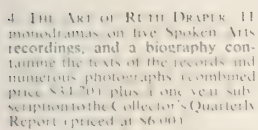
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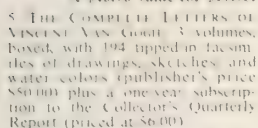
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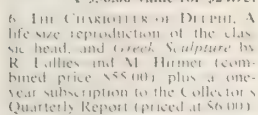
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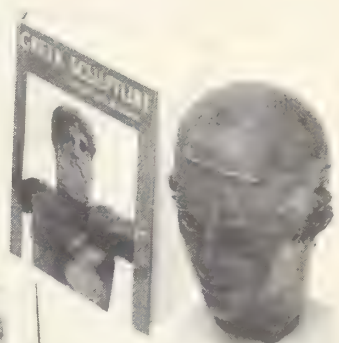
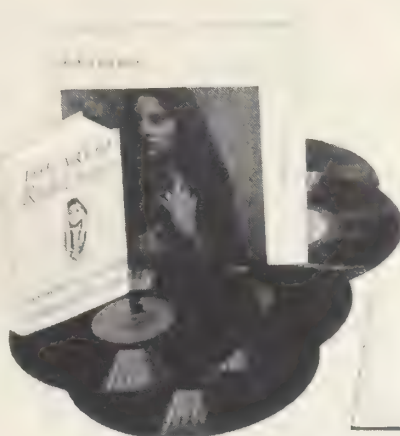
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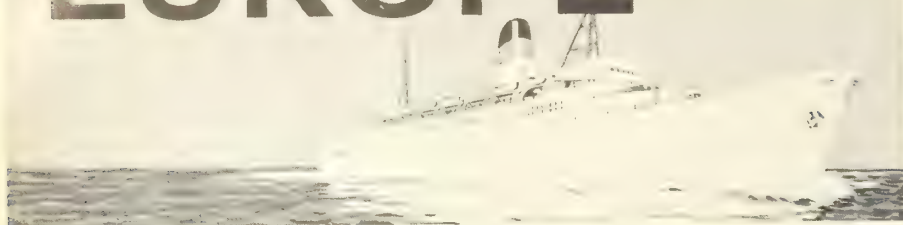
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Richmond, Va.

The Threat of Babies

John Fischer's article, "What Women Can Do for Peace" [Easy Chair, April] omits a salient point: that, for women, the birth of children is the most joyous experience of life. For us in America, with our farm surplus, to start telling hungry peoples that the solution is to restrict their children as well as their food seems to me the height of arrogance. . . . If we Americans were producing all possible food and seeing that it reached the hungry . . . then I might agree with your proposal. But . . . we are letting the food pile up in warehouses; we are paying farmers not to produce. . . . The immediate problem is not overpopulation; it is poor distribution. And until we do something about that, it is sheer effrontery to criticize the population growth of other lands. . . .

ANN REED BOLES
Portland, Ore.

Harper's has put the country in its debt with "What Women Can Do for Peace." . . . Is it not time to form an organization to . . . bring home to potential parents by all possible methods of publicity that the mother of tomorrow with four or five children will represent a greater menace to mankind than the Communist International and the hydrogen bomb? . . . The U.S. government would evidently prefer to let our billions in foreign aid go down the drain and the human race move with gathering speed to a holocaust of the surplus peoples rather than summon up the courage to face the facts.

CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.
Oakton, Va.

It's been a long time since I've seen such facile, freewheeling, and purblind reasoning . . . as that which issued from the Editor's Easy Chair in your April edition. . . . The last three paragraphs are as ridiculous



**One of the world's great brandies
does not come from France**

It is born on the sun-splashed plains surrounding Jerez in Spain, where centuries of tradition have contributed to its character. As a result, there is a difference between Fundador and the French brandy you may be accustomed to. It is delicately dry. "Soft and mellow", one could say. Another difference: the price is only \$6.94 the bottle in New York (slightly higher or lower in other States). Enjoy the premium brandy with the regal Spanish accent. Just favor yourself with **FUNDADOR**, the *genuine* brandy of Spain.



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as anything you can find anywhere on this subject. Dr. John Rock, while professing to be a Catholic, has been chipping away at the rock of his church's teaching on birth control methods and can hardly be called representative of authentic Catholic doctrine on this matter. The article studiously avoids any serious consideration of the true food-producing potential of a world subject to extensive technological development. The conclusion of the whole article is: All we need to do to preserve peace and avoid war, to maintain and improve our own and international standards of living, is to limit population. The Editor really is a genius at oversimplification. . . .

REV. FELICIAN A. FOY, O.F.M.
The National Catholic Almanac
Paterson, N. J.

Forget about peace action ladies; missiles aren't your speed. The trouble's not your quality, it's the quantity you breed. Just keep the population down, give pills to Afro-Asians; the world's ills thus we'll circumvent with parental evasions. Leave fission to philosophers, for what we really need are ladies with a hatchet nipping birth rates in the seed.

Lysistrata's ladies stopped the war they did abhor, but if they'd refrained earlier, there would have been no war. Poverty, ignorance, and disease, nuclear weapons and fears, will vanish when the excess population disappears. So picket not for peace, girls, cease your self-deception; if you must do something while you're out, strike for contraception.

ANN MORRISSETT
New York, N. Y.

As a woman who has participated in peace marches and as a Catholic who has had six children in the last eight years and knows that rhythm is not the answer for many, many Catholics, I thank you for expressing what I and many of my friends have felt. To view the advances of science . . . and then to view the licit methods available for Catholic family planning is to view a terrible incon-

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The refined eye of Tomiko

Secret of Japan Air Lines' unique service

From childhood, Japan Air Lines hostesses like Tomiko Tsuchida have lived in a world of subtle visual delight. A moss-grown rock is exquisite garden statuary. A garden of raked sand has the flow and coolness of an upland stream. Through chanoyu, the tea ceremony, and ikebana, the art of flower arrangement, comes Tomiko's wonderful awareness of a beauty to be seen even in the least of things.

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spoken wish is almost magically fulfilled by a charming hostess who seems to serve you alone.

Today you can savor a whole world of travel on Japan Air Lines. Choose from daily transPacific flights from San Francisco or Los Angeles to Tokyo. Then enjoy JAL's service throughout the Orient, on to India, or all the way around the world to Europe.

Remember, too — JAL's transPacific flights all touch down at Honolulu. You can stop over for a sunny Hawaiian holiday at no extra fare — another "bonus" when you fly JAL. See your travel agent about Japan Air Lines — "the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound."

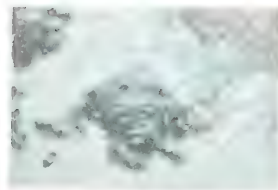
For a preview of JAL, and a wealth of exciting tours, send for your free "Destination Orient" kit. If you also wish "Seeing Japan", 200-page guidebook to the wonders of Japan, enclose one dollar. Write Japan Air Lines, Box 2721-HR, San Francisco.

JAPAN AIR LINES





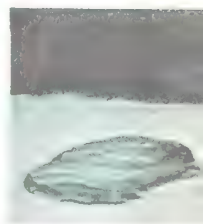
Setting for graciousness: a classic Japanese interior



JAL hostess Tomiko Tsuchida



Art and nature blend like flower and vase



At every turn, a new vista of beauty



Autumn finery enhances an outdoor



Tackling the rust problem of this toy truck is child's play compared to Chrysler Corporation's continuing war against corrosion.

Destruction is a challenge—it points the way to longer life

In the laboratories and in the field, the engineers of Chrysler Corporation meet the challenge of destruction in a highly successful attempt to prolong car life.

Rust, for example, is one of the major malignancies Chrysler engineers have attacked. From their study of the effects of water, weather and corrosive salts have come such Chrysler processes as the six-spray, seven-dip treatment of car bodies with rust-inhibiting chemicals, double nickel-chromium plating to reduce pitting and peeling of bumpers and bright-

work. And protective measures for mechanical components.

From brutal laboratory treatment of power components (shifting automatic transmissions, for example, for day after day at full throttle—for 12,000 cycles) has come such built-in reliability that the industry's first five-year or 50,000-mile warranty* could be offered.

But these are just a few of the ways Chrysler engineers meet the challenge of destruction. And this challenge itself is only one of the many met by Chrysler

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*Your authorized Chrysler Motors Corporation Dealer's Warranty, which covers defects in material and workmanship on 1963 cars has been expanded to include parts replacement or repair, without charge for required parts or labor, for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, on the engine block, head and internal parts; transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch); torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints (excluding dust boots), rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings, provided the vehicle has been serviced at reasonable intervals according to the Chrysler Motors Corporation Certified Car Care schedules. Trucks are included, but are subject to additional limitations of 1500 hours operation if mileage does not accurately reflect the extent of actual use and operation of parts covered by the warranty. Coverage will not apply to trucks subjected to prolonged power-take-off or off-highway use.



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MRS. RAYMOND M. GRIMM
Portland, Ore.

Because of John Fischer's article my wife and I are undertaking two new ventures. I plan to expand [his] hypothesis in a new book entitled *Sex and the Peace Race*. The basic theme will be that the bedrooms of the world are to become the Armageddons of this generation. My wife, founder and sole member of "Marching Mothers United for Peace and Sundry Other Causes" (MMUPSOC), is changing the slogan on her White House picket placard from "Ban the Bomb" to "Ban the Act."

LAWRENCE X. TARPEY, SR.
Lexington, Ky.

I, too, am familiar with Marxist and Communist literature, and know the difference between liberal and Communist definitions of "the scientific approach" to social and political issues. What disturbs me is that anti-Communist liberals in this country (including Mr. Fischer when he writes on Cold War issues) are

I have just returned from a brief visit in Oslo, Norway, and the contrast between the intellectual climate in the Scandinavian countries and in this country is striking. Most liberal intellectuals in Norway are just as appalled by American policies toward Cuba as they were about Soviet policies toward Hungary. And more, they are vigorous critics of our country's foreign policy, particularly as it pertains to our membership in NATO; the pro-NATO governing Labor party has lost most of its intellectuals over this issue and over the issue of pressing for full Norwegian membership in the EEC. In short, there was much vigorous criticism of Western Cold War policies in Oslo and Stockholm newspapers, in contrast to the rally-round-the-flag attitude that the majority of liberal intellectuals in this country seem to favor.

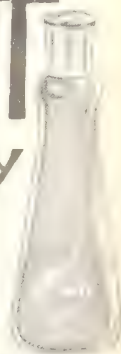
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Bertrand Russell on The Sinful Americans

A Somewhat Frustrating Exchange of Letters

The following correspondence grew out of an article published in this space last January, "A 'Scientific' Formula for Disarmament?" In it John Fischer commented on the tendency of some scientists—including Bertrand Russell, British mathematician and philosopher—to take an oversimplified view of the problems of disarmament and international tensions.

March 4, 1963

Sirs,

You published an article in your January issue by a Mr. J. Fischer. This article is not sufficiently serious to warrant the time necessary to examine it, but it may be worthwhile to mention that the views attributed to me by Mr. J. Fischer bear no relation to what I have advocated, and it seems clear from the context of his article that he has attributed these false views to me with foreknowledge. I shall charitably assume that this was due to oversight and I shall, therefore, seek to explain briefly what it is I am saying, in sufficiently simple language such as to enable J. Fischer to understand more clearly.

I am contending that human beings live, at the moment, in immediate danger of total annihilation. I do not say this rhetorically, but base the statement upon the fact that rocket bases and nuclear missiles cover our planet and rest upon warning systems of a few minutes. This

entire apparatus of global butchery depends upon radar, which is incapable of distinguishing natural phenomena from missiles. Many of *Harper's* readers will be familiar with the kinds of statements made by insurance companies concerning the possibility and likelihood of accidents with regard to airplane flights and automobile transport. We know there will be a mean number of accidents each year, although we cannot say which cars will crash or planes fall. So it is a simple problem of mathematical statistics that with each day the possibility of total annihilation through accident increases to a point of near certainty.

In the Cold War, the two giants competing for power ruthlessly extirpate every semblance of human decency wherever they are able to do so in pursuit of their mad struggle. The United States, for example, imposes intolerable regimes upon Asian, Latin-American, and Middle Eastern countries, and economically exploits the great majority of mankind who live at below-subsistence level to support American profit. Similar things can be said of the Soviet Union, but Americans need reminding of the nature of the society they inhabit. Devil theory, fanaticism, such as was practiced in the Thirty Years' War and evident in the conflicts between Catholics and Protestants, Christians and Moslems, will eliminate life from our planet. The Russians are not devils. Their record is comparable to that

of any other nation State, no better, little worse. The American government pursues a policy of genocide. This is a plain statement of fact. You, like Eichmann, acquiesce in this policy and you, like him, have the imperative moral responsibility to demand an end to such a policy. It can be done, if cowardice is put aside for clarity.

Yours faithfully,
Bertrand Russell

March 10, 1963

Dear Lord Russell:

Thank you for your letter of March 4. It is the best possible illustration of my main point in that article to which you refer: that when scientists stray outside of their own field, they are likely to come up with some rather curious notions.

For example, it is a simple, easily verifiable matter of fact that the American nuclear missile does *not* "rest upon warning systems of a few minutes" nor does its apparatus "depend upon radar, which is incapable of distinguishing natural phenomena from missiles." The primary purpose of the Polaris and Minuteman systems is to eliminate dependence upon any sort of warning system, and to make possible a deliberate, slow reaction. If a Russian missile were to land on American territory, therefore, there need be no immediate retaliation. The President could take whatever time might be necessary to find out whether the missile was fired by accident, or whether it was fired

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as part of a deliberate attack. Moreover, this country has established an elaborate system of safeguards which makes it virtually inconceivable that a missile could ever be fired by accident; and it seems quite probable that the Russians have developed similar systems of their own.

I doubt you will convince very many Americans that their government is pursuing "a policy of genocide," that it "imposes intolerable regimes" upon other countries, or that we are exploiting other peoples "to support American profit." On the contrary, other peoples are exploiting us at the rate of a good many billions of dollars a year given them as foreign aid.

Finally, I was puzzled by your suggestion that the article misrepresented your views. Do you mean that you are *not* advocating unilateral disarmament?

Sincerely,
John Fischer

March 15, 1963

Dear Mr. Fischer,

You suffer from what the theologians call "invincible ignorance." You also lack acquaintance with elementary logic. *Ad hominem* comment is no help to argument. Even if the absurd contention [were made] that men of particular intelligence are less well equipped to comment on public affairs than men of practiced ignorance, it would still be necessary to examine the remarks of the former on their merit in order to refute their claims. It will not help you to call scientists names. To complain of their training as a means of coping with their contentions is not an argument but a prejudice.

I shall examine the facts since you show so unbelievable an ignorance of them. You assert unabashedly:

It is a simple, easily verifiable matter of fact that the American nuclear missile system does *not* "rest upon warning systems of a few minutes"; nor does its apparatus "depend upon radar, which is incapable of distinguishing natural phenomena from missiles."

And I thought that the Americans were telling the truth when they justified their blockade of sovereign Cuba by invoking the danger provided by wicked Russian missiles. These missiles were dangerous be-

cause they reduced the warning time, said Mr. Kennedy. But perhaps he was following the procedure announced by Mr. Sylvester* and "lied in the national interest."

The DEW-Line system and NORAD† are a fantasy, I suppose. This radar network is designed to detect oncoming missiles, and the firing of American missiles is said to depend upon the information provided by DEW-Line and NORAD. The warning system upon which SAC works is fifteen minutes. The warning system in Britain is four minutes. All of the rocket bases are primed according to signals expected on radar registering missile attack. Would you claim that SAC and rocket bases abroad are *not* part of the American nuclear missile and bomber system?

So much for that contention. With regard to the reliability of radar, Sir Robert Watson-Watt, who is the inventor of radar, has declared unequivocally that radar can not distinguish natural phenomena from missiles. The Director of Jodrell Bank, Sir Bernard Lovell, has stated that it would not be possible to distinguish on radar between meteorites and missiles. There have been a large number of accidents due to the faultiness of radar. NORAD interpreted the rising of the moon as an invading Russian armada and on the basis of this error the signal to attack was given; only the freak occurrence of an iceberg cutting an underwater cable delayed it sufficiently to cause doubt in the mind of a Canadian commander.‡

The Mershon National Security Report, published on June 28, 1960, itemizes fifty accidents involving nuclear weapons including twelve major accidents. It predicted accidental nuclear war during the 1960s as a matter of statistical probability. It lists the accidents caused by radar and confirms the statements concerning its faulty character made by

* Presumably Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs; if so, the words in quotation marks are a misquotation.—J.F.

† Presumably references to the Distant Early Warning radar network and the North American Air Defense Command.—J.F.

‡ Where Lord Russell heard these alarming tales is unclear.—J.F.

Watson-Watt and Lovell. So much for the infallibility of radar.

You say categorically that the safeguards taken make it inconceivable that a missile could be fired by accident. In 1958 twelve Nike missiles were fired because of an electrical short circuit. Twenty-four warheads were scattered less than a day before the missiles were to be fitted with hydrogen warheads. The Mershon report lists comparable examples.

As regards the Minuteman missile, Professor Ralph Lapp states: "It might go by accident, it might be tampered with by saboteurs, or fired by fanatics."

After discussing safety precautions concerning ICBMs, President Kennedy stated: "All the safety factors leave a serious loophole in the control of ICBMs."

Lloyd V. Berkner, organizer of the International Geophysical Year, stated:

As large numbers of fast-flying missiles come into the possession of both sides, ready for use, critical command will tend to devolve to lower and lower echelons. To some extent this is already occurring. If we are going to be able to retaliate effectively, it will become less and less practicable to assemble Congress or to call together the Cabinet or even for the President to be consulted when missiles with the ultimate destructive power are seen flying toward us.

As Professor Lapp put it, "In the era of missile warfare, the control of nuclear weapons steadily becomes more diffuse and the danger of war through accident, miscalculation, or madness must rise accordingly."

The President of the American Psychological Association, Dr. Charles E. Osgood, stated: "The maintenance of peace depends upon rational behavior by those in control; yet in the present era of great danger we are more than ever at the mercy of 'the unpredictability of human behavior under stress.'"

On the same subject, Professor Lapp stated: "This unpredictability applies equally to chiefs of state and to lower echelons. But with the diffusion of control of nuclear weapons to more and more hands, the chances of someone breaking under the stress are multiplied."

Stockpiles of nuclear warheads are available at bases of the West Ger-

How much tax will you pay over 40 years?



Both Democrats and Republicans seem to agree at this point that U.S. Income Taxes are too high. So do most taxpayers, regardless of party.

But we doubt if very many U.S. citizens realize what their income taxes really add up to.

Take a Union Oil employee, for example, who earns \$600 per month. With a family of four, his Federal income withholding tax each month is \$67.68.

Just to get an idea of how much these taxes amount to in a working lifetime, we made some hypothetical assumptions.

Supposing our Union Oil employee started to work for the company at the age of 25 and retired at 65. Suppose further, for the sake of simplicity, that he earned the same salary throughout his career—\$600 a month.

At \$67.68 per month his taxes would amount to \$812.16 per year. Over a 40-year period, this would total \$32,486.40. But this isn't all of the story.

What would happen, we asked, if our Union Oil employee didn't have to pay any Federal income taxes at all? Say he put his \$67.68 each month into a savings account paying 4% interest compounded semi-annually.

By the time he reached 65, he would have accumulated \$79,300.

Now, obviously, very few people are going to advocate that this country do away with the Federal income tax completely. However, when we realize not only what the average American pays out-of-pocket during a lifetime, but also what it costs him in addition by not having the use of his money, any tax cut assumes a great deal more significance.

If Federal expenditures could be cut to the point where taxes could be reduced by 10%, for instance, it would be worth about \$7,000 to our Union Oil employee. If taxes could be reduced $\frac{1}{3}$, it would amount to over \$24,000.

It seems to us that these sums of money are significant enough to the average U.S. taxpayer to demonstrate the importance of constant vigilance in regard to Federal expenditures and taxes.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

Union Oil Company of California



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Love Letters to Rambler



J.J. Kohlberger

Buffalo rancher J.J. Kohlberger has a herd of 35 buffalo on his ranch east of Lock Haven, Pa. Years of satisfaction with earlier American Motors cars sold him his present Rambler Classic Six Station Wagon (with stick shift and overdrive). He writes:

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"Then I came down the Pacific Coast, into Old Mexico. I never had to add water to the radiator during the entire trip, even through the desert where the temperature was 120°.

"I averaged 50 miles per hour...between 25 and 27 miles per gallon of gas.

"I have owned at least 50 cars and I have never had any top the performance of this station wagon."

You get even more ruggedness in 1963 Rambler Station Wagons thanks to new Advanced Unit Construction. And inside you get full headroom, hiproom and legroom for six husky 6-footers (plus still more sitting room in 3-seat wagons).



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man Air Force and may, according to President Kennedy, be turned over to the Germans in emergency! When a B-52 bomber had to jettison a 24-megaton bomb over North Carolina, five of the six "safety" mechanisms had been triggered. One switch separated us from the obliteration of a vast area. So it is that the following men have stated the danger:

Accidental nuclear warfare is extremely likely. —*Lord Halsbury*

Future generations will look back with amazement if war is averted.

—*John Foster Dulles*

These modern weapons are simply too hot to handle and as time goes on, the curve of probability that they will go off will steadily rise.

—*Thomas K. Finletter*

If developments continue as they have during the last fifteen years, I believe all-out nuclear war is, in the long run, inevitable. —*Harrison Brown*

Every year, every month lost is not just marking time...but a lightning-fast slide to the line separating peace from the blast of rocket nuclear war.

—*Andrei Gromyko*

As for genocide, this is a simple matter of definition. The utilization of the nuclear rockets will entail the murder of hundreds of millions. This is genocide.

I shall list the intolerable regimes supported solely by American capital and American guns: Vietnam, South Korea, Thailand, Paraguay, Peru, Chile, Ecuador, Bolivia, Guatemala, Haiti, Formosa, and Spain. There are others. There are even more who are tolerated for just as long as they do not challenge American economic exploitation. Greece, Portugal, and France are tyrannies and all three maintain camps for political prisoners.

I enclose a copy of my article in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* in which I once again repeat my position as stated in *Commonsense and Nuclear Warfare* and in *Has Man a Future*. It can be found in countless articles and interviews. It is perfectly clear you have never read my writing on the subject and I challenge you to provide the source for the view you attribute to me in your article.

It amuses me to have you suggest that I am unfamiliar with the issues about which I write, and that questions of war and peace are not my

province. I have written on social issues since 1896 and on matters of peace and war and international politics for over fifty years.

I can not say whether your ignorance on these matters is real or whether you suppress the facts which alarm you. I can say that it is abominable for a man who edits a journal to be both so ill-informed and so prepared to write on the subjects of which he has no knowledge. This practice spreads ignorance and untruth.

I should wish you to publish this letter along with yours of 10 March.

Yours faithfully,

Bertrand Russell

March 21, 1963

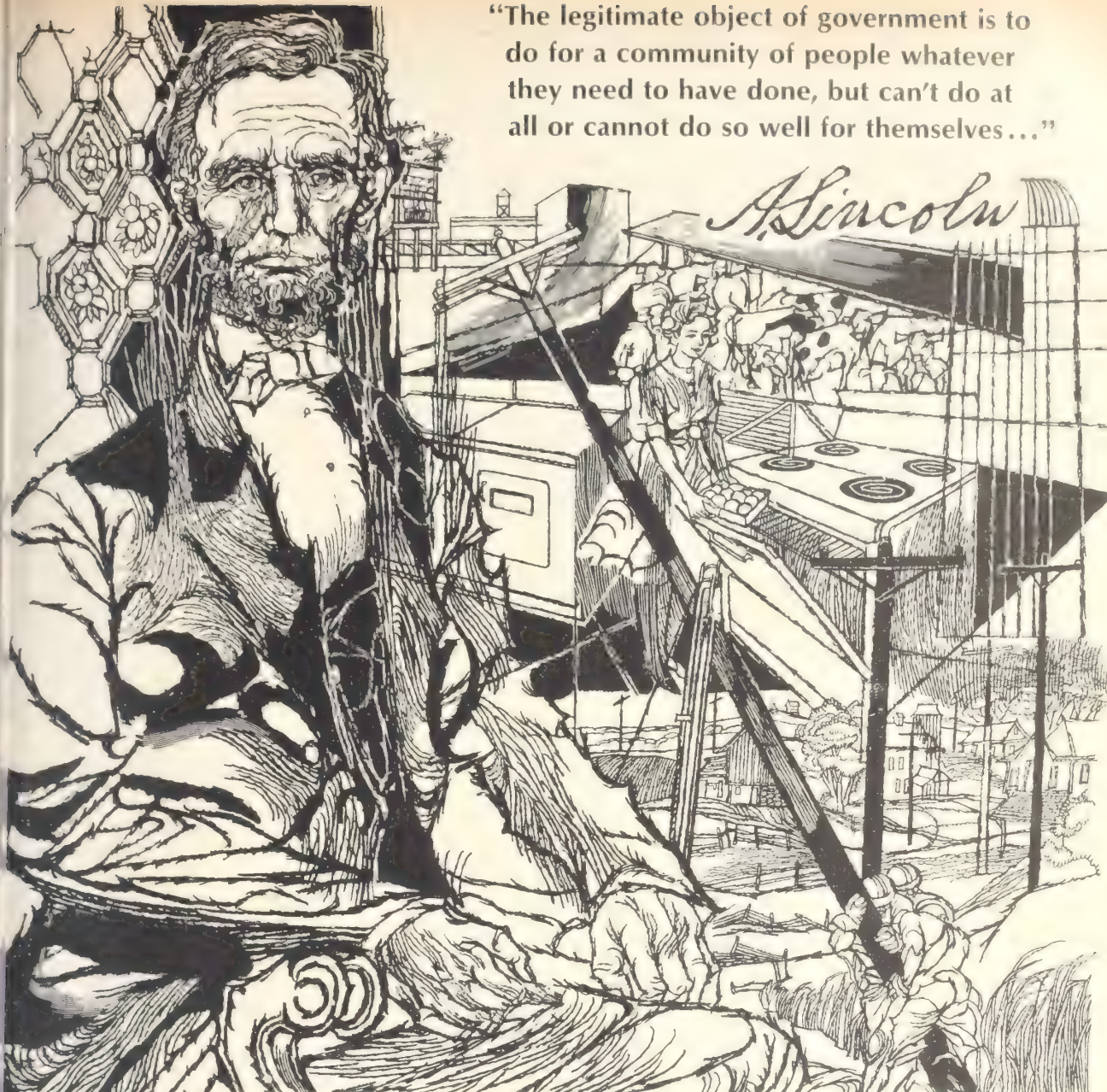
Dear Lord Russell:

Your main trouble, it would appear from your letter of March 15, is a confusion between warning time and reaction time. This is not surprising, since there was a period some years ago when the two concepts were closely related. During that period the American deterrent was made up entirely of bombers, based on highly vulnerable airfields. Consequently it was necessary for them to get off the ground within about fifteen minutes after a radar warning might be received of an enemy attack. (This did not mean, of course, that they had to launch a retaliatory attack of their own on such short notice, but the reaction time was still relatively short: that is, a decision would have to be made within the few hours that a plane could stay in flight.)

Within the last two years, we have been in the process of replacing manned bombers and the early, vulnerable type of missiles such as the Thor, Jupiter, and Titan, with new varieties of missiles which are largely invulnerable to enemy attack. These are the Minutemen, located in "hardened" underground sites scattered over a very wide area, and the Polaris, which can be fired from submarines under water. It is most unlikely that even a massive enemy attack could knock out more than a very small percentage of either the Minuteman or Polaris systems. Consequently, they have become entirely independent of the radar warning network. This network is still maintained, for whatever minor service.

"The legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done, but can't do at all or cannot do so well for themselves..."

A. Lincoln



LINCOLN WAS RIGHT. And rural electrification is a living example of his wisdom. When rural people could get electricity no other way, Congress created the Rural Electrification Administration to help them finance their own non-profit power systems. Today this combination of local ownership and REA financing brings electric power to 20 million rural people.

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Anthony M. Rey
Vice President and General Manager

THE EASY CHAIR

it might be to unhardened installations and to the civilian population but the firing of American missiles *not* dependent upon the information provided by DEW-Line and NORAD as you suggested in your letter (March 15). These new missiles would not need to be fired until after enemy missiles had actually landed on American territory, and if it seemed advisable, any retaliatory action could be delayed for days or weeks until it could be fully determined whether the enemy attack was accidental or intentional.

As the Minuteman and Polaris systems are being completed, the obsolescent bomber bases and early-generation missiles are being taken out of service, both here and abroad. The manufacture of strategic bombers has already been stopped, and as you may know—American bomber and early-generation missiles have been removed from a number of overseas sites, including Turkey, England, Italy, and Morocco.

Two other misconceptions mentioned in your letter deserve comment:

(1) The Nike missile is a short range antiaircraft weapon; it is not fitted with a hydrogen warhead. There has never been an accidental explosion of a nuclear weapon.

(2) The statement of Dr. Ralph Lapp's which you quoted about the Minuteman missile was apparently made while this weapon was in the early stage of development. If you are interested in the precautions taken to prevent accidental firing of a Minuteman missile, you might glance through the attached reprint.*

Since you seem to speak frequently on these matters, and since you state rather emphatically that you are opposed to the spreading of misinformation, I thought you might want to acquaint yourself with some of the current facts.

Sincerely,
John Fischer

March 24, 1963

Dear Mr. Fischer:

Our controversy has centered on the issue of accidental war and the

* Of an article published in *Harper's* in May 1962, entitled "Sixty Ivory Towers Forty Feet Underground."

Weight controllers increase their chances for success by adopting the lifetime "balance plan"

OVERWEIGHT AMERICANS spend millions of dollars each year for pills and potions, machines and gadgets, and special "dietary foods" which are promoted as "an easy way to lose weight." About all that most of these people lose is their money, for these heavily advertised "easy ways" to weight reduction seldom work. The person who consumes more food than his body needs for energy adds pounds. The way to shed excess pounds is to burn more calories than one consumes.

Weight control should be a lifetime goal, not something to be achieved over a matter of a few weeks or months. The overweight person must face the facts. To get his or her weight down to the desirable level and to keep it there takes a great deal of will power, almost unlimited support from family and friends, and adoption of what we call the "balance—or moderation—plan."

The plan itself is simple, but it may not be an easy one for every weight controller to put into personal practice.

THIS IS THE PLAN

Let's assume that the person really desires to attain and to maintain the desirable weight for his height and body build and follows the sensible plan of regular medical check-ups by a competent physician who can determine if weight loss is desirable and if exercise is permissible. Certainly one of the first steps for the weight controller is to adopt a planned physical exercise program. This is especially important for the sedentary office worker. The human body needs regular exercise. We function more effectively if we use our muscles and keep them in tone.

Although there are many ways to exercise, walking is one of the best. Walking five miles each day not only helps the body achieve better tone but also uses about 300 calories. If present food intake has been maintaining the body weight for some time, adding five miles of walking to the daily routine could lead to a 15 pound weight loss over a period of six months. It would provide the double benefit of weight reduction and that better over-all feeling that comes from regular exercise.

BALANCE THE DIET

For weight reduction or for weight control and maintenance, a well balanced diet is a key element in the "balance plan." What a person eats should be balanced in both quantity and quality. Weight controllers must know their calories and cannot overlook the calories consumed between meals and at cocktail time. To *maintain* weight, the intake of calories must balance with the energy expended. To *lose* weight, the intake of calories must be lower than the energy expenditure so that the body uses its own fat stores for fuel. For most people, a combination of increased exercise and lower food intake is probably the sensible approach to weight reduction.

To provide a diet balanced qualitatively doesn't require using a slide rule. Foods must furnish necessary nutrients—protein, minerals, vitamins, etc., or the diet may be dangerously unbalanced. Foods should be selected from the four basic food groups which are classified largely on the basis of the nutrients they supply.

SELECT FROM THESE FOOD GROUPS

MILK AND OTHER DAIRY FOODS: Two 8-ounce glasses of milk (or the equivalent in such dairy products as cheese and ice cream) per day provide an adult man approximately 25% of the protein he needs (high quality protein, too); 71% of his calcium (adults do need calcium to keep bones well supplied even after growth stops, as well as for other vital purposes); 15% of the vitamin A; 46% of the riboflavin; 10-12% of the thiamine; 10-13% of the calories. For an adult woman, two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide 31% of the protein she needs; 71% of the calcium; 15% of the vitamin A; 56% of the riboflavin; 13-16% of the thiamine; and 14-18% of the calories. Milk is an excellent food for weight controllers and weight reducers because it provides large percentages of necessary food nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories. To obtain these essential nutrients in other foods could cost much more in calories consumed.

MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS: Two or more servings each day from this group provide additional protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. Weight reducers should select the leaner cuts of meat to reduce total calories.

VEGETABLES-FRUITS: Four or more servings each day from this group, including a citrus fruit or vegetable high in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable for vitamin A, assure adequate supplies of these important vitamins.

BREADS-CEREALS: Four or more servings per day from this group provide protein, iron, B-vitamins, and food energy (calories).

Making one's food selections from these four basic food groups, while at the same time being very conscientious about balancing calorie intake against calorie expenditure, is the pattern for lifetime eating habits that all of us should try to develop. Balancing a diet, in quantity and quality, plus a daily exercise program are two good ways to control weight and to enjoy life more.

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THE EASY CHAIR

nature of American policy. You are unable to refute the overwhelming evidence of specific and statistical kind. You are unable to "unwrite" the Mershon Report, the work of the Pugwash scientists whose competence in their fields is real, the statements of Kennedy, Dulles, Gromyko, Hailsham, and scores of others. And you are unwilling to grasp what you would never deny with regard to the data of insurance companies on accidents in many spheres. Insofar as hundreds of millions of lives are involved, I have no compunction in saying to you that you enhance the prospect of annihilation by your journalism.

The electrical failure which detonated Nike missiles in 1958, the instance of total mental breakdown such as has been recently recorded for American missile officers, the occurrence of a mad first-strike act by a rebellious commander are all part of the data concerning accidental nuclear war. Kennedy's remarks were directed to "hardened" ICBMs.

The "invulnerability" to hydrogen attack from 100-megaton weapons may delude you but its absurdity deludes few other than military propagandists. The errors on radar which give false evidence of massive attack will provoke reply. The Institute for Strategic Studies assesses the strategic strength for early 1963 on the part of the United States to include over 1,600 medium-range bombers, 600 long-range bombers, 250 medium-range missiles, and 500 long-range missiles. If you think that this arsenal will not come into use should radar show a massive attack, I leave you to your delusion. If the missiles which detonated in 1958 are now said to have been anti-aircraft weapons, the claims of the time were lies. The danger is in no way lessened.

Finally, Polaris submarines are increasingly detectable and sinkable. So much so that there is serious consideration of going over to surface vessels. As the day approaches that radar is not felt to give "warning" or "reaction time," the likelihood that either side will feel compelled to strike first will increase. There are many crises brewing in this world, many of them because of the American exploitative policy I have specified, and in each the probability of an error of judgment is high.

Any claim that "accidental war is impossible," any statement that rational acts are guaranteed and American judgment is infallible, are lunatic. I note in this discussion your insensitivity to the issues couched in such grand and pseudo-technical jargon. The issues concern vast suffering and agony, mass murder and devastation. How extraordinary that men so diminished as those who can discuss this without awareness of what they do should escape universal opprobrium. In a long life during which I have often observed the vanity and cruelty of men I can not cite a more cold-blooded parallel.

I should be grateful for your permission to publish this correspondence.

Yours faithfully,
Bertrand Russell

April 3, 1963

Dear Lord Russell:

Our recent correspondence leaves me with a certain feeling of frustration, because we seem to be talking about different things—and because I apparently have failed completely to make my position clear. May I try once more?

(1) I have never suggested that "accidental war is impossible," that rational acts are guaranteed, or that American judgment is infallible. Obviously nothing is impossible and no one is infallible. I do regard accidental war as most unlikely, and I have tried to set forth some of the facts on which this view is based. Your own view—that accidental nuclear war is inevitable, or at least highly probable—seems to me to be based on some facts which are now obsolete, other "facts" which never existed, and on an almost total misconception of American policy.

(2) So far as I know, we do not disagree on two points: that a nuclear war would be an unparalleled catastrophe, and that every conceivable effort should be made to reach a satisfactory agreement on nuclear disarmament. What reasonable man could believe otherwise?

(3) Where we do differ, apparently, is on what would constitute a "satisfactory" disarmament agreement, and how it might be reached. If I

THE EASY CHAIR

correctly understand your position—is set forth in your letters, your article in the March 1962 issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, and our other recent writings and speeches—you would like to see Britain abandon nuclear weapons, adopt a position of neutrality, and break up the NATO alliance. This in itself would constitute a considerable degree of unilateral disarmament by the West, and (in my view) would bring war dangerously closer by emptying the Soviet Union to further aggression.

In addition, if your statements have been correctly reported in the British press, you advocate American acceptance of a disarmament agreement that contains no adequate provisions for verification or inspection. This simply would be the equivalent of complete unilateral disarmament by the West, since there is no reason to believe, on the basis of the historical record, that the Soviet Union would keep such an agreement for a moment.

(4) It is also part of this historical record that the United States made the first and most sweeping proposals for nuclear disarmament—offering, *at a time when we had a monopoly of nuclear weapons*, to abolish them and to turn all nuclear technology over to an international agency (the so-called Baruch-Acheson-Lilienthal proposals in 1946). Since that time, American negotiators have persisted, with infinite patience, in trying to reach an agreement that will effectively control or eliminate nuclear arms. So far, apparently, they have been unable to evoke any serious interest from either the Russians or General de Gaulle. Under these circumstances, I am at a loss to know what further steps this country might take.

(5) There is no point in arguing with you about the nature of American society or American policy. Anyone who really believes that “the power of decision” in this country rests “in the hands of semi-literate paranoids compulsively acting out their sick hates and their blind malice”—as you put it in the *Bulletin* article—obviously is beyond persuasion.

On a few subordinate matters,



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He: Splendid chap, my wife.



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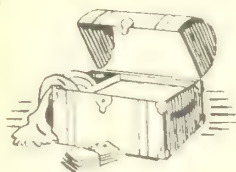
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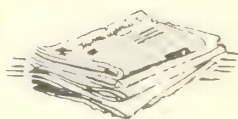
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THE EASY CHAIR

however, I do hope that you might be willing to re-examine the facts. For example, no nuclear weapon, so far as I can discover, was ever detonated by accident;* the Nike is and always was, a short-range anti-aircraft weapon, and I can find no published suggestion to the contrary; I know of no evidence of "total mental breakdown . . . recently recorded for American missile officers," or of "a mad first-strike act by a rebellious commander." (If you have any such evidence I would be glad to hear of it.) President Kennedy has never proposed that nuclear warheads "be turned over to the Germans in an emergency"; that would be contrary both to treaty obligations and to American law. There is no "serious consideration of going over to surface vessels" as a replacement for the Polaris submarines because they are "increasingly detectable and sinkable." (The suggestion that a European multi-national nuclear force might use surface vessels was advanced because they are cheaper than submarines, not because they are less vulnerable; they are not. And such a force would be intended to supplement, not replace, the Polaris.) All I am suggesting is that you should examine such documents as the so-called "Mershon Report"† with the same intellectual vigor that you once applied to the arguments of G. E. Moore and Wittgenstein.

(6) Finally, rising population pressures throughout the world seem to me a greater danger, in the long run, than the existence of nuclear weapons, since if they are not checked they will make war virtually inevitable. Is it too much to hope that you might enlist your considerable energies as a propagandist in this kind of peace movement?

Certainly you have my permission to publish this correspondence, provided it is published in full, including this letter.

Sincerely,
John Fischer

* It is conceivable, of course, that some such accident may have happened in Russia without the knowledge of the outside world; but there is no reason to believe this might be so.

† An unofficial document issued by the Mershon Center for Education in National Security, at Ohio State University.

AFTER HOURS



A TIME TO STUDY by David Kuester

David Kuester (Oberlin 1960, cum laude) expects to receive his law degree from Harvard on June 13. His home is in St. Louis.

NOW that I am approaching my last round of final exams in law school, I have detected a pattern of behavior that has repeated itself these last three springs. This pattern divides into four stages: (1) the stage of covert and overt panic, (2) the stage of preliminary study gestures, (3) the crash study program, and (4) the austerity program.

The first or panic stage is easily the most unpleasant. It has lasted as long as a month. But I think I must be working out a better adjustment to the student life, now that it is almost time for me to leave school, because this year the panic stage lasted only a couple of weeks. This stage is not only unpleasant for me, but miserable for those who have to be around me. During the covert panic, I seethe inwardly, and have dreams about chasing a group of young men who are chasing an ambulance around a track and have "Harvard Law Review" written on their sweat shirts. And I am subject to outbursts of temper whenever grades, exams, or the future is mentioned. The overt panic comes when my roommates start talking about how much work there is to do before

exams and how long it takes to review estate planning. At this stage, I stop being merely irritable and become intolerable. I then turn every discussion about house expenses, the Cuban crisis, or the Harvard-Yale game into a violent argument.

It is almost a relief when the wheels start to turn, and I make the preliminary gestures toward doing something about finals. It's not that I get much work done during this second stage of activity—but here at least I come close to doing something. In other words, I go to the library but do not study when I get there. There is still enough time before exams so that I can afford to be casual at this stage. So I take many breaks for coffee and quit early in the evening to go drink beer at Cronin's.

Sometimes I even take a date to the library. It usually turns out that my date has her own exams coming up, so an evening of study is the only suitable coeducational activity. This year I am dating a girl who is very conscientious about her work. That is, she worries about it a lot. So on the drive back from Wellesley we talk about how much work we both have to do, and I find myself driving a little slower as we come progressively nearer the Law School Library in Cambridge. The back seat is filled with books. Susan has brought

CHEERFULNESS

Oliver Edwards, once a fellow-collegian of Dr. Samuel Johnson and in later life a solicitor who turned Hertfordshire farmer, was a man of buoyant temperament. "I have tried in my time to be a philosopher," he declared, "but cheerfulness was always breaking in."

We feel somewhat the same whenever we hear the self-appointed prophets of gloom and doom viewing the future with alarm and moaning about the country's business prospects. Whenever we consider the American economy in general and the stock market in particular, cheerfulness keeps breaking in.

The economy has its ups and downs, of course, and will always have them. But somehow it weathers panics, depressions, and recessions. And in spite of them, its long-term trend has been upward.

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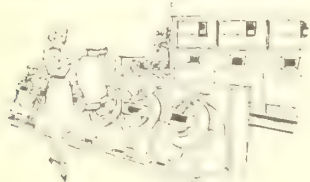
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AFTER HOURS

along two green book bags and there is a paperback book about the Italian Renaissance sticking out of her coat pocket. She is wearing her glasses instead of her contact lenses, so I know she means business. In the back seat are copies of three textbooks on insurance, the 1954 Internal Revenue Code, and the Casner text on estate planning. There are also large notebooks full of my notes from insurance and estate-planning classes. In fact, we are so well-equipped with study materials for our date that we could work from that evening until the day before exams without having to go further than the back seat of my car for more books.

When we reach the library, it takes a while to get started. Unloading all those books is a job in itself. And once inside the library, we must find the right place to study. Finding a good table can take as long as twenty minutes in the Harvard Law Library. This is because *none* of the tables are especially inviting, and the room is so big that we have to spend quite a while searching before we finally settle for one that looks like all the others. We spread our books out on the table, and we go through the complex process of organizing a study schedule for the evening, and I visit with a couple of friends sitting at the next table. By then both Susan and I are quite tired and need our first study break.

"Honey, we can't get to work already. Let's go over to Harkness and have some coffee. Then we'll really feel like pitching in and getting some work done."

"But, David, I just have so much to do. It's not that I wouldn't enjoy a cup of coffee, but I have just let all these courses go so long. Let's just make it five minutes, and come right back."

So Susan and I go to Harkness. Inevitably, the conversation over coffee is much more interesting than insurance law or the Italian Renaissance and we stay. We talk with an intimacy that is rather unusual for the two of us. As it comes closer to exam time, we find we are talking about increasingly personal matters, discussing our relationship with a frankness we have never before been able to muster. We get so involved that our exams seem trivial com-

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pared with our tremendously meaningful conversation. Suddenly, it is time to meet the one o'clock curfew at Wellesley. We load up the book bags to leave. On the way back, we talk about how little work we got done and how important it is that we really settle down to work tomorrow night.

AFTER the study dates, I announce that I have swung into my crash program. This means to my friends that they shouldn't tempt me with offers to drink beer in the evening, and to Susan that I will see her only once in the next two weeks. During the crash study program, nothing, no activity, is to be justified but study itself. Everything else is a mere intermission—and as exams draw closer, only necessary intermissions can be rationalized. By necessary, I mean they must relate to some unavoidable bodily function, like going to the bathroom. Meals are something to look forward to—the high point of the day. Dinner can last up to an hour at the Oxford Grill where service is slow. And because it's so important to feel physically fit at this time of year, I can justify to myself spending \$2.25 for a London broil and perhaps even having an oyster cocktail. If I meet Brian for dinner, he is liable to have a drink. When he orders a Gibson, I just look on in wonder and admiration. Half a glass of beer and I'd be through for the evening, I tell him. Then he smirks and orders his second.

Some people do not like this kind of tension. But I always welcome it, partly because it's the only time I can get any work done; and partly because I go over so much material in that time that I get a great feeling of accomplishment just from turning so many pages.

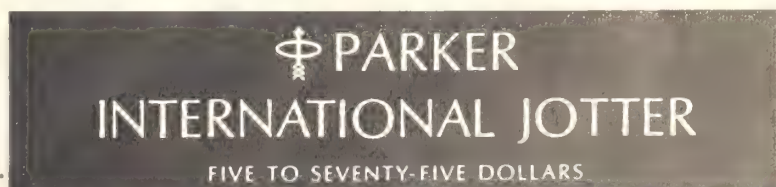
During this crash program, I do more reading than at any other time in the year. And about half of it has to do with law. And outside of law, a whole universe of interesting material calls itself to my attention, and I begin to explore subjects I haven't read about for a long time. When you are in the middle of an impossible math problem, poetry becomes interesting, fun, and meaningful. When I am in the middle of trying to master the doctrine of insurable interest as it applies to as-



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AFTER HOURS

signees, the subject of religion becomes fascinating. I decide that the meaning of life is far more important than whether or not an assignee of a life-insurance policy can collect as a beneficiary if he had no financial interest in the life of the decedent. I even start to think about the ministry. Maybe I missed my true vocation. This leads me to reading a book on vocational counseling. As I go through the table of contents and see there is a chapter on law, I put the book away and find something more diverting.

BUT the time comes when there are only four or five days left, and then I allow myself to be distracted less easily. This final stage is my austerity program. Only then am I capable of complete concentration. I almost look forward to those last few days before exams. The time goes fast, and the day is no longer made up of so many hours that must be filled with work, but is now made up of an unlimited amount of work that must be squeezed into a limited number of hours. And I stop going to the Oxford Grill to meet Brian for supper. I go instead to the drugstore across the street from Lamont Library for a quick hamburger. And I have moved from the Law Library, where there are law students I know, to Lamont, where the undergrads study and where I can find a cozy booth that is closed off from the outside world. My head goes down into the books, and I don't even pause to read the dirty poems scratched on the desk. Now the time passes most quickly. Soon it is the day of my estate-planning final.

I walk carefully into the exam room. I am afraid that if I slip and fall, the fragile arrangement of facts and ideas in my head will be hopelessly jarred. I refuse to talk about anything that might be on the exam for fear of upsetting this delicate balance. I am a few minutes early for the exam. I stand near the corner of the hallway by myself so that I will not hear exam talk. But someone comes up to me to see if I am worried.

"Jesus, Dave, you really look tired. Been working hard for the final?"

I look him in the eye. "Working? Well, I did a little reviewing late last night."

COMING IN

Harper's magazine



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By Russell Lynes

ROCKEFELLER'S TRIPLE-THREAT BRAIN TRUST

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By Alan L. Otten and Charles B. Seib

FIGHTER PILOT

The day's work—and dangers—of a highly specialized kind of warrior.

By Richard Bach (who is one)

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IS THE WELFARE STATE OBSOLETE?

IRVING KRISTOL

*A disillusioned look at the
Number One Dogma of American liberals:
Washington Can Do It Better.*

EVER since John Kenneth Galbraith, in *The Affluent Society*, popularized the distinction between the private sector and the public sector of our economy, these two categories have been the shuttlecocks of ideological debate. On the one hand, the liberals think it a scandal that this nation should spend as much on cosmetics as on space exploration (including missile development) . . . that automobiles should flourish while civic transit decays . . . that private vanities predominate over the public welfare. On the other, there are the conservatives for whom the contrast between private and public sectors is between "productive" and "nonproductive" expenditures, between the "voluntary" and "coercive" areas of American life, between individual, rational self-interest and public folly.

I think this debate is anything but insignificant or sterile, but I also think the terms in which it is defined are profoundly misleading. I would even say they are deliberately intended to mis-

lead. Beneath this rhetorical controversy is a rather crude struggle for political and social power. The liberal community—*i.e.*, the teachers, the journalists, the civil servants, the trade unionists, the leaders of minority groups, etc.—envisages the welfare state as the one institution through which it can exercise a power and authority over the nation's affairs which it does not otherwise possess. The conservative community—*i.e.*, businessmen and their associates—sees the welfare state as a *parvenu* authority that usurps its traditional power and prerogatives, obstructs its habitual freedom of action. Each party doubtless sincerely believes that its sovereignty is most conducive to the common good. Whom the gods would make power-hungry, they first make sincere.

In some significant respects, of course, this conflict has already been decided in favor of the liberals. The need for huge government defense expenditures, the sheer massive complexity of our industrial society and the consequent necessity for increased regulation, the simple fact that businessmen are an electoral minority—these have made it inevitable that a modern democratic state will be a strong state, not a weak one. There is not much point in lamenting this development; and, so far as I can see, no reason to do so.

But true strength knows its own limits; and there is a real question as to whether the welfare

state, as it is taking shape in America today, is not exhibiting delusions of omniscience. What is one to make, for instance, of the following extract from an interview with Mortimer Caplin, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue?

Q: Would you clarify the tax status of one kind of situation that occurs frequently among business people: the case of a man who takes his wife, and a client and his wife, out for drinks, to dinner and to the theatre?

A: I think that we first have to establish whether or not the expense is at all deductible. This is the first important question.

Q: But suppose that this is the kind of entertainment that is deductible?

A: Well, we're right in the midst of trying to interpret exactly where the lines are properly to be drawn. Hence, it's difficult for me to give you a definitive answer now.

Q: Could you give it in general terms?

A: Generally speaking, the committee reports indicate that the customer's wife is placed in a unique position. There is some indication that, in certain circumstances, you could get a deduction for the customer you're entertaining and for his wife—but no other outsider.

Q: What about your own wife?

A: The question of you and your wife is a more difficult one. There is a certain fuzziness surrounding this deduction under present law, and we're trying to determine the limits of the present state of the law, trying to reconcile many decisions, and also trying to evaluate the impact of the new legislation on this issue.

No doubt Mr. Caplin and his men will approximate as best they can to a Solomonic wisdom when confronting this and similar problems. But how realistic is it to assume that every Caplin will be a Solomon. Why on earth should the United States government be involved in making such precise determinations of such petty matters? How could any government presume to do so?

It is quite true that some businessmen have invited such regulation by their abuse of expense accounts. But it is of the essence of good government, not only to know what ought to be

done, but also to discover ways of doing it that are not self-defeating. This is a lesson the welfare state is only just beginning to learn.

WHO SPENDS THE MONEY?

THE terms "public sector" and "private sector," as commonly used, are summary answers to the question: Who spends the nation's money? Not: For what purpose? Not: With what consequence? Merely: Who?—government, or private associations and individuals?

For those whose hands are now on the purse strings, or are itching to take possession of them, this is obviously the crucial question. But for those of us who neither control the nation's wealth nor have grand certainties about how brilliantly we could dispose of it, this is just as obviously a secondary consideration. Only a fanatic would assert that a corporation's expenditures can never serve the common good while a government's expenditures invariably do—or vice versa. Yet these fanatical theses—gross specimens of what philosophers call the genetic fallacy—are, if not openly affirmed, at least insinuated by the partisans involved.

Until recently, the public-sector advocates were bound to have the better of the argument. For one thing, the optimistic and rationalist temper of American thought worked in their favor: it is hard for Americans to be convinced that any problem cannot be "solved" by vigorous and purposive collective effort. For another, they had all the advantages of those who argue the ideal over those who defend the actual. Since the private sector was larger and more prominent than the public, it offered the easier target. Corporate corruption, inefficiency, and shortsightedness were fair game. Against them could be posed the high-minded and farsighted quality of proposed government planning—in housing, in transport, in education, in agriculture, in resources development, etc. It takes a great deal of political experience to breed an instinctive and intelligent skepticism toward government planning; the *arriviste* elites of the new underdeveloped nations have no particle of it; and the *arriviste* elites of the New Deal and the New Frontier did not have it either. Where, after all, could they have got it?

Well, they have it now. The famous pragmatic approach to government regulation and intervention, it has been discovered, has one slight drawback: the agencies and institutions that are created soon achieve a life of their own, beyond all trial and error. Among New Frontiersmen in

Irving Kristol, *editor of "Encounter" in London (1953-58), is now senior editor and vice-president of Basic Books in New York. He has contributed to many magazines and has been editor of "The Reporter." This spring he was Regent's Lecturer at the Riverside campus of the University of California.*

Washington today, the word "bureaucracy" is used with the same bitter despair that used to be the hallmark of a reactionary. The kind of criticism of foreign aid that was once reserved for use by Representative Passman has recently been echoed by Chester Bowles.

In private, nowadays, almost every head of every department will concede that "things are out of hand"—that between the original idea and the terminal reality there is a long and disillusioning gap. The new men in Washington have discovered that in only rare instances can a large-scale plan encompass all the factors on which its success or failure depends. More important, they have discovered for themselves the basic law of administration: the number of capable people available to execute any plan is always less than the number needed—and the larger the plan, the greater the discrepancy. This is why the most planned of all human enterprises—organized warfare—is such a chaos and confusion.

What one tends to forget, when speaking of bold new government programs, is that the people who, in the last analysis, are going to create these programs in their own image are not the planners or the experts but the agency's permanent personnel of all grades—protected from reprisal by civil-service tenure, themselves not particularly interested in the program as such, but themselves also masters of all its legal and technical detail in a way that disarms criticism from top officials and ordinary citizens alike. In a limited program of foreign aid, one might hope to find enough enthusiastic and skilled "ugly Americans" to make a go of it. As the program mushrooms, it becomes the creature of the job-hungry second-rate.

It is in public housing, as a result of the work of Jane Jacobs and others, that this state of affairs has most dramatically impinged upon the liberal consciousness. Why is low-cost housing so hideously dreary? Why should the continuing "administrative expense" (as distinct from operating expense) on each low-cost apartment in New York City amount to thirteen dollars a month? Why must low-cost housing be so huge and permanent, thus making adaptation to changed circumstance practically impossible? When I was in Washington a couple of months ago, I asked a friend, who has taken an important job in the area of federally subsidized housing, what official recognition would be given to this new liberal dissatisfaction with what had been one of the major liberal programs. He shrugged and said:

"Everyone knows things have gone wrong, but no one knows how to go about setting them right. Do you see that row of thick volumes on that shelf? They contain the laws and regulations that govern the federal housing program—the kinds of buildings that may go up, the way they may be financed, and so on. It will take the present Administration five years to master them. It will take at least another five years to amend and revise them. And then it will take five more years for the reforms to have any practical effect. It needed a generation to construct the present juggernaut and set it in motion. It will need another generation to stop it."

A WAY TO GO MAD

ONCE one becomes aware of a problem, one tends to confront it around every corner. I can hardly pick up a newspaper these days without my anti-bureaucratic nerve being given a shock. The Internal Revenue Service announces that it will not recognize the general validity of a tax court case decided against it. (This means that each individual taxpayer covered by this case will have to go to court on his own!) Newbold Morris, New York City's Park Commissioner, denounces the suggestion that salesmen be allowed to carry merchandise samples in their private cars while driving on city parkways. (His reason: people ought to use parkways because of their beauty, not because of their utility!) The Rural Electrification Administration (did you know it still exists?) announces that, with American farms electrified, its mission is now completed—and so it will henceforth be selling its electricity at a discount (courtesy of government subsidy) to suburbs, in highly unfair competition with private (*i.e.*, publicly regulated) utilities. The National Labor Relations Board decides that, when a family has a controlling interest in several corporations, in utterly unrelated fields, all of these companies have unlimited liability with respect to an unfair labor practice by any one of them. . . .

Or take this fascinating report from the *New York Times*:

The city dedicated four rehabilitated tenement houses on West 94th Street yesterday for Federal public housing.

They were the first rehabilitated public houses to be included in an urban project in the Federal States. Mayor Wagner was the main speaker at the ceremony. . . .

At a cost of approximately \$600,000, 100 of the structures were renovated and their interiors were gutted and rebuilt into forty apartment units.

The forty units replaced more than one hundred single-room occupancy units in what were four rundown buildings.

A bit of arithmetic reveals that these forty new apartment units cost \$15,000 each. These are not commodious apartments, mind you—anything but. For that kind of money, wouldn't it have been more sensible for the federal government (whose money it is) to give New York City the authority to purchase for each family a suburban home, with garden, garage, and all? Or, for that matter, wouldn't it have made more sense to divide the \$600,000 among the hundred original tenants, giving them \$6,000 each as compensation with which to relocate themselves as they pleased, and permitting the land to be used for non-subsidized (and therefore tax-paying) construction? But under present laws and regulations governing federal aid for urban redevelopment, such actions are strictly forbidden. If New York City was to spend the money at all, it had to do so in that absurd way, and in no other.

One can go mad thinking too much on such incidents—and, indeed, it is precisely such incidents that do drive people mad, so that they come to regard all government expenditure as inherently, and by definition, wasteful. A more relevant response would be to concede the desirability of the ends pursued while focusing attention on new methods of achieving them. We might then find that the idea of a welfare state does not necessarily imply that the state should itself always dispense all welfare. Perhaps it would suffice for the state to establish a legal framework for a society in which individual welfare is recognized as a *social* responsibility without at the same time necessarily being a direct responsibility of the *state*.

ILLUSIONS ABOUT MEDICARE

FOR instance, the President's Medicare Bill might possibly be the best way of dealing with the problem created by the dual fact of medical care costing so much more than it used to and people living longer than they used to. On the other hand, it might not be—we shall require a couple of decades to find out. Would it not, therefore, be prudent to establish that governmental medical insurance will not be the *only* way? Monopolies are sometimes necessary evils, but we ought not to concede the necessity prematurely. We already have a nongovernmental pattern of medical insurance—two-thirds of the American population is now covered by surgical and hospital insurance issued by non-

profit organizations such as Blue Cross or Blue Shield or by private insurance companies. Why not encourage this natural growth, parallel to any state insurance scheme that is set up? Why not give individuals the option to choose among a plurality of insurers? It is one thing to make medical insurance compulsory; it is quite another to make only one *kind* of medical insurance compulsory.

Any medical insurance program is going to cost the taxpayer money. The mute appeal of a state-run monopoly is the illusion that over a period of time, and in some undefined way, people may get more than they put in, either because the federal government will magically "close the gap" or because "someone else" (the rich or the employers or whoever) will be called upon to make up the difference. This idea is appealing, but baseless. It is as appealing, and as baseless, as the notion that government money is something additional to the people's money, instead of being identical with it. It is as appealing, and as baseless, as the belief that the steeply progressive income tax significantly reduces the tax burden of the average citizen. In a society and economy such as ours, where government expenditure is so infinitely greater than the ability of the rich to pay for it, such egalitarian fancies are mischievous and deceitful. Just because most people, most of the time, feel poorer than they think they ought to be, it does not follow that they are "underprivileged." Indeed, it is this very majority who will have to subsidize medical care for the truly poor—under whatever program is instituted.

The question of how much the American people wish to spend on medical care, as against other things (such as education, leisure, etc.) is something the American people are in the process of deciding. But if, as seems likely, they decide to compel themselves to spend more than they are now doing, it does not follow that only the federal government is competent to spend it for them—and certainly not for all of them.

What holds for Medicare may hold for other areas of the public sector as well. Public-welfare outlays by federal, state, and municipal governments have doubled since 1955, and now amount to more than \$40 billion a year. (This excludes expenditures on education by states and municipalities.) This money has not been "wasted"—but can anyone claim that it has been spent as efficiently as it might have been? Or that we have nothing to learn from the experience of these years?

It is right for the government to see to it that

public needs are adequately met. It is not always necessary for the government to do the job itself. Certainly the present system of rapid transit in our cities and suburbs needs improvement. But so long as this problem is the football of local politics—and that will probably be forever—relying exclusively on the distribution of federal funds to the cities may make it worse rather than better. There are some good municipally owned transit systems; and there are some awful ones. Why put all our eggs in one basket? Might it not also be advisable to give generous tax advantages to those firms which invest their retained profits in rapid-transit development? After years of experience with New York's subway system, I am not at all averse to seeing it owned and operated by General Motors. Perhaps what is good for General Motors will be good for me. It couldn't be worse. And it would be a lot easier for the city to regulate GM than it is for me to regulate New York City.

Similarly, our foreign-aid program must be continued. To a greater extent than we like to admit, the distribution of this aid will be determined by political and military considerations, and we may as well resign ourselves to that fact. But need we also insist upon fanciful "development" schemes, laboriously contrived, solemnly approved, and blithely ignored thereafter? Why should not the United States, in collaboration with its wealthier allies, simply give to the country in question a sum totaling one-half (or some such fraction) of all private foreign investment

there, so that the recipient could become an equal shareholder in all such enterprises? Whether the latter kept the shares, or sold them to its citizens and spent the cash in any way it saw fit, would be its own affair. This would help lay the ghost of imperialism; it would leave it to businessmen to determine jointly with the beneficiary nation what development scheme is most appropriate in each case; and it would allow the recipient government a latitude to accomplish those tasks that private business was loath to undertake. Would there be more waste and less progress than under present arrangements?

Once one gets into the swing of thinking along these lines, all sorts of intriguing possibilities emerge. Would it not be interesting to explore these possibilities instead of persisting in the sterile argument over the relative merits of the private and the public sectors? It is always the taxpayer's money that is going to be spent for purposes of improving his welfare. But it does not always follow that it is the tax collector who can spend it most wisely or efficiently.

The important thing is that welfare be improved and enlarged. The means by which we proceed to do this may be as various and as flexible as we wish them to be. And the more various and flexible—the more open to innovation, the more susceptible to reform and revision—the better. Waste and inefficiency there will always be, but the less monumentally it is institutionalized, the less incorrigible it is. Surely a good motto for an open society is: keep it open.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

To the Governors of the several States.
Philadelphia March 1 1792.

Sir

I have the honor to send you herein enclosed, two copies duly authenticated, of an Act concerning certain fisheries of the United States, and for the regulation and government of the fishermen employed therein; also of an Act to establish the post office and post roads within the United States; also the ratifications, by three fourths of the Legislatures of the several States, of certain articles in addition to and amendment of the Constitution of the United States, proposed by Congress to the said Legislatures, and of being with sentiments of the most perfect respect, your Excellency's &c.

Th: Jefferson.

—Letter by which Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson notified the Governors of the States of the ratification of the first ten amendments to the Constitution. (Reprinted from a memo by Helen Hill Miller.)

Harper's Magazine, June 1963

Arctic Trail

The joys—and hazards—of travel by dog sled



By William O. Pruitt, Jr.

One winter morning, Eelyoopuk—my Eskimo companion—and I finished a hefty breakfast of oatmeal porridge and tea at his house in the village of Kivalina on the northwestern coast of Alaska. The sun was still below the horizon when we went out into the half-light of the Arctic dawn and slid the twelve-foot freight sled into position for loading. The clouds and sky were an incredible red, gold, blue, purple—even aquamarine. We were to start that day on a 150-mile trip through country largely new to me. I planned to record every sign of animal activity, to collect specimens, and to examine the structure of the snow cover—all as part of my studies of the ecology of the land mammals of the region.

I unfolded the big canvas and spread it over the sled. Inside this cover we packed our gear—heavy things in the back, light things on top and to the front. Grub box, tent, and sleeping bags, collecting gear and snow instruments, frozen fish for dog food. The cover was folded over and lashed down. Outside, under the lashings, went gear we might need in a hurry—rifles, axe, white camouflage parkas, binoculars, and map case.

I tied the heavy tie-rope from the sled to a post protruding through the snow and stomped the “hook” or anchor into the hard-packed snow. Several Eskimo neighbors came over to help us

hitch the fourteen dogs in pairs, one on either side of a long center trace. Eelyoopuk slipped the harness over the heads of the lead dogs, one old leader and a younger “leader-in-training.” They snapped the center trace taut as they bounced and strained, eager to be off. Of course, as soon as we had started rattling harness and moving the sled about, all the dogs became frantic—jumping and tugging at their chains, snarling at their mates, singing and yipping. The husky cannot bark like other dogs but sings, howls, and yips. When our dogs started singing, all the other teams in the village joined the chorus, for the team is the pack. Among the ancestral wolves, a hunting expedition by a family group is usually preceded by a formal ceremony of sniffing, tail-wagging, and singing. So it has remained with sled dogs.

“All right, let’s go,” I said. The helpers released the dogs, and the sled leaped forward. We swayed over the edge of a huge snowdrift and rocketed onto the trail crossing Corwin Lagoon. Leaving the village, the dogs galloped wildly, and we crashed along the hard trail at a good clip until the team worked off its excess energy. One by one the huskies settled down to the swinging trot they would keep up all day.

One by one—each member of the team was different. Some were veterans of many miles of

tundra trails, others were pups. Some were psychologically delicate and had to be treated with care, others thick-skinned clods who had to be pushed into place. Some were happy-go-lucky kids, always eager to frolic and get tangled in the traces. A couple were regular hoodlums, ready to nip or slash either their harness mates or us. These individuals had to be treated with force. One reads about how sled dogs must be treated with tender loving care and never touched in anger. Poppycock! Treated with understanding, yes. Sometimes the understanding calls for a quiet word, sometimes a rough pat on the head, and sometimes a thwack with a stout stick. To get the most mileage out of the team, the individuals must be bullied, cajoled, pleaded with, and threatened.

The Team vs. the Motor

Some people are astounded to find that such primitive transportation as dog traction is still used. Why? Probably the most important reason is economy. A dog team can be assembled without expenditure of too much money. Pups appear in the normal course of events. The team becomes self-supporting since it enables the owner to become a more efficient hunter, especially of seals and caribou. The environment furnishes food for the team and food and clothing for the hunter and his family. A vehicle such as a weasel, snow buggy, or motor toboggan requires cash capital for the initial investment and for spare parts, gasoline, and oil. Most Eskimos are relatively wealthy in meat and animal products but desperately poor in money. A recent comparison of motor toboggans and dog teams in the Canadian Arctic showed that, considering weight only of food or fuel needed per mile, the dog teams were more efficient. And—very important—a team can be started in thirty-below-zero weather without preheating, using explosive ether for starting fluid, or “burning” one’s hands on the cold steel.

Moreover, dog traction enables the hunter to go places no vehicle could go. A team can take the hunter over fairly thin or moving sea-ice. It can ascend, descend, or traverse steep slopes and narrow, twisting trails. Arctic game is scattered and migratory, and the Eskimo hunter must travel long distances over the tundra to obtain his meat. The landscape is crisscrossed by a network of trails, from village to village, from village to willow grove for firewood, to fishing sites, hunting areas, and traplines. These trails are

not visible from the air or in the summertime, so most administrative officials and tourists are unaware of their existence.

By the time we were across the lagoon the sun was fully up. The brilliant white snow cover and glittering frost crystals on its surface forced us to put on our snow goggles. The trail now led through the gently rolling country along the coast. The further we traveled from the village, the less traffic had used the trail and the softer it became. Finally we turned cross-country for a while, and without a trail we sank in the snow to over our knees—sometimes falling and clutching the passing sled to help struggle out. The dogs fared no better than we did.

When we came down off the upland onto the smooth surface of the river, the ice was covered with several inches of loose snow but the base was hard and the dogs took heart. We alternately ran and pushed, rode the runners, or hopped on the load. The day had warmed and we threw back our parka hoods and, when running, even took off our mitts in order to let out excess heat. When the snow surface is level and hard, sledding develops a rhythm, with a constant creaking sound as the runners crush and pack the snow grains, an undercurrent of pad, pad, pad from the dogs’ feet, a faint tinkling from snap-hooks and harness rings. Dog traction is the perfect way to get to know a country—fast enough so that a reasonable distance is covered every day yet slow enough for one to note vegetation patterns and to spot, identify, and comment on tracks of fox, vole, and shrew.

We entered a stretch of river where the hills moved back, leaving a broad willow-covered flat. Suddenly the dogs snapped out of their lethargy and looked alert. A flock of ptarmigan roared up from the willows at the river edge and sailed away. Almost invisible as they passed in front of a snowy hillside, they flashed like lights when opposite the dark willows. Another flock rattled aloft, then another and another. Finally even the excited dogs were jaded and resumed their dull trot; our progress through the valley was marked by a spreading bow wave of flying ptarmigan. It seemed as if all the ptarmigan in creation had congregated in this one valley. “Many thousands” was all I could record in my field notebook.

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As the valley narrowed, we ran out of willows. Where the trail left the river and turned up a tributary valley we stopped. "Time for a mug-up," my companion said with a grin.

The dogs collapsed. No need now to tie down the sled, but for safety's sake we sank the hook into the snow. Sled cover opened, grub box out, Primus assembled and lit. We were in a sheltered pocket and not a breath of wind stirred to move the flame.

A few whacks with the axe yielded ice from a small pressure ridge on the river. While it was melting in the tea pail we rummaged again and pulled out a lard pail and a Dolly Varden trout, frozen hard. The pail contained the staple of the north—seal oil. At room temperature fresh seal oil is clear, very slightly yellowish in color, with a characteristic nutty flavor and the consistency of salad oil. At twenty below zero, however, our oil had congealed to a soft butter. After peeling the skin from the frozen trout we sliced off thin strips of crystalline pink meat, dipped them into the thick oil and tried to pop them into our mouths without dribbling oil on our clothing.

The oil and fish were extremely nourishing and we soon felt warmth spreading through us. By this time the ice in the tea pail had melted and the water was boiling, sending up a huge cloud of steam. We tossed in a handful of bulk tea, clapped on the lid, and bled the air pressure from the Primus. After the roar of the stove the silence was startling. We could hear the musical whoop of Tuluák, the raven, soaring over a distant ridge.



From the grub box we took pilot biscuits and a tin of strawberry jam. The jam was frozen and had to be chipped out, but along with the strong, scalding tea it topped off the lunch perfectly. We had a smoke and repacked the sled.

The dogs knew the procedure and realized it was time to go. They stretched and rolled, and two got into a snarling argument over who was intruding onto whose side of the trace. While I

stood on the brake and pulled up the hook my companion straightened the tangled harness and checked paws for balls of ice.

"All right, let's go." The dogs were not nearly as frisky as in the morning and the team quickly settled into the working trot. In level country over wind-hardened snow, this gait can carry one thirty or forty miles in a day. The best distance my companion and I had ever made was sixty-eight miles in about thirteen hours, with a loaded sled, but over a route that was mostly smooth river ice.

For two hours we climbed. The trail was sometimes as hard as concrete, sometimes through fluffy powder into which we sank again to our knees. Sometimes the sled had to be pushed, sometimes it had to be braked. "Gee, gee; easy now; all right; haw!" I had to shift my weight first one way and then the other; the dogs were all working hard and it was up to us to make it as easy for them as possible by keeping the sled from slipping sideways and binding on steep drifts.

Suddenly the wind struck us full in the face and we realized we had reached the height of land, the divide between the two river systems. Looking back we could see the valley of the ptarmigan, the winding river, the lagoon, and far on the horizon, glittering in the sunlight, the fractured and pressured sea-ice of the Chukchi Sea. Ahead of us the view was not so nice. Instead of the distant mountains of the Brooks Range there was a gray pall along the horizon even though the sky was clear. The pall extended over the foothills and the distant deep-cut river valley that was our immediate goal disappeared under it as if under water. We looked at each other and my Eskimo companion shrugged his shoulders. We recognized what we saw—blowing snow or *siqoq*. *Siqoq* itself was not so bad but it signified high winds and accompanying wind chill.

In the tundra country everything turns on the weather. You travel as long as you can tough it out and then you camp and wait it out. In common with other people whose lives and activities are governed by weather, the Eskimo has evolved a philosophical acceptance of being stormbound. I have seen white men fuss and fume and develop ulcers from trying to adhere to a tight schedule in the Arctic. It just doesn't work. If the Great God Weather decrees no traveling, it is best to obey, sit in the tent, and play cribbage, whether it be for a day or a week. Sometimes stormbound in crowded and uncomfortable situations for unknown periods of time, the Eskimos have perfected social relations that avoid the strife which often afflicts competitive and ag-

gressive white men under similar circumstances. We have much to learn from the Eskimos in this regard.

We began the long descent to the river. Even though the snow was softer and thicker on this side of the height of land, the downhill grade made our trail easy. It would be very hard to climb, however, and we made a mental note to return by a different route. We followed a winding creek downward and finally came onto the river itself. Here in the deep narrow valley the sun soon disappeared and we looked for a good spot to camp.

Work, Grub, Talk, Sleep

Before long we found an expanse of smooth hard snow that seemed quite thick. The dogs stopped at the first "whoa." They too were ready to camp. While Eelyoopuk fixed the dogs for the night I uncovered the load.

First the tent—unroll it and peg down the corners. Next the guy ropes, all fifteen of them. Then I chopped a hole in the hard snow and with the snow saw began to cut blocks. A solid row of snow blocks, each one about the size of a suitcase, went onto the skirting of the tent to prevent the wind from getting under the floor. A block also went over each guy-rope peg and was pushed down snugly. In a couple of hours the block would fuse with the snow below it and seat the peg securely. Next I wriggled into the tent and extended the telescoping aluminum center pole. Our house was ready.

Because the domed snowhouse of the central Arctic is virtually unknown in the western Arctic, the Alaskan Eskimo uses a tent for winter as well as summer trips. In some situations they may use a snow cave or throw up a wall of snow blocks around a tent. I recall the time when, as part of my snow studies in Arctic Alaska, we made (and lived in) a domed snow-block house. The activities of the crazy white men generated many chuckles in the neighboring Eskimo village.

By this time the dogs were unharnessed and tethered to the long chain in a picket line. My companion was already chopping up frozen trout and salmon for their food. Too tired to make noise, the dogs just sat and watched in hungry anticipation. The pups and some of the weaker adults were already curled up, noses buried in tails, but they aroused when a couple of big chunks of frozen fish fell beside each one. Soon the only sounds were crunchings and low growls.

Into the tent went the caribou bedding skins or

mattresses. (In the tundra country the caribou provides meat to eat, skins for mattresses and for the best cold-weather clothing, and sinew for sewing the skins.) Onto the soft warm caribou skins went the sleeping bags. Between the skins went the grub box. The lid of the grub box went onto the tent floor, and the Primus fitted into the lid. We stacked several small snow blocks outside the door to serve as a handy water source.

Most of our gear we left on the sled or stuck upright in the snow. If items such as rifles, binoculars, or instruments are brought into contact with the relatively warm and moist air inside the tent they are immediately coated on all surfaces with frost and condensation. Later when exposed to the cold again, the moisture freezes and jams the mechanisms. Cameras, on the other hand, must be kept warm all the time, usually inside one's parka. Even a winterized camera jams in really cold weather, and at twenty below zero, film becomes brittle and will crack if bent.

We carefully beat and brushed all snow from our clothing before crawling through the tent door. Each particle of snow brought inside will melt and dampen the clothing. Unless thoroughly dried before being worn again, the clothing loses some of its insulative effectiveness. A couple of candles set into holes in the grub box transformed the tent into a snug cave. As the Primus heated the air, we took off our parkas.

Supper was a stew. Into the tiny pressure cooker went chips of ice, then instant rice, chips of frozen caribou meat, and dried onions. While it was cooking I busied myself with writing field notes. We had been too busy during the day to talk much. But while we ate and the tea water was coming to a boil, conversation picked up.

At times like these one gets to know the Eskimo people and to realize that the popular picture of them is dead wrong. In the tourist literature one gets an impression of a smiling moon-faced people bouncing happily in their game of blanket toss, all the while clutching their government welfare checks.

Many Eskimos do have round faces, but there are also many who are lean, hollow-cheeked, or lantern-jawed. Government checks provide only a minor part of their daily caloric needs. Although many of the men earn cash wages in the summer from construction or railroad work, the basic source of most income is the land and the sea.

The Eskimos of northwestern Alaska live primarily on marine mammals—seals, walrus, whales. Seals furnish meat for dog food, blubber for oil, and skins for boot soles and wet-weather

clothing. Walrus furnish meat, skins for boat covers, and ivory for cash income. The great baleen whales furnish mountains of meat and the famous "muktuk" or thick edible skin. The village of Point Hope, Alaska, uses over a thousand seals annually. But the thing that puts the people over the hump, ecologically speaking, the thing that enables them to end the year with a slight caloric profit, is the caribou. Without the caribou, several villages in northwestern Alaska would probably be deserted.



The vacuous smile on the travel folder is more than likely an expression of contempt. The Eskimo knows that he can get along better in the tundra environment than the white man. The white man can exist there only when he is constantly replenished with goods from Outside. The Eskimo in his home environment is supremely confident and self-reliant. He knows how helpless are the military people, the teachers, and other civil servants when they are caught away from their relatively luxurious government-furnished quarters, with oil-fired stoves, gasoline-driven electric generators, and reassuring radio contacts with the Outside.

Witness the rare times when the white man does venture away from his bases, with an array of tracked vehicles, towing great sledges loaded with tons of stove oil, food, gasoline, and clothing. I went along on one such expedition. About the second day out, we saw a dog team approaching. It was driven by a lad of probably fifteen years, and perched on the sled, wearing a magnificent parka, was his grandmother. She was eighty years old and on her way to her granddaughter's house, which was still over fifty miles distant. She was having a ball.

The Eskimo's deep love for the land has never had to be expressed in fierce battles like those which the southern American Indians fought and lost. But it has produced song and poetry of far greater subtlety than that of the Lapps. It brings

the Eskimos back to their homeland after they are sent to government schools Outside. It finds expression in the great unhappiness and depression of Eskimos transported away from the tundra country. It has recently found a voice in "Inupiat Paitot," the great gatherings at Point Barrow, and later at Kotzebue, of representatives of the Alaskan Eskimos.

Eelyoopuk and I suddenly realized that conversation had died and we both had been staring, half-asleep, into the candle flames. Soon we burrowed into our sleeping bags and were asleep. We woke once during the night when a couple of the dogs got into a sleepy argument and began growling at each other. My companion silenced them with a penetrating sibilant "Hsss!" If a dog should get loose and start a fight we would have to boil out of the tent bare and break up the fight before injuries could occur. Although we were probably thirty miles inland there was always the chance that a polar bear might wander by.

While we slept the moisture in our breath condensed as frost around the hoods of the sleeping bags and on the tent wall adjacent. I was awakened by a blob of frost falling and trickling down my cheek. The tent glowed with a pinkish light from the morning sun. We had slept late.

Now came the most difficult task of any Arctic winter trip—getting out of the sleeping bag and into one's shirt without releasing a shower of frost crystals from the tent onto the bare back. As the Primus warmed the tent, the frost crystals melted and started to evaporate. I could not do anything, however, about the frost that had formed between the outer and inner cover of the sleeping bag, within the down itself. This frost would stay there, becoming denser each night until I could dry the bag thoroughly in a warm room. I really should have had a caribou-skin bag, which is far superior to down because it can be turned inside out and the frost beaten from the fur. But for this short trip, the down bag sufficed.

Before breakfast there came the inescapable trip outside the tent. One edge of the sun was just barely visible above the hills, and the sky colors were reflected on the hillsides—bright salmon pink, blue, almost magenta. Back in the tent, we ate oatmeal porridge with raisins in it, and then drank several mugs of hot strong tea. When we had rolled our sleeping bags, my companion went out to start harnessing the dogs and I disassembled the Primus and repacked the grub box. No dishwashing was necessary since everything would stay frozen until the next use. This

system works marvelously, if one does not mind a bit of porridge in the stew or a bit of stew in the porridge.

Each dog lay buried in a small mound of snow caused by the ground drift during the night. When the harness rattled they came alive, broke out of their caves, and began to stretch and shake. On the trail, dogs are normally fed only at night, but because it was quite cold we gave each one a chunk of seal blubber about the size of an apple, for quick calories. Our take-off was more subdued than on the first day. We soon left the river and began to climb through the rolling upland. Pulling the sled uphill worked the exuberance out of the dogs.

Not for a Stuffed Trophy

In the upland the wind was stronger and the wind chill bitter. Our eyes watered and our breath frosted on our binoculars. But we had to keep looking, searching the distant hillsides for caribou. This was the edge of the range where caribou appear with predictable regularity every winter, but we traveled until nearly noon before spotting any.

Coming over a ridge we saw a band on the next hillside. We quickly turned the team before they spotted the caribou and went back below the ridge again. In a hidden spot, we tipped the sled onto its side, sank the hook securely into the hard snow and, in addition, brought the team into a semicircle and tied the leaders to the sled itself. We hoped they couldn't break free and spoil the hunt.

We wriggled into white camouflage parkas and checked our rifles to make sure no snow had filtered inside the cases and clogged the mechanisms or plugged the barrels. The steel was bitterly cold and "burned" whatever bare skin it touched.

The wind direction and topography had decreed that our best route to the caribou was around two hills and up a creek bed. After speaking sternly to the dogs we set off on our stalk.

Walking over the tussock hillsides is difficult enough in summer but when the spaces between the tussocks are filled with snow, one can only hope for the best. In winter caribou are usually found in regions where the snow cover is relatively sparse or soft. We stumbled along until we reached the creek bed, then crawled to the ridge and cautiously peered over the top. The caribou were about two hundred yards away, feeding.

By custom my companion picked the outside animal on his side and I picked the outside one on my side. We settled down and squirmed into comfortable prone positions. We looked at each other and nodded, then sighted and fired almost simultaneously. My companion's caribou dropped like a stone. Mine "hunched," indicating a mortal hit. We both slammed home another shell. My companion dropped another caribou but I had to finish off my animal. The remainder of the band, which had bunched up and wheeled, now turned and fled. Caribou frequently are slow to flee when shot at; apparently they are accustomed to strong noises, such as ice booming. Only the sight of other caribou falling in unnatural positions or the smell of blood finally alarms them.

But the direction in which the band fled! Directly toward the team! We ran frantically after them. Eelyoopuk easily outdistanced me and disappeared over the next ridge. By the time I puffed into sight of the team, he had the snarling, yapping dogs beaten into a semblance of order. When the caribou suddenly appeared above them the dogs had, of course, attempted to chase them. The harness, the hook, and the fact that the leaders were tied to the sled prevented them from chasing, but fights broke out. In just those few minutes, several ears were slit and blood flowed.

The tangle of harness and traces was finally straightened out and we drove the team to where the caribou lay. Upon seeing the caribou the dogs lunged and the sled fairly flew. Only the sternest shouts and whips kept them away from the carcasses.

Now began the job of cleaning the caribou. These animals served a dual purpose. Not only would we use or cache the meat and skins but I



would take complete measurements of each animal, preserve samples of various organs and rumen contents, and save the skulls and antlers. I would study these specimens in detail and the information eventually would aid in helping preserve the species for the needs of the Eskimo people. For these caribou, this was a more useful fate than having their heads stuffed and hung on the wall by some wealthy "sportsman."

By the time we had finished with the caribou the sun was almost out of sight. The tussocky hillside would make a poor campsite, so we loaded the sled and went on till we found a shallow snow-filled valley. Tent up, dogs tied and fed, pressure cooker hissing. Fresh caribou tongue for supper—a true delicacy, much finer in texture and flavor than beef tongue.

Our talk had a serious tone that night. The Eskimo is usually serious when handling or talking about caribou. In northern Alaska he knows very well how his culture and his life depend on this animal. He has heard how many Canadian Eskimos starved to death or were transported to strange ways of life when the Canadian caribou decreased. He remembers the tales of how starvation struck his grandparents after the turn of the century when the Alaskan caribou were decimated.

Thus he is frightened and angry at the way events are turning in the north country today. Big construction projects for military sites have virtually eliminated some villages. Famous physicists have advocated transforming the Eskimos

into coal miners. The government has relocated Eskimo families to such foreign places as Los Angeles and Chicago. Nuclear bomb tests have contaminated the Eskimos' caribou with the highest levels of radioactivity known for any human food in North America.

In November 1961, the Eskimo people took the first step toward becoming united when they held the first Conference on Native Rights at Barrow, the northernmost point in Alaska. There they discussed many of the long-standing grievances of the Eskimo people and made suggestions for solving them. Some of the suggestions, such as condemning the AEC's Project Chariot—a proposed nuclear blast experiment in the Arctic—were good. (See "The Disturbing Story of Project Chariot," by Paul Brooks, in *Harper's*, April 1962.) The plan has been suspended temporarily. Other suggestions, such as advocating more bounties, were bad. The important thing is that the Eskimo people, for the first time in recorded history, are united. They now have a voice or organ for influencing the laws and administrative actions affecting them. How they use this voice—whether it will degenerate into jingoism or whether it will become a real power in forcing the white man to take better care of the Eskimo's Arctic—Eelyoopuk and I could not foresee.

Conversation in the tent finally died and we were nodding over our empty tea-mugs. We buttoned up the camp for the night, then wriggled into our sleeping bags. Tomorrow, weather permitting, we would reach our destination.

To a Successful Student

by Richard Moore

WHEN all my other students return safely home
 this June, after their snores and illuminations,
 you'll have to remain, I'm afraid, kept here in my mind,
 still running through me, cool and sensitive,
 and there I'll meet you through the summer and converse,
 hearing your voice go feeling into corners,
 feeling your quiet eyes—the oval of your face
 vanishing under dark and careless hair.

You frightened me, you know. I thought I looked at you
 too much, and after class I feared your touch,
 feared others watching while we talked of Greeks and such.
 What if I gave you special things to study?
 I was too timid to give more; and now your ghost
 stays in my mind, and in my hand there's dust.



TREASURY'S DILLON

The Conservative Power Center in Washington

JOSEPH KRAFT

A society millionaire who charms the Kennedys, he also is a notably able operator, skilled in strangling liberal ideas in their cradle.

AT A meeting in Washington not long ago, one of the nation's leading economists was projecting a complicated set of equations showing the relation between employment and government spending. Off in a corner, jotting the numbers on a pad, sat the Secretary of the Treasury, Douglas Dillon. It happened that there was a slip in the addition supporting one of the equations. Dillon spotted the mistake, and, minor though it was, interrupted the proceedings to point it out. "Mr. Secretary," the economist said, rounding on him, "I always knew you were good at small problems."

It was a just verdict—but incomplete. For it overlooks that rare technique known in Washington as Dillontory tactics. By being good at the small problems Dillon makes himself master of the big ones.

He has utilized to the full the overwhelming bureaucratic force of the Treasury. He has charmed the White House, and kept his Congressional fences in constant repair. As a result he has been able to put across relatively conservative policies, while smothering, within the councils of the Administration, projects for a far more energetic effort to revitalize the economy. Though the only card-carrying Republican in the Cabinet, Dillon has had a major impact on the main domestic program of the Democratic Administration. He has been the odd man in.

FOR three-quarters of a mile Pennsylvania Avenue runs on a straight line from the Capitol toward the White House. But one block from the Executive Mansion it bends sharply, north and then west, to get round the Treasury Building. It is a symbolic detour, expressing a change of course imposed on many things more important than Pennsylvania Avenue. For the Treasury Department is one of the great power centers of the United States government.

Next to the Supreme Court, Treasury is probably the most august institution in Washington. Since 1836, or longer than any other Department, it has lived in the same house: a five-story, granite

Greek temple with long, airy corridors, a dearth of elevators, and a plenitude of high spacious offices hung with somber portraits of frock-coated gentlemen. It is still administered in the cozy, old-fashioned way: four or five men making all the policy decisions, without the encumbrance of State's eleven assistant secretaries or the Pentagon's network of committees, boards, and steering groups. Old-line bureaus like the Mint, with a strong instinct of craftsmanship, engross much of Treasury's personnel. The Department has an unmatched reputation for staff competence; Walt Whitman was a Treasury clerk, and the case of Daniel Bell, who rose from stenographer to Under Secretary in the Truman Administration, offers perhaps the only modern example of Horatio Alger in the federal bureaucracy. "Around here," one Treasury aide says, "the quill pen is still in vogue."

Not that the computer is ignored. As much as any other agency, Treasury has profited from the expanding role of government. The New Deal reforms made the Secretary trustee of billions of dollars' worth of pension funds. During the war, Treasury undertook all foreign financing operations, from Lend-Lease through UNRRA. Today, the Secretary has principal responsibility for all international monetary arrangements, and, as Chairman of the National Advisory Council on International Monetary and Financial Problems, he has veto power over all foreign loans. Indeed, the Treasury is probably the only major government body whose writ runs indisputably to both foreign and domestic matters.

For on the domestic side, the Treasury is probably the only federal agency which handles a major area of public policy without a check, or at least some kibitzing by some other agency. It is, within the Executive, the unquestioned master of government revenues. It administers and collects taxes through the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Its Office of Tax Analysis is the principal source of all information on the tax system. At the same time, Treasury has sole responsibility for debt management, or the business of selling government securities to meet government deficits. Every year, the Treasury markets something

like \$100 billion in IOUs of one kind or another, and the rates it sets or gets determine the pattern of credit for the whole economy.

BANKER'S BIAS

REVENUE responsibilities impart to the Treasury a characteristic, institutional bias—a bias against government spending. When the government needs more money, Treasury has a choice. It can go to the Congress and ask for increased taxes. It can float securities in the market—a step which in recent years has also meant asking for an increase in the national debt.

Either way, however, increased government spending spells trouble for the Treasury. Moreover, in managing the federal debt, the Treasury comes into daily contact with the private credit system. What farmers are to the Agriculture Department and unions are to the Labor Department, banks are to the Treasury. From the earliest years, Treasury has tended to take on the bankers' prejudices in favor of sound business practice, balanced budgets, and restrained spending. Homilies like, "I don't think you can spend yourself rich," may seem a matter of personal preference in the mouth of Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury, George Humphrey. But it should not be forgotten that Truman's Secretary, John Snyder, expressed doubts on the wisdom of the Marshall Plan, while so dedicated a New Dealer as Henry Morgenthau constantly implored Roosevelt to "be very careful about money spending." The fact is that even more than the Bureau of the Budget, Treasury is the No Man in Government.

Because of the Treasury Department's institutional bias, the personality of the Secretary tends to become a matter of strategic political choice. The Republicans, being opposed to spending, have generally put strong men at the Treasury and made it the anchor of their policies. Andrew Mellon dominated the Cabinets of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. George Humphrey differed privately and publicly with President Eisenhower on the budget for fiscal 1958, and was able to make his views prevail. Indeed, six days after Humphrey had declared himself, Eisenhower told the press, "With the thought behind the Secretary's statements, I am in complete agreement."

The Democrats, on the other hand have tended to place at the Treasury men who would easily bow to the White House. Wilson's Secretary of the Treasury, William G. McAdoo, became his son-in-law. For Morgenthau, as Arthur Schlesinger wrote, "his highest ambition . . . was to

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serve Franklin D. Roosevelt." Snyder held office entirely by the favor of Harry Truman, and the measure of his power was well reflected in what happened when he expressed doubts about the Marshall Plan. The next day, Truman told his press conference: "The Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of State and the President are in complete agreement."

When the Democrats regained power in 1960, economic circumstances seemed to call for another round of the old tradition. The nation was slipping into its third recession in six years. Unemployment was above the 6 per cent mark. In rate of economic growth the U.S. had lagged behind almost all the other industrial nations. For all these headaches, the accepted Democratic medicine was an increase in consumer demand, brought about either (1) through more government spending, or (2) through a tax cut unleashing purchasing power, or (3) through easy credit, or (4) through all these combined. And that indicated a Secretary of the Treasury who, far from dominating, would be dominated by the rest of the Administration.

But there was a new element in the economic picture—a balance-of-payments crisis reflecting an excess of dollar spending abroad over dollar earnings. In the month of October 1960, there had been a particularly sudden shift of short-term capital from dollars to pounds sterling and Swiss francs—the consequence of preferential interest rates abroad, and (some said) of a lack of investor confidence in Kennedy. Politically, moreover, there was heavy weather. The Democratic margin in the Presidential election had been exceedingly narrow, and in the Congressional races, Democratic strength had ebbed since 1958. All polls indicated widespread Congressional and public enthusiasm for the Eisenhower goals of balanced budgets and curtailed federal spending. For all these reasons there was pressure on the new President to pick a Secretary of the Treasury who would inspire confidence outside, as well as inside, the Administration.

In these conflicting circumstances, the President chose, as the fifty-fifth American Secretary of the Treasury, C. Douglas Dillon.

COOL TO DOGMA

TO MANY, it looked as though another weak sister had come to the Treasury. "An affable easygoer," Senator Albert Gore called Dillon. And superficially, at least, his life record seemed less a biography than a composite picture of the Establishment.

He came from the right background (son of a Wall Street tycoon). He underwent the right schooling (Groton and Harvard). He made the right marriage (to a Boston debutante). He chose the right jobs (partner in the family firm of Dillon, Read; Ambassador in Paris; Under Secretary of State). He favored the right hobbies (golf and the collection of French paintings and fine china). He accumulated the right properties (an apartment on Fifth Avenue in New York, and homes in Washington; Hobe Sound, Florida; Dark Harbor, Maine; Far Hills, New Jersey; and Versailles, France). He supported the right causes (Groton, Harvard, the New York Hospital, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art). He wore the right clothes (dark suits with vests over finely striped shirts and figured ties). He was blessed by the right looks (tall and lean with a well-shaped head and good features). And he conducted himself in the right manner (reserved with strangers and crowds; engaging with friends).

But beneath the surface were two qualities invaluable for success in the government. For one thing there was an extraordinary flexibility, and capacity to adjust. Dillon acknowledges no intellectual heroes and no philosophy of public affairs. He is cool to dogma, and one of the few occasions on which he got angry in a Congressional hearing occurred when a legislator called him, in Dillon's own words, "a goddamned Keynesian." "Compromise," says the person who has worked longest with Dillon, is the word that best characterizes his approach to governmental problems.

On occasion, that approach has seemed opportunistic. As Ambassador in Paris Dillon twice left the reservation to endear himself to his French hosts: supporting the French position in Algeria in a speech in March 1956, and hinting at support for the Suez expedition during a TV interview in 1957. But the Dillon approach also opens the door to good ideas. At the State Department in the Eisenhower years, Dillon was a champion of development loans in foreign aid. He worked out with the Latin American countries at the Bogotá conference of 1960 plans which give him a claim to be at least the grandfather of the Alliance for Progress. He was the undoubted father of the chief agency for economic cooperation with Western Europe—the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, or OECD. Being flexible, moreover, he felt no pain—despite the adverse advice of Eisenhower and Nixon—in switching from a Republican to a Democratic regime.

In no time at all he absorbed the ruling clichés of New Frontier economics. Answering a question on the issue of the balanced budget at his confirmation hearings, he might have been John Kennedy himself: "I think that the basic thing about a balanced budget is that it should be balanced over a period of years." Social grace and the pragmatic style won him friends up and down the new Administration. Professor Seymour Harris, a leading figure in the Harvard group, called him "the Alexander Hamilton of the twentieth century." "Winning" was the adjective he evoked among the White House staff. He became a regular member of the half-social, half-academic exercises at Robert Kennedy's Hickory Hill University. With the President his relations have been easy and warm. The Dillons are among the very few Washington hosts who have had the Kennedys to dinner. The President placed the Secretary on what has become the top-most organ of the government—the Executive Committee of the National Security Council.

With flexibility Dillon combines an iron grasp over whatever he does. During his first weeks at the Embassy in Paris he read every single incoming and outgoing cable, and learned every job in the shop. At his thrice-weekly staff meetings in the Treasury, he goes round the room systematically searching out what his subordinates are doing. "He really runs this place," they say to a man. Meticulously detailed information features all his Congressional appearances. Here, for example, are excerpts from a series of exchanges with Congressman Hale Boggs on the 1963 tax bill:

Mr. Boggs: To my memory serves me correctly, corporate profits for 1962 were running over \$50 billion. Is that right?

Secretary Dillon: \$51 billion.

Mr. Boggs: We have continued to run an unemployment situation which exceeds 5 per cent.

Secretary Dillon: Yes, 5.8 per cent.

Mr. Boggs: So the result of the recession was a 1962 corporate profit of \$43 billion.

Secretary Dillon: The \$43 billion is the administrative funds. \$11.4 billion was the cash and debt.

Mr. Boggs: The percentage of the tax cut is to directly be \$1 billion.

Secretary Dillon: \$1 billion.

Dillon has been known to go on that way for hour after hour, speaking on the most detailed matters, with only a few notes, and with his aides sitting—not, as is usually the case, at his side, but behind him. "Way behind him," the late Senator Kerr once said.

In fact, three of Dillon's helpers, if not always abreast of him, have been vitally important in

the Treasury operation. There is the Under Secretary, Henry Fowler, a courtly Virginian with a vast experience of politics gained as a Washington lawyer inside and outside the government. It is a mark of Fowler's political skill that though he once ran against the Byrd machine in Virginia, nearly beating the veteran Congressman Howard Smith, he won confirmation from Senator Byrd's Finance Committee without a hitch. Fowler has imparted to the Treasury an acute sense of the climate on Capitol Hill. For example, one of the items due for inclusion in this year's tax proposals was the repeal of an amendment made in last year's measure by Senator Russell Long of Louisiana. But when Senator Kerr died in January, Long became Number Two man on the Finance Committee. Fowler had the repeal of the Long amendment out of the tax proposals within a week.

Besides Fowler, there are Robert Roosa, the Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs, a brilliant, bespectacled and bow-tied economist who taught at MIT before moving to the research staff of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; and Assistant Secretary Stanley Surrey, a smiling, gray-haired tax lawyer from the Harvard Law School. Roosa and Surrey are experts' experts—some say, fanatics—in their fields. They have worked very closely with Dillon in forging Treasury measures in the areas of taxation and international monetary policy.

CREDITS—AND DEBITS

ON THE tax side, Dillon's aim has been to stimulate the economy by increasing incentives for the private sector. To that end, the Treasury under Dillon has probably done as much in the past two years, as any previous peacetime Administration did in four. By an administrative action (considered by the Eisenhower regime but abandoned as too difficult in 1959) the Treasury has revised depreciation guidelines in order to speed up, by an estimated 32 per cent, the rate of tax write-offs on some 70 to 80 per cent of the machinery and equipment currently in use. Through the Revenue Act of 1962, Treasury has provided a 7 per cent tax credit for investment in new machinery and equipment. The tax proposals submitted to the Congress this year include a comprehensive, across-the-board reduction of corporation and personal income taxes, and a start at closing some of the more famous loopholes—notably the exceptions made for depreciation allowances, for stock option plans, for personal holding com-

panies, and for charitable and interest deductions.

On the international monetary, or balance-of-payments side, Dillon's aim has been to whittle down the deficit gradually until the demand pull of a revitalized economy could suck back enough investment funds to right the balance entirely. To that end, the Treasury under Dillon has carried out an extensive range of measures never before even considered by this country. An arrangement has been negotiated with nine other countries giving the International Monetary Fund extra resources of \$6 billion to use in heading off a run on the dollar. By the so-called "twist" policy, long- and medium-term interest rates have been kept relatively easy, while short-term rates have been held high enough to make it profitable for investors to keep their short-term holdings in dollar accounts. By a series of exceedingly complicated "swap" and "forward market" operations, the Treasury has acquired holdings of Italian, West German, and Swiss currency to use against speculative assaults on the dollar.

It cannot be argued with any confidence that Dillon's policies have failed. The recession of 1960 has come to an end. Gross national product has advanced ever since February 1961. Unemployment has been cut back, and the work week has been lengthened. The balance-of-payments deficit has dropped from \$4 billion in 1960, to \$2.2 billion in 1961, and \$2 billion in 1962. On the other hand, GNP at the end of 1962 was only \$562 billion against an Administration estimate of \$570 billion. Unemployment has stayed above the 4 per cent target. Growth has been well below the Administration's pledged goal of 5 per

cent annually. And the specter of an aborted recovery, and a new recession, has haunted the Administration since the early summer of 1962.

In these circumstances, many of the President's advisers have criticized Dillon's actions as inadequate technical fiddling. They have advocated a far bolder address to national economic problems. But at every turn they have encountered stubborn resistance. Dillon has consistently held that "no drastic measures are immediately necessary." And the true measure of his powers lies less in what he has done than in what he has cut off. Two stymied initiatives, in particular, are important.

One of the initiatives came last summer on balance of payments. A number of European countries, including France and Britain, felt that the \$6 billion earmarked for defense of the dollar in the International Monetary Fund was insufficient, and proposed that further joint measures be considered. Dillon and Roosa argued that the possible alternatives were impractical, and that any American show of a desire for help at a moment when the balance was adverse would only weaken confidence and spur a further flight from the dollar.

But almost everywhere else in the Administration—in the Council of Economic Advisers, in the State Department, in the White House—there was keen interest in the proposals. It was argued that a massive new effort to protect the dollar would insulate the domestic economy against balance-of-payments pressure and thus make possible new domestic measures to stimulate the economy. Professor James Tobin, then a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, was delegated to keep watch over the proposals. Two

WASTE, WASTE—NOTHING BUT WASTE

CHARLES P. STEINMETZ, who is an expert authority, says that many of us will be alive when the supply of coal, both hard and soft, will be exhausted. As fuel it cannot be used but a few years more. As a substitute, wood is out of the question, and our wits must be at work to secure some substitute that will save us from freezing to death. . . . Our forests were practically unbroken in 1830; they will barely last, at the present rate of consumption, until 1930. . . . Natural gas, with coal oil, was discovered and utilized about 1850. With conservative use they should have lasted one thousand years. As matters are going they will not serve us beyond 1950. . . . Mr. Hill agrees with Mr. Carnegie that iron will not be available for common use on anything like present terms, after the middle of the century.—Editorial in *The Independent*, June 4, 1908

American officials—former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury John Leddy, and the Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, Griffith Johnson—went to Europe to learn more of the proposals, and to evince American interest. The President himself chaired one meeting that discussed the matter, and participated actively in the give-and-take. While no decision was reached, it was agreed that the door would be held open for the new proposals until after the meeting of the IMF and World Bank scheduled for September 17, 1962, in Washington. At least that was the agreement that everyone but Dillon and Roosa seemed to remember.

For in the first week of September, without any warning or any advance clearance, the Treasury exploded a bomb. It took the form of an article by Roosa in the *Business Review* of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia. The article criticized in great detail and in the sharpest terms the proposals that were expected to be put forward at the Fund and Bank meeting. It argued that apart from the measures already being undertaken by the Treasury, there was "no real escape" from the balance-of-payments problem. If only because a denial might in fact have weakened confidence and started a run on the dollar, the article killed, there and then, any prospect of a new approach to the problem.

The second important initiative came last December in the field of taxation. Ever since the Administration took office, the Council of Economic Advisers, and notably Chairman Walter Heller, had been advocating a major tax cut as a means of stimulating the economy. Treasury had consistently opposed the cut on the ground that it was not necessary to the economy, and would throw the budget seriously out of balance. And, repeatedly, circumstances reinforced the Treasury argument. Thus in the spring of 1961, when the issue first came to a head, the need for new defense and space spending ruled out the cut. In the summer of 1962, when it again came up, the tax-cut proposal ran into the deep-seated conviction of Surrey and of Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee that a tax reform was also necessary. They argued that a quick cut would rule out the chance for reform.

But by December 1962, a program had been worked out that incorporated a tax cut with tax reforms. The Administration was pledged to the cut; both the Congress and the public had been accustomed to the idea. The big question was how much of the cut would apply in 1963. Heller argued for roughly \$5 billion. For the first time

he had important support by the White House staff. But Dillon argued that such a cut now would force him to seek an increase in the debt limit, and he said that he doubted the Congress, and particularly the Republicans, would go along. When the tax proposals finally emerged, they were spread out over three years, and carried a cut for 1963, of about one billion. Against all the odds, Treasury had won again.

PUBLIC PREJUDICE STILL INTACT

COMBINE what Treasury has done with what it has stopped, and there emerges the main substance of the Administration's record in economic policy. It is a program that places main reliance for stimulating the economy on tax measures—many of them highly technical and difficult to comprehend. It is remarkable for avoiding the familiar Democratic policies of easy money, welfare spending, and a big push for consumer demand.

No doubt the national mood, far more than the Secretary of the Treasury, has been the shaper of these policies. Nothing drastic has happened to shake the public prejudice against more far-reaching government measures. The Congress is under no pressure to modify its conservative bent. And the President, while not as orthodox in economic matters as some believe, is politically a man inclined to middle positions. "He prefers," one White House official has said, paraphrasing the old French Socialist motto, "to have 'no enemies on the Right.'"

But what Dillon *has* done is to fragment majority opinion within the Administration. He and his associates have at all times been able to come up with measures—ingenious if not dramatic—which seem to meet immediate needs. By compromise, as in the tax issue, they have reduced major questions of principle to matters of detail. By bureaucratic end-running, as in the balance-of-payments matter, they have bottled up proposals for alternate action. The net effect has been to imprison the Administration within the prevailing climate of opinion. The majority of the President's advisers have not been able to publicize their ruling convictions in a way that might eventually change public opinion. For Dillon has not only won most of the points in the continuing debate. He has won them in a way that obscures the fact that a debate has even been going on. He has won them bureaucratically, on the inside, by being good at small problems.

MAN'S MYSTERIOUS MEMORY MACHINE

Scientists now think they know what happens inside the brain when you forget a phone number you just looked up . . . and remember a poem you read years ago.

FEW scientific developments could surpass in importance a determination of how the brain achieves its remarkable results. A detailed explanation is undoubtedly many years away. However, in the laboratories of life scientists and the operating rooms of brain surgeons, important discoveries are beginning to penetrate the veil of mystery that for so many years prevented effective application of scientific techniques to brain function.

Clearly, memory is one of the most basic of mental properties. Without the remarkable ability of our brains to record current experience and play it back later, intelligent life as we know it could not exist. Indeed, the absence of memory would have profound implications for the entire animal kingdom. Even single-celled organisms can learn from experience!

Modern research on the memory processes has cast much new light on how and why we learn, and is opening paths to an eventual understanding of the more complex phenomena of imagination and conceptual thought. The ultimate scientific goal of this work is a full understanding of how the brain works. The practical goals are new medical techniques to repair damaged or abnormal brains, and methods of increasing and improving the mental output of normal people. In this article I shall discuss some of the recent discoveries about the memory processes that seem most pertinent to these long-range goals.

If we think about it, we will probably agree that

there must be more than one kind of memory. There is, first, a long-term, permanent memory. Our own names and addresses, the words and grammatical forms of the language we speak, the addition and multiplication tables, important episodes in our early life—these memories, once established, are with us to stay. To be sure, our memory-recall system is less than perfect; all of us occasionally have mental blocks for particular words or names. Yet even in these circumstances we never doubt that the memory is still there someplace; we just can't lay our hands on it. We may suspect that our memories fade with the passing of time, and some probably do, but this is a slow process. Sometimes the old, long-standing memories even appear to become more vivid as a person grows older. In any case, there is a large inventory of recollections that stays with the average person until he dies.

There is also another kind of memory. It is fleeting and short-term. A beginning language student, for instance, in attempting to read a foreign text, may have to look up the same word twice when it reappears in the same sentence. The telephone company finds it profitable to pay for television advertisements to exhort its subscribers not only to look up, but also to write down, the number to be called. And when we are introduced to someone at a party, our auditory nerves may clearly pass the name along to our brain, but if we are inattentive or thinking of something else, it does not stick. For a few seconds after the introduction, by deliberate effort we can retrieve the name from our fast-decaying short-term memory; but if we do not immediately focus our attention on the matter, the information vanishes beyond our power of recall.

Such introspective evidence has recently been bolstered by objective physiological observations.

The study of brain concussion, for example, has proved pertinent to an understanding of memory. After a true concussion the victim never remembers the actual blow that caused him to lose consciousness. The neurologist W. Ritchie Russell of Oxford has made statistical studies of these amnesic effects of concussion.* The length of the *permanent retrograde amnesia*—the period before the blow that is never again remembered—varies considerably from incident to incident, and in general is greater after the more severe injuries. However, usually it is several seconds. Apparently this is the time it takes the brain mechanism to retrieve information from the rapidly decaying short-term memory and install it in a more permanent storage system. Interruption of this process by the blow on the head is believed by Russell to account for the permanent retrograde amnesia that is associated with concussion.

In addition to a short-term memory lasting only a few seconds, and a long-term memory lasting for days or years, there also appears to be a medium-term memory mechanism. This is suggested by the peculiar kind of memory deficit sometimes exhibited by patients with damage in the hippocampal structures that underlie the temporal lobes of the cortex. (*See Illustration I.*) Unlike concussion victims, they do not forget events that occurred before the damage to their brain tissue; they can carry on a normal conversation and can briefly remember telephone numbers or other information; but five or ten minutes later they not only will have forgotten the numbers, as most of us would, but will have no recollection that there had even been a conversation on the subject! One epileptic patient had his hippocampus removed on both sides. After the operation, in marketing at a store directly across the street, he could remember quite well what he had been told to buy. Yet when he went to another store ten minutes away, by the time he got there he not only had forgotten what he was to buy—he couldn't even remember why or how he had come.

With these patients, memories seem to get started in the normal way and to continue properly for a few minutes, but then they disappear entirely. Apparently, there is some kind of mechanism in the deep structures on the sides of the brain that normally converts a medium-term recollection, which can persist unaided for a few minutes, into a truly long-term memory trace.

Thus it appears that the nervous activity produced in our brains by external events does not

go directly into a permanent record. Instead it is held for a time in two suspense files—a few seconds in the first, a few minutes in the second. This delay has at least one value. It gives time for the important "attention" mechanism of the brain to select some small part of what is going on around us for admission to our conscious awareness. Thus at a noisy party, we can select the host's introductory remarks out of the confusing babble of surrounding conversation, for conscious attention and transmittal to our medium- and long-term memory mechanisms.

Once it is well installed in the permanent storage system the memory trace has additional interesting properties. One of the most significant is its tendency to strengthen with time.

OLD MEMORIES:

SELF-STARTING NEURONS

IN CASES of severe concussion, in addition to the brief interval just before the blow that is never again recalled by the victim, there is often a much longer interval that is temporarily erased from the memory. Depending on the severity of the blow, the events of the preceding hours, days, or weeks may be blank. On first recovering consciousness after a very severe blow, the victim may even give the date as several years previously, with no recollection of the intervening period. As he recovers, the period of retrograde amnesia shrinks, but always from the past toward the present. The older memories are the hardest to eliminate, and they are the first to return. With continued recovery, the amnesia diminishes until it finally reaches the minimum of a few seconds beyond which no further recovery of memory is possible.

The effect of electroshock treatments of mentally ill patients also demonstrates the strength of older memories. A series of such treatments gradually induces amnesia for past events—progressively from the present working back into the past. When the shock treatments are terminated, the patient gradually recovers the lost memories, from the past working up to the present. Simi-

After a distinguished career in industry, Dean E. Wooldridge resigned as president of Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Inc. early this year to specialize in scientific research and writing. He is now Research Associate of the California Institute of Technology, where he took his Ph.D. in physics in 1936. The material in this article is adapted from his forthcoming book, "The Machinery of the Brain" (McGraw-Hill).

*Brain, Memory, Learning (OXFORD UNIVERSITY Press, 1959).



Illustration 1: Diagrammatic view of the right half of the brain, seen from the left, showing its three principal parts: the cerebral cortex, the cerebellum, and the brainstem. The cerebral cortex is the part exposed when the skull is cut away. It consists of several square feet of sheet material, one-tenth to one-fourth of an inch thick, which is wrapped and squeezed around the brainstem and the cerebellum. Fissures divide the cortex into lobes. On the inner surface of the temporal lobe is the hippocampus.

larly an old person may have a vivid recollection of early events but be unable to remember recent occurrences. Again, when a young child with a total vocabulary of, say, fifty words suffers a severe brain concussion, he may lose half his vocabulary, and the words he loses are the ones last learned.

The peculiar strength and invulnerability of old memories has led Russell to put forth some interesting speculation. When a memory trace is being laid down or recalled, electric currents pass among the particular neurons (nerve cells) that are activated by the event or recollection that is being experienced. The passage of such current from neuron to neuron is generally believed to strengthen the connections between them, thereby making it easier for the same neuronal pattern to be activated in the future. This idea partially explains why repetition strengthens memories, such as those underlying the learned muscular processes involved in a golf swing, for example. But Russell points out that the neurons in the brain are not just passive conductors of electrical nerve impulses. Without any apparent reason, nearly all neurons independently send occasional pulses of electricity into the neighboring nerve cells. These randomly generated electric currents, Russell suggests, tend to follow the well-established neuronal paths; this automatically strengthens the memory traces that have already been laid down. In this way, the longer the memory has been in the storage mechanism of the brain, the stronger its trace will be.

This hypothesis explains the curious persistence of old recollections. It also appears to provide a physiological basis for other subjective observations. For example, college students cramming for examinations often find that what was difficult and confusing the preceding night seems clearer and simpler the next morning, after a good night's sleep. The performance of athletes is frequently improved when they return to practice after laying off training for a while. Russell's ideas make these observations understandable. Once the correct memory patterns are established in the brain, the passage of time will automatically strengthen them because the randomly generated electric currents of the neurons tend to traverse, and thereby strengthen, the established connections. Therefore, if the student has crammed correct information into his memory storage system, he may make more progress in strengthening that learning by laying off the subject entirely for hours or days than by further cramming. This is especially true if fatigue is causing so many mistakes that further study is actually likely to impair the quality of the stored memory trace.

TO this point, the clues we have considered as to the nature of the memory mechanisms have largely come from statistical surveys of the effects of brain concussion and clinical observations of memory defects after surgical operations. Such information is valid when properly interpreted. It would be more convincing, however, if it were

possible to "do something to" the brain of a particular patient and immediately observe an effect on his memory. Unlikely though it may seem, exactly this result was stumbled onto twenty-five years ago by the brain surgeon Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal Neurological Institute.

ELECTRICAL EVOCATION OF THE PAST

PENFIELD had pioneered in the development of surgical techniques for the alleviation and cure of epilepsy. Before the surgical excision of the defective brain tissue responsible for a patient's epileptic attacks, it was his practice to employ an electrical exploratory technique. First he would remove the section of the skull covering the damaged area. Then he would restore the patient to consciousness and ask him to describe his sensations as electric current was injected into various spots of the exposed cortex. Such electrical stimulation, which is completely painless, had been found capable of providing clues to the precise limits of abnormal brain tissue. But in 1936, when electrical stimulation was thus applied to a spot of one patient's exposed cortex, she suddenly reported that she felt transported back to her early childhood. In the operating room she essentially relived an episode out of her remote past, even feeling again the same fear that had accompanied the original event.

Another of Penfield's early patients seemed to see herself as she was while giving birth to her child. A young man saw himself—years earlier—with his cousins at their home in South Africa; he could hear them laughing and talking. One woman heard the voice of her small son in the yard and the neighborhood sounds of honking autos, barking dogs, and shouting youngsters. Another patient seemed to hear an orchestra playing a number that she did not herself know how to sing or play, and that she only vaguely recalled having heard before. Still another patient was moved again by the beauty of a Christmas ceremony performed years earlier in her church at home in Holland.

Since 1936 many other brain surgeons have observed the same triggering of memory by cortical stimulation. These electrically elicited experiences always appear to be real happenings out of the past although the patient usually has not been consciously carrying them in his memory. The episodes recalled are frequently inconsequential, but they are never vague. Their vivid-

ness, in fact, differentiates them from ordinary memory. Instead of a remembering, according to Penfield, "it is a hearing-again and seeing-again—a living-through moments of past time."* Nevertheless, the patient does not lose contact with the present. He seems to have concurrent existences—one in the operating room, and one in the part of the past that he is reliving. The term "double consciousness" is employed by brain surgeons to describe these peculiar sensations of their patients.

Experience induced by cortical stimulation also differs in other ways from ordinary memory. The induced recollection cannot be speeded up or slowed down. It unfolds at its own pace, with events in their original time sequence. When the stimulating current is turned off, the recollection abruptly stops. If the current is turned on again, the same remembered episode may return to the patient's mind, but it never simply continues where it left off. Instead, the recalled episode starts again from the beginning—as though it were stored on a film or tape which automatically rewinds each time it is interrupted.

Penfield's work raised a hope of determining just what parts of the brain are involved in memory. And some progress was indeed made in such localization. It was found, for example, that the temporal lobes are the only areas in which electrical stimulation elicits experimental recall. This suggests that the records of past events are stored in those regions of the cortex.

However, another explanation is equally possible. Current injected into a temporal lobe might be conducted to some other region where the actual memory traces are stored. In fact, it is certain that some memory is stored outside the cortex. A decorticate cat or dog—one which has had its cortex removed—is still capable of learning simple tasks. Learning involves memory, and the memory trace established by a decorticate animal obviously cannot be in the cortex.

We know too that the stored programs of behavior that determine reflexes and guide automatic bodily control processes operate properly when the cortex has been removed. Apparently, the brainstem has its own memory storage system. This is consistent with other evidence that the brainstem is a more or less self-sufficient organ that controls the reflexes, the visceral processes, and other primitive aspects of behavior that preserve the physical health and well-being of the animal. The same evidence ascribes to the cortex, a much later evolutionary development and a

Journal of General Brain Mechanisms (Princeton University Press, 1959).

particular specialty of the higher apes and man, the role of elaboration and refinement of helping the primitive brainstem perform its control functions in a more precise and effective manner. (This, of course, is one way of defining intelligence.)

Thus the proper question about the location of memory traces is not whether *all* memory is stored in the cortex, but whether *any* memory is stored in the cortex. As the cortex expanded from species to higher species, did it bring along its own storage facilities for taking care of the increased memory needs of higher intelligence, or instead did it simply draw on the recording services of the older and deeper regions of the brain? An answer to this important question appears to have been provided by an ingenious series of experiments on cats, that has been under way since 1951 in the biological research laboratories of R. W. Sperry, at the California Institute of Technology.

CORTICAL STORAGE: THE CASE OF THE ONE-EYED CATS

ON the working hypothesis that some memories at least can be stored in the cortex, Sperry and his associates set out to find whether different memory traces could be established in the two cortical hemispheres. They knew that this would be impossible to discover in the normal brain, for the two hemispheres are ordinarily connected by a gigantic intercommunicating cable called the *corpus callosum*, that contains a hundred million or more separate nerve conductors busily crossfeeding information from one hemisphere to the other. Therefore the first step in the Caltech experiments was to cut the corpus callosum of the test animal. It was known that such an operation would not destroy the animal. In fact, investigators had long been mystified by the small effects on behavior and intelligence this operation produced. As we shall see, cutting the corpus callosum does cause major changes in the individual, but it took sophisticated experiments to determine what they were.

The surgical preparation of each test animal also included cutting its *optic chiasma*. This is a center where the optic nerves, from the two eyes come together. Normally about half the nerve fibers of each eye cross over, in the chiasma, so as to proceed to the other side of the brain. These crossing fibers were cut so that the left eye of the animal remained connected only to the left side of its cortex and the right eye to the right side. The animal's vision was impaired

somewhat by the operation, but not enough to be significant in the experiment. (See *Illustration II*.)

Thus the starting material for the Caltech work consisted of "split brain" animals—cats that had been modified by having their cortical hemispheres disconnected from one another and their optical wiring rearranged to connect each hemisphere cleanly to a corresponding eye. These modified cats were the experimental "apparatus." The experiments themselves involved a training procedure. One end of the cat's cage was provided with two swinging doors on which cards with symbols could be placed. One card would carry a circle, the other a cross. When the cat, by accident or design, pushed open the door with the circular symbol, it was rewarded with a morsel of food; when it opened the other door, it received an annoying puff of air in its face. After thirty or forty such trials per day, the animal generally learned in a week or so to open the door with the circle and avoid the one with the cross.

The Caltech procedure differed from the normal animal-training routine, not only because split-brain animals were used, but also in another important respect. Each cat was provided with an eye-patch, so that in all of its training it used only one selected eye. The crucial point in the experiment came after the animal had been trained to near perfection in choosing the correct visual pattern, when the patch was then shifted to the other eye and the cat was again presented with the problem it had learned. The result was spectacular. Changing the eye patch was exactly equivalent to changing cats! When employing the eye connected to the untrained half of its brain, the animal appeared to have not the slightest recollection of ever having been in the problem box. Training had to start all over again. And the cat's rate of learning, using the untrained hemisphere connected to the second eye, was exactly the same as that of an entirely fresh, untrained cat. The second eye/hemisphere combination could be taught equally well the same or the opposite discrimination from that learned by the first. In other words, the animal could be taught to open the door with the circle when it was using the right half of its brain, and to open the one with the cross when its left half was in use. Such an animal would, *but for its patch*, automatically, without confusion, when the eye patch was shifted. Sperry and his co-workers thus established that each half of the brain possesses its own memory mechanism. Each can learn its own habits and can control the entire organism, if the

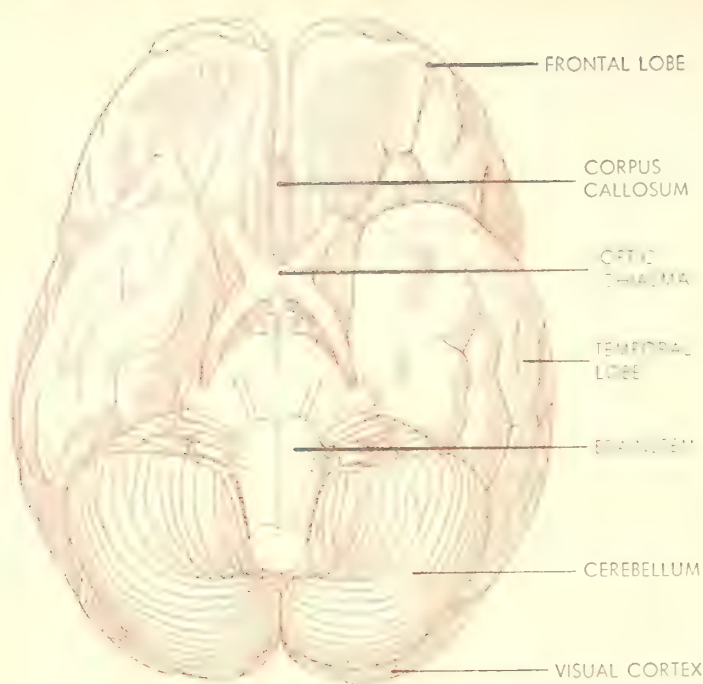


Illustration II: Diagrammatic view of the brain, seen from below. In the split-brain operation, experimenters cut the corpus callosum. They also sever the optic chiasma through which the optic nerves normally connect both eyes with both sides of the brain.

lines of cortical intercommunication are cut and different training experiences are provided to the two hemispheres.

The Caltech work has not been confined to visual experiments. For example, cats with disconnected cortical hemispheres have been trained to press one of two levers in accordance with the smoothness or roughness of the surface. As with visual discrimination, there was no transfer of learning from the left to the right paw; the two paws could learn different or conflicting responses. The split-brain experiments have also been performed on monkeys, with the same results.

In Sperry's experiments, the memory mechanisms were separated into two independent systems by cutting the corpus callosum, which communicates between the two halves of the cortex. These results strongly suggested that the memory storage systems involved are located in the cortical hemispheres, rather than in the brainstem. Other experiments have indicated just where in the cortex the memories are stored. For example, one of the split-brain cats was taught a pedal-pressing routine with the left front paw. Then all of its cortex on the corresponding (right) hemisphere was removed, except for the sensorimotor cortex and the surrounding region. This is the area which registers fine sensations from and controls the precise muscular move-

ments of the left side of the body. With only this isolated remnant of cortex, the animal could still perform the learned routine and learn new discriminations with the same left paw. Sperry's conclusion was that he had cornered the memory traces for these new habits of tactile discrimination in the sensorimotor cortex of the corresponding cerebral hemisphere.

Experiments elsewhere have yielded results consistent with the Caltech findings. In rats, as well as cats, the memory trace for the *left* paw has been localized in or near the *right* sensorimotor cortex. On the other hand, if a visual trick has been taught, the memory record appears to be stored near the visual cortex, in quite a different part of the brain.

Thus it appears that memory records are stored both in the cortex and in the brainstem. If the learned task is simple enough for the brainstem to handle alone, cortical memory may not be involved. A cat deprived of its auditory cortex can learn to discriminate between two simple tones. On the other hand, it can be trained to discriminate between complex musical

patterns involving simultaneous or precisely timed sequences of tones only if its auditory cortex is intact. Probably it is thus in general—the memory trace for a complex discrimination resides in the cortex, whereas the trace for a simpler routine, and perhaps even for the simpler aspects of the same routine, resides in the deeper and “older” structures of the brain.

Are the split-brain results applicable to man? Comparable experiments are not done on humans, and accident or disease rarely requires cutting of the corpus callosum of a human patient. Thus the prospects of direct confirmation are not good. Nevertheless, the results of other animal brain research have usually proved pertinent to the brain of man. It is quite likely that we allocate difficult memory chores to the cortex and easy ones to the brainstem in much the same way as do rats, cats, and monkeys.

CHANGING ONE INTO TWO

THE Caltech experiments on cats have a rather spectacular split-personality implication. This was demonstrated in even more direct fashion in later work with monkeys. First a monkey was subjected to a split-brain operation, in which its corpus callosum and optic chiasma were cut, just as in the cat experiments:

But in addition, a *frontal lobotomy* was performed on *one* side of the monkey's brain. In this operation the nerve fibers running from the brainstem to the forward part of the cortex are cut. When this operation is done on *both* sides of the brain, it is known to produce a relaxed, "I don't care" sort of animal. It has been performed on some psychotic human patients to relieve unbearable tensions and emotional overactivity.

After the surgery on the monkey, the equivalent of an eye-patch was employed to force the animal to use one eye or the other in viewing its environment. With the monkey employing the eye that was connected to the unmodified cortical hemisphere, a snake was displayed to the animal. Monkeys are normally deathly afraid of snakes and the split-brain monkey was no exception. It showed the usual fright and escape reactions. Then the conditions were changed so that the monkey had to employ the eye connected with the hemisphere with nerves cut in the lobotomy. Again the snake was displayed. This time, the monkey could not have cared less; the snake held no terrors for it. It was as though two different animal personalities now inhabited its body!

Sperry is working to extend his techniques to permit cutting most of the brainstem as well as the cortex into disconnected symmetrical halves. It is fascinating to contemplate the possibility of preparing an animal with essentially two separate brains, each capable of receiving its own sensations, recording its own memories, learning its own behavior patterns, developing its own emotional habits and personality attributes, and perhaps even sleeping and waking independently of the other. Fantastic though it seems, this may well be a consequence of the exciting work now under way in biological research laboratories.

MEMORY AND METAPHYSICS

MUCH remains to be learned about memory. We are still in the dark as to the microscopic neuronal mechanism of the memory trace. We have not even identified any specific part of the brain as the repository of all stored information. And no surgeon's scalpel has yet been able to remove the recollection of a single event or of an isolated habit. Nevertheless, recent developments, a few of which have been outlined here, justify an optimistic view of the future. Brain-research scientists are now supplementing traditional psychological methods of investigation with powerful new physiologically oriented techniques. They are learning how to

modify and manipulate the machinery they are studying and thereby establish definite relations between brain structure and mental phenomena. In all science real progress toward the solution of a complex problem commences when means are found to break the problem down into a number of simpler component parts. The discovery of the multiple-memory mechanisms, the elicitation of past recollections by electrical stimulation, the evidence from the Caltech split-brain experiments—each is a small island of knowledge in what has heretofore been a vast sea of ignorance.

The emphasis now, and for some time to come, must be on understanding rather than application. Ultimately, however, new knowledge about the memory mechanisms and other aspects of brain function seems certain to lead to new ways to alleviate the effects of diseased or damaged brain tissue. It is also not too much to hope for improvement in our ability to educate and get maximum service from our mental equipment, as we learn more about the workings of the machinery of the brain.

In addition to these scientific and practical implications of current research, there is an important philosophic by-product. Scientists are beginning to come to grips with the phenomena of consciousness. The split-brain work, for example, may already have provided a surgical technique for causing two distinct personalities to occupy a single human body. Separability of the individual into two identities is also suggested by the peculiar sensation of "double consciousness" experienced by some of Wilder Penfield's patients. Other research has shown that whether or not we are conscious depends solely on whether a suitable pattern of electrical activity exists in a specific center of the brainstem. And it has also been established that the peculiarly personal sensations of fear, horror, rage, pleasure, and ecstasy can be artificially induced by electrical stimulation in appropriate small regions of the brain.

Surely these growing indications that our subjective sensations are determined in a regular and predictable way by the physical condition of specific parts of the brain are of the greatest human significance. Eventually such knowledge may well transfer the phenomena of consciousness out of metaphysics and into the realm described by the physical laws of nature. It would be hard to imagine a development of more far-reaching importance to science and philosophy. Yet it could come as a consequence of research on memory and the brain.

The Midwest's Nice Monopolists

John and Mike Cowles

From a home base in Des Moines, they have built a publishing empire that now reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific—in spite of an heretical cast of mind that startles a lot of their readers.

JOHN and Mike Cowles, who operate the only newspapers in Des Moines and Minneapolis, represent that *rara avis* of American journalism: the responsible monopoly newspaper publisher. To be sure, a good many people in publishing feel that this is an accomplishment no more elegant or instructive than dropping through a gallows trap. For it is the economics, not the responsibilities, of monopoly publishing that make it so attractive to the grandees of the press. "William Randolph Hearst Jr., editor of the Hearst papers, has estimated that if a competitive morning and evening paper each clears \$100,000 in annual profit, under the same management they net not \$200,000 but \$500,000," reported *Time* magazine not long ago.

The result is that in the last generation or so the breathless growth of monopoly publishing has left some 1,400 American cities with one publisher of a daily newspaper compared to only 52 cities with competing daily newspapers. With a few exceptions, the performance of monopoly publishers has been so poor that the Cowles brothers could earn a certain celebrity with publications that one of their more loyal employees candidly describes as "not of the very first rank but certainly high in the second rank." The distinction of the Cowles brothers is not that they despise profits. Quite the contrary. It is the manner in which they accumulate them—which is to say, with defiance of cautionary pressures and an uncommon sense of heresy.

Take politics, for instance. Like many U.S. newspapers, the Cowles (pronounced "coals") papers are independent in the sense that they always support the Republican candidate for President. ("Well," says Mike Cowles a trifle defensively, "we didn't support *either* Harding or Cox.") But once they've tithed, the Cowles brothers are likely to indulge in all sorts of heresy. In the declining years of the Eisenhower Administration—*i.e.*, from early 1953 to early 1961—they insisted that the U.S. avoid "slamming the door on Red China just to show that we can do the slamming," advocated not only more foreign aid but the taxes to finance it, sharply criticized the late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and his policy of massive retaliation, insisted that Dulles' blindly moralistic approach to the neutral nations was a bankrupt policy, and focused responsibility for the near-hostilities at Quemoy and Matsu ("One has to begin with the responsibility of Dwight D. Eisenhower"). More recently, they supported continued foreign aid to such distressing neutrals as Ghana and India ("The Goa incident provides no reason for the U.S. to withdraw economic assistance for India"), supported President Kennedy's request for broad tariff-cutting powers, and endorsed his policy of restraint on Cuban refugees seeking to raid their homeland from bases in the U.S.

"And," says Mike Cowles, "we're making money and we're in a healthy position."

Their position could not be much healthier. In their circulation area—the vast and fertile prairieland between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, rising north from the fortieth parallel to the Canadian border—the Cowles brothers sell 853,000 papers daily and 1,184,000 on Sunday. Their papers, the *Des Moines Register* and *Tribune* and the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*, not only do an estimated \$60 million worth of

business annually but have helped shape the Midwest to their most cherished image. It is a private conviction of John Cowles Sr., sixty-four, the older and more sedate of the two brothers, that his Minneapolis papers so changed the climate in Minnesota that the state abandoned its historic isolationism and sent to the Senate such outspoken internationalists as Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy. In Iowa, the impact was more subtle. Iowans in general concede many notions regarded as heretical elsewhere in the Midwest, such as the usefulness and desirability of the United Nations. "But it isn't always reflected in the quality of the officials the state sends to Washington," says Mike Cowles. "At least not to the degree I'd prefer."

OUT OF THE IOWA CORN

IOWA is where the style, the tradition, and the monopoly of the Cowles papers was first developed. The patriarch of the family was Gardner Cowles Sr., a small-town banker and one-time school superintendent in Iowa who, at the age of forty-two, bought the Des Moines *Register*—a paper which had a circulation of 14,000 and debts of \$180,000—for \$300,000. That was in 1903. In the next quarter-century, he eliminated all the competition in Des Moines—publishers declined from four to one; he bought the *Tribune* and with his editor, the late Harvey Ingham, made the *Register* and *Tribune* two of the most respected papers in the nation. Along with farm-oriented news, they offered Iowans a heavy budget of national and international news and engaged in such improbable heterodoxies—considering the time and place—as demanding equal rights for Negroes and supporting Woodrow Wilson's bid to bring the U.S. into the League of Nations. (Americans, wrote Harvey Ingham when the League was an issue, "cannot get out of our world duties if we try. . . . The wisest nationalism the American citizen will ever show will be the nationalism that is international.")

The elder Cowles had six children. All own stock in the Des Moines papers and, therefore, in their various journalistic offspring. But only John and Mike (Gardner Jr.) were active in running them. Three of the children were girls and they never entered business. A fourth was Russell Cowles, now seventy-five years old, who gave up the newspaper business early in his life to become an artist. The defection was unfathomable to his father. "How many paintings did you sell today, Russell?" he'd sometimes ask

of his son as the family sat down to dinner.

The enterprise of John and Mike expanded the Cowles' properties far beyond the cornfields of Iowa. Today they operate—in a tangled web of family financing and interests—papers not only in Minneapolis and in the San Fernando Valley (where John exercises primary responsibility) but also in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and in Florida (for which—along with *Look* magazine—Mike is responsible). Thus they extend the Cowles empire literally from the Atlantic to the Pacific—and personally left Des Moines. They still own and operate the papers there but John lives in Minnesota and Mike prefers New York, where he can live on Park Avenue, work on Madison Avenue, and direct the destinies of *Look*. Theoretically they share responsibility for the Des Moines papers. "But actually," says one editor in Des Moines, "we turn first to Mike for help."

In their early years, Mike and John Cowles were exceptionally close. Though Mike is four years younger than John—he is sixty—he shared John's interests and inclinations as a youth. Both went to Phillips Exeter, for instance. Both went to Harvard. Both worked on the *Crimson*. And when John got married, both went on his honeymoon. Their close collaboration continued on into politics, particularly in the campaign of 1940 when they were among the most intimate and influential advisers to Wendell Willkie in his pursuit of the GOP nomination and then the Presidency. (John subsequently joined Willkie on a wartime trip to England and Mike joined him on his wartime trip to Russia, even playing a small part in helping Joseph Barnes ghost-write the Willkie volume, *One World*.)

But since the end of World War II, the differences between the two brothers—in taste and temperament—have become more pronounced. Mike is more natty, more urbane; John is more sober, more self-effacing. Mike has been married four times and divorced three times; John has been married only once. Mike is more impetuous, more dramatic; John is more contemplative, more given to details. Mike came up on the editorial side of the Des Moines papers; John came up on the business side. "Mike is basically a police-reporter type of fellow; he's concerned about the news you have to blast out of someone. John is the kind of guy who's going to get more

William Barry Furlong is a free-lance reporter living in Chicago. His assignments in the last year have taken him from Pittsburgh to Paramaribo. He has a degree in aeronautical engineering and was formerly a "Newsweek" correspondent.

excited about a book and the interpretations it offers," says an old friend. "And I think that you'll find that John is more likely to get emotional in conservative causes than Mike will in liberal causes."

These differences are among the reasons they seek the same goal—influence in the world of public affairs—through different means. Mike's preference for living in New York has been described as an effort to prove himself and enjoy himself in an arena larger than his father's. "Mike's problem is trying to believe he would have been a great publishing success even if he had not been born with the silver spoon," says one candidly "anti-Mike" man.

The fact is that he *has* been a great publishing success. In *Look* magazine, which was once little more than a "barbershop book" filled with bizarre cheesecake (the first issue included a picture layout of Joan Crawford as a shot-putter), he has developed a publication that is one of the "hottest properties" in publishing. Its success is due largely to an artful mixture of gall and honey. *Look's* staples are stories that are overwhelmingly, insistently, imperishably pleasant—oleaginously slick pieces on mothers and babies, pets, mothers and babies, fashion, mothers and babies, family, mothers and babies, suburbia, mothers and babies, recreation, and mothers and babies. "Nice stories about nice people doing nice things," says one Cowles staffer dryly.

But to all this indomitable sweetness *Look* adds a muscularity rare, until recently, in the mass-circulation magazine field. It has not hesitated to tackle controversial subjects: the priest who was an alcoholic, fee-splitting among doctors, the deceit, misrepresentations, and outright racketeering in many charity drives, the outrages of segregation (particularly in the blunt and detailed report on the Emmett Till murder case), and Emmet John Hughes's candid report on the personality that Dwight Eisenhower brought to the White House. Although *Look* has always been careful not to run editorials, indeed not to reflect any consistent point of view ("It's a magazine without a soul," says a one-time editor at *Collier's*; "it's hard to know what *Look* stands for—except success"), it brought to the mass-circulation magazine field an important lesson gleaned from the success of the *New York Times*, *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, and other "quality" publications: that readers want provocative articles on the ethics and events of our times and that, moreover, many advertisers prefer magazines that contrast sharply with the mind-numbing superficialities of television.

While Mike moved to New York to find the professional and personal enhancement he needed, it was in John's nature to search out the same things in Minnesota. For by staying in the Midwest, he became that region's ranking member of what Richard Rovere has called the American Establishment. He has held, at one time or another, some of the prime Establishment posts: overseer of Harvard, trustee of the Ford Foundation, special consultant to the National Security Council. At the same time, the position has worked a special discipline on him. For it is axiomatic within the Establishment that if one is to have influence, one may switch political parties once (as did Averell Harriman), but hardly more than once.

As it happens, John Cowles is no more likely to switch parties than is Khrushchev. From time to time his papers have supported Democrats for offices lower than President; "but when that happens," says one of his reporters, "you know that the Republican is pretty damn lousy." * John much prefers to use his newspapers, and whatever influence he has among Republicans, to urge the GOP and its candidates closer to his own ideals. To the consternation of a great many Midwestern Republicans, John Cowles joined the forces that denied the Republican nomination to the late Senator Robert A. Taft—the nonpareil of Midwest Republicanism—in 1940 and again in 1952. If the GOP picks the candidate he favors for any office, his support is never in doubt, no matter how attractive a candidate the Democrats may offer. In 1952, for instance, he faced a choice between a Democratic candidate who explored the issues with insight and eloquence and a Republican candidate who confessed that, in connection with the farm program, he did not understand the meaning of the word "parity." John Cowles unhesitatingly supported the latter. For he is a Republican the way that de Gaulle is a Frenchman—by birth;

* The informal poll within the editorial councils on what candidates the Minneapolis papers should support in the 1960 election is instructive. The vote was 10-1 in favor of supporting Nixon for President, 11-0 against supporting Democrat Orville Freeman for Governor, and 10-0 in favor of supporting Democrat Hubert Humphrey for Senator. (John Cowles could not bring himself to vote in these councils for Humphrey—in whose competence, if not his philosophies, he has confidence—and so he abstained on that particular ballot.) Freeman was defeated and Humphrey was elected, just as the Minneapolis papers urged. However, not only did Nixon lose Minnesota but it was the *only* state from the Great Lakes to the Pacific coast, north of the fortieth parallel, that he did lose.

instinct, tradition, and resolve. Having supported General Eisenhower vigorously in the preconvention period—indeed, having made a trip to his SHAPE headquarters in France to urge him to run—John Cowles did not even consider that he might switch to Stevenson. That would have seemed treason to the party and frivolous to the Establishment.

When it comes to policies, not politics, John Cowles shows no such constraint. Though he supported Ike twice, he was never enthralled by Ike's foreign policy or his foreign secretary, John Foster Dulles. In fact, one of Cowles's more insistent heresies is his belief that "history will judge Dean Acheson to be one of our great secretaries of state." Unfortunately for Acheson, these views did not mature in time to do him much good—*i.e.*, in that period between 1950 and 1953 when Acheson was under heavy attack by Congress—but only after Ike's inauguration when Acheson and Cowles both happened to be vacationing on the island of Antigua in the Caribbean. Acheson found in Cowles a contemplative man with great insight into foreign affairs—as well as a "Q" clearance as a National Security Council consultant—to whom he could explain the subtleties of his much-abused policies. The impact of these discussions was pungently described by a then-recent graduate of Radcliffe who happened to sit next to John Cowles on an airplane flight one day and found him ready to talk about foreign policy. "He's awfully opinionated—for a Republican," she said. "Why he thought that John Foster Dulles was a *slob!*"

"A UNIVERSITY ON YOUR DOORSTEP"

THE Cowles papers reflect the interest of the Cowles brothers in foreign affairs as, indeed, they reflect their concern about the responsibilities of newspaper—*i.e.*, monopoly—publishing. Under the Cowles family, the Des Moines and Minneapolis papers have won ten Pulitzer Prizes. A good newspaper, says John Cowles, should be a "university on your doorstep." And a "good newspaper reporter . . . ought to know as much in his field as a good college instructor knows in his."

This is not to say that the Cowles brothers have made their papers bucolic editions of the *New York Times*. Though they share the *Times*'s concern with integrity, they lack the depth and the overwhelming scope of the *Times*. "We devote a paragraph to something the *Times* will give a column to," says one Cowles staffer in Minne-

apolis. John Cowles himself even concedes: "We take it for granted that a specialist, say a professor of current European history at the University [of Minnesota], will also need to read the *New York Times*." Some years ago he explained why there are no papers with the substance of the *Times* outside of New York City. "Less than 15 per cent of the families in New York read the *New York Times*," he said. "No other city has enough population so that a newspaper which appealed to only 15 per cent of its inhabitants would have sufficient circulation to succeed." (The Des Moines dailies go to 38 per cent of Iowa households.)

For their part, the Cowles papers seek a broader appeal by offering an antic assortment of comics, advice to the lovelorn, and crossword puzzles plus such esoteric information as the fall-out rate for the upper Midwest, how angleworms mate, and how Minnesotans feel about loving thy neighbor as thyself (84 per cent said *they* were trying but only 45 per cent thought that their neighbors were trying).

Their merit—extraordinary among monopoly papers—is that this is not *all* that they print. They reflect a sturdy belief that news is still essential to a newspaper. And that it is important that readers understand the news and its significance. Thus the Cowles papers customarily devote a good percentage of their "news-hole"—the space available for editorial material—to national and international news. And they augment it with the interpretations and analyses of Walter Lippman, Arthur Krock, Joseph Alsop, James Reston, Eric Sevareid, Doris Fleeson, Roscoe Drummond, Richard Wilson, and Russell Kirk as well as the *New York Times* and London *Observer* news services. They make a conscientious effort to bring the climate and culture of the world "outside" to their prairie-bound readers. (A subscriber to the Minneapolis *Tribune* can, for instance, get the *New York Times* drama review of last night's opener on Broadway delivered to his doorstep at virtually the same time it's delivered to a *Times* subscriber.) And in reporting and analyzing the news, the Cowles papers emphasize significance and intelligibility rather than trivial immediacy. "The *last* thing that happens before you go to press may not be the *best* thing to offer your reader to help him understand the news," says Kenneth MacDonald, executive editor of the Des Moines papers.

Furthermore, the Cowles brothers have allowed their papers to develop individual personalities suited to their circulation rather than impose on them the monolithic desires of a

monopoly publisher. The Des Moines *Register*, for instance, is essentially a "state" newspaper. Eighty-two per cent of its daily circulation and 86 per cent of its Sunday circulation is outside of the city of Des Moines. (No other paper in the nation, with the possible exception of the *Christian Science Monitor*, has a larger percentage of circulation outside of the city of publication.) Accordingly, the *Register* features a lot of "almanac stuff"—weather reports, crop reports, highway condition reports, births, deaths, graduations, weddings, all the news of particular interest to a rural and small-town readership ("How to keep your cows mastitis-free").

But like its afternoon cousin, the *Tribune*, the *Register's* interest ranges far beyond the barnyard; it not only reports but views world happenings rationally, maturely, and with the arresting conviction—rare in many Midwestern papers—that they are not all a vast conspiracy to tax the good people of the Midwest into oblivion. However, the Des Moines papers do tend to approach certain events in a somewhat parochial manner. One gets the feeling in reading them that world events are not merely happening but happening to *Iowans*. Thus when reporter Clark Mollenhoff of the Cowles brothers' Washington Bureau had an exclusive eyewitness account of the abortive rebellion in Ethiopia in December 1960, the report of his telephoned account started: "Two Iowa women watched Emperor Haile Selassie return in triumph Saturday to Addis Ababa. . . ." On a less exotic level, readers of the *Register* are likely to get a singular view of persecution in Communist-dominated lands ("Reds assail Iowa letter, jail reader"), of difficulties in underdeveloped lands ("Iowa surgeon gives month to Jordan; pays own expenses"), of a discovery in archaeology ("Bone links old Iowan, mammoth"), or even of an accident in Aberdeen, Washington ("Iowan drowns in rescue attempt").

NO SPECIAL PRIVILEGE

BUT they are also likely to get unvarnished reports about one group whose activities and habits are often sheltered by the press—"society" types, advertisers, and friends of the publisher. It is not simply that the Des Moines papers regularly report the small inequities of the executive or society class—the drunken-driving charges and the paternity suits. They also devote a great deal of enterprise to uncovering those stories that many another newspaper publisher would recoil from—*i.e.*, how real-estate operators in Des Moines enforce an informal segregation;

or revelations of the "discrepancies" in the state-income-tax and personal-property-tax reports of Iowa's wealthier citizens ("One man had two million dollars in undisclosed securities," says an editor in Des Moines).

Not even the members of the Cowles family are privileged. "Why, when I was managing editor in Des Moines, I printed the story of my own divorce on page one," says Mike Cowles. ("Hell," says one editor in Des Moines, "we print the stories of *all* of Mike's divorces on page one.")

When applied to advertisers, this policy of no-refuge, no special-privilege gives the Des Moines papers greater prestige and greater problems than perhaps any other papers in the nation. Few businesses in a city the size of Des Moines—population: 215,000—can afford to advertise extensively in papers with such a relatively large circulation. (The *Sunday Register* has a circulation of 529,000, more than twice the population of Des Moines. The *Daily Register* has a circulation slightly larger than the population of the city. For a comparison, imagine the *New York Times* with a Sunday circulation approaching twenty million and a daily circulation exceeding eight million—then consider the costs of advertising in such a paper.) The Des Moines papers try to compensate for this by making a special effort to get national advertising—the automobile, soft-drink, soap ads, and so forth that are not tied solely to a local dealer. (They do not, however, accept liquor ads—one of the most abundant sources of advertising revenue—in deference to a decision made by Gardner Cowles Sr. as far back as 1909. The elder Cowles, in addition to his more enlightened campaigns, also supported Prohibition—though there is no indication that either John or Mike Cowles personally shares his temperance tastes.)

During economic recessions, national advertising tends to decline sharply. The few local advertisers who can afford extensive budgets in the Des Moines papers could retaliate sharply against the papers' editorial independence simply by pulling out their advertising at that time. There are a great many editors and publishers, in competitive as well as monopoly towns, who would grovel before such a threat. Not only are the Des Moines papers conspicuously free from such servility but—in an even more significant reflection of the spirit and independence of the papers—their staff members take this show of independence entirely for granted.

Minneapolis offered the Cowles brothers different problems and different opportunities. In Des Moines, the Cowles brothers inherited their



Photograph by Tom Hayden

Parke-Davis in Puerto Rico: antibiotics and contented executives

SEND an executive to run a new plant in Puerto Rico and he may never want to come home again.

Our photograph gives you some idea of Puerto Rico's magnetism. You wouldn't think this glorious place was a factory, but it is. This is the island's new Parke-Davis plant. It serves markets in Puerto Rico and Latin America.

Step inside and you will be impressed by what you see. The plant is bright,

efficient, and superbly modern. So are the people who work there. Their productivity is high. They take pride in their appearance, and in their work.

Parke-Davis is in good company on this sunny, scrubbed and cultured island. International Paper and Union Carbide are also among the blue chip firms that have chosen Puerto Rico as a stable, long-term manufacturing site.

And how would you and your family

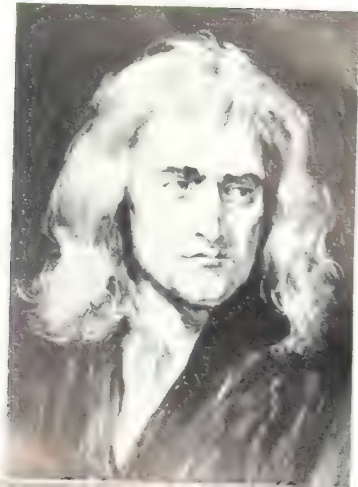
live in Puerto Rico? You'd see more plays and hear more good music than you do now. You'd golf, fish, sail and swim 52 weeks a year. And New York is only 3½ jet hours away.

For your new plant site, think seriously about Puerto Rico. Nowhere else can you find this combination of opportunity and serenity.

*1961 Company Data (Parke-Davis)
606 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017*

BREAKTHROUGH

Newton



An apple's fall to earth helps
man find his way to the moon.



To chart the course of the first manned flight to the moon, scientists will apply laws discovered by Sir Isaac Newton nearly 300 years ago.

For Newton's formulation of the Law of Gravity, that law which even a falling apple must obey, and his discovery of the Laws of Motion were, like *all* true breakthroughs, rare sightings of new truths so far-reaching they enable men to begin new chapters in scientific progress.

Each generation has its men and women of questing spirit whose creative, inquiring minds will reach out beyond the known. We at Shell believe we have a responsibility to seek out and encourage these explorers. That is why our program of support for education provides scholarships for de-

serving students, research grants for universities, and unique Shell Merit Fellowships for science teachers seeking better training techniques.

And we see the fruits of such well-trained minds at work in Shell Research: synthetics that equal or surpass nature's own resources, new aids enabling farmers to grow full crops where harvests had been meager. And, of course, finer gasolines and motor oils.

When you see the sign of the Shell let it remind you of people dedicated to the search for excellence—new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you better. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company.*



FOR YOU



The Burgemeester of Amsterdam invites you to cruise through the canals of Holland



BURGEMEESTER van Hall, Mayor of Amsterdam, invites you to cruise Holland's amiable waters—the rivers, the lakes, the canals.

In Amsterdam, the canals wind through the heart of the city. You'll pass the steep-gabled houses built by merchant princes in the 17th Century. You'll see the home in which Rembrandt lived and painted. Age-old trees line the canals.

In Holland, there's water to swim in, to fish in, to sail in. Come to Holland for sailing. It's so inexpensive. A week's sailing for six costs a mere \$200, including a skipper.

If you're a landlubber, the golf courses are superb. (Did you know the Dutch invented

golf?) Good riding, too. Or go bicycling. Everybody does, in Holland.

Holland is a shrewd shopper's dream world. Diamonds. Antiques. Delft china. Fine cigars. Tulip bulbs. Fabrics. You'll enjoy every minute of your bargain hunting in Amsterdam.

And the food? Unsurpassed. The world's best oysters. Pink shrimp no bigger than a peanut. Cheese with breakfast. Indonesian rijsttafel. The Dutch love their food—and so will you.

So plan on Holland this year. The Dutch are expecting you. Especially Burgemeester van Hall of Amsterdam.

For literature and information, see your travel agent, or write Netherlands National Tourist Office, 605 5th Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

monopoly; in Minneapolis they had to create it. They started by buying the *Minneapolis Star* in 1935. Mike soon concentrated his interests elsewhere—principally to starting and running *Look* magazine—while John assumed complete responsibility in Minneapolis. At the time, the *Star* was the “last” newspaper in Minneapolis. It had a circulation of 80,401. “We got the basement advertising; the other papers got the ‘upstairs’ advertising,” says Joyce Swan, who became publisher of the Minneapolis papers in 1961.

After one or two false starts, John Cowles brought Basil L. “Stuffy” Walters from Des Moines to run his newspaper. Walters, far ahead of his time in making the paper easy to read, lightened the dense forest of black type, urged his reporters to make the stories more intelligible by “telling your story, not ‘writing’ it,” and embarked on such zany ventures as yanking everything off page one to run a full-page picture of the biggest baby born in Minnesota up to that time. “We rapped the bejesus out of the other papers,” says one veteran of the copy desk of those times. “We put out the most razzle-dazzle papers ever seen in the U.S.” By 1939, the *Minneapolis Journal* found the competition too stiff; it sold out to John Cowles who promptly merged it with the *Star*. Two years later, the *Minneapolis Tribune* and the *Minneapolis Times* gave up and became part of the Cowles empire. By the time Stuffy Walters left Minneapolis to join the *Chicago Daily News* in 1945, the total circulation of the Cowles holdings in Minneapolis had more than quadrupled and John Cowles was secure in his monopoly.*

At that point, he turned to sobering down his papers. On the *Minneapolis Tribune* he developed a staff of thoughtful specialists—Victor Cohn in science, Sam Romer in labor, Carl Rowan (since named Deputy Assistant Secretary of State and now Ambassador to Finland) in sociology and foreign affairs, Richard Kleeman in education, etc.—and gave them time and opportunity to exploit their own talents. (Carl Rowan once spent six months researching and writing a memorable series on the plight of the upper Midwest Indian and another three months on the economic and social decline of the small farm town in Minnesota.) Over the years, their work brought enor-

mous prestige to the *Minneapolis Tribune*, and some of their stories were landmarks of sociological reporting—among them Victor Cohn’s series on mental illnesses among children and Carl Rowan’s series on a Negro returning to the South. (“John Cowles,” says Rowan, “has an extraordinary social conscience.”)

At the same time, John Cowles kept an eye out for circulation-building, profit-making features such as the ad-laden 112-page sports supplement published by the *Sunday Tribune* just before opening day in 1961 (when Minneapolis achieved Major League status) or the homey intimacies of the late Cedric Adams in the *Star*. “If it’s something women will talk about across the bridge table, then it’s something for me,” said Adams in describing the sources of his—and the *Star*’s—popularity. (One can only infer that bridge-table conversation in Minneapolis must have a touch of the macabre. In one column, Adams expressed a need for a human skull and received thirty-six of them from admiring readers.) The *Star*—spritelier in appearance, homier in tone, more inclined to good writing for good writing’s sake—leans more toward neighborhood problems than does the morning *Tribune*; and its circulation runs about 32 per cent ahead of the *Tribune*’s. “Circumstances and John Cowles made the *Tribune* the ‘prestige’ newspaper,” says Carl Rowan. “They were content to have the *Star* be the money-maker.”

MONEY AS A TOOL

IN BOTH Des Moines and Minneapolis, the Cowles brothers have, over the years, adhered to policies that distinguish them from most other monopoly publishers, and even from a great many competitive publishers. Some examples:

(1) Unlike most monopoly publishers, the Cowles papers did not cut down their editorial staffs to reduce expenses once they’d eliminated the competition or, as do many publishers who print morning and evening versions of the same thoughts, try to put out two papers with what amounts to one staff. Instead, the Cowles papers maintain staffs that are independent and largely competitive. “We’ve covered murders at one o’clock in the afternoon that we never told the *Star* about,” says one morning *Tribune* reporter in Minneapolis.

(2) Unlike most monopoly publishers, the Cowles don’t see the papers as tools to make money so much as they see money as tools to make better newspapers. “Obviously a news-

* During a strike that idled the Minneapolis papers for 116 days in 1962, a tabloid daily was started in Minneapolis by an advertising agency owner, Maurice McCaffery. It survived for a total of five months and achieved—according to McCaffery—a peak circulation of about 175,000. It suspended publication about eight weeks after the strike against the Cowles papers ended.

paper has to be financially strong to be independent," says John Cowles Jr., thirty-four, who is the editor of the two Minneapolis papers and the eventual successor to his father in running them. The Cowles like money as much as the next multimillionaire, but they see that it has uses beyond financial enrichment.* On the papers, they use it ungrudgingly for projects that may be more cerebral than directly profitable. For instance, they regularly send some of their top editorial hands on long leisurely trips overseas to equip them better to interpret national and international events. "We'd rather send ten or twenty men overseas every year and have them come back here to handle the news from abroad more intelligently than maintain a large staff overseas that has no 'feel' for the people they're talking to and an editorial staff here that has no 'feel' for the climate where the news is happening," says Bower Hawthorne, executive news editor of the Minneapolis newspapers.

The Cowles do more than take money and "talk" independence. They use their money to insure their independence. On one occasion, they chose to back up one of their reporters against a drug company that threatened to yank a million dollars' worth of advertising from all of the Cowles publications (including *Look* magazine) unless "adjustments" were made in a series of articles on antihistamines in the *Minneapolis Tribune*. After some pained introspection, the Cowles decided that no "adjustments" were necessary and accepted the fact that the advertising revenue was lost. As so frequently happens, the loss was a brief one; the drug company quickly and quietly returned, once it found that its attempts at intimidation would fail.

(3) Unlike most monopoly publishers, who tend to believe that their ideas are the *only* ideas—or at least the only ones that can, without danger to the Republic, be passed on to their readers—the Cowles brothers see their papers as platforms where all sides of an important issue can come into conflict. This is not to say that they are loath to express their own ideas. "Most newspapers in this country have become eunuchs," Mike Cowles has said. "They pussy-foot and refuse to take stands." But neither do the Cowles papers try to black out ideas antagonistic to their own. "We cover a lot of things

* During the recent strike the issue of pay raises was swiftly settled; that of fringe benefits followed after a little difficulty. But work rules were the matters over which the teamsters and mechanical unions called a strike—a strike which was supported by the editorial union, the Newspaper Guild, though the Guild had no vital issue at stake.

where the people spend half their time cussing us out," says one Cowles staffer. "We go out and solicit opinions different from our own for our editorial pages," says Bower Hawthorne.

The Cowles extend this tolerance even to their own reporters. Once John Cowles returned from a trip to India highly enthusiastic about the ideas and plans of Prime Minister Nehru. He sent Carl Rowan to India to do a series on the subcontinent. Rowan returned with a view of Nehru that was somewhat less exalted than that of Cowles. Rowan's view, not Cowles', got into the paper. "If he wanted me to write what he thought," says Rowan, "I wouldn't have to go to India to do it."

All this is not to suggest that the Cowles papers are spotless. There are some yearnings so endemic among newspaper executives that not even the Cowles brothers can quell them. Once a business-side executive of the Minneapolis papers, for instance, took advantage of the absence of John Cowles Sr. to invade the city room to demand—and get—the softening of an accurate report of a near-riot among children and teenagers at a sales promotion event of the Downtown Club, the tribal unit of Minneapolis businessmen. On another occasion, shortly before the 1960 Presidential election, the *Minneapolis Tribune* ran a full-page ad from a virulently anti-Catholic source calling upon the voters to reject John F. Kennedy solely because of his religion. (The editors, possibly aware of the tastelessness of the ad, ran an editorial explaining that everybody, presumably even bigots, had an opportunity to be heard in their pages.) A spasm of outrage shook the community so deeply that many high executives of the papers had to rush to the office on a Sunday to try to explain away the ad to readers whose phone calls swamped the switchboard. And a similar ad, reportedly scheduled to run in the *Minneapolis Star* on the afternoon before the election, never appeared.

A LITTLE RATIONALIZING

THE Cowles tend to insist that they really don't have a monopoly, and they have gone to considerable lengths to disguise the fact. For instance, John Cowles kept the *Minneapolis Times*, an afternoon paper, alive for seven years after he acquired it to preserve the illusion that it was in competition with his afternoon *Star*. (It lost money in six of those seven years and he finally killed it off in 1948, suggesting that even the most conscientious publisher prefers to preserve only those illusions which are profitable.)

In Des Moines, the various executives talk endlessly about the "competition" offered by small-town newspapers throughout the state. While there are about two-score small-town afternoon dailies published in Iowa, none of them compete with the *Tribune* for business or readers in Des Moines. And in the morning, the only "competition" the *Register* faces in the entire state is the college paper of the State University of Iowa and the Davenport *Democrat*, with a circulation roughly one-tenth its own. In both Minneapolis and Des Moines, the editors and executives stress the "competition" offered them by radio and television. But in both cities, the Cowles brothers—like monopoly publishers almost everywhere—own all or part of local radio and TV stations.

At the same time, the Cowles brothers engage in that glib rationale for monopolies which is in the tradition of modern publishing. "If a monopoly newspaper is really bad," said John Cowles some years ago, "it won't last as a monopoly. New competition by abler and more socially moral newspapermen will eventually displace it." He did not say where the abler and more socially moral newspapermen were going to get the money. He did go on to point out that monopoly publishers possess a singular opportunity for public service—on the chance they're so inclined—because they don't have to scramble for circulation and "are better able to resist the pressure to oversensationalize the news, the pressure of immediacy, which makes for incomplete, shoddy, and premature reporting."

It is true that this is exactly the course which the Cowles brothers have laid out for their own newspapers. "There's nobody on either paper [in Minneapolis] right now who could write a screamer headline for a street sale," one recent editor has said. There is little need for such talent. The Cowles papers in the two cities boast a home-delivered circulation ranging from 83 to 97 per cent, which gives them a goodly amount of circulation insurance. Indeed, the Des Moines *Register* is so indifferent to street sales that not long ago it was printing special copies of its first edition for sale in downtown Des Moines at about 10:00 P.M. specifically *without* the exclusive stories developed by its own reporters. (The idea was to keep local radio and TV commentators—even those on the Cowles-owned station—from grabbing the paper off a newsstand and reading these special stories on the late news as their own material.) High standards in journalism do not spring from any virtues inherent in a monopoly. They derive from the

internal urgencies of the owners and publishers, whether competitive or monopoly.

The truth is that not even the most scrupulous and thoughtful of publishers can overcome all of the defects of monopoly ownership. No matter how vigorous and fair he is in printing ideas antagonistic to his own, he cannot provide that intellectual climate in which ideas germinate. For he retains the triumphant weapon of modern conflict: the initiative. He has the first chance to offer ideas; the opposition is never in a position to do much but respond to them, and nothing can be more frustrating than always being on the defensive. In their frustration, the dissenters tend to become more strident, more radical, even more violent, and hysteria frequently replaces rational discussion. It is significant, perhaps, that critics on the Right appear even more outraged at the general positions of the Cowles papers than do critics on the Left, not because their views are not given considerable attention but because in most monopoly cities they are accustomed to *exclusive* possession of the platform.

"The Cowles aren't after money anymore. All they want is power!" says a man of pronounced right-wing tendencies in Minneapolis. "There have been three attempts to start opposition papers here in recent years and all three times the Cowles crushed the attempt ruthlessly." He insists that as a participant in two of the projects, he can assert from experience that Cowles executives are able to cut off potential opposition from a financial lifeline: department-store advertising. (None of the groups thus allegedly injured, however, pressed antitrust suits.) Then in an astonishing coda that is somehow characteristic of critics of the Cowles papers, he concluded, "I wish I could say they turn out poor newspapers. But they don't. Most of the time they turn out excellent newspapers."

That they do it without the rigorous pressures of competition is their contribution to our culture. For the issue of American journalism today is not whether monopoly newspapers are desirable; the fact is that they are predominant. In the Cowles papers can be seen a pattern of conduct and operation for monopoly publishers who wish to remain alert to their responsibilities to the community and the nation. For with all their flaws, the Cowles papers approach their task with an intelligence and sensitivity that were best reflected in a comment by John Cowles Jr. "One of the toughest jobs the editor has," he said, "is remembering that he isn't God. He is not infallible."



Renaissance at the University of Texas

At long last it has a chance to become a really first-rate school—and already is “a considerably finer place” than its state deserves.

THE reputation of the University of Texas—like so much else in the state—suffers from the egregious Texas myth: money and glitter. In actual fact, however, the school has never enjoyed the steady blessings of influential public support which have made the four or five great state universities preeminent. It has had to struggle against a special regional inertia and the rustic philistinism of the state's once-agrarian culture. Through the years, on occasion, it has been maimed by ruddy nabobs and cross-roads potentates who, as J. Frank Dobie once wrote in describing one particular Board of Regents, care as much about intellectual enlightenment as a razorback sow about Keats's “Ode on a Grecian Urn.”

For all that—and despite the recent local uproar over the state senate's rejection of W. St. John Garwood, one of Governor John Connally's three excellent appointees to the Board of Regents—the University is today one leap away from

a certain greatness. Charged with intellectual vitality, full of energy and promise, it is a highly self-conscious place—a curious blend of the narrow and the cosmopolitan, trying, in an almost driven way, to discover its deepest possibilities. Morris Ernst, one of many Easterners who have been impressed with its enthusiasm, calls it “the most underestimated campus in America.” And the late Walter Prescott Webb, the distinguished historian who had taught at the University of Texas for forty-five years, wrote a few months before his death: “The time has come to quit talking about making ‘a University of the first class.’ We now have it within our grasp.” In December, Webb told me in his gruff way: “This is potentially one of the great universities of America. Take a map and draw a line from Pennsylvania on the east to Los Angeles on the west. Considering both the humanities and the sciences, right now there isn't a university south of that line to compare with this one.”

Nevertheless, in its undistinguished eighty years of life, the University, as one of its leaders says, has done such a “second-rate job” that the great mass of its own alumni have a difficult time recognizing what a great university is even *supposed* to be. For this lack of popular under-

standing the University stands partly to blame; but blame, where public education is concerned, is blurred. One cannot avoid the conclusion that the University of Texas is a considerably finer place than the State of Texas deserves.

The main campus of the University at Austin, drawing the largest student body in the South—over 21,000 students and 1,400 faculty—is no quiet glade for retiring scholars. It is furiously metropolitan, and to my recollection the only ivy in the vicinity decorates the home economics building. On a ridge dominating the original “Forty Acres” of the campus stands the Tower, a thirty-story skyscraper, topped off with an edifice meant to be a Greek temple. On the West is a faint border of purple hills, the Great Balcones Divide, the proper geologic ending of the South. The University at Austin, almost literally, lies abreast of the South and West, in temper an eclectic blend of the two.

“It is a pleasant city,” novelist William Brammer wrote of Austin in *The Gay Place*, “clean and quiet, with wide rambling walks and elaborate public gardens and elegant old houses faintly ruined in the shadow of arching poplars. . . . On brilliant mornings the white sandstone of the Tower and the Capitol’s granite dome are joined for an instant, all pink and cream, catching the first light.” Austin is a political and academic town—the University and the Capitol are only a few blocks apart—but the two worlds are so separate that it almost seems two towns in one.

In the more popular haunts, like Scholz’ Beer Garten on San Jacinto, The Tavern on Twelfth, and Caruso’s on West Sixth, the students and the professors, the politicians and the lobbyists, dine or drink beer in rather unfamiliar proximity. Although many legislators are University graduates and the usual handful of law students are members of the lower house, Austin’s two worlds almost never mingle. During legislative sessions the social life of the town is lively, but the politicians and the lobbyists have their parties and the professors have theirs, and one seldom strays into that other terrain except to find a refuge.

YEAST IN THE DOUGH

THE Chancellor, Harry H. Ransom, a benign pokerface without much pretense or pomp, is a brilliant and intuitive educator, indisputably the most articulate academic spokesman ever to appear on the Texas scene. When Logan Wilson left the University in 1961 to become president of the American Council on Edu-

cation, Ransom was promoted from main campus President to head the entire UT system of over 25,000 (including, besides the undergraduate and graduate colleges at Austin, four medical schools, one dental school, and Texas Western College of El Paso). The faculty, who have always regarded him as a kindred soul, relished his swift ascent in the last decade; at fifty-five, he is already something of a Texas legend. His enigmatic personality provides one key to the spirit of innovation which now characterizes the University of Texas.

Ransom graduated from Sewanee, where he worked as a printer’s devil and as a stringer for the Associated Press. He helped report back-country bootlegging trials and the Scopes trial itself, and made fast friends with Tennessee hillbillies. One of his Sewanee friends recalls, “He is what we called ‘birchy’—easy to peel off and to work with, but tough.” Not rural in his tastes, however, he likes to haunt out-of-the-way bookshops in New York City and Washington.

Ransom’s role at the University, as one professor describes it, has been like “throwing a yeast cake into a batch of dough. He’s started ferment everywhere.” One of his younger faculty recruits says, “If this were a state like California, where the political situation is different and the state treasury fuller, the sky would be the limit for this University under Harry.”

In *ad hoc* situations Ransom has an indestructible persuasiveness. Because of a tax complexity, a wealthy Pennsylvanian who had amassed an outstanding library of modern books could not afford to leave it to his heirs, so he put his collection up for sale. The Ivy League schools and the larger state universities of the East immediately began a laborious study of its value. Weeks went by, and not one appraiser had decided what to offer. Then Ransom stepped in, spent two hours browsing, impressed the collector with praise and enthusiasm, and came away with the whole library for the University of Texas. It was not a matter of bargaining. Ransom had offered less than the library was worth in dollars, but the Pennsylvanian had *wanted* this man to have his books. Personal diplomacy of this sort has made the University of Texas the terror of the book and manuscript market.

Willie Morris, recently living in Palo Alto, graduated in 1956 from the University of Texas, where he had been editor of the student newspaper. He then read history at New College, Oxford, as a Rhodes Scholar, and on his return, edited “The Texas Observer” in Austin for two years.

As arts and sciences Dean ten years ago, Ransom initiated special programs for gifted students, with stress on independent study and individual tutorials. He started an impressive program in literary criticism and a full-scale campaign for rare books and original manuscripts. One of his projects, a \$4.5-million undergraduate center with a huge open-shelf library, will be opened this fall. Ransom is not the polished and self-contained administrator his predecessor, Logan Wilson, was. He has little patience with detail, and his critics say he sometimes promises too much without being able to follow through. But the net effect of his leadership has been to create a mood of hope in the top echelons of a vast academic hierarchy.

Even Ransom, adept politician though he is, has had deep troubles with a segregationist-dominated Board of Regents. The outgoing chairman wanted his scalp. Several crises have brewed among the faculty, and last winter people were waiting for a more enlightened state administration under the new Governor to infuse the Board of Regents with some progressive spirits. Garwood's rejection by the senate this February was a severe blow to these hopes, for Garwood had said: "Any errors I make as a University Regent will be on the side of academic freedom and integration." Students and faculty picketed the Capitol and circulated petitions—without success—seeking reconsideration.



Nonetheless, under the administration of Ransom and his associate, main campus President Joseph Smiley, the school has become imbued with a heightened respect for intellectual controversy. I remember reporting as editor of *The Daily Texan* in 1956 a meeting of the faculty summoned to circumscribe, at the administration's request, their own rights to participate in statewide politics. A handful of brave souls rose to defend the supposition that professors are citizens, and the faculty ended by voting the

measure down. But the task was performed in a mood of hesitation, unhappiness, and considerable fear. Seven years later, one of the professors who condemned the administration in that instance could say, "Academic freedom is one area we've won. Academic quality is the area in which we're moving."

FODDER FOR A NEW BREED

FACULTY standing has a long way to go, of course, but the University can lay claim to outstanding men like Wilson Stone in genetics, William Arrowsmith in classical languages, Roger Shattuck in Romance Languages, Leonard Broom in sociology, Robert L. Moore in mathematics, Charles Hartshorne in philosophy, Michael J. S. Dewar, a recent acquisition in chemistry from Chicago, and in drama B. Iden Payne, the former director of England's Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. The Law School, located in Austin but detached from the main campus, is among the best in the nation.

The present recruitment policy, as Ransom describes it, places "more emphasis on the young scholars and teachers and writers than on the mere collection of established senior professors." The University's "bright young men" are a new breed of University professors, usually in their thirties, outspoken and intelligent, a kind of inner brain trust. Special funds have often been used to get them at their market value, sometimes, as one older professor complains, "at salaries several thousand dollars more than the top men in their department."

What kind of young professor comes to Texas? Ernest Goldstein, a professor of international law, remarks that the University "attracts a certain kind of person, someone who doesn't like routine. One thing you can say about this University—it's not predictable." William B. Todd, an outstanding bibliographer who was at Harvard as assistant librarian of the Houghton Library, is impressed with the growing acquisition of rare books and manuscripts. "Many people," he says, "find it hard to believe these things are in Texas." Anders Saustup, a graduate of Aarhus University in Denmark, says: "I didn't think Texas was supposed to have a university," but he found the work being done in Germanic languages and linguistics, under the direction of Winfred Lehmann, of "absolutely top quality."

In the humanities, three of the most talented young men have become a sort of campus triumvirate, recognized as symbols of the changing order. Roger Shattuck, Harvard fellow and

author of *The Banquet Years*; William Arrowsmith, the well-known translator of classical literature; and John Silber, a brilliant philosopher and chairman of his department, are active participants in the University's efforts for national recognition. "Not many universities give you the opportunity to do your best work," Arrowsmith says. "At Texas it's really true." When he proposed a translation symposium to Ransom, Ransom said, "Okay, you've got a budget. Hop to it." At some schools, Arrowsmith remarks, this would take five years because "they don't have that kind of uncommitted money." Silber says Ransom's kind of leadership—getting the faculty, the programs for the gifted students, publications—would be "absolutely disastrous" at the older Eastern schools, but "in a university not yet uniformly excellent in either faculty or student body, such initiative is imperative."

In Germanic Languages, the department most commonly acclaimed as the strongest in the humanities, the entire curriculum has been strengthened, teachers have been brought in from European universities, and new textbooks have been prepared for all levels. Helmut Rehder, who came to Texas from a departmental chairmanship at Illinois, says of the possibility of a Germanic Institute on the campus: "If it isn't here, it can be made."

This optimism for the future comes from almost all quarters. In Latin-American studies, John P. Harrison, the new director, who had been a specialist for the Rockefeller Foundation, speaks of the untapped potential of the University of Texas, "sitting on top of the Latin-American culture." The dean of engineering, W. W. Hagarty, has toughened standards, stressed interdepartmental disciplines, and chosen promising students as junior fellows. Some of his Eastern colleagues, he says, considered his coming to Texas something of a joke. "I said then, 'I'll tell you what, we're going to scare you in about five years.'"

Typical of the University's encouragement of creative scholarship is the work now being done in classical languages, where a new journal, *Arion*, is expressing a lively and sophisticated dissatisfaction with the present state of classical studies. Its editors, sometimes to the dismay of more traditional scholars, have experimented with translations using the verbal and visual techniques of Pound, James, Eliot, and Joyce. Another experiment, *The Texas Quarterly*, has, despite some rather bland first numbers, published first-rate national studies of Italy, Spain,

England, Mexico, and Australia. A slightly older publication venture, *The Graduate Journal*, edited by the outspoken dean of the Graduate School, Gordon Whaley, has become a focus for some vigorous criticism of Texas culture and the University's sometimes inflated rhetoric. ("The University," Whaley wrote in a special issue on the South, "is accomplishing much that is interesting and important, but little that is not being done better elsewhere.") The University of Texas Press, in operation only since 1950 and directed by Frank Wardlaw, President of the American Association of University Presses, is trying to become the outstanding university publisher on Latin-American subjects, and has produced such volumes as Juan Ramón Jiménez' *Platero and I* and Garcilaso de la Vega's *The Florida of the Incas*, and Joyce Cary's *The Case for African Freedom*.

In history, Professor Webb initiated a program which is bringing to Austin over the next two years twenty outstanding historians, mostly Pulitzer Prize winners and former presidents of the American Historical Association. While there, they are taping television films on their own research to be used later at the University and then made available to other schools.

"TELL US WHAT TO LEAD"

THE mood of change has infected the students too. This generation at the University, newly concerned with social and political issues, fills auditoriums to capacity for lectures and debates. When Aldous Huxley lectured last year, the letters column in the student daily was filled with angry criticism because several hundred people, including President Smiley, could not get in.

The student body remains, however—with strong exceptions—typical of a sprawling state university. Student life is unrelaxed and over-organized. The Greek System, with probably the most palatial fraternity and sorority houses in the country, is the usual hotbed of planned frivolity. One brisk morning last December a visitor would have seen a sign in front of the student union declaring: "Let's Have a UT Co-ed as Miss America." Posters tacked on trees recommended that students learn the Twist, the Jitterbug, and the Dallas Push. As part of some campus ritual, fraternity men were hauling young scholars to class in replicas of Greek chariots; a dusty scholar leaned out of the window of a library and shouted, "Either grease those goddamn wheels or go someplace else." Sorority girls with

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hazled hairdos strolled about in skirts above their kneecaps, as if Texas were spawning a generation of Lolitas: the young cynics at Scholz' Beer Garten call them "fluffheads." Although conservative and liberal activist groups are more articulate than at any time in memory, the majority of students generally seem lethargic. The student President, Sandy Sanford, says honestly, "There is a reluctance on the part of everyone, including myself, to take positions or make statements that would offend others." A government professor, describing a recent "student leadership seminar," says the students seemed to be asking: "Okay, we're the leaders. Tell us what we should lead."

Most of the student radicalism, to the extent that there is any, comes not from the Left but from the reactionary Right. Last year, a group of campus Birchers formed a plot to spy on their professors by sneaking pocket tape recorders into class. Typically, when a group of University pacifists picketed the state capitol, the young conservatives picketed the pickets.

The one area where the student liberals have been most effective, carrying middle-road and some conservative strength with them, has been campus integration. Vivian Franklin, one of their leaders, an attractive government and economics student, remarks, "It's 'out' to be a segregationist on this campus anymore." The bitter rift on this issue between students and faculty on the one hand and the Board of Regents on the other has underscored the continuing hostility among the University's people toward their political patrons.

The University, voluntarily and without court order, desegregated its undergraduate levels seven years ago. At times there have been as many as 250 Negroes on the campus by some estimates, but now there are less than 150. Classrooms are desegregated, as well as intramural athletics, the student union, student activities, and most restaurants near the campus. Segregation remains, however, in dormitory housing and intercollegiate athletics, although the all-white University teams play teams with Negroes, both at home and away.* The mounting crisis over the Regents' refusal to go further has led to a law suit, now in the courts.

* But at Texas Western, part of the University System, four of the five starters on the basketball team are Negroes. In a game in El Paso this winter between Texas Western and New Mexico University seven of the ten starters were Negroes. An El Paso legislator commented that the Texas Western coach uses a Caucasian on the starting team to prove that integration can work in reverse.

The Regents, arguing that majority opinion in Texas will not support further advances and that efforts toward that end are the work of a "vocal minority," have stood fast against a steady barrage of student and faculty criticism. When the student President last year, a young East Texan named Maurice Olian, supported by almost unanimous mandates from the student assembly, called the Regents' policy "narrow-minded, backward, and hypocritical," the Board chairman, Thornton Hardie, demanded a written apology. He did not get it. After the largest student election in campus history voted to erase the bars on intercollegiate athletics, the present Board chairman, one W. W. Heath, suggested that it would be a good idea to have the students' parents polled. The faculty, many of whom have signed petitions and participated in demonstrations, erupted in anger last year after a group of Negro students were put on disciplinary probation for demonstrating against the prohibitions. The general faculty voted ten to one for swifter integration.

THE HOOFPRIINT OF OILMAN AND RANCHER

THIS ill-feeling toward the Board of Regents is by no means new. Time and again faculty members complain, "We've never had a decent Board of Regents," or "the Regents have been our worst enemies." Almost invariably the nine Regents, who are appointed to six-year terms by the Governor, have been wealthy oilmen, ranchers, corporation lawyers, or doctors. The vast majority give little thought to the purposes of education, are too inured to hiring and firing according to the business mystique, and, as appointees in a game of political spoils, all too contemptuous of the delicate give-and-take of educational discourse. A few years ago one of their number, an oilman and rancher, declared that the student paper should not be allowed to criticize Texas oil and gas interests because oil and gas contribute so much tax money to state government.

As early as 1917, when Governor "Pa" Ferguson warned that it was a nesting place for sinners and profligates, the University was having its political tribulations. The state legislature has investigated the campus on several occasions, and once, when the University bought a \$20,000 collection of Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, and Lamb, the lower house protested that all the poets were "obscene or atheistic." As recently as 1962, the faculty was threatened with a law which

would require all professors and teachers in state-supported schools to "acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being."* Know-nothing campaigns—the latest seeking to purge such literary subversives as Faulkner, Wolfe, Hemingway, and Steinbeck from Texas school textbooks and libraries—have insisted that the University and its sister institutions are havens of ribaldry and super-sophistication. Such rural entertainments, however, have become rarities as Texas becomes more urban and somewhat more serious in its concern with civilization.

The crucial turning point for the University may have come in the 1940s, when it suffered a series of blows from which it took years to recover. The firing of President Homer P. Rainey has become something of a legend in American higher education. Rainey, who became president in 1939, was confronted by a Board of Regents increasingly dominated by appointees of Governor "Pappy" O'Daniel, the former flour salesman and radio entertainer who was himself a tool of uncivilized wealth. Soon after Rainey was fired, the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools placed the University on probation, and after a three-year investigation the American Association of University Professors censured the Regents' "systematic, persistent, and continuous attempts by a politically dominant group to impose its social and educational views on the University." Deeply hurt, the University of Texas took its censure seriously. After that the only way to go was up.

And that was the direction the University took when Logan Wilson became President in 1952 and later Chancellor. It was a time of quiet rebuilding. He laid to rest much of the lingering bitterness, avoided taking sides between the old warring factions, and traveled the country repairing the University's reputation. Faculty salaries rose nearly 50 per cent over the next ten years. With an unprecedented concentration on academic standards, he broke the custom of spending the income from the permanent endowment on buildings alone. Wilson's administration and the Regents agreed on a \$65-million "excellence"

* At a legislative hearing on the bill, a committee-man hostile to it read Jefferson's Act Establishing Religious Freedom in Virginia.

"Well, that's just fine," W. T. Oliver, one of the sponsors, responded.

"Well, W. T., it looks like we'll have to be either for you or for Thomas Jefferson," a legislator from South Texas said.

"Yessir," W. T. replied, "that seems to be the choice."

"W. T., you're making it awful hard for us."

program, to include steady increases in faculty pay to compete with the best universities, supplementary funds for outstanding scholars, graduate fellowships, scientific equipment, books, and manuscripts.

In his policy of sidestepping the dissensions of the Rainey years, Wilson probably went too far. Aloof and austere, he did not endear himself to his faculty; around the campus he was known as the "Great Stone Face." He did not encourage vigorous faculty or student expression that went too far afield for the Regents. Prompted by student political party groups, a law professor suggested to Wilson that a university should be an open forum for all partisan views. Wilson told him that the people of Texas were not ready for that yet. It was not a bracing intellectual climate, though beneath the surface a foundation was being laid.

In its political context, the University of Texas is still on a precarious balance. "If the Regents insist on the state dominating and repressing the University," one young professor says, "we've had it. But if it's the University guiding the state, the Board of Regents could be our greatest asset. We desperately need an enlightened Board, traveling all over Texas, arguing for what it takes to make a great school." In the light of this need, Garwood's recent rejection by the Regents appears to be something of a setback.



CROWING AT THE CROSSROADS

THE University, in its efforts toward excellence, is beset with problems of a broader nature. The outside view of an institution overflowing with wealth is a myth. Money used from one set of funds to bring in a promising scholar has meant pennies pinched in other areas. One

department in the sciences is so poor its chairman would not talk budget matters because he "would get worked up and say something that might make a headline." Although the University's permanent endowment, which derives from oil and gas leases on its land holdings, ranks second only to Harvard, only the income from the endowment can be spent, and one-third of that income must be given to the University's rural and somewhat decadent kinsman, Texas A & M. The source of about 60 per cent of the school's income is state appropriations, and in comparison with the funds granted to eminent state universities, those appropriations have been miserly. Graduate Dean Whaley estimates it will take some \$4.5 million more a year before the graduate school can hope for genuine distinction. In every rank faculty salaries stand at or near the bottom among comparable schools in the American Association of Universities.

Further, the entire system of higher education in Texas—a state which is coming to realize both to its terror and its delight that it is metropolitan, industrial, and populous—is a hodgepodge of amorphous masses and warring petty principalities. Besides the University of Texas Board of Regents, there are ten other boards supervising other public institutions and systems. Crossroads colleges exert political pressure and get state support without plan or purpose. One politician perceptively observes that "a bunch of one-legged dirt farmers could build a two-room schoolhouse at a bend in the Nueces River and call it Oxford University and start crowin' for state support and in five years they'd probably get it."

WITHIN ITS GRASP

TEXAS ranks indisputably first as the state with the broadest gap between its riches on the one hand and its social conscience on the other. First in oil, first in gas, first in cattle, first in the hearts of its state's righters, Texas supports social services which are only less disgraceful than those of its poorer Southern neighbors. What, against this background, can be said about the future of its state university?

"Texas," one professor told me, "is an oligarchy. Higher education is always in danger in an oligarchy. The oligarch has a sense of values which doesn't permit him to appreciate what a university is all about."

That oligarchy, many Texans have begun to see, may be in the process of change. Its monolithic rule is threatened by the trend toward two-party politics. A few of its leaders are beginning to recognize responsibilities unmet, and younger men are inheriting the first-generation wealth which was so corrosive in their fathers' hands. With growing urbanization there has been an influx of professional people less provincial in their responses. Perhaps it is symptomatic of this changing oligarchy—the new masters of oil, gas, banking, construction, insurance—that Governor Connally himself, as close to the sources of Texas financial power as a candidate could have been, has pledged to uphold academic freedom and has espoused vastly greater state spending on higher education; or that Vice President Lyndon Johnson, also with close connections with the Texas financial establishment, has been telling home audiences that their spending on higher education in comparison with California's—\$147 million to \$521 million—is so low as to be "almost criminal."

"We're at a breaking point right now," one of the young men on the faculty told me. "A lot of fine people have come down here in the last four or five years. They believe in the future of this University, but they've been offered good jobs elsewhere. They're waiting and seeing."

The University of Texas may today be an exciting and attractive place; but the decisions taken in the next few years by the state legislature, the Board of Regents, and the Texas citizenry could well determine whether it will

make a dramatic leap forward or fall behind.

To possess the "greatness that is within its grasp," the University must be freed of the intellectual and economic restrictions which its region has imposed on it. The hope of the first President of the Republic of Texas—Mirabeau B. Lamar—for "the cultivated mind as the guardian genius of democracy" has an even truer ring now than it had in 1838 when, long before the University began, he urged the Texas Congress to "lay the foundation of a great moral and intellectual edifice."

Like Texas, the University is in painful—and hopeful—transition. Out of its present efforts and its past failings may come a true distinction, and the eminent Southern university which the South and the nation need.



The Hollywood Nursery

Why are American film-makers specializing these days in semi-retarded adolescents? And whatever happened to their grown-up women?

IF ONE believes Hollywood, the most desirable woman in the world now is a girl with a grown-up body and the heart and head of a child. In the 'thirties the public fell in love with heroines who were like their sisters, but now we are given our daughters; instead of Katharine Hepburn and Marlene Dietrich, we have Carroll Baker and Sue Lyon. Why? Is there something about living in the neurotic age that makes us hungry for the placidity of children, rather as it is always said that threats of war or economic disaster make the birth rate go up? Or do the men who make movies suspect that women are secretly sick of the vote? The child-bride heroines of Hollywood sometimes seem to reflect a miserable wish that Victorianism had never ended.

In *The Misfits*, which was one of the very few Hollywood films grown-up enough to explore childish sexuality instead of exploiting it, one sensed that Marilyn Monroe had probably been made tragically unhappy by the infant mold that was forced on her. Are film-makers really right to assume that in order to reach a great mass of people one has to address them in a baby voice, like a man writing the copy for the back of a cereal package? It was a cruel piece of timing that Marilyn Monroe's peculiar waifish intensity happened to fit in with the commercial vogue for childishness; it obscured the truth of her talent, which was innocent and anxious but not at all retarded. It isn't easy for an actress to be fitted into a cot.

The regression has happened so gradually that we have hardly noticed how much we have lost, but even the heroines of Hollywood's so-called adult films seem to have a psychological age of

around fourteen and a half. They fall roughly into two categories. There is the nervous wreck, often played by Kim Stanley or Geraldine Page or Elizabeth Taylor, and there is the suburban matron who is tempted to have an affair but gets bogged down by her split-level ranch-type home, like Lucille Ball in *The Facts of Life*. When one compares them with their equivalents in the 'thirties they seem thin creations. Their strength of character has turned into a defensive sort of perkiness, their humor about themselves has practically disappeared, and though the nervous wrecks are often exorbitantly sexed they have a curious imposed primness, like the work of some nymphomaniac Louisa M. Alcott. A heroine like the girl in William Inge's *Splendor in the Grass* has been stylized into a convention so glib and so full of psychiatric generalities that it becomes ridiculous. On the other hand the convention that is *supposed* to be ridiculous—the part of the comically nubile girl too scared to get into bed, like the Doris Day part in *That Touch of Mink*—is not so much funny as bleak. Frigidity isn't the biggest joke in the world, especially when it is a disguise for a producer's prudery.

Sociologists might be generous enough to interpret the infantilism of Hollywood heroines as a serious response to the contradiction that faces American girls in real life—the split between the seductiveness that is encouraged in advertising and the chastity that is encouraged by their parents. I doubt myself whether the phenomenon is so complex: it is more like a gimmick that commercial film-makers have found profitable, like a factory marketing baby-doll pajamas. Nor am I sure, incidentally, that the dilemma is anything like as harrowing as worried social critics suggest. Dr. Leo Koch, a biology professor who was sacked from the University of Illinois for his calmer view of sex, seemed to come nearer to the truth. He even suggested that affairs for women might not really be damaging at all, and he implied that the girls he taught had none of

the blocks about sex that stop Hollywood heroines from getting into bed; what he objected to was the social lie of pretending that they had.

WHAT FACTS OF LIFE?

THE movie industry, however, ignores the evidence. Like the advice columns in women's magazines, it is one of the most brutally dishonest props that the double standard has. Nearly all of its products are about sex and nearly all of its heroines are ravenous for physical attention, but scarcely one of them ever makes love outside marriage and if they do it is with enough misery to put audiences off forever. Affairs in the cinema are always ravaging experiences, and they also seem to mean an instant loss of looks, which is a grotesque failure of observation when one thinks of the effect of sexual love on most people. The movie heroine in love has such a bad time, in fact, that I wonder if we have thought enough about the influence of homosexual writers on the way heterosexuality is presented in America now. It has often been said that, when high fashion is humiliatingly difficult for women to wear, it is because of a secret derisiveness in queer designers; maybe the catastrophic sex life of the contemporary dramatic heroine sometimes comes out of the same feeling. If one goes to the movies often, one knows that in any film about a woman who is having an affair there will sooner or later be a standard shot: she will sit down at a mirror, and she will gaze in horror at the wrinkles on her face. I am not sure why passionate love should lead to wrinkles, but in the cinema it always does, and one feels somehow that if she had used a good face cream it would never have happened.

The conventions about adultery rise into lunacy. Whatever the time of the day, for instance, immoral women always seem to be shown in nightdresses; the producers somehow seem to have an instinct that to give them day clothes would imply approval. When they are allowed a skirt, then it is almost certain that they will only be tempted and never actually go to bed with the man. In *The Facts of Life*, which must be one of the most euphemistically titled pictures ever made, the housewife played by Lucille Ball nerved herself to spend a night at a motel with Bob Hope, for they had agreed, rather in the spirit of children at their first party, that they wanted to make love; but before bedtime she was able to wreck things by ruining the dinner. They gave up with such relief that it was almost as though they had been let off some agonizing game.

If Hollywood shies at the commonplace of infidelity, how would it treat the idea of a woman who takes a decision that really is ahead of society? For instance, how would it deal with a woman who deliberately chose to have an illegitimate child, when one remembers how it dealt with Ingrid Bergman in real life?

But questions like these simply don't arise. The average Hollywood mother behaves like something out of a college issue of *Glamour*. She wears hats on the back of her head, cooks bright barbecue recipes, and chivvies her husband like the wife in *Boys' Night Out* who wantonly kept her perfectly thin husband on a diet. When sex threatens, she converts him into a little boy or looks uncomfortably out of her depth. She is still at school, you feel, and the petting has suddenly gone too far. The easy, stable affection of Katharine Hepburn for her ex-husband and her lover in *The Philadelphia Story* is years beyond, say, Jane Wyman in *Bon Voyage*, a part typical of the bustling young matrons who are written into comedies now. A character like this is not grown up in any real sense; she is simply chirpy, and about as fitted to give and receive love as a housewife in a TV commercial. Like her, she reflects a salesman's idea of the woman who is the ideal consumer: she is a mother with a teen-ager's tastes and a man's salary to lay out. And just as it suits advertisers to suggest that women are greedy and hysterically retarded—ignoring the charity and sense that is just as characteristic of them—so it suits Hollywood to do the same.

So perhaps it is not really the fault of the Legion of Decency or the people on Watch Committees that American films hardly ever convey the texture of sexual feeling; perhaps it is the fault of the heroines, who are simply too young for it. Like sculpture, the cinema is naturally erotic, but when one starts using the word in the adult sense that involves treating someone as a human being instead of an object, one sees how full of counterfeits the commercial film industry has come to be. Eroticism in Hollywood usually means onanism or sadism, and it often has a strong flavor of pedophilia now as well. Sometimes the pedophilia is openly declared, as it was in *Lolita* and *Light in the Piazza*, which was about a twenty-six-year-old mentally deficient girl with the mind of a child of ten; more often it is

Penelope Gilliatt, film critic of "The Observer," has also been theatre critic of "The Queen" and of the British "Vogue." She went to Queen's College in London and Bennington College in Vermont.

reassuringly masked, as it was in *Love in the Afternoon*. The same perversion, of course, is exploited in European films: Bardot is the most famous sex baby of them all. Her pictures often give one a sense of a little girl lecherously observed in her sleep. When one compares the European sex-babies with the abundant women played by Sophia Loren, or with Simone Signoret in *Room at the Top* or *Casque d'Or*, or with the young wife in Satyajit Ray's Apu trilogy, they seem perfunctory characters. Louis Malle's *Les Amants*, full of high Romantic plush, was regarded as daringly truthful about sexual feeling but the only really recognizable moments were the flashes of curious intensity as the camera lingered on Jeanne Moreau's clothes.

SEX VS. GENDER

PEOPLE who sell consumer goods have an obvious stake in the ideal of the all-female woman and the all-male man; by suggesting that one can put on femininity or manliness by buying their nylons or tonic water, they hope to make more money. The popular movie heroine now seems a reflection of a commercial myth world in which the sexes are rigidly distinct, which is one of the things that makes her seem so backward; for in real life all fully developed women have some male traits, just as men have a good deal that is feminine about them. The vehemence of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit about the pleasure of being an all-girl girl is an interesting symptom: it sounds somehow like a piece of advertising copy about a character no one in her senses would want to be: "I adore being dressed in something frilly / When a date comes to get me at my place. . . ." She flips like a filly when she goes out with Billy, "strictly a female female" and proud of it.

To borrow a paradox, this isn't sex: it's gender. One can't imagine the words in the mouth of Katharine Hepburn, or Garbo, or Judy Garland, or Ginger Rogers. One still can't imagine them in the mouth of Monica Vitti or Jeanne Moreau or Rita Tushingham; for in a good many European films the division between the sexes is not so strict and it is possible for actresses to express the conviction that, good as it is to be a female female, there is something more important about being human. They often have an ease and humor that would strike Hollywood as dangerously masculine: I can't imagine an American Simone Signoret, for instance, cast in anything but a heavy character part. I can't see her in the role that the real Signoret played in *Les Mauvais*

ROBERT MEZEY

AFTER HOURS

NOT yet five, and the light
is going fast. Milky and veined
a thin frost covers the flooded
ruts of the driveway, the grass
bends to the winter night. Her face
is before me now; I see it

in the misted glass, the same
impenetrable smile and I can feel
again on my bare shoulder
the dew of her breath. We made
a life in two years, a sky
and the very trees, lost in thought.

I know what it is, to be
alone, to have asked for everything
and to do without, to search
the mind for a face already dim,
to wait, and what it exacts.
I don't fear it, I say,

but I do, and this night
the wind against my window
and the top branches thrashing about
enter my life and I see
the coming time loose and dark
above me, with new strength.

Coups, as a woman deeply in love with a man, jealous of a young girl and at the same time faintly attracted to her. In the teeth of Freud and of the reality in which twenty million American women go out to work, both Hollywood and Madison Avenue continue to insist that the sexes are utterly unlike each other.

Any stereotypes as rigid as this will always produce a few rebels. Advertisements and magazines and songs like "I enjoy being a girl" have hammered home the feminine ideal until a good many women are poleaxed with boredom. It is no wonder that American entertainment should have produced adored popular heroines like Ethel Merman and Shirley MacLaine and Elaine Stritch, whose style is to make one feel that they are secretly all screwed up by being a girl. They often invent a sturdy mock-male walk, guying their high heels and rolling from the hips; they behave as though their clothes were their implacable enemies, and they take an obvious pleasure in proving how comic a woman can

look when she is coping with a train at a grand party or wearing a come-on sweater in the office. They hate the things that advertisements and women's magazines tell them to do, and their retort is a quizzical kind of schoolboy toughness and face-pulling.

It is a sympathetic gesture to make. Sometimes when one reads the kind of women's editorial that *Vogue* grandly calls *conseil*, the bantering cruelty of the tone makes one catch one's breath. Fashion magazines are fond, for instance, of press-ganging their readers into doing over their husbands. "Far be it from *Bazaar*," wrote *Harper's Bazaar* in the introduction to a feature about "virile" fragrances, "to cold-bloodedly spark off a hot controversy about the good grooming habits of that most revered of all our native treasures: the American male." The article goes on to regret the decline in male beauty since the days of the lion, the cock, and the Assyrian, and says: "Ultimately the anemic tradition of the steaming towel on the barber chair must give way to the more ambitious facial." (The glossy magazines often have this bruising evangelical note: they are to cosmetics rather what Billy Graham is to God.) After that there is a page of "splendid manly gifts." Like American movies, American women's magazines sometimes seem to encourage virility in men like good manners in children or house training in dogs.

GORGONS AND GEISHAS

CERTAINLY any female who has ever worked can get a good deal of black comic pleasure out of the picture of career women which movies provide. Emancipation is represented by three types: there is a terrifying woman in journalism or advertising who flails through her staff's lives like a scythe, as Kay Thompson did in *Funny Face*; there is a well-dressed, well-bred woman in interior decoration, like Ingrid Bergman in *Goodbye Again*; and there is a shy-looking but ferociously ambitious girl who can be summoned up by thinking of the part played by Susan Strasberg in *Stage Struck*. Sometimes this girl is doing research into the adolescent sexual fantasies of the American male, like Kim Novak in *Boys' Night Out*, in which case she will probably throw up her job and become their adolescent sexual fantasy; for Hollywood always assumes that to be in love at the same time as enjoying work is an ambiguity fit to send any girl into a nuthouse. When a married woman has a job she generally seems to have to eat her husband whole to be sure of keeping him, like the

rapacious lady professor played by Susan Hayward in *The Marriage-Go-Round* who lectured in, God help us, marital relations. The wiles and ferocity of the heroine of this terrible film made me remember Margaret Mead's desperate observation that the pressure in the West is all toward "marriage, remarriage, continuous marriage. . . . The whole world seems to be moving toward marriage."

Obviously no one who had anything to do with *The Marriage-Go-Round* had any idea of how grotesque the heroine was. In the same way, when one of Hollywood's snappily dressed office gorgons barks orders down the telephone, we are not supposed to find it brutal; it is meant only to be appealingly inappropriate that a woman should have such an unsuitable instrument in her hands, as though she were a toddler lugging around a Sten gun. Beneath the girlishness of the character there is a vast unrecognized capacity for venom, tyranny, and sulks.

Hollywood, however, shuts its eyes to that. It sees its career women as endearing, never as the monsters or nitwits they are, and it likes them best of all when they throw up their jobs for love, like Shirley MacLaine in *My Geisha*. In this enlightening potboiler she plays a famous film actress, married to an overshadowed film director who goes off to Japan to make a version of *Madam Butterfly* in the desperate hope that it is a part she will not insist on playing. With the help of a pair of brown convex lenses she manages to fool him into thinking she is a geisha girl, and when he picks her for the part she makes the whole picture incognito. The publicity lads naturally long to make a story out of it, but at the premiere she mercifully saves his face and her marriage in one, by pretending that the unknown geisha girl did indeed play the part and is only prevented from being here because she has gone into a convent—where, says the speaker, in one of the best silly lines that Hollywood has ever produced, "I'm sure you will join me in wishing her every happiness."

In the wilder moments induced by this sort of rubbish it sometimes seems to me that, ridiculous figure though the Hollywood nun is, she still has a scrap more dignity and reality than the rest. For some reason she is the only movie heroine who is still permitted to be heroic: perhaps it is because of her celibacy and the fact that she is not in the market for luxury goods, which makes her impossible to fit into the doll's house world of Madison Avenue. But what has happened to the others? What has happened to their intelligence, their courage, their sense of humor?



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BIRTHDAY PARTY

By SLAWOMIR MROZEK

I PAID my first call on the lawyer and his wife. Their drawing room was in semi-darkness. Daylight was barely seeping through the curtains and through a jungle of asparagus fern. I found the lady of the house wearing a frock with a pattern of large, exotic butterflies. She was sitting in an easy chair that was draped in a white linen slipcover. From the dusk above my head a spider of a chandelier was peering at me, ringing softly with its crystal pendants whenever a heavy vehicle passed by.

Only when my eyes got accustomed to the poor light did I notice in the far corner of the room, under a palm tree, some sort of playpen of the kind used by toddlers, only this one was much taller. Behind the wooden bars a man was sitting on a stool. He was doing embroidery.

As the hostess neither introduced us nor did she pay any attention to him, I felt it would have been tactless to make any inquiries and I pretended not to see him, but I was somewhat embarrassed. Custom prescribes that a visit of that nature should last a certain time; when this had elapsed I rose to go. On my way out I cast a curious glance at the playpen, but all I could see was the profile of a head bent over the embroidery. The hostess saw me to the door and, before we parted, invited me to her husband's birthday party the following Saturday.

As a stranger to the little town I was not familiar with its peculiarities, among which I counted what I had just seen in the lawyer's drawing room. I assumed however that my next visit would bring a solution of the mystery.

On the appointed day I dressed carefully and made for the lawyer's villa. I could see it from a distance, not only because it was the most imposing house in the town, but on this occasion it was brightly illuminated, its lights reflected in the Bakelite-black river which was flowing nearby. A firework broke in the sky above the town hall—that was the local militia station joining in the celebrations of the lawyer's birthday in which the whole population of the town was taking part.

The gate was ajar. Through the half-open front door, light was falling on the path. I entered the drawing room and was blinded by the blaze of the chandelier. The white slipcovers had disappeared from the easy chairs. I noticed among those present the red face of the priest and the yellow faces of the chemist and his wife; the doctor and the chairman of the work cooperative were there, both with their wives, and the owner of a modest workshop which produced penholders for the government. He too had his spouse with him. The lawyer came forward to greet me.

I offered my best wishes and handed over my

Translated from the Polish by Konrad Syrop

present. His wife, who was wearing a magnificent gown, invited me to sit down. At first I could not very well look around, but when I joined in the conversation I started to glance unobtrusively in the direction of the corner of the room. Yes, I was not mistaken. Under the palm tree was the pen, and inside it the man. He was somewhat better dressed than the last time I saw him and he seemed to be dozing with his head resting in his hands. As far as politeness permitted, I kept on watching him out of the corner of my eye, but the other guests, all of them frequent visitors to the house, paid not the slightest attention to him and were engrossed in their loud and gay conversation, as becomes a birthday party. It seemed to me that the man, feeling my eyes on him, woke up for a moment, but immediately went back to sleep with complete indifference.

FOR some time, while joining in the laughter and discussion, pulling the leg of the chemist and exchanging thoughts with the priest, I tried in vain to solve the riddle. Suddenly the double doors were thrown open and the servants brought in a table resplendent with silver and food and drink. The host's children made their appearance, and amid the general animation caused by the arrival of the supper we all sat down at the table. A few toasts added to the gaiety of the company, the hubbub of voices grew louder. Then, through the tinkling of glasses, the din of knives and forks, the silvery laughter of women, and the throaty jokes of men, I could hear singing. Yes, it was the man in the pen. To the soft accompaniment of a balalaika came the nostalgic melody of "Volga, Volga . . ." The company greeted the song with utter indifference as if it were a canary singing.

Next came "Dark Eyes," followed by a gayer song. Dessert was being served and soon the table was enveloped in a cloud of cigarette smoke. I noticed that the host's children, with the permission of their mother, took a bottle of cherry brandy from the table and poured some of it through the wooden bars into a glass which they had given to the man. He put his balalaika aside, drank the brandy, and then resumed his singing.

The priest started a discussion with me on

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the subject of Darwin's theory of evolution, so I could not watch the man in the pen with any great attention. "There are those," argued the priest, "who claim that man is a descendant of the monkey. One thing is certain: those who say so are themselves descendants of apes." I was beginning to feel the effect of all the drinks I had had, but I noticed that the man in the pen himself was under the influence of alcohol.

My host caught the direction of my gaze. "Do you know who he is?" he asked with a laugh. "It was an idea of my wife's. She wouldn't have a canary or anything like that in her drawing room. It's common, she says. So I got her a live progressive. Don't be afraid of him. He's been tamed."

The other guests, amused, were staring at the man with the balalaika. The lawyer continued his explanation.

"He's local. For a few years he was wild and even caused some damage, but recently he became tame, so we keep him in the house. He embroiders, plays the balalaika, and sings, but sometimes he looks as if he were longing for something."

"Perhaps he's longing for freedom, or action," I suggested timidly. "After all he's a progressive."

"Come, now. He's never had it so good," objected the lawyer. "He has a roof over his head and assured food, peace, no trouble whatsoever. We've trained him to eat out of our hands—you saw for yourself. He isn't dangerous. We let him



out for the National Day celebrations and for the anniversary of the Revolution, so that he can get some exercise. But he always comes back. Anyhow, this is a small town; there's nowhere for him to hide."

While the lawyer was imparting this information to me, the subject of the conversation was gazing around. His brow furrowed. Under his stare the priest's hand, which was transporting a piece of Emmentaler to his mouth, was suddenly arrested in midair. Conversation stopped. In the silence we heard the rattle of a spoon which fell from the chairman's fingers. Even the lawyer became serious. The man, fixing his eyes on the banqueting table, grasped the balalaika and began to sing: "To the barricades, workers advance . . ."

There was general feeling of relief. The priest

swallowed his Emmentaler and everybody listened to the song with interest. "First class!" shouted the lawyer, laughing and slapping his thighs. The chemist was bent in two with merriment. Only the hostess was displeased.

"Darling," she said to her husband, "it's late. Don't you think the children should go to bed? And he, he should be covered with his blanket, so that he won't sing anymore tonight."

"Right," said the lawyer, "let the progressive get some sleep."

Late that night, when I was among the last guests to go, I passed the pen. It was covered with a velvet bedspread embroidered in mauve flowers. It seemed to me that from underneath it I could hear the soft strains of the balalaika and some singing. I thought I heard the words:

"Forward, forward . . ."



ALASTAIR BUCHAN

An American Commonwealth?

How an ingenious British invention might be adapted to our use . . . and why it could prove a better tool than our present system of rather creaky alliances.

FOR the past twelve years or more American foreign policy has been based on the assumption that the world could be classified into three groups of nations: the formal allies of the United States, the neutrals, and the Communist bloc. Though the harsh distinction between allies and neutrals, which one associates with the late John Foster Dulles, has been softened recently, it has been assumed, first, that only among the formal allies of the United States could a truly cooperative relationship develop, and, second, that the fact of being allies would foster this cooperation. In the case of the European countries the idea took firm root that this cooperation could be best encouraged by the evolution of a new Western European superstate with which the United States could deal on terms of equality.

Much has happened in the past nine months to invalidate these assumptions. The Cuban crisis of last October emphasized that the United States is more than *primus inter pares* among her allies, and has certain lonely responsibilities for war and peace which she cannot share. The Sino-Indian war has had the effect of drawing the more important of the neutrals into a new relationship with the West—which invalidates the old distinction between allies and neutrals. Britain's exclusion from the European Community has for the time being fractured the basis of a European counterpart to the United States.

Recent events have convinced many people in the West that there is no alternative to a system

of relationships within the whole Free World, neutral or allied, which has the United States as its center and its linchpin. There are some responsibilities which she cannot effectively devolve, in the field of nuclear weapons for instance; there are some that she would not wish to devolve, for instance the maintenance of a dialogue on arms control and related issues with the Soviet Union. And the disparity between the readily mobilizable economic and military resources of the United States and any other group of countries gives her a flexibility and speed of action which no other center of power—in Europe or elsewhere—could match.

But if it is now clearer than ever that the United States cannot abdicate its central position, the question of how this leadership is to be exercised without creating unbearable friction and jealousy among the proud states who must revolve within her orbit, still remains unsolved. Atlantic federation, even if it were politically conceivable within the next decade, could make no provision for the problems of Japan, Brazil, or Australia. NATO and the military alliances are limited instruments, and in Asia and the Middle East they unite some free countries at the expense of dividing them from others. The United Nations is too diffuse, too public, and too stormy a center for all purposes.

MORE THAN A FAMILY

THE time has come to re-examine the means by which the United States can evolve an effective system embracing the whole Free World. And the place to start is by examining the strengths and weaknesses of the only other universal system in modern history—the Commonwealth. To ask, in other words, a double question: whether the old British Commonwealth can be replaced by an American one, in the same way that Britain has yielded place to the United States as the leader of the Free World. And conversely, whether a coherent system can be developed around the United States unless she adapts to a wider group of countries the soundest ideas on which the old Commonwealth has been based.

For though the Commonwealth is not the force in world affairs which it once was, it is an ingenious means of treating friendly sovereign nations as less than foreign. Although the powerful assertion of Jan Christian Smuts, some twenty years ago, that it was "the best missionary enterprise that has been launched in a thousand years," has lost its force, it still evokes a strong idealism.

The present Commonwealth has come into

being, has been radically transformed, and might now disappear within one lifetime. For even the more farsighted Victorians had little grasp of the idea; as late as fifty years ago, it was assumed that Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa would become independent republics, and that, at some remote point in the future, Britain's Asian and even African possessions would follow suit.

It was World War I which created the first British Commonwealth. The British nation was deeply moved by the extent to which Canadians and Australians, who could have remained indifferent, regarded their European quarrel as a common struggle. After the war their individual membership in the League of Nations set the seal on their sovereignty, but under the inspiration of Smuts there was common agreement, which was given legal expression in 1926, that they remained part of one system, all British subjects with a common citizenship, though fully in control of their own internal and external policies.

The first British Commonwealth, that of the interwar years, was a political system as well as a family relationship; as far as Britain was concerned, the impetus was provided by the need to redress a world balance of power in which one-half of the English-speaking world—the United States—was still mute and impotent. It was not an anti-American system but a means of compensating for the nonexistence of the United States in world affairs. For the smaller countries (except for the Irish Free State which was a reluctant and resentful partner), it associated them with a larger power and thereby increased their influence in world affairs without inhibiting their independence of policy or involving them in any responsibility for Britain's still vast imperial and colonial responsibilities. It was only in the despairing 'thirties that a system of economic preferences was grafted onto this essentially political system. It was a friendly and informal relationship and without its active support Britain might well have succumbed to Germany before America entered World War II.

But, homogeneous and psychologically united as the first Commonwealth was, the relative strength of Britain and the eloquence of Smuts and his fellow idealists obscured one fatal weakness. Each country was enthusiastic about the Commonwealth link almost solely in terms of its relationship with Britain, the senior partner, the strongest military power, the largest market. None of the Dominions took much trouble to strengthen its relations with the others. In particular, Canadians and Australians have never

seen eye to eye, and their strategic and political interests were, and are, very different.

It took the shock and dislocation of the second world war to induce London, Ottawa, and Canberra to take what they had formerly considered to be an impossible risk, namely to include countries of nonwhite and non-British stock within the same association. India would have become a sovereign state in the 'thirties if that particular thought barrier could have been penetrated in peacetime. And with the demolition of the racial qualification went the myth of monarchy as an indispensable attribute of the system.

The ability of the system to embrace India, Pakistan, and Ceylon, the first two as republics, gave a new lease of life to the ideal of the Commonwealth. The importance of the old Dominions, and indeed Britain herself, in world politics, was relatively diminished by the fact that the United States, whose power towered over that of the whole white Commonwealth, was now playing an active part on the world stage. But with these three Asian countries within the association, it could acquire new value in a different form. Britain could maintain her military and political links with the white members of the club who were joining the alliances which the Cold War necessitated. But all of them could still maintain a mutually helpful and friendly relationship based on common methods and traditions with these dusky new sovereignties that would arise, not only in Asia but eventually in Africa. Smuts's vision of the Commonwealth as "a mission of freedom and human helpfulness in the perils that beset our human lot" found a powerful new expression which appealed to both Right and Left in British politics. Enthusiasm for the Commonwealth in London was never stronger or more broadly based than in the early 1950s. The clear disapproval of the State Department under Dulles for an association that led committed powers to have close relations with neutral countries only strengthened the conviction that it was a sane and stabilizing influence in a demoralized world.

On paper it is an impressive association in the early 'sixties. It embraces sixteen sovereign countries with a population of over 700 million

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people: the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Ghana, Malaya, Nigeria, Cyprus, Sierra Leone, Tanganyika, Uganda, Jamaica, Trinidad. The number of countries within the system will probably rise to twenty or more when Kenya and the component countries of the abortive Central Africa Federation—the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland—acquire separate national identity. Within a few years' time, all that will be left within the British colonial system will be some ten million people, either in places like Hong Kong or Bechuanaland which refuse to relinquish direct British protection, or in the scattered island units too small for sovereign government, like St. Helena (5,000 people) or the Falkland Islands (2,000), for which some other solution must eventually be found.

This score of countries in five continents bear a special relationship to each other. Though more than half of them are now republics, they all recognize the Queen as the Head of the Commonwealth, and she receives as warm a welcome in India or Ghana as in Canada or Scotland. They are represented in each other's capitals by High Commissioners, not Ambassadors. They are kept more fully informed than most small countries about developments in the relations of the great powers through the Commonwealth Relations Office in London from which some 10,000 messages a year flow out. All of them, except Canada, do more than a third of their external trade with other Commonwealth countries. All, except Canada, are part of the sterling area, and all their Finance Ministers meet annually. English is the official language of most of them and the lingua franca of them all. They all have access to some seventy special Commonwealth training and education schemes for defense, industry, health, medicine, science and communications, legal affairs, the press, agriculture, and parliamentary practice: for everything, it has been said, from air transport to locust control.

It has no permanent and official central organs (except for purely functional purposes like telecommunications, or for training, like the Imperial Defence College). There is no central decision-making body other than the Prime Ministers' Conference which meets about every two years. Yet hardly a week goes by without some Commonwealth minister dropping into London or another Commonwealth capital to discuss a particular question, privately and informally.

Even the most hardened cynic, whether he be Marxist or anti-imperialist, cannot fail to be interested by the theory and practice of the mod-

ern Commonwealth. It has no definition in treaty form and new members of the club merely state on attaining sovereignty whether they intend to remain within the Commonwealth, and then await the formal acceptance of the Prime Ministers' Conference at its next meeting. So far, Burma has been the only country to opt out. No applicant has yet been refused, (though one of its founder members, South Africa, was in effect expelled in 1961).

Yet, in theory, the sense of obligation which each country feels to every other is more extensive than those of countries who have signed a precise treaty of defense or commerce. This is certainly the case as far as Britain is concerned. British defense policy is continuously complicated by the need to plan against the contingency of helping Commonwealth partners—in some unforeseen emergency—with whom no formal defense agreement exists. For instance, at the end of October 1962, Britain had to embark on a crash lease-lend program to assist the hard-pressed Indian Army. Nor is the new entrant to the club asked to subscribe to any form of government or any particular policy, although the enforced resignation of South Africa in 1961 has clearly established the fact that unwritten rules of domestic behavior do exist, a fact of which plebiscitary democracy in Ghana and military dictatorship in Pakistan must take note.

‡ An example of the spirit of the Commonwealth commitment was provided by the crisis in India early last winter. Within days of the Chinese onslaught on Assam, offers of military aid to India came not only from Britain and Canada, but also from Australia, which has been estranged from India on many issues of policy. The decisive factor was, of course, the offer of military assistance from the United States, who in this instance behaved as if she herself were a member of the Commonwealth. †

A WHEEL WITHOUT A RIM

IT WAS implicitly accepted that the second, multiracial, Commonwealth could never achieve the unity of political action of the first, that it would not constitute a political bloc so much as an association of friends. But, in the past decade, there have been a number of disruptive forces at work.

Most important of all is the failure of the individual Commonwealth countries other than Britain, to fulfill Smuts's injunction to identify themselves with each other. If Britain is the hub, the system is like a wheel in which the

spokes have no rim. The only country that perceived this danger was Canada, especially in the nine years (1948-57) of Liberal government under the leadership of Louis St. Laurent and Lester Pearson. They made a strenuous effort to establish a close friendship with Pandit Nehru, and later with Ghana and Malaya, which became independent members in 1957. It was Canadian as much as British influence which accounted for the steadiness of the Indian position during the Korean and Indochina crises. Even so, the Liberal Government denied the whole reality of the Commonwealth relationship when it refused to assume any responsibility for the well-being and defense of the West Indies, their nearest Commonwealth neighbor, with which Canada has a great deal of trade. And after 1957, the Conservative Government in Canada, more nationalist in its preoccupations, allowed such links as had been forged to loosen.

Australia and little New Zealand showed very little interest in their Commonwealth connections other than with Britain, and the fifteen years of Robert Menzies' leadership in Australia have been marked by a deepening antipathy to Nehru and to Indian policy, and a complete lack of interest in Africa. Only belatedly has Australian policy begun to reflect concern for the future of her new Commonwealth neighbor, Malaya. To both the Antipodean countries, the Commonwealth has meant a special link with Britain and little else.

Throughout all this period, South Africa was steadily retreating into the past and away from any concept of a multiracial Commonwealth. Smuts, for all his vision of an international brotherhood of man, had made no attempt to educate his own countrymen to any modern concept of race relations, and when he died in 1950 the country that should have been fulfilling his missionary enterprise toward the embryo Commonwealth countries of Africa became their sworn enemy. South Africa's withdrawal from the Commonwealth removed a poisonous source of irritation from the system; it could not compensate for the lack of a liberal and farsighted South African policy in Africa.

And today the rim of the wheel remains unforged. The fact that they are both members of the Commonwealth has had no softening influence on the enmity between India and Pakistan. Nor upon the smoldering rivalry between Ghana and Nigeria. Nor has the prospect that they might severally become Commonwealth partners made a resolution of the bad relations between Nyasaland and the two Rhodesias any easier.

At the personal level, one will find exceptions to this everywhere; Australian doctors working in Malaya, Canadian engineers in Ghana, British scientists in India, or Rhodesian teachers in Kenya. In every capital one will find a parliament, with its speaker and its mace copied from that at Westminster. Everywhere, one will find soldiers, policemen, administrators, or judges who can communicate freely with each other because they have all been trained in a common tradition. (This is one reason why the Commonwealth units can cooperate effectively in UN operations such as the Congo.) But as the model of a new kind of relationship between sovereign governments, the Commonwealth can show only limited success.

The disinterest of the Commonwealth countries in each other is not the only reason for doubt about its future. For one thing, the weakness of the rim might not have mattered if the hub had been strong. But Britain has been able to provide neither the increased markets nor the level of development capital which the new Commonwealth needs. An outflow of some \$600 million a year in development capital to the Commonwealth is a creditable effort; but it no longer meets the needs of India, let alone the rest of the Commonwealth countries, and the other white members can contribute relatively little. The consequence is that, for economic purposes, Germany and the United States are as important to these countries as Britain herself.

Another weakening factor has been the end of a common citizenship. Until 1947 all the subjects of the Queen were "British subjects" and theoretically could travel and settle in any part of the world marked red on the map (though Australia had discriminated against Asiatics since the turn of the century, and Canada against West Indians for many years). In that year the separate citizenship of each Commonwealth country and its right to impose its own immigration restrictions were acknowledged, the remainder of her Majesty's subjects (then very numerous) being lumped together as citizens of "The United Kingdom and Colonies." But no bar was placed on the entry and residence of any Commonwealth citizen into Britain itself. However, Britain has had, in recent years, the same difficulty in absorbing West Indians and Pakistanis that the U. S. has had with Puerto Ricans—but with less absorptive capacity. Now the gates of Britain have clanged shut, with an immigration law which forces all Commonwealth citizens to produce evidence of residence or employment.

In point of fact, no Australian or Canadian

will have any difficulty in getting into Britain. It would be a black day for British medicine, science, industry, and sport if they did. And the knowledge that this law is really discriminatory against the nonwhite members does not help strengthen the ideal of Commonwealth in Karachi or Accra or St. Lucia. It is true that brave and devoted efforts have been made to overcome racial distinctions within it, that white and nonwhite army officers and engineers and teachers and nurses train and work together. But nothing can obscure the fact that there is a greater sense of mutual obligation and identity between the white founder members than between them and the Asian or African ones. Over the Suez adventure, Britain betrayed the whole Commonwealth by denying the principle of consultation in advance of action, but the Australian Prime Minister was at least privy to the Anglo-French conspiracy. Over Goa last year, India consulted none of her partners, and Nkrumah plays his tortuous game of African power politics without any consultation with London, Delhi, or Lagos. The Commonwealth has become too diffused to do more than temper the forces of nationalism and racial suspicion especially in the new Africa; it cannot abolish them.

Moreover, the sheer size of the modern Commonwealth impels London and other capitals to choose whom they consult. Clearly the views of Cyprus on Malayan questions, or Nigeria on the West Indies are irrelevant, and Mr. Nehru, Archbishop Makarios, and Mr. Bustamente of Jamaica have little in common (except that they have all at one time or another been under British preventive detention). The close-knit web of mutual exchanges between governments which was possible in the first Commonwealth, and, for instance, greatly strengthened Churchill's hand in Washington during the war, and which persisted at the UN through the early days of Indian sovereign membership, becomes less and less meaningful the larger the membership grows.

Finally, the Cold War has now bitten deep into the vitals of the Commonwealth. The fact that some countries are members of the Western alliances—Canada and Britain of NATO; Pakistan and Britain of CENTO; Britain, Australia, New Zealand, and Pakistan of SEATO—while the rest are neutral, is not of itself of decisive importance. Nor is the fact that some countries—Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—have had to enter special security treaties with the United States which exclude Britain, since defense, other than joint training, is not properly a function of the modern Commonwealth.

What does disrupt it is the fact that the nature of the Cold War is forcing countries into regional groupings which cut across the world-wide system of the Commonwealth. Thus Britain, though she is to be excluded for the time being from the European Community, is becoming increasingly preoccupied with European affairs. This not only diminishes the degree of energy and support she is able to devote to other areas but sets her in a closer working relationship with countries who are regarded in Asia and much of Africa as a reactionary group of powers—France, Germany, and Belgium. The different concepts of African neutralism evolved by the Casablanca and the Monrovia powers involve Ghana and Nigeria respectively in local African leagues. American support for Pakistan has widened the gulf between Pakistan and India. Soviet friendship for Ghana has complicated the link with Britain. Anglo-American differences over Southeastern Asian policy have given Australian policy a schizophrenic character.

IN PLACE OF SENTIMENT

BUT if the multiracial Commonwealth has not fulfilled its early promise, it will not lightly be abandoned by the countries that compose it. It is true that Britain's reasons for becoming more deeply involved in Europe may be overriding and that the younger generation in Britain are becoming more intrigued by the beauties and problems of Europe than those who lived through the two wars. But Britain, after four hundred years of adventuring around the globe, will not readily confine her horizons and her interests to her own small continent, despite the continuing strain on her skilled manpower and resources which the Commonwealth involves.

For Canada, her position in the Commonwealth remains her best hope of maintaining an independent identity and an independent policy in the face of the enormous centripetal pressures, economic, political, and psychological, that are generated by the United States. Australia and New Zealand feel these pressures too, though somewhat softened by distance. Both countries recognize that their security is now largely dependent on the support of the United States, and may become even more so when China is a serious military threat. But the Commonwealth connection helps them, as countries of predominantly British stock, across the difficult transition period from being outposts of Britain to being part of a Pacific community and working with Asian countries. In all three cases, the decline

of British power (and the rise of American power) has tended to increase the sentimental value as it diminishes the political importance of the Commonwealth connection; and national attitudes are rooted in sentiment as much as interests.

How much value India will continue to attach to the Commonwealth connection is more problematical. The present bond of friendship between the Indian military and administrative elite and their British counterparts must inevitably weaken as new men take over. The decision will depend on the course of Indian politics, on whether the common Chinese danger brings a reconciliation with Pakistan, and on the success of her new relationship with the United States.

But for the smaller countries the link is still one of national interest rather than sentiment. It is hard for Englishmen and for Americans to conceive what it feels like to be a small, new, uncommitted country in a world dominated by giants. For Cyprus, the Commonwealth offers some alternative to a polarized position between Greece and Turkey; for Malaya and for Singapore, which should soon join hands in a new federation of Malaysia, it offers an alternative to SEATO with its dangerous implications. For Nigeria, it provides an external framework in which to evolve a difficult problem of internal unity. For Tanganyika, it means aid and special support. For Trinidad and Jamaica, it is an alternative to the uneasy politics of the Caribbean. For Ghana it means very little at present, but this could change rapidly if Nkrumah's ambitions were to involve the country in serious financial or political trouble. For all of them, including even the older members, the Westminster parliamentary model provides a continuing example and point of reference as to how best they may manage their own turbulent politics.

It is true that membership in the United Nations fulfills a more profound aspiration for the newly sovereign countries than membership in the Commonwealth. But despite the best efforts of its special agencies, the UN cannot offer the same range of tangible benefits of training and expertise and common services. In any capital of the world, for instance, a British Ambassador will take up a Nigerian complaint about trade discrimination, or a Canadian consul will get a Malayan sailor out of jail. A Singalese or Tanganyikan official goes to an international meeting better briefed than his colleagues through having read the telegrams from London. To estimate the Commonwealth at its very lowest, it can be described as a collection of countries whose common interests may be diminishing, yet which,

with one or two exceptions, would still feel very lonely on their own. This may change in a generation or so, but for the time being the system provides a means of maturity and a sense of security which membership in an ever larger United Nations does not, even though the Commonwealth cannot avert a future Congo or Laos.

But Britain's increasing identification with Europe makes one ask oneself whether the only great independent source of political and economic power in the West, the United States, can adapt the concept of the Commonwealth in order to create a system of friendships that go deeper than military alliances. There are great difficulties in the conception of an American Commonwealth to replace that of Britain. The countries of the Free World are not former American colonies with a common system of law and government, as the members of the British Commonwealth are; many of them, indeed, have had little contact with each other. The common methods which enable the countries of the British Commonwealth to treat each other as less than foreign cannot easily be constructed from a set of purely foreign relationships.

An American Commonwealth might be a wheel with a very strong hub, but if Britain failed to forge a strong rim out of countries with a common tradition, would the United States fare better with a more heterogeneous group? The American governmental system makes it difficult to maintain those close and informal contacts between Washington and other capitals, which London has been able to develop with countries of diverse interests and backgrounds. What is regarded by some other countries as the American obsession with communism may make it hard to develop an informal international system to include countries which do not share the same ideological approach. Although the present Administration has softened the rigid distinction the U. S. made in the Dulles era between her attitude to her allies and to the uncommitted free countries, the nature of modern war inevitably draws her into much closer relations with her military allies than with the others. The disparity between American power and that of her smaller friends makes for an uneasy relationship—"like sharing a bed with a hippopotamus," as the leader of one of them once described it to me.

These difficulties suggest that the British model of Commonwealth is not for export as it stands, but they are not final obstacles. For the shining merit of the concept of Commonwealth is that it is rooted in a system of international cooperation rather than of central government. Being

designed to foster and reflect those aspirations and problems which its members have in common, it does not require a formal superstructure of decision-making bodies or a federal mechanism on an international scale. It would thus be possible to reconcile it both with the American constitutional system and the sovereign pride of the new nations.

Indeed the trend of many recent statements by those who shape American policy shows that the United States is moving perceptibly toward its own concept of Commonwealth. These reflect an essential difference in the British and the American approach to the idea of Commonwealth, namely that the power of the United States so much overshadows that of any individual country with whom she seeks a constructive relationship that both will be more at ease if she deals with groups of friends rather than with individual free countries.¹ That, at least, is one interpretation that can be put on the President's "declaration of interdependence" of July 4, 1962. It is a wise instinct where Europe is concerned. The Alliance for Progress reflects the same idea in her dealings with the Latin American countries, though with a more difficult heritage of suspicion to be overcome.

But clearly an Atlantic partnership with only the committed countries of Europe and an Alliance for Progress with Latin America alone is not a world system. Where do Sweden, Canada, Australia, India, or Japan fit into such a scheme? At least it involves the evolution of a Pacific community, which for geographic reasons clearly cannot take the same form as an Atlantic one. In the very long run it might involve the encouragement of an African and a South Asian grouping, based on the development of local communities of interest.² The sheer weight of the U.S. probably dictates a set of American partnerships with different regional communities rather than a system of bilateral relations.³

A NEED FOR MAGNANIMITY

IF THE Free World is to achieve coherence, it is difficult to see how it can be done without developing something like an American Commonwealth, politically to replace, culturally and economically to supplement, the existing British Commonwealth. It would require considerable forbearance and a greater emphasis on the spirit of international relationships than on their legal form. It might require a pragmatic adjustment of American diplomatic and official methods. It would imply a more confident and

liberal attitude to the practical problems of joint training and cooperation.⁴ (The Peace Corps is wholly in line with Smuts's concept of Commonwealth; some of the petty restrictions such as the refusal to accept non-Americans at the National War College are not.)

It would require a fundamental appreciation as to who are the true and lasting friends of the United States and who are mere hangers-on. It would require brilliant leadership over a long period, in particular to identify the United States with a broader objective than the prosecution of the Cold War. It would require much more than money. Above all it would imply the application of that American magnanimity of spirit, which C. P. Snow has rightly noted (*Harper's*, July 1962), to a diversity of practical objectives.

What form of central institutions it might require it is too early to judge. Certainly any elaborate international bureaucracy would destroy much of the value of the idea. Perhaps it might need no more than a small secretariat serving a yearly conference between the President and the leaders of the most important powers in every region of the Free World, meeting not in an atmosphere of crisis but as a matter of routine. For the dynamic of an American Commonwealth would be provided not by institutions but by ideas, above all profiting from Britain's mistake and consciously seeking to forge a strong rim of links between the members as well as spokes to a strong hub.

If the difficulties are immense, so also is the promise. There are many problems in the West that may be solved more easily by her friends than by the United States herself; for instance, Europeans may be able to make greater headway in helping to modernize and liberalize the Latin American societies than the United States now can. Canadians or Swedes may be more trusted emissaries of the West in Africa than West Europeans or Americans.⁵ If the eventual pattern of relationships within the Free World should take the form of an Atlantic, a Pacific, a Latin American, and conceivably an African and a South Asian community, each related by different means to the United States, then each must have a wider concern than with its own affairs. If the United States can encourage in countries, or groups of countries, which have been her economic protégés that sense of responsibility for each other, which Britain has never quite succeeded in instilling into the nations which had been her political protégés,⁶ a successful broadening of the brave ideal of Commonwealth may be looked for.

Mostly about Women

by Paul Pickrel



In the flood of books deploring woman's hard lot in contemporary society it is at least a change to come across one that proclaims the approaching victory of women in the battle of the sexes—and such is the message of *Ascent of Women* by Elisabeth Mann Borgese (Braziller, \$5). The argument by which Mrs. Borgese reaches her conclusion is extremely intricate. She calls upon evidence from fields as diverse as evolution, history of art, and utopian literature, and the use she makes of her so various sources ranges from the ingenious to the egregious. But the conclusion itself is simple: in crowded societies under collectivist governments—the only kind of society that Mrs. Borgese sees us as having in the future—the human traits that will be valued are those that are associated with women—conformity, submissiveness, cooperation, good manners. The individualism and aggressiveness of the male will only rock the perilously crowded boat and will therefore be disapproved and eventually outgrown. Mrs. Borgese does not see the human male of the future reduced to the merest vehicle of biological necessity, as the male of certain fish has been; with touching generosity she reserves an honored place in her sexual utopia for wise older men who will serve as guides and counselors to younger women, but the book as a whole makes it quite clear that there is not much future in being a man.

In spite of its more outrageous detours, the main line of Mrs. Borgese's argument carries considerable conviction, except for one major objection. We may agree—indeed it would be hard to disagree—that modern society is moving in the direction of collectivization and that collectiv-

ties place a higher value on those qualities that Mrs. Borgese calls feminine than on those she calls masculine. But we need not conclude that women are therefore about to rule the world. What seems to be a good deal more likely, in America at least, is that most men will have to display in their work and probably in some other aspects of life those traits that are traditionally thought of as feminine, at the same time that they will somehow remain men. The organization man may have to be a submissive and cooperative conformist with good manners, but he is not therefore a woman. The ascent of the feminine does not necessarily mean the ascent of woman. Consequently, where Mrs. Borgese sees a coming clarity in sexual roles along lines that would please the most hard-bitten feminist, a less optimistic reader may see a deepening confusion, a society whose sexual prototypes James Thurber sketched in Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mitty.

Ascent of Women offers the always entertaining spectacle of a boldly imaginative mind piecing together a theory from odd and scattered pieces of information. The results are a little wild, but probably most of the pattern Mrs. Borgese traces is there all right. The trouble is that its meaning can be read in quite different ways.

Collectivized Women Still Compete

In *The Soviet Family* (Doubleday, \$4.95) David and Vera Mace have a good deal to say about women in what is presumably the most collectivist society in the world, but for a number of reasons their book is a little disappointing. In spite of a travelogue framework based upon the

Maces' firsthand experience in Russia, most of the book is in fact assembled from previous publications. On many points the relevant facts are not available. The Maces have not been able to find reliable statistics on such important subjects as divorce or illegitimacy, for example; and though it is known that there are twenty million more women than men in the Soviet Union (most of them of the war generation and now in early middle age), it does not seem to be known what modifications (if any) in sexual and family relations have resulted from such an imbalance. Sometimes the Maces' analysis stops short of what we would like to know; for instance they tell us that the children in the state crèches are taught "good habits of hygiene," but what would be interesting to know is the kind of hygienic habits that are regarded as good for very young children. Occasionally the interpretations are slightly naïve—"Perhaps," the Maces suggest modestly at one point, "there is a kind of competition going on in society to decide who is to be boss in marriage." If we may believe Chaucer's Wife of Bath and a good many subsequent witnesses, that competition has been going on for a long time and in many societies. And the authors seem to be determined to see only the sunniest aspects of Soviet family life. Even the terrible housing shortage—which must be for the average, not very political, Soviet family the hardest limitation of their society to tolerate—the Maces find considerably mitigated by the Russians' natural taste for huddling together. Such disagreeable subjects as juvenile delinquency are passed over lightly.

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sia so far is all one way. Though most Russian women work outside the family, and many of them at what has been thought of in the past as men's work, men do not seem to have gone in for women's work, either on their jobs or at home. The majority of Russian physicians are now women, but if the number of men in nursing is impressive no one seems to have noticed it. And the *Maces* tell of women who work all day, pick up the baby at the government nursery on the way home, and then put in several more hours at household chores, but apparently these overworked women do not expect their husbands to pitch in with the dishes. Doubtless they will learn.

The *Maces* portray the Soviet state in its attitude toward the family as caught between contrary commitments. Ideologically it is committed to sexual freedom and the withering away of the family, but practical and power considerations demand family stability. As a practical matter the state has not been able to supply the facilities for rearing children outside the family, though many new boarding schools are being built, and since the power of the state demands more and more babies to grow up to be workers and soldiers, it must discourage anything that would reduce family size. The contradiction between its theoretical license and its practical puritanism must explain the government's reluctance to release figures on such matters as divorce and abortion.

Homekeeping Hearts

Divorce and abortion (as well as other means of disposing of unwanted children) were commonplace in ancient Rome, according to J.P.V.D. Balsdon in *Roman Women: Their History and Habits* (John Day, \$6.95). Indeed, the Roman state displayed some interesting parallels with the Soviet Union in matters of the family. From a fairly early time it was hounded by the problem of underpopulation, and like the Russians the Romans rewarded and honored large families. But the contradiction in which the Roman state found itself was the reverse of Russia's; its ideological commitment was puritanical, but its practice freer. The announced point of a Roman

wedding was that it might result in soldiers for the state, but often it failed of that purpose. Laws were sometimes passed that made marriage practically mandatory, but they were abrogated in various ways. Certainly one thing that discouraged marriage and population growth was the statutory forbidding of marriage across class lines, but apparently the Romans were never willing to put their population needs above their respect for class divisions.

Roman society gave women a good deal of freedom compared with the latter-day Greeks, but remarkably little in comparison with modern societies. The double standard was rigidly observed. Women occasionally had careers of sorts, but none ever held an important official position outside the religious cults or as mothers and consorts. No empress ever ruled in her own right. More surprisingly, women were of no consequence in the artistic life of the nation. Rome produced no woman writer and (I believe) no literature for women. Even interior decoration, which was minimal, was in the hands of the men. A Roman lady of good class supervised her slaves, took care of her sons during their earliest years and of her daughters (all of whom had the same name) until they were married, observed the official pieties at home and at the proper temples, and respected her husband's virility by not inquiring into what he did outside the house. Her leisure she presumably devoted to the contemplation of her own virtue, and so it is not surprising if in the later years of the empire she did not always have a lot of virtue left to contemplate. Ladies had a marked weakness for gladiators.

Balsdon endeavors to compress about 1,500 years of the history of Roman women into the first 150 pages of his book. Occasionally an exceptional woman emerges from the thicket of names and dates, but a good deal of this section of the book is almost unreadable. The later part, dealing with the "habits" of Roman women (matters like marriage, childbearing, clothing, religion, prostitution, and so on), is much livelier, though even here the writer seems timid about anything beyond the bare facts, and sometimes the legisla-

tion and official decrees, must have been somewhat different from the social reality. A future historian of our society who based his account of divorce in New York or birth control in Connecticut on the laws of those states would not have a very accurate picture of what happened, but there may be no way of determining how far practice differed from principle in the ancient world.

The Green-eyed Millionairess

Few recent writers have had more to say about the place of women in the great scheme of things than the late George Bernard Shaw, and it would therefore be of interest to know something about the woman he married, though Janet Dunbar's life of Mrs. Shaw—*Mrs. G.B.S.* (Harper & Row, \$5.95)—makes it clear that she was a woman worth knowing about in her own right.

On her father's side Charlotte Payne-Townshend Shaw, like her husband, was Irish Protestant, and there were a few other very approximate similarities in their backgrounds. Both had unassertive fathers, but where Shaw's was a failure and a drunkard, Mrs. Shaw's was rich, eminently respectable, and successful until his wife tore away from his interests to launch the family in English society. Both had mothers who were highly aggressive, but where Shaw's mother put her extraordinary energy into her musical career and was sublimely indifferent to her family, Mrs. Shaw's nagged and bullied and made life miserable for her husband and daughters. Shaw saw women as the instruments of the Life Force, blindly intent on the creation of new life, but Mrs. Shaw refused to have children on the grounds that she might make them as unhappy as her mother had made her.

As a young woman, all her life in fact, Mrs. Shaw was something like a George Eliot heroine—rich, ardent, generous, and intelligent, attractive to young men of her own station but always eager to find in or through a man some noble cause that would be an outlet for her energy and give her life purpose. Apart from her father, the three men who attracted her most deeply were men of mystery, men who made a profession of being enigmatic. She first fell seriously in love,

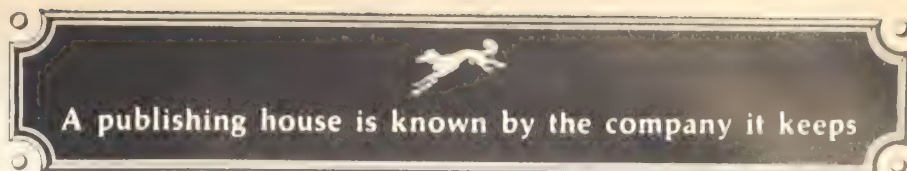
THE NEW BOOKS

In her thirties, with the curious Swedish physician-psychiatrist, Dr. Axel Munthe, at that time a society doctor in Rome but with a colorful and heroic background in medicine, a field that long fascinated her. Then she met and married Shaw, whose work as a Fabian Socialist seemed to open a way to a career useful to society. Her last great love was T. E. Lawrence, most mysterious of them all and the one to whom she opened her heart as to no one else in her long life. When her husband read her letters to Lawrence after her death he realized that for all their more than forty years together he had never known her very well.

Shaw's references to his wife were not always chivalrous. His frequent references to her wealth seem to combine pride and touchiness: after her death he grumbled about the burden of the £150,000 she left him. (Both made peculiar wills.) He once observed that he didn't know whether most women had souls or not but he was sure that his wife had none. In fact she seems to have been a woman with a strong need of religion. As the years passed she showed increasing interest in spiritualist writers and more orthodox religious texts. Though she generously supported Fabian causes and put a tremendous amount of work in her husband's career, he pretty clearly failed to fulfill her need for a purpose in life.

In writing *Mrs. G.B.S.* Miss Dunbar has had access to a considerable body of Mrs. Shaw's unpublished writing, and she has chosen to use it to tell a straightforward story, largely unencumbered with interpretation or speculation. Her decision was probably wise, but any reader who follows her absorbing narrative is likely to be drawn to wonder about the shy "green-eyed millionairess," as Shaw liked to call her, this woman drawn to enigmatic men who may have been more enigmatic than any of them.

Two other recent books are of interest in connection with *Mrs. G.B.S.* One is Stanley Weintraub's *Private Shaw and Public Shaw* (Braziller, \$5), an account of the relations between the Shaws and T. E. Lawrence, who, under the influence of his alleged passion for anonymity, took the name of Shaw for his own. Wein-



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traub meticulously records the available facts, but like Miss Dunbar he carefully refrains from exploring their significance. Perhaps that is the wisest way to deal with the material; certainly it is the safest. And the facts are in themselves of considerable interest—the important role Mr. and Mrs. G.B.S. played in encouraging Lawrence to publish the *Seven Pillars*, the letters and visits exchanged, the gifts of books and delicacies Mrs. Shaw sent Lawrence, his part in the inspiration of *St. Joan* and *Too True to Be Good*, the sad circumstance that the motorcycle on which he met his death was a gift of the Shaws.

Yet surely exact scholarship does not preclude a search for meaning, and a reader cannot refrain from wishing that Weintraub had permitted himself to go further in an attempt to understand the interplay of the three peculiar and powerful personalities.

One consideration that may have influenced Charlotte Shaw in her decision to marry G.B.S. was the example of their friends Beatrice and Sidney Webb, who in passionate collaboration formed the tireless research staff of the Fabian movement. If that was her hope, she was disappointed, because her help in her husband's work, though considerable, fell far short of a partnership.

Recently there has been published Beatrice Webb's *American Diary*, edited by David Shannon (University of Wisconsin Press, \$4.50). It was composed in 1898, the year the Shaws were married and the year the Webbs came to the United States on part of an extensive journey undertaken for the purpose of studying municipal government. Later they published their findings in fifteen volumes. The diary shows Mrs. Webb perfectly in character— indefatigable, critical, untouched by any doubt as to the correctness of her own impressions, sharp-eyed and sharp-tongued, and so afflicted with tunnel vision that her diary will hardly be read by anyone who does not share her devotion to local government in the 1890s. In one passage Mrs. Webb tells how a tour of Cincinnati was arranged for her, but she was so absorbed in talking shop with a couple of officials

who accompanied her that she "hardly noticed the miles of pretty suburbs through which we passed." So it was almost all the way. Only the Mormons tempted her to look much outside city halls, and what she saw inside city halls probably would not have pleased an investigator a good deal less fastidious than Mrs. Webb.

Some Women Novelists

The lack of women writers among the Romans surprises us because the work of women is so important in recent literature, but the explanation can be only in part that Roman women had too little freedom, for there have been great women writers both in the West and in the Orient under unemancipated conditions. A more likely explanation, though not sufficient in itself, lies in the small place the Romans gave to narrative in their writing. Certainly it has been in narrative, in fiction, that women have made far and away their largest literary contribution.

Hortense Calisher is an American novelist and short-story writer with a small but growing audience. Her new book is called *Textures of Life* (Little, Brown, \$4.75)—an unusually appropriate title, because it pinpoints so well the strength of Miss Calisher's work. Her best passages are those in which she catches the feel of a situation, a mood, a passing moment: textures of life, exactly.

Probably Miss Calisher has not yet found a subject that makes the fullest use of her talent—it is not easy to build a story with a gift that is primarily descriptive and lyric—and in *Textures of Life* she has chosen a subject that might easily have been disastrous. She begins with the wedding reception for a "beat" couple, the girl a painter, the young man a sculptor and photographer, both in revolt against the conventional, prosperous, middle-class world of their parents. In the street clothes that they have refused to change for the wedding they leave the reception and go to the loft where they intend to live in bare and comfortless devotion to nothing but art and each other. The story follows the marriage through its first four or five years, tracing the gradual erosion of its commitment to high art and grubby living, until the couple finally find them-

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selves carrying on just about where their parents had left off.

Such a subject invites disaster because it is a threadbare standby of bourgeois comedy—the youthful rebels who sheepishly return to the fold because life teaches them that middle-class values are best after all. But Miss Calisher is no Mrs. Miniver graciously smiling with patient condescension on the momentary wrong-headedness of youth. Her young couple have their absurdities, but their mistake is not rebellion itself but an underestimation of the sheer force of circumstance.

Miss Calisher can write prose of great delicacy, though she tends to try to crowd too much in a sentence, with an unnecessary loss of clarity.

Among the English women novelists who have emerged since the second world war none has a larger reputation than the Oxford philosophy don Iris Murdoch, who has produced a series of seven brilliant novels in a few years. After a couple of flamboyantly experimental books her work has become more conventional in form, though the apparent conventionality often incorporates elements that are not exactly what readers are accustomed to regard as realistic.

Miss Murdoch's new novel, *The Unicorn* (Viking, \$5), again uses devices and motives on the fringes of realistic fiction. The main character is a sleeping beauty, a woman in a remote, possibly enchanted castle where she has languished the seven years required by any fairy-tale event. But the story that Miss Murdoch has built around her faraway princess is no fairy tale. As incident follows incident and revelation follows revelation, psychological shock and physical violence combine to bounce the reader out of his comfortable expectations and preconceived ideas of the situation.

The Unicorn, like all Miss Murdoch's fiction, is an attack on our tendency to categorize experience, to neutralize it and deaden its impact by giving it labels under which it can be safely filed away. Like the gods, Miss Murdoch "loves the most living"; the characters she admires are those who throw up no *cordon sanitaire* of abstraction between themselves and their lives, who remain

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Because of her fascination with this theme, there is a certain amount of repetition in the intellectual underpinning of Miss Murdoch's books, as there is in any writer's, but her power of invention is such that nearly every book seems fresh and original, as *The Unicorn* certainly does.

Kamala Markandaya is one of a group of talented younger Indian novelists who write in English. Her first book, *Nectar in a Sieve*, was a wonderfully sympathetic picture of poor people in an Indian village, but her most recent, *Possession* (John Day, \$4.50), though much more professional, is a smooth, adroit, but not very interesting example of middlebrow novel-writing.

It is the story of a rich, possessive, restless Englishwoman who alleviates the tedium of her days by picking up an Indian goatherd boy with a spectacular talent for painting. She tries to turn him into an animated plaything; she grooms him for the sophisticated art world of the West by taking him into her home and ultimately into her bed, but in the end he revolts and returns to the life of his boyhood.

The narrator of the story, an Indian woman who is partly responsible for bringing the Englishwoman and her protégé together, is a writer of motion-picture scenarios, and a reader can easily imagine that *Possession* would have a certain effect if it ever were done up in lavish colors on a wide screen with various beautiful creatures enacting the roles. But on the printed page the story is slick, not very real, and not very important.

The series of books about life in a west-of-England village published over the pseudonym "Miss Read" has been studiously avoided in this column on the confident but ignorant conviction that they were cloyingly sentimental. But the latest of "Miss Read's" efforts, *Miss Clare Remembers* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75) turns out on reading to be an unpretentious and pleasant little story, somewhere between novel and social history. Through the recollections of a retired schoolteacher it traces the changes in village education and to some extent in the life of the com-

munity from the end of the last century to the present, incidentally throwing some light on the generation of unmarried widows of the first world war. Quiet, rarely sentimental, sometimes touching, never condescending either to its subject or its audience, *Miss Clare Remembers* is a reminder that any writer who can give an honest, uncluttered account of how something happened will be worth reading.

And Finally, Some Men

To redress the sexual balance there ought to be this month some new novel of commanding talent by a man, but none seems to be at hand. The most considerable of the two novels by men about to be discussed is *Salt*, by Herbert Gold (Dial, \$4.95). This is essentially a character study of two men, no longer as young as they would like to think they are, who were originally thrown together by the Army and have never since been able quite to separate, because each represents the un-lived part of the other's life.

One of the young men, Peter Hatten, is an Ivy Leaguer and Wall Streeter whose success and abundant social and sexual life serve to disguise his essential selfishness and isolation. Incapable of any real commitment, he whiles the time away with juggling, both literally and metaphorically—juggling stocks, juggling friends, juggling girls, juggling oranges. With his large income and succession of mistresses and fast-paced treadmill, he seems to have everything that his friend Dan Shaper has missed. Dan is the involved man, hopelessly (it seems) bogged down in a dull marriage and a dull job in Cleveland, until Peter pries him loose to try his luck in New York. There he does succeed in finding a way of life that is nearer to his heart's desire, but it involves a rejection of Peter quite as much as his own past, because he cannot live without commitment of some kind.

What gives the book its bounce is the vitality of the writing and the spirited portrayal of the New York world of young men on the prowl, the shabby but sometimes very funny contrivances of men hanging on to the game of youth too long. The minor characters are wonderful.

The success of the English novelist Anthony Powell's "Music of Time" series has encouraged his publisher to bring out here one of his prewar novels, *What's Become of Waring?* (Little, Brown, \$4). It is a comic novel about young men of colossal nerve and minimal morality, living by their wits in a social wasteland populated by eccentrics—the kind of novel Waugh and Huxley wrote when they were younger and, to tell the truth, wrote better. The book leans forward on itself; it seems constantly to be promising a sordidness of revelation or a height of comedy that

it never quite manages to achieve. The reader knows what has become of Waring a good bit before the author gets around to telling him, though somewhat after he has stopped caring.

But there is some comic invention that comes off, the writing is brisk, and the eccentrics are gratifyingly eccentric. It is moderately entertaining but very much of a period that is old enough to seem out-of-date but not old enough to have returned to favor. Probably in ten years graduate students will be writing dissertations about it.

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

My New Found Land, by Dean Srelis.

On the jacket of this book, below the title, is the descriptive phrase, "a novel of self-discovery." What novel about a young boy growing up anywhere *isn't* a novel of self-discovery? And how in the world to make clear the difference between good and bad, and especially how to praise enough when one is as good as his one?

It all takes place on one day in 1932 when Roosevelt is coming to Newport, Rhode Island, in the midst of his first campaign. The boy is the son of a Greek immigrant shoemaker, which makes him different to start with. He runs a paper route and works after school to help his father, who is often drunk, and his mother, who is a wonderful mixture of fey and sympathy. But the boy is no goody-goody. The old priest of the Orthodox Church is his great friend, and it is from his changing relationship with the priest, with his mother, and with his father that the book derives its quiet but genuine tension and surprise. Minor characters—his friends at school, the shoemaker across the street, an uncle—are all exceptionally well realized, and the torment caused by his conflicting loyalties to two cultures is moving and real. One lives that exciting day in that boy's life in that special town,

and in the process learns everything important to him that has come before and much that will come later. By the author of *The Mission*.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50

The Corridor, by Edmund Fuller.

The mother of three children of a happy marriage has an unwanted fourth pregnancy. Something goes so seriously wrong that she nearly dies. In the days and nights when he doesn't know whether she will live or die her husband waits or walks the hospital corridor, reviewing their "ideal marriage" and making himself face not only the joys but the guilts and angers and secret desires of their married life. It sounds routine but it is an affecting book and a wise one. The story of the fight for life in the background gives an extra dimension to the self-examination and lends richness and credence to the otherwise rather overwhelming acceptance of human frailty.

Random House, \$3.95

The Pumpkin Eater, by Penelope Mortimer.

I read this story of an attractive still-young Englishwoman married to her fourth and very unpleasant script-writer husband and I followed her explanations to her psychiatrist about her compulsion to have children (she had a clutch of them by all the husbands) and I was completely absorbed in her troubles (even in

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trouble she is very funny and lovable as Mrs. Mortimer's heroines always are), but I cannot accept or even understand the end. Her husband has "betrayed" her in the most flagrant fashion; has got a colleague's wife pregnant; she knows she doesn't love him or need him any longer; and the final scene, which, to use the author's words, is "inevitable," doesn't seem to me inevitable at all. I accepted the whole situation till then and found it sometimes funny and sometimes heartbreaking and never dull—a credible and tough examination of reality and of withdrawal from it, but I can't accept the "resolution."

McGraw-Hill, \$4.95

Non-fiction

From the Animal Kingdom

This seems to be a moment when in the publishing business we have nature rampant.

Animals of East Africa, by C. A. Spina.

Seven years of study and photography went into this book with its text and remarkable and charming photographs of all kinds of African animals. Foreword by Sir Julian Huxley. Houghton Mifflin, \$7.50

Forever Free, by Joy Adamson.

The final volume about Elsa, everybody's personal lioness, and her cubs. Sixty pages of photographs.

Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95

The Mountain Gorilla, by George B. Schaller.

Mr. Schaller was a member of the 1959-60 African Primate Expedition, which studied gorillas, baboons, and chimpanzees in their native habitat. His particular study is of the ecology and behavior of the gorillas in the eastern Congo and western Uganda. A careful, detailed report with charts, lists, maps, drawings, and photographs.

University of Chicago, \$10

The Wild Danube, by Guy Mountfort.

Apparently the rise of industrialism in the Danube region in Bulgaria and Hungary threatens wild life there as it does in so many other parts of the world. The author led two scientific expeditions to study the changes of the last twenty-five

years. His book will please all naturalists, especially ornithologists; the photographs are excellent.

Houghton Mifflin, \$

Vanishing Animals, by Philip Street

These are stories and photographs of rare animals from the great aul to the Komodo dragon, which are in special danger of extinction in far parts of the world. Dutton, \$4.50

Noteworthy in Paperback

The Zimmerman Telegram, by Barbara Tuchman.

This book was deservedly praised when it first came out in hard covers in 1958 and the publication of *The Guns of August* has done nothing to diminish Mrs. Tuchman's reputation as a stirring recreator of historical periods. Here once more is the almost too-fantastic-to-be-true story of the British interception and decoding of a German telegram in 1917. The telegram at long last was to do more than any other one thing to turn America from isolationism and to persuade Wilson—after years of believing in the possibility of a negotiated peace—that there was no alternative for the United States but war. But in the meantime the intricacies of the interception and deciphering, the stupidity of the Germans, the political decisions and top-level maneuverings the message caused in at least five world capitals make fiction pale, and it is all here described with the swiftness and sharpness and impact of a machine-gun salvo. Delta, \$1.65

The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America: 1860-1920, by Vernon Louis Parrington.

This third volume in the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Main Currents in American Thought* was never completed because of Professor Parrington's death in 1929. Yet as it stands it has been called "a superb fragment." It deals with the effect on American thought of the changeover from an agrarian to an industrial economy, and of the rise of the middle class. Carl Van Doren wrote: "If he had lived to finish this third volume it would have been the best treatment of these matters ever written. Even as a fragment [413 pp.] it is still the best."

Harbinger/Harcourt, \$2.45

How an Idealist Won a Two-front War

by Marion K. Sanders

As editor of "Amerika," Mrs. Sanders visited many USIS posts abroad from 1946 to 1951.

The Twisted Image, by Arthur Goodfriend. St. Martin's Press, \$5.95

Americans are conformist, materialistic, bacchanalian, and likely to crush anyone with a dark skin. Obsessed with anti-communism, they are pushing the world toward war. Russians, in contrast, are brave, hard-working, strong, honest, progressive, and peace-loving.

This assessment of opinion among Indian students—based on an MIT survey—greeted Arthur Goodfriend when he became chief of the U.S. Information Service in New Delhi in 1958. A seasoned Asia hand, he was not surprised to learn further that although the U.S. had poured nearly 2 billion into the subcontinent and Moscow had spent only a pittance, most Indians regarded the Soviet Union as India's "real best friend."

For years—in and out of the government—Goodfriend had argued that the American image in Asia was twisted not because Russian propaganda was brilliant but because ours was inane and often self-defeating. He pleaded for an "indigenous" approach built on empathy with other cultures rather than a crude attempt to "sell" the American way of life. Two Presidents and successive heads of the Information Agency gave their blessing to his ideas. But they were largely ignored down where the organization charts are drawn and the budgets are finally spent. Goodfriend decided to stop writing reports and take action. He signed up for overseas duty with USIS.

What transpired is reported in his new book—the story of a brave and gifted man's frustrations and triumphs in a two-front war. The major battle—or so he thought at the outset—was the struggle to make meaningful contact with the minds of 110,000,000 Indians who were his Delhi Post's "public." Scattered in more than 300,000 villages, a few spoke English, the rest Hindu, Urdu, Rajasthani, and Punjabi. Only a tiny minority could read or write.

Aided by a small, dedicated staff, which had apparently been waiting to show its mettle, Goodfriend mounted a campaign based on a few clear, dramatic themes; all were designed to forge links between Indian and American concepts of freedom, individual worth, and progress. Goodfriend directly challenged the premise of his superiors that the way to influence Indian opinion was to concentrate on the educated elite. Thus he began his second war—the battle with bureaucracy.

Hostilities intensified as he commented with open contempt on the mountains of mostly useless "Americana" shipped from Washington. Surveying USIS clippings in the local press, he noted such titles as "chemical blanket saves water"; "bananas have nerves"; and "Shirley Temple returns to show business."

"Flaccid and feckless" he pronounced most of these 20,000 column-inches, "so far removed from the realities of Indian life as to impel wonderment about the morality of an agency that dispenses such stuff in a country where newsprint sells for \$200 a ton. What are we after with our output—column-inches to impress Congressman Rooney [the formidable watchdog of the USIS budget] or some sensible impact on Indian minds?" The denouement was inevitable. Goodfriend's bosses in India pronounced him "unfit for any service that USIS would ever have to offer" and fired him.

The sentence was later reversed in Washington. And to the great credit of his new chief, Edward R. Murrow, Goodfriend is still working for the Agency (currently in Africa) as *The Twisted Image* appears in print.

The book will dismay those who believe that American ideas can be merchandised abroad like soap. And conceivably it will provide ammunition for those who consider propaganda un-American and a waste of money. But to anyone who has toiled in the same vineyard as Goodfriend, publication of this forthright book is the harbinger of changes which should make USIS a truly effective tool of American foreign policy.



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About fifty years of operatic history are contained in three recent albums—or a hundred years, if the birth dates of the various singers are taken into account. The history begins in 1903, with the records named **Grand Opera Series** (now reissued by Columbia M2L 283, 2 discs). At that time, the phonograph record had not yet assumed much importance as a musical document. Indeed, the flat disc was still new. Most recording was on cylinders. It was in 1903 that Lionel Mapleson was, for the third season, creeping backstage at the Metropolitan Opera with a cylinder machine that Edison had given him. Mapleson would record bits of actual performances and then play them for the astonished artists. He had trunks full of cylinders containing voices of the likes of Jean de Reszke, Plançon, Eames, Sembrich, Calvé, Nordica . . . the names make one shiver. (Around 1935 a man named William Seltsam started transferring the best of these cylinders to acetate discs. They are very noisy, but through the racket one can hear the Golden Age, even if only in tantalizing fits and starts.) Shortly before, the fabled Jean de Reszke actually had made two commercial flat discs. He heard them, was dissatisfied, and being an extremely rich tenor, he purchased the entire series and had it destroyed. Only one copy is said to have survived; it is in a vault in Paris. What a collector's item!

In 1903, things began to stir. Victor started getting ready a celebrity series of records, featuring the voice of the brand-new idol of the Metropolitan, Enrico Caruso. Word got around, and Columbia decided to do a little recording of its own.

Hasty negotiations were made with seven Metropolitan Opera singers—Edouard de Reszke, Giuseppe Campanari, Charles Giliert, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Suzanne Adams, Marcella Sembrich, and Antonio Scotti. Note that there are no tenors in this list. Columbia rushed these celebrities to the studio, recorded them (with piano accompaniment, of course), and announced the initial release in March 1903, anticipating Victor's great series by a month.

The original discs of the 1903 Grand Opera Series are very rare and command premium prices. Edouard de Reszke, for one, was represented by three discs in this series, and they are the only known recordings of this great basso. They have remained little known because Columbia, unlike Victor, has in our LP days never done much to bring forward the great items in its catalogue of the past, especially the acoustic (pre-1925) catalogue. This is a pity, for the Columbia catalogue was very rich in great voices—and great instrumentalists, too. Barrientos, Bispham, Bonci, Casals,

Grainger, Hofmann, Mardones, and Stracciari come immediately to mind.

Anyway, here are the very first famous Columbia records, packed in an album that even has a complete reproduction of the original brochure describing the undertaking. W. J. Henderson's introduction to Sembrich is indescribable; it is just as much required reading as Sembrich is required hearing. In most cases, the selection on each disc is announced by somebody with an orotund voice, though here and there the artist does his or her own announcing.

These records are to be listened to as historical items. Goodness knows that voices like those of Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, or Campanari need no apology. But eyebrows may go up at some of the vocal and interpretive habits that are displayed. In one word, the singing is often sloppy by present-day standards. And here and there the singers simplify or transpose down or duck high notes. Some of the avoidance of high notes, though, does have the composer on the singer's side. Not too many know that, to cite one example, the big high note at the climax of the *Pagliacci* Prologue was, as written by Leoncavallo, a D, not the interpolated G that custom has decreed mandatory. (Scotti, by the way, sings an F in this recording, transposing down a full tone.)

With all that, one can admire the resonance and big line of de Reszke's singing; the charm and personality of Adams; the amazing coloratura work of Schumann-Heink in the *Brindisi* from Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*; the power and authority of Sembrich. All of these singers were personalities, and the personality comes through. Columbia has done a remarkable job in the transfer to LP, and one can but hope more will follow.

Next: a disc entitled **Frida Leider**, issued in the Great Recordings of the Century Series (Angel COLH 132). On one side of the disc, Leider sings arias by Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner. On the second side, she is heard with Lauritz Melchior in the Act II love duet from *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Liebestod*. These recordings were made between, 1928 and 1931.

Leider, born in 1888 and still



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alive, made her debut in 1915, when the singers of Columbia's Grand Opera Series were beginning to taper off or had already retired. In her day, Leider was considered the greatest of Wagnerian sopranos. New York unfortunately heard her in but two seasons at the Metropolitan Opera, 1933 and 1934. She had previously sung in America with the Chicago Opera. Her voice was of good size, supple production, and unusual warmth. Indeed, she brings to the *Liebestod* a feminine quality that is quite different from Flagstad's more objective conception on records. Leider's conception, delivery, and vocal quality are glorious, and to many there is no greater *Liebestod*. And her work with Melchior, greatest of all Wagnerian tenors, is thrilling. They get into the opening of the *Tristan* duet a quality of rapturous excitement that no pair of singers have matched, just as the following *O sink hernieder* is lyrical and sensuous.

Flagstad to the Rescue

It was Flagstad who carried on the tradition at the Metropolitan after the departure of Leider. And an unusual memento of the late soprano can be had from a company named Orfeo-Sonic (address: Carnegie Hall, New York 19, N.Y.). In a three-disc album Flagstad is heard in her last New York appearance, on March 20, 1955. She was sixty years old at the time.

The story behind this album concerns the NBC Symphony. When Toscanini put down his baton in 1954, the orchestra changed its name to the Symphony of the Air and started its struggle to remain alive. Flagstad was approached. Would she donate her services at a concert for the orchestra? She would and did. Her accompanist and good friend, Edwin McArthur, was the conductor. He directed the orchestra in the Wagner program—*Flying Dutchman* Overture, *Dawn* and *Siegfried's Rhine Journey* from *Götterdämmerung*, and the *Good Friday Spell* from *Parsifal*. Flagstad sang two of the Sieglinde arias from *Walküre*, the five Wesendonck songs, the *Liebestod* from *Tristan* and *Isolde*, and the *Immolation Scene* from *Götterdämmerung*. At the concert in Carnegie Hall, the engineer-

violinist David Sarser put aside his fiddle and recorded the event. Orfeo-Sonic has released the records in two versions, monophonic and "engineered for stereo." The latter means that the sound has been doctored to give a stereo effect. It should be avoided. The monophonic will serve perfectly well and is more honest.

The curious thing about Flagstad vis-a-vis Frida Leider is that Flagstad made her debut two years before Leider did (1913 as against 1915). But Flagstad developed slowly. While Leider was an international star, Flagstad was singing minor roles; and not until 1934 did Flagstad sing a major role at Bayreuth. The following year she came, unheralded, to the Metropolitan Opera. We know the rest.

In this album the sixty-year-old soprano is amazing. Of course there are a few strained high notes. But aside from those, the singing is as full, authoritative, clean-cut, and classically poised as ever. Toward the end of her career Flagstad developed magnificent chest tones, and some of those boom out lustily. Possibly the most beautiful singing is in the Wesendonck songs. Here Flagstad is not as extended as she is in the big arias. She sings simply, yet with her usual fullness of tone and sensitivity of line. What a way to bow out!

AND ALSO . . .

Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1, in E minor (Op. 11). Bela Davidovich and U.S.S.R. Radio Symphony conducted by Alexander Yansons (Artia MK 1573, mono only).

An unusually expert performance of the popular concerto. Miss Davidovich is a young Russian pianist who employs a fluent technique with an aristocratic style. On the basis of this record she is a very important pianist.

Gluck: *Iphigénie en Tauride* (highlights). Rita Gorr, Nicolai Gedda, etc., with Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, conducted by George Pénic (Angel 35632, mono; S 35632, stereo).

No complete version of the opera is currently available, which makes this "highlights" disc an important one. The great classic opera is sung in French, by experienced singers with a good conductor.

JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

THE MESSAGE

RCA Victor has reissued recently a record which originally appeared in 1958 under its Vik label called *A Night in Tunisia*, with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, and this offers an opportunity to say something of Blakey. He assembled the Messengers in the early 1950s and has used the name since for groups (of from five to six) which have varied in personnel but have consistently served as a demonstration of how the drummer, when he chooses to, can drive a band.

A band leader can be an arranger or disciplinarian, or just a stick-waver, or else a soloist who uses the role of "leader" simply to take more solos than the rest. The role of the dominant musician is built into the jazz mores, and may exist quite apart from nominal leadership ("When Pres plays, Pres picks the tunes"). So it is far from a common thing to be able to hear a leader leading.

The function of the rhythm section is more consistent and more audible; you know immediately when it isn't there. A good drummer or bassist can make a solo instrumentalist sound better than he ever did before, both by providing a resilient background and by using accents or changes in pace to urge the soloist on to greater heights. This is what Blakey does, especially in the title piece of the Victor album.

He is a drummer of great variety and power, who can keep more than several rhythms and ideas going at once, but when a soloist comes on he is worth listening to purely for what he seems to be telling the latter to do. He will let out a little patter of beats on top of everything else, to suggest a shape the solo might have, or else begin to pour on the pace as though to say, "You're taking it a mite slow."

The sound of the Messengers in their various incarnations (two that Epic has released are from performances in Paris) stems from the so-called "hard bop" school—which is to say lashing, acrid, perhaps a little hard to accept at first hearing, as it is meant to be. The Message? The Message, as Woody Allen would say, is God is Love, and you should lay off fatty foods.

A Night in Tunisia. Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Vik LX-1115 and RCA Victor LPM-2654. **Paris Concert.** Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Epic LA 16009. **Art Blakey in Paris.** Epic LA 16017. **Drum Suite.** Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. Columbia CL 1002.

